

Scott



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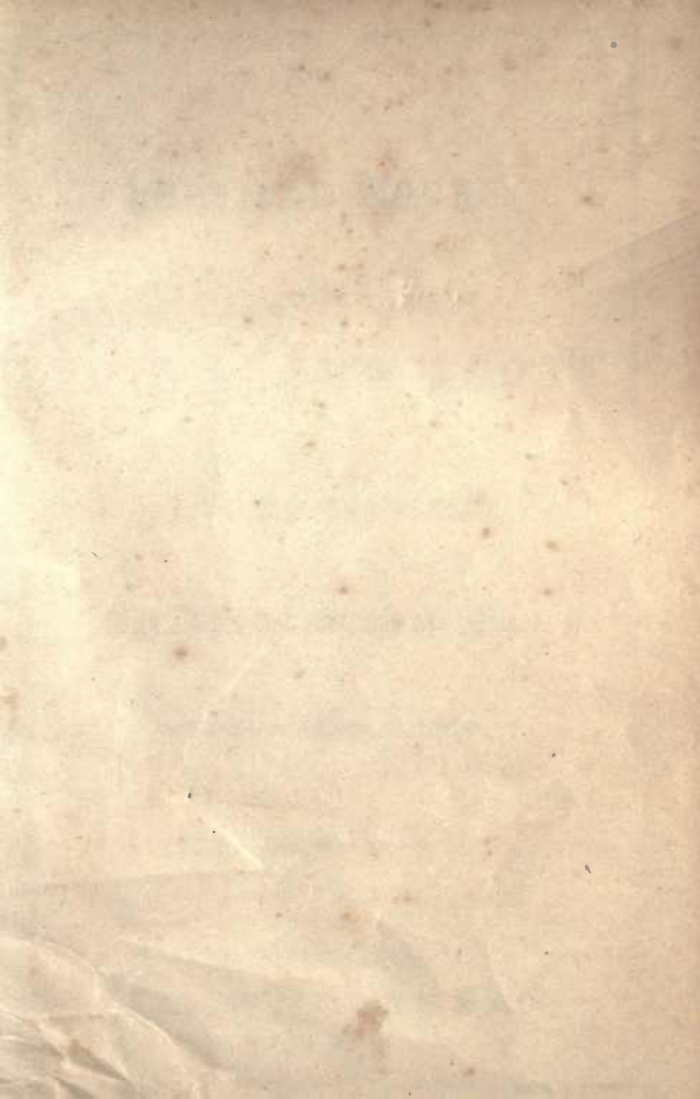
SNOWDROPS.

M. B. Smedley, in Macmillan's Magazine.

O Snowdrops, do not rise,
Because the happy eyes
That loved you once, now underneath you lie;
Let not your buds appear,
Each seems a frozen tear,
That never drops, and yet is never dry.

Such useless tears they seem,
As in a heavy dream,
We pour about our griefs to make them grow;
When all the lights are pale,
And all the cranes fall,
And all the flowers are underneath the snow.







THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

With all his Introductions and Notes.

FROM THE LAST EDINBURGH EDITION.



PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
1860.

THE

POLITICAL WORKS

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

With all his Introductions and Notes.

FROM THE LAST BIRMINGHAM EDITION.

PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

1850.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.



THIS Volume contains a more complete Collection of SIR WALTER'S POETRY than has ever before appeared. In addition to the great Metrical Romances, and the Miscellaneous Pieces given in the later Editions, it includes, for the first time, the Songs and Fragments scattered over his NOVELS, and various Specimens, both Serious and Comic, which were originally printed in the MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE.

As the object in the present Collection has been to adhere to the original productions of SIR WALTER, the old parts of the Romance of Sir Tristrem are not given, nor the Contributions to the Minstrelsy by other hands.

The Author's longer Notes, so rich in historical and biographical interest, are given in *Appendices* to the several Romances and other larger performances; the short ones, explanatory chiefly of ancient words and phrases, at the bottom of the page.

The references to the Life of SIR WALTER apply to the Second English Edition, 1839.

PHILADELPHIA, *March*, 1854.



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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE

This volume contains a more complete Collection of Sir Warren's
works than has ever before appeared. In addition to the great Medical
Treatise and the Miscellaneous Papers given in the later Editions, it
includes for the first time, the Sermons and Tracts, several
Discourses, and various Specimens, both Prose and Verse, which were
originally printed in the Manuscript on this Day.

As the object in the present Collection has been to adhere to the
original productions of Sir Warren, the old parts of the History of the
Institution are not given, nor the Contributions to the Anatomy of other

The Author's former Notice, so rich in historical and philosophical
interest are given in Appendix to the several Remarks and other
later performances; the short and explanatory essays of various works
and tracts, at the bottom of the page.

The references to the Life of Sir Warren apply to the Second
English Edition, 1752.

Printed and Sold by A. MILLAR, in Pall-mall.



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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel:

A POEM, IN SIX CANTOS.

*Dum relego, scripsisse pudet; quia plurima cerno,
Me quoque, qui feci, iudice, digna lini.*

ADVERTISEMENT TO EDITION 1833.

THE Introduction to "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," written in April 1830, was revised by the Author in the autumn of 1831, when he also made some corrections in the text of the Poem, and several additions to the notes. The work is now printed from his interleaved copy.

It is much to be regretted that the original MS. of this Poem has not been preserved. We are thus denied the advantage of comparing throughout the Author's various readings, which, in the case of Marmion, the Lady of the Lake, the Lord of the Isles, &c. are often highly curious and instructive.—Ed.

INTRODUCTION TO EDITION 1830.

A POEM of nearly thirty years' standing¹ may be supposed hardly to need an Introduction, since, without one, it has been able to keep itself afloat through the best part of a generation. Nevertheless, as, in the edition of the Waverley Novels now in course of publication, [1830.] I have imposed on myself the task of saying something concerning the purpose and history of each, in their turn, I am desirous that the Poems for which I first received some marks of the public favour, should also be accompanied with such scraps of their literary history as may be supposed to carry interest along with them. Even if I should be mistaken in thinking that the secret history of what was once so popular, may still attract public attention and curiosity, it seems to me not without its use to record the manner and circumstances under which the present, and other Poems on the same plan, attained for a season an extensive reputation.

I must resume the story of my literary labours at the period at which I broke off in the Essay on the Imitation of Popular Poetry. [see *post.*] when I had enjoyed the first gleam

of public favour, by the success of the first edition of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. The second edition of that work, published in 1803, proved, in the language of the trade, rather a heavy concern. The demand in Scotland had been supplied by the first edition, and the curiosity of the English was not much awakened by poems in the rude garb of antiquity, accompanied with notes referring to the obscure feuds of barbarous clans, of whose very names civilized history was ignorant. It was, on the whole, one of those books which are more praised than they are read.²

At this time I stood personally in a different position from that which I occupied when I first dipt my desperate pen in ink for other purposes than those of my profession. In 1796, when I first published the translations from Bürger, I was an insulated individual, with only my own wants to provide for, and having, in a great measure, my own inclinations alone to consult. In 1803, when the second edition of the Minstrelsy appeared, I had arrived at a period of life when men, however thoughtless, encounter duties and circumstances which press consideration and plans of life upon the most careless minds. I had been for some time married—was the father of a rising family, and, though fully enabled to meet the consequent demands upon me, it was my duty and desire to place myself in a situation which would enable me to make honourable provision against the various contingencies of life.

It may be readily supposed that the attempts which I had made in literature had been unfavourable to my success at the bar. The goddess Themis is, at Edinburgh, and I suppose everywhere else, of a peculiarly jealous disposition. She will not readily consent to share her authority, and sternly demands from her votaries, not only that real duty be carefully attended to and discharged, but that a

¹ Published in 4to, (14 ss.) January 1806.

² "The 'Lay' is the best of all possible comments on the Border Minstrelsy."—*British Critic*, August 1806.

certain air of business shall be observed even in the midst of total idleness. It is prudent, if not absolutely necessary, in a young barrister, to appear entirely engrossed by his profession; however destitute of employment he may in reality be, he ought to preserve, if possible, the appearance of full occupation. He should, therefore, seem perpetually engaged among his law-papers, dusting them, as it were; and, as Ovid advises the fair,

* Si nullus erit pulvis, tamen excute nallum.*¹

Perhaps such extremity of attention is more especially required, considering the great number of counsellors who are called to the bar, and how very small a proportion of them are finally disposed, or find encouragement, to follow the law as a profession. Hence the number of deserters is so great, that the least lingering look behind occasions a young novice to be set down as one of the intending fugitives. Certain it is, that the Scottish Themis was at this time peculiarly jealous of any flirtation with the Muses, on the part of those who had ranged themselves under her banners. This was probably owing to her consciousness of the superior attractions of her rivals. Of late, however, she has relaxed in some instances in this particular, an eminent example of which has been shown in the case of my friend, Mr. Jeffrey, who, after long conducting one of the most influential literary periodicals of the age, with unquestionable ability, has been, by the general consent of his brethren, recently elected to be their Dean of Faculty, or President,—being the highest acknowledgement of his professional talents which they had it in their power to offer.² But this is an incident much beyond the ideas of a period of thirty years' distance, when a barrister who really possessed any turn for lighter literature, was at as much pains to conceal it, as if it had in reality been something to be ashamed of; and I could mention more than one instance in which literature and society have suffered much loss, that jurisprudence might be enriched.

Such, however, was not my case; for the reader will not wonder that my open interference with matters of light literature diminished my employment in the weightier matters of the law. Nor did the solicitors, upon whose choice the counsel takes rank in his profession, do me less than justice, by regarding others among my contemporaries as fitter to discharge the duty due to their clients, than a young man who was taken up with running after ballads, whether Teutonic or national. My profession and I, therefore, came to stand nearly upon the footing which honest Slender consoled himself on having established with Mistress Anne Page; "There was no great love between us at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on farther acquaintance." I became sensible that the time was come when I must either buckle myself resolutely to the "toil by day, the lamp

by night," renouncing all the Delilahs of my imagination, or bid adieu to the profession of the law, and hold another course.

I confess my own inclination revolted from the more severe choice, which might have been deemed by many the wiser alternative. As my transgressions had been numerous, my repentance must have been signaled by unusual sacrifices. I ought to have mentioned, that since my fourteenth or fifteenth year, my health, originally delicate, had become extremely robust. From infancy I had laboured under the infirmity of a severe lameness, but, as I believe is usually the case with men of spirit who suffer under personal inconveniences of this nature, I had, since the improvement of my health, in defiance of this incapacitating circumstance, distinguished myself by the endurance of toil on foot or horse-back, having often walked thirty miles a-day, and rode upwards of a hundred, without resting. In this manner I made many pleasant journeys through parts of the country then not very accessible, gaining more amusement and instruction than I have been able to acquire since I have travelled in a more commodious manner. I practised most sylvan sports also, with some success, and with great delight. But these pleasures must have been all resigned, or used with great moderation, had I determined to regain my station at the bar. It was even doubtful whether I could, with perfect character as a juriconsult, retain a situation in a volunteer corps of cavalry, which I then held. The threats of invasion were at this time instant and menacing; the call by Britain on her children was universal, and was answered by some, who, like myself, consoled rather their desire than their ability to bear arms. My services, however, were found useful in assisting to maintain the discipline of the corps, being the point on which their constitution rendered them most amenable to military criticism. In other respects, the squadron was a fine one, consisting chiefly of handsome men, well mounted and armed at at their own expense. My attention to the corps took up a good deal of time; and while it occupied many of the happiest hours of my life, it furnished an additional reason for my reluctance again to encounter the severe course of study indispensable to success in the juridical profession.

On the other hand, my father, whose feelings might have been hurt by my quitting the bar, had been for two or three years dead, so that I had no control to thwart my own inclination; and my income being equal to all the comforts, and some of the elegancies, of life, I was not pressed to an irksome labour by necessity, that most powerful of motives; consequently, I was the more easily seduced to choose the employment which was most agreeable to me. This was yet the easier, that in 1800 I had obtained the preferment of Sheriff of Selkirkshire, about 300*l.* a-year in value, and which was the more agreeable to me, as in that county I had several friends and relations. But I did not abandon the profession to which I had been educated, without certain prudential resolutions, which, at the risk of some egotism, I will here mention; not without the hope that they may be useful to young persons who may stand in

¹ If dust be oone, yet brush that none away.

² Mr. Jeffrey, after conducting the Edinburgh Review for twenty-seven years, withdrew from that office in 1829, on being elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates. In 1850, under Earl Grey's Ministry, he was appointed Lord Advocate of Scotland, and, in 1854, a Senator of the College of Justice by the title of Lord Jeffrey.—Ed.

circumstances similar to those in which I then stood.

In the first place, upon considering the lives and fortunes of persons who had given themselves up to literature, or to the task of pleasing the public, it seemed to me, that the circumstances which chiefly affected their happiness and character, were those from which Horace has bestowed upon authors the epithet of the Irritable Race. It requires no depth of philosophic reflection to perceive, that the petty warfare of Pope with the Dunces of his period could not have been carried on without his suffering the most acute torture, such as a man must endure from musquitoes, by whose stings he suffers agony, although he can crush them in his grasp by myriads. Nor is it necessary to call to memory the many humiliating instances in which men of the greatest genius have, to avenge some pitiful quarrel, made themselves ridiculous during their lives, to become the still more degraded objects of pity to future times.

Upon the whole, as I had no pretension to the genius of the distinguished persons who had fallen into such errors, I concluded there could be no occasion for imitating them in their mistakes, or what I considered as such; and, in adopting literary pursuits as the principal occupation of my future life, I resolved, if possible, to avoid those weaknesses of temper which seemed to have most easily beset my more celebrated predecessors.

With this view, it was my first resolution to keep as far as was in my power abreast of society, continuing to maintain my place in general company, without yielding to the very natural temptation of narrowing myself to what is called literary society. By doing so, I imagined I should escape the besetting sin of listening to language, which, from one motive or other, is apt to ascribe a very undue degree of consequence to literary pursuits, as if they were, indeed, the business, rather than the amusement, of life. The opposite course can only be compared to the injudicious conduct of one who pampers himself with cordial and luscious draughts, until he is unable to endure wholesome bitters. Like Gil Blas, therefore, I resolved to stick by the society of my *commis*, instead of seeking that of a more literary cast, and to maintain my general interest in what was going on around me, reserving the man of letters for the desk and the library.

My second resolution was a corollary from the first. I determined that, without shutting my ears to the voice of true criticism, I would pay no regard to that which assumes the form of satire. I therefore resolved to arm myself with that triple brass of Horace, of which those of my profession are seldom held deficient, against all the roving warfare of satire, parody, and sarcasm; to laugh if the jest was a good one, or, if otherwise, to let it hum and buzz itself to sleep.

It is to the observance of these rules, (according to my best belief,) that, after a life of thirty years engaged in literary labours of various kinds, I attribute my never having been entangled in any literary quarrel or controversy; and, which is a still more pleasing result, that I have been distinguished by the personal

friendship of my most approved contemporaries of all parties.

I adopted, at the same time, another resolution, on which it may doubtless be remarked, that it was well for me that I had it in my power to do so, and that, therefore, it is a line of conduct which, depending upon accident, can be less generally applicable in other cases. Yet I fail not to record this part of my plan, convinced that, though it may not be in every one's power to adopt exactly the same resolution, he may nevertheless, by his own exertions, in some shape or other, attain the object on which it was founded, namely, to secure the means of subsistence, without relying exclusively on literary talents. In this respect, I determined that literature should be my staff, but not my crutch, and that the profits of my literary labour, however convenient otherwise, should not, if I could help it, become necessary to my ordinary expenses. With this purpose I resolved, if the interest of my friends could so far favour me, to retire upon any of the respectable offices of the law, in which persons of that profession are glad to take refuge, when they feel themselves, or are judged by others, incompetent to aspire to its higher honours. Upon such a post an author might hope to retreat, without any perceptible alteration of circumstances, whenever the time should arrive that the public grew weary of his endeavours to please, or he himself should tire of the pen. At this period of my life, I possessed so many friends capable of assisting me in this object of ambition, that I could hardly over-rate my own prospects of obtaining the preferment to which I limited my wishes; and, in fact, I obtained in no long period the reversion of a situation which completely met them.

Thus far all was well, and the Author had been guilty, perhaps, of no great imprudence, when he relinquished his forensic practice with the hope of making some figure in the field of literature. But an established character with the public, in my new capacity, still remained to be acquired. I have noticed, that the translations from Bürger had been unsuccessful, nor had the original poetry which appeared under the auspices of Mr. Lewis, in the "Tales of Wonder," in any great degree raised my reputation. It is true, I had private friends disposed to second me in my efforts to obtain popularity. But I was sportsman enough to know, that if the greyhound does not run well, the halloo of his patrons will not obtain the prize for him.

Neither was I ignorant that the practice of ballad-writing was for the present out of fashion, and that any attempt to revive it, or to found a poetical character upon it, would certainly fail of success. The ballad measure itself, which was once listened to as to an enchanting melody, had become hackneyed and sickening, from its being the accompaniment of every grudging hand-organ; and besides, a long work in quatrains, whether those of the common ballad, or such as are termed elegiac, has an effect upon the mind like that of the bed of Procrustes upon the human body; for, as it must be both awkward and difficult to carry on a long sentence from one stanza to another, it follows, that the meaning of each period must be comprehended

within four lines, and equally so that it must be extended so as to fill that space. The alternate dilation and contraction thus rendered necessary is singularly unfavourable to narrative composition; and the "Gondibert" of Sir William D'Avenant, though containing many striking passages, has never become popular, owing chiefly to its being told in this species of elegiac verse.

In the dilemma occasioned by this objection, the idea occurred to the Author of using the measured short line, which form the structure of so much minstrel poetry, that it may be properly termed the Romantic stanza, by way of distinction; and which appears so natural to our language, that the very best of our poets have not been able to protract it into the verse properly called Heroic, without the use of epithets, which are, to say the least, unnecessary.¹ But, on the other hand, the extreme facility of the short couplet, which seems congenial to our language, and was, doubtless for that reason, so popular with our old minstrels, is, for the same reason, apt to prove a snare to the composer who uses it in more modern days, by encouraging him in a habit of slovenly composition. The necessity of occasional pauses often forces the young poet to pay more attention to sense, as the boy's kite rises highest when the train is loaded by a due counterpoise. The Author was therefore intimidated by what Byron calls the "fatal facility" of the octo-syllabic verse, which was otherwise better adapted to his purpose of imitating the more ancient poetry.

I was not less at a loss for a subject which might admit of being treated with the simplicity and wildness of the ancient ballad. But accident dictated both a theme and measure, which decided the subject, as well as the structure of the poem.

The lovely young Countess of Dalkeith, afterwards Harriet Duchess of Buccleuch, had come to the land of her husband with the desire of making herself acquainted with its traditions and customs, as well as its manners and history. All who remember this lady will agree, that the intellectual character of her extreme beauty, the amenity and courtesy of her manners, the soundness of her understanding, and her unbounded benevolence, gave more the idea of an angelic visitant, than of a being belonging to this nether world; and such a thought was but too consistent with the short space she was permitted to tarry among us.² Of course, where all made it a pride and pleasure to gratify her wishes, she soon heard enough of Border lore; among others, an aged gentleman of property,³ near Laugholm, communicated to her

ladyship the story of Gilpin Horner, a tradition in which the narrator, and many more of that country, were firm believers. The young Countess, much delighted with the legend, and the gravity and full confidence with which it was told, enjoined on me as a task to compose a ballad on the subject. Of course, to hear was to obey; and thus the goblin story, objected to by several critics as an excrescence upon the poem, was, in fact, the occasion of its being written.

A chance similar to that which dictated the subject, gave me also the hint of a new mode of treating it. We had at that time the lease of a pleasant cottage, near Lasswade, on the romantic banks of the Esk, to which we escaped when the vacations of the Court permitted me so much leisure. Here I had the pleasure to receive a visit from Mr Stoddart, (now Sir John Stoddart, Judge-Advocate at Malta,) who was at that time collecting the particulars which he afterwards embodied in his Remarks on Local Scenery in Scotland.⁴ I was of some use to him in procuring the information which he desired, and guiding him to the scenes which he wished to see. In return, he made me better acquainted than I had hitherto been with the poetic effusions which have since made the Lakes of Westmoreland, and the authors by whom they have been sung, so famous wherever the English tongue is spoken.

I was already acquainted with the "Joan of Arc," the "Thalaba," and the "Metrical Ballads" of Mr Southey, which had found their way to Scotland, and were generally admired. But Mr Stoddart, who had the advantage of personal friendship with the authors, and who possessed a strong memory with an excellent taste, was able to repeat to me many long specimens of their poetry, which had not yet appeared in print. Amongst others, was the striking fragment called Christabel, by Mr Coleridge, which, from the singularly irregular structure of the stanzas, and the liberty which it allowed the author, to adapt the sound to the sense, seemed to be exactly suited to such an extravaganza as I meditated on the subject of Gilpin Horner. As applied to comic and humorous poetry, this miscelaneous of measures had been already used by Anthony Hall, Anstey, Dr Wolcott, and others; but it was in Christabel that I first found it used in serious poetry, and it is to Mr Coleridge that I am bound to make the acknowledgment due from the pupil to his master. I observe that Lord Byron, in noticing my obligations to Mr Coleridge, which I have been always most ready to acknowledge, expressed, or was understood to express, a hope, that I did not write an unfriendly review on Mr Coleridge's productions.⁵ On this subject I have only to

¹ Thus it has been often remarked, that, in the opening couplets of Pope's translation of the *Iliad*, there are two syllables forming a superfluous word in each line, as may be observed by attending to such words as are printed in *italics*.

"Achilles wrath to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly goddess, sing;
That wrath which sent to Pluto's gloomy reign,
The souls of mighty chiefs in battle slain,
Whose bodies, huried on the desert shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore."

² The duchess died in August 1814. Sir Walter Scott's Hoax on her death will be found in a subsequent page of this collection.—*Ed.*

³ This was Mr. Beattie of Mickledale, a man then con-

siderably upwards of eighty, of a shrewd and sarcastic temper, which he did not at all times suppress, as the following anecdote will show:—A worthy clergyman, now deceased, with better good-will than tact, was endeavouring to push the senior forward in his recollection of Border ballads and legends, by expressing reiterated surprise at his wonderful memory. "No, sir," said old Mickledale; "my memory is good for little, for it cannot retain what ought to be preserved. I can remember all these stories about the bold riding days, which are of no earthly importance; but were you, reverend sir, to repeat your best sermon in this drawing-room, I could not tell you half an hour afterwards what you had been speaking about."

⁴ Two volumes, royal octavo. 1801.

⁵ Medwin's conversations of Lord Byron, p. 309.

say, that I do not even know the review which is alluded to; and were I ever to take the unbecoming freedom of censuring a man of Mr. Coleridge's extraordinary talents, it would be on account of the caprice and indolence with which he has thrown from him, as if in mere wantonness, those unfinished scraps of poetry, which, like the Torso of antiquity, defy the skill of his poetical brethren to complete them.¹ The charming fragments which the author abandons to their fate, are surely too valuable to be treated like the proofs of careless engravers, the sweepings of whose studios often make the fortune of some painstaking collector.

I did not immediately proceed upon my projected labour, though I was now furnished with a subject, and with a structure of verse which might have the effect of novelty to the public ear, and afford the author an opportunity of varying his measure with the variations of a romantic theme. On the contrary, it was, to the best of my recollection, more than a year after Mr. Stoddart's visit, that, by way of experiment, I composed the first two or three stanzas of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." I was shortly afterwards visited by two intimate friends, one of whom still survives. They were men whose talents might have raised them to the highest station in literature, had they not preferred exerting them in their own profession of the law, in which they attained equal preferment. I was in the habit of consulting them on my attempts at composition, having equal confidence in their sound taste and friendly sincerity.² In this specimen I had, in the phrase of the Highland servant, packed all that was my own at least, for I had also included a line of invocation, a little softened, from Coleridge—

"Mary, mother, shield me well."

As neither of my friends said much to me on the subject of the stanzas I showed them before their departure, I had no doubt that their disgust had been greater than their good-nature chose to express. Looking upon them, therefore, as a failure, I threw the manuscript into the fire, and thought as little more as I could of the matter. Some time afterwards I met one of my two counsellors, who enquired, with considerable appearance of interest, about the progress of the romance I had commenced, and was greatly surprised at learning its fate. He confessed that neither he nor our mutual friend had been at first able to give a precise opinion on a poem so much out of the common road; but that as they walked home together to the city, they had talked much on the subject, and the result was an earnest desire that I would proceed

¹ Sir Walter, elsewhere, in allusion to "Coleridge's beautiful and tantalizing fragment of Christabel," says, "Has not our own imaginative poet cause to fear that future ages will desire to summon him from his place of rest, as Milton longed

"To call up him who left half told
The story of Cambusson bold?"

Notes to the *Abbot*.—Ed.

² One of these, William Erskine, Esq. (Lord Kinnesder), I have often had occasion to mention, and though I may hardly be thanked for disclosing the name of the other, yet I cannot but state that the second is George Cranston, Esq., now a Senator of the College of Justice, by the title of Lord Corehouse, 1831.—[Mr. Cranston resigned his seat on the Bench in 1830.]

with the composition. He also added, that some sort of prologue might be necessary, to place the mind of the hearers in the situation to understand and enjoy the poem, and recommended the adoption of such quaint mottoes as Spenser has used to announce the contents of the chapters of the *Faery Queen*, such as—

"Babe's bloody hands may not be cleansed,
The face of golden Mean:
Her sisters twa, Extremities,
Strive her to banish clean." 3

I entirely agreed with my friendly critic in the necessity of having some sort of pitch-pipe, which might make readers aware of the object, or rather the tone, of the publication. But I doubted whether, in assuming the oracular style of Spenser's mottoes, the interpreter might not be censured as the harder to be understood of the two. I therefore introduced the *Old Minstrel*, as an appropriate prolocutor, by whom the lay might be sung, or spoken, and the introduction of whom betwixt the cantos, might remind the reader at intervals, of the time, place, and circumstances of the recitation. This species of *cadre*, or frame, afterwards afforded the poem its name of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

The work was subsequently shown to other friends during its progress, and received the *imprimatur* of Mr. Francis Jeffrey, who had been already for some time distinguished by his critical talent.

The poem, being once licensed by the critics as fit for the market, was soon finished, proceeding at about the rate of a canto per week. There was, indeed, a little occasion for pause or hesitation, when a troublesome rhyme might be accommodated by an alteration of the stanza, or where an incorrect measure might be remedied by a variation of the rhyme. It was finally published in 1805, and may be regarded as the first work in which the writer, who has been since so voluminous, laid his claim to be considered as an original author.

The book was published by Longman and Company, and Archibald Constable and Company. The principal of the latter firm was then commencing that course of bold and liberal industry which was of so much advantage to his country, and might have been so to himself, but for causes which it is needless to enter into here. The work, brought out on the usual terms of division of profits between the author and publishers, was not long after purchased by them for 500*l.*, to which Messrs. Longman and Company afterwards added 100*l.* in their own unsolicited kindness, in consequence of the uncommon success of the work. It was handsomely given to supply the loss of a fine horse, which broke down suddenly while the author was riding with one of the worthy publishers.⁴

It would be great affectation not to own frankly, that the author expected some success from "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." The attempt to return to a more simple and natural style of poetry was likely to be welcomed, at a time when the public had become tired of heroic hexameters, with all the buckram and binding which belong to them of later days.

3 Book II. Canto II.

⁴ Mr. Owen Rees, here alluded to, retired from the house of Longman & Co., at Midsummer 1837, and died 6th September following, in his 67th year.—Ed.

But whatever might have been his expectations, whether moderate or unreasonable, the result left them far behind, for among those who smiled on the adventurous Minstrel, were numbered the great names of William Pitt and Charles Fox.¹ Neither was the extent of the sale inferior to the character of the judges who received the poem with approbation. Upwards of thirty thousand copies of the Lay were disposed of by the trade; and the author had to

perform a task difficult to human vanity, when called upon to make the necessary deductions from his own merits, in the calm attempt to account for his popularity.²

A few additional remarks on the author's literary attempts after this period, will be found in the Introduction to the Poem of Marmion.

Abbotsford, April, 1830.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES EARL OF DALKEITH,
THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED BY
THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

The Poem, now offered to the Public, is intended to illustrate the customs and manners which anciently prevailed on the Borders of England and Scotland. The inhabitants living in a state partly pastoral and partly warlike, and combining habits of constant depredation with the influence of a rude spirit of chivalry, were often engaged in scenes highly susceptible of poetical ornament. As the description of scenery and manners was more the object of the Author than a combined and regular narrative, the plan of the Ancient Metrical Romance was adopted, which allows greater latitude, in this respect, than would be consistent with the dignity of a regular Poem. The same model offered other facilities, as it permits an occasional alteration of measure, which, in some degree, authorises the change of rhythm in the text. The machinery, also, adopted from popular belief, would have seemed puerile in a Poem which did not partake of the rudeness of the old Ballad, or Metrical Romance.

For these reasons, the Poem was put into the mouth of an ancient Minstrel, the last of the race, who, as he is supposed to have survived the Revolution, might have caught somewhat of the refinement of modern poetry, without losing the simplicity of his original model. The date of the Tale itself is about the middle of the sixteenth century, when most of the personages actually flourished. The time occupied by the action is Three Nights and Three Days.

INTRODUCTION.

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His wither'd cheek, and tresses gray,
Seem'd to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.

1 "Through what channel or in what terms Fox made known his opinion of the Lay, I have failed to ascertain. Pitt's praise, as expressed to his niece, Lady Hester Stanhope, within a few weeks after the poem appeared, was repeated by her to Mr. William Stewart Rose, who, of course, communicated it forthwith to the author; and not long after, the Minister, in conversation with Scott's early friend, the Right Hon. William Dundas, signified that it would give him pleasure to find some opportunity of advancing the fortunes of such a writer. "I remember," writes this gentleman, "at Mr. Pitt's table in 1805, the Chancellor asked me about you and your then situation, and after I had answered him, Mr. Pitt observed—'He can't remain as he is,' and desired me to 'look to it.'"
—Lockhart. *Life of Scott*, Vol. II. p. 226.

2 "The poet has under-estimated even the patent and tangible evidence of his success. The first edition of the Lay was a magnificent quarto, 750 copies; but this was soon exhausted, and there followed an octavo impression of 1800; in 1806, two more, one of 2000 copies, another of 2250; in 1807, a fifth edition, of 2000, and a sixth, of 3000; in 1808, 3550; in 1809, 3000—a small edition in quarto (the

The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry;
For, welloyday! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppress'd,
Wish'd to be with them, and at rest.³
No more on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroll'd, light as lark at morn;

ballads and lyrical pieces being then annexed to it)—and, another octavo edition of 3250; in 1811, 3000; in 1812 3000; in 1816, 3000; in 1827, 1000. A fourteenth impression of 2000 foolscap appeared in 1826, and besides all this, before the end of 1836, 11,000 copies had gone forth in the collected editions of his poetical works. Thus, nearly forty-four thousand copies had been disposed of in this country, and by the legitimate trade alone, before he asperintended the edition of 1830, to which his biographical introductions were prefixed. In the history of British Poetry nothing had ever equalled the demand for the Lay of the Last Minstrel."—*Life*, Vol. II. p. 226.

3 "Turning to the northward, Scott showed us the crags and tower of Smailholm, and behind it the shattered fragment of Erceldoune, and repeated some pretty stanzas ascribed to the last of the real wandering minstrels of this district, by name Barr:

"Sing Erceldoune, and Cowdenknowes,
Where Hounes had ance commanding,
And Drygrange, wi' the milk-white ewes,
'Twi' Tweed and Leader standing.

No longer courted and caress'd,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He pour'd, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay:
Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger fill'd the Stuarts' throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had call'd his harmless art a crime.
A wandering Harper, scorn'd and poor,
He begg'd his bread from door to door,
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp, a king had loved to hear.

He pass'd where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower,
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
No humbler resting-place was nigh;
With hesitating step at last,
The embattled portal arch he pass'd,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft roll'd back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess² marked his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the manuals tell,
That they should tend the old man well:
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb!

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride:
And he began to talk anon,
Of good Earl Francis³ dead and gone,
And of Eurl Walter,⁴ rest him, God!
A braver ne'er to battle rode;
And how full many a tale he knew,
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch:

The bird that fees through Rodpath trees
And Gledswood banks such morrow,
May chaunt and sing—Sweet Leader's laughs
And Bonny kensels of Yarrow.

¹ But Minstrel Burn cannot assuage

His grief while life endureth,
To see the changes of this age
Which feeling time procureth;

For many a place stands in hard case,
Where by the folks kent was sorrow,
With Homes that dwell on Leader side,
And Scotts that dwell on Yarrow."

Life, vol. vi. p. 78.

1 "This is a massive square tower, now unroofed and ruinous, surrounded by an outward wall, defended by round banking turrets. It is most beautifully situated, about three miles from Selkirk, upon the banks of the Yarrow, a fierce and precipitous stream, which unites with the Ettrick about a mile beneath the castle.

2 Newark Castle was built by James II. The royal arms, with the unicorn, are engraved on a stone in the western side of the tower. There was a much more ancient castle in its immediate vicinity, called Auldwork, founded, it is said, by Alexander III. Both were designed for the royal residence when the king was disposed to take his pleasure in the extensive forest of Ettrick. Various grants occur in the records of the Privy Seal, bestowing the keeping of the Castle of Newark upon different barons. There is a popular tradition that it was once seized, and held out by the outlaw Murray, a united character in song, who only surrendered Newark upon condition of being made hereditary sheriff of the forest. A long ballad, containing an account of this transaction, is preserved in the *Border Minstrelsy*, (vol. i. p. 269.) Upon the marriage of James IV. with Margaret, sister of Henry VIII., the Castle of Newark, with the whole Forest of Ettrick, was assigned to her as a part of her jointure lands. But of this she could make little advantage; for, after the death

And, would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though
weak,
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtain'd;
The Aged Minstrel audience gain'd.
But, when he reach'd the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sat,
Perchance he wish'd his boon denied:
For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease,
Which marks security to please;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came widening o'er his aged brain—
He tried to tune his harp in vain!⁵
The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's accord'ing glew
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls;
He had played it to King Charles the Good,
When he kept court in Holyrood;
And much he wish'd, yet fear'd, to try
The long-forgotten melody.
Amid the strings his fingers stray'd,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled
And lighten'd up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along:

of her husband, she is found complaining heavily, that Buccleuch had seized upon these lands. Indeed, the office of keeper was latterly held by the family of Buccleuch, and with so firm a grasp, that when the Forest of Ettrick was dispersed, they obtained a grant of the Castle of Newark in property. It was within the court-yard of this castle that General Leslie did military execution upon the prisoners whom he had taken at the battle of Philiphaugh. The castle continued to be an occasional seat of the Buccleuch family for more than a century; and here, it is said, the Duchess of Monmouth and Buccleuch was brought up. For this reason, probably, Mr. Scott has chosen to make it the scene in which the Lay of the Last Minstrel is recited in her presence, and for her amusement.—*Schetky's Illustrations of the Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

It may be added that Bowhill was the favourite residence of Lord and Lady Dalkeith, (afterwards Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch,) at the time when the poem was composed; the ruins of Newark are all but included in the park attached to that modern seat of the family; and Sir Walter Scott, on doubt, was influenced in his choice of the locality, by the predilection of the charming lady who suggested the subject of his Lay for the scenery of the Yarrow—a beautiful walk on whose banks, leading from the house to the old castle, is called, in memory of her, the *Duchess's Walk.*

—Ed.

2 Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, representative of the ancient Lords of Buccleuch, and widow of the unfortunate James, Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded in 1685.

3 Francis Beott, Earl of Buccleuch, father of the Duchess.

4 Walter, Earl of Buccleuch, grandfather of the Duchess and a celebrated warrior.

5 Mr. W. Dundas, (See *Life of Scott*, vol. II. p. 226,) says, that Pitt repeated the lines, describing the old harper's embarrassment when asked to play, and said, "This is a sort of thing which I might have expected in painting, but could never have fancied capable of being given in poetry."

The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot:
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought applied;
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the Latest Minstrel sung.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

The feast was over in Branksome tower,¹
And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower;
Her bower that was guarded by word and by
spell,
Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell—
Jesu Maria, shield us well!
No living wight, save the Ladye alone,
Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

II.

The tables were drawn, it was idlesse all;
Knight, and page, and household squire,
Loiter'd through the lofty hall,
Or crowded round the ample fire:
The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,
Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,
And urged, in dreams, the forest race,
From Teviot-stone to Eskdale-moor.

III.

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branksome-Hall;²
Nine-and-twenty squires of name
Brought them their steeds to bower from
stall;
Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall
Watched, duteous, on them all:
They were all knights of mettle true,
Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

IV.

Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
With belted sword, and spur on heel:
They quitted not their harness bright,
Neither by day, nor yet by night:
They lay down to rest,
With corslet laced,
Pillow'd on buckler cold and hard;
They carv'd at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the
helmet barr'd.

V.

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,
Waited the beck of the warders ten;

Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
Stood saddled in stable day and night,
Barbed with frontlet of steel, I trow,
And with Jedwood-axe at saddlebow;³
A hundred more fed free in stall:—
Such was the custom of Branksome-Hall.

VI.

Why do these steeds stand ready dight?
Why watch these warriors, arm'd, by night?—
They watch, to hear the blood-hound baying;
They watch to hear the war-born braying;
To see St. George's red cross streaming,
To see the midnight beacon gleaming:
They watch, against Southern force and guile,
Lest Scroop, or Howard, or Percy's powers,
Threaten Branksome's lordly towers,
From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry
Carlisle.⁴

VII.

Such is the custom of Branksome-Hall.—
Many a valiant knight is here;
But he, the chieftain of them all,
His sword hangs rusting on the wall,
Beside his broken spear.
Bards long shall tell
How lord Walter fell!⁵
When startled burghiers fled, afar,
The furies of the border war;
When the streets of high Dunedin⁶
Saw lances gleam, and falchions redden,
And heard the slogan's⁷ deadly yell—
Then the Chief of Branksome fell.

VIII.

Can piety the discord heal,
Or stanch the death-feud's enmity?
Can Christian lore, can patriot zeal,
Can love of blessed charity?
No! vainly to each holy shrine,
In mutual pilgrimage they drew;
Implored, in vain, the grace divine
For chiefs, their own red falchions slew:
While Cessford owns the rule of Carr,
While Etrick boasts the line of Scott,
The slaughter'd chiefs, the mortal jar,
The havoc of the feudal war,
Shall never, never be forgot!⁸

IX.

In sorrow o'er Lord Walter's bier
The warlike foresters had bent;
And many a flower, and many a tear,
Old Teviot's maids and matrons lent;
But o'er her warrior's bloody bier
The Ladye dropped nor flower nor tear!⁹
Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,
Had lock'd the source of softer woe;
And burning pride, and high disdain,
Forbade the rising tear to flow;
Until, amid his sorrowing clan,
Her son lisp'd from the nurse's knee—

¹ See Appendix, Note A.

² See Appendix, Note B.

³ See Appendix, Note C.

⁴ See Appendix, Note D, and compare these stanzas with the description of Jamie Telfer's appearance at Branksome-Hall, (Border Minstrelsy, vol. ii. p. 6.) to claim the protection of "Auld Buccleuch"—and the ensuing scene, (page 9.)—

"The Scotts they rade, the Scotts they ran,
See starkly and see steadilie!
And syo the ower-word o' the thrang
Was—" Rise for Branksome readilie," &c.

Compare also the Ballad of Kinmont Willie, (vol. ii. p. 53.)

"Now word is gane to the bauld keeper,
In Branksome ha' where that he lay," &c. — Ed.

⁶ See Appendix, Note E.

⁶ Edinburgh.

⁷ The war-cry, or gathering-word, of a Border-clan.

⁸ See Appendix, Note F.

⁹ Orig. (1st Edition.) "The Ladye dropped nor sigh nor tear."

"And if I live to be a man,
My father's death revenged shall be!"
Then fast the mother's tears did seek
To dew the infant's kindling cheek.

X.

All loose her negligent attire,
All loose her golden hair,
Hung Margaret o'er her slaughter'd sire,
And wept in wild despair,
But not alone the bitter tear
Had filial grief supplied;
For hopeless love, and anxious fear,
Had lent their mingled tide:
Nor in her mother's alter'd eye
Dared she to look for sympathy.
Her lover, 'gainst her father's clan,
With Carr in arms had stood,¹
When Mathouse-burn to Melrose ran,
All purple with their blood;
And well she knew, her mother dread,
Before Lord Cranston she should wed,²
Would see her on her dying bed.

XI.

Of noble race the Ladye came,
Her father was a clerk of fame,
Of Bethune's line of Picardie;³
He learn'd the art that none may name,
In Padua, far beyond the sea.⁴
Men said, he changed his mortal frame
By feat of magic mystery;
For when, in studious mood, he paced
St. Andrew's cloister'd hall,⁵
His form no darkening shadow traced
Upon the sunny wall!⁶

XII.

And of his skill, as bards avow
He taught that Ladye fair,
Till to her bidding she could bow
The viewless forms of air.⁷
And now she sits in secret bower,
In Old Lord David's western tower,
And listens to a heavy sound,
That moans the mossy turrets round.
Is it the roar of Teviot's tide,
That chafes against the scaur's⁸ red side?
Is it the wind that swings the oaks?
Is it the echo from the rocks?
What may it be, the heavy sound,
That moans old Branksome's turrets round?

XIII.

At the sullen, moaning sound,
The ban-dogs bay and howl;
And, from the turrets round,
Loud whoops the startled owl.
In the hall, both squire and knight,
Swore that a storm was near,
And looked forth to view the night?
But the night was still and clear;

XIV.

From the sound of Teviot's tide,
Chafing with the mountain's side,
From the groan of the wind-swung oak,
From the sullen echo of the rock,

From the voice of the coming storm,
The Ladye knew it well!
It was the Spirit of the Flood that spoke,
And he called on the Spirit of the Fell.

XV.

RIVER SPIRIT.

"Sleep'st thou, brother?"—

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

—"Brother, nay—

On my hills the moonbeams play,
From Craik-cross to Skelfhill pen,
By every rill, in every glen,
Merry elves their morris pacing,
To aerial minstrelsy,
Emerald rings on brown heath tracing,
Trip it deft and merrily.
Up, and mark their nimble feet!
Up, and list their music sweet!"—

XVI.

RIVER SPIRIT.

"Tears of an imprison'd maiden
Mix with my polluted stream;
Margaret of Branksome, sorrow-laden,
Mourns beneath the moon's pale beam.
Tell me, thou, who view'st the stars,
When shall cease these feudal jars?
What shall be the maiden's fate?
Who shall be the maiden's mate?"—

XVII.

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

"Arthur's slow wain his course doth roll,
In utter darkness round the pole;
The Northern Bear lowers black and grim;
Orion's studded belt is dim;
Twinkling faint, and distant far,
Shimmers through mist each planet star;
Ill may I read their high decree!
But no kind influence deign they shower
On Teviot's tide, and Branksome's tower,
Till pride be quelled, and love be free."

XVIII.

The unearthly voices ceast,
And the heavy sound was still;
It died on the river's breast,
It died on the side of the hill,
But round Lord David's tower
The sound still floated near;
For it rung in the Ladye's bower,
And it rung in the Ladye's ear.
She raised her stately head,
And her heart throbb'd high with pride:—
"Your mountains shall bend,
And your streams ascend,
Ere Margaret be our foeman's bride!"

XIX.

The Ladye sought the lofty hall,
Where many a bold retainer lay,
And, with jocund din, among them all
Her son pursued his infant play.
A fancied moss-trooper,⁹ the boy
The truncheon of a spear bestrode,
And round the hall, right merrily,
In mimic foray¹⁰ rude,

¹ See Appendix, Note G. (The name is spelt differently by the various families who bear it. Carr is selected, not as the most correct, but as the most poetical reading.)

² See Appendix, Note H. ³ See Appendix, Note I.

⁴ See Appendix, Note K.

⁵ First Edition—"St. Kentigerna's hall."—St. Mungo, or Kentigerna, is the patron saint of Glasgow.

⁶ See Appendix, Note L. ⁷ See Appendix, Note M.

⁸ Scaur, a precipitous bank of earth.

⁹ See Appendix, Note N. ¹⁰ Foray, a predatory incursion.

Even bearded knights, in arms grown old,
Share in his frolic gambols bore,
Albeit their hearts of rugged mould,
Were stubborn as the steel they wore.
For the grey warriors prophesied,
How the brave boy, in future war,
Should tame the Unicorn's pride,¹
Exalt the Crescent and the Star.²

XX.

The Lady forgot her purpose high,
One moment, and no more;
One moment gazed with a mother's eye,
As she paused at the arched door:
Then from amid the armed train,
She called her William of Deloraine.³

XXI.

A stark moss-trooping Scot was he,
As e'er couch'd Border lance by knee;
Through Solway sands, through Tarras moss,
Blindfold, he knew the paths to cross;
By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds;⁴
In Eske or Liddel, fords were none,
But he would ride them, one by one;
Alike to him was time or tide,
December's snow, or July's pride;
Alike to him was tide or time,
Moonless midnight, or matin prime:
Steady of heart, and stout of hand,
As ever drove prey from Cumberland;
Five times outlawed had he been,
By England's King, and Scotland's Queen.

XXII.

"Sir William of Deloraine, good at need,
Mount thee on the wightest steed;
Spare not to spur, nor stint to ride,
Until thou come to fair Tweedside;
And in Melrose's holy pile,
Seek thou the Monk of St. Mary's aisle.
Greet the Father well from me;
Say that the fated hour is come,
And to-night he shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb:
For this will be St. Michael's night,
And, though stars be dim, the moon is bright;
And the cross, of bloody red,
Will point to the grave of the mighty dead.

XXIII.

"What he gives thee, see thou keep;
Stay not thou for food or sleep;
Be it scroll, or be it book,
Into it, Knight, thou must not look;
If thou readest, thou art lorn!
Better had'st thou ne'er been born."[—]

XXIV.

"O swiftly can speed my dapple-grey steed,
Which drinks of the Teviot clear;
Ere break of day," the Warrior 'gan say,
"Again will I be here:

And safer by none may thy errand be done,
Than, noble dame, by me;
Letter nor line know I never a one,
Wert my neck-verse at Hairbee."⁵

XXV.

Soon in his saddle sate he fast,
And soon the steep descent he past,
Soon crossed the sounding barbican,⁶
And soon the Teviot's side he won.
Eastward the wooded path he rode,
Green hazels o'er his basnet nod;
He passed the Peel⁷ of Goldiland,
And cross'd old Borthwick's roaring strand;
Dinly he viewed the Moot-hill's mound,
Where Druid shades still fitted round;⁸
In Hawick twinkled many a light;
Behind him soon they set in night;
And soon he spur'd his courser keen
Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.⁹

XXVI.

The clattering hoofs the watchmen mark:—
"Stand, ho! thou courier of the dark."[—]
"For Branksome, ho!" the knight rejoind'^d,
And left the friendly tower behind.
He turn'd him now from Teviotside,
And, guided by the unking rill,
Northward the dark ascent did ride,
And gained the moor at Horsliehill;
Broad on the left before him lay,
For many a mile, the Roman way.¹⁰

XXVII.

A moment now he slack'd his speed,
A moment breathed his panting steed;
Drew saddle-girth and corslet-band,
And loosen'd in the sheath his brand.
On Minto-cragg the moonbeams glint,¹¹
Where Barnhill hewed his bed of flint;
Who flung his outlaw'd limbs to rest,
Where falcons hang their giddy nest,
Mid cliffs, from whence his eagle eye
For many a league his prey could spy;
Cliffs, doubling, on their echoes borne,
The terrors of the robber's horn!
Cliffs, which, for many a later year,
The warbling Doric reed shall hear,
When some sad swain shall teach the grove,
Ambition is no cure for love!

XXVIII.

Unchallenged, thence passed Deloraine,
To ancient Riddel's fair domain,¹²
Where Aill, from mountains freed,
Down from the lakes did raving come;
Each wave was crested with tawny foam,
Like the mane of a chestnut steed.
In vain! no torrent, deep or broad,
Might bar the bold moss-trooper's road.

XXIX.

At the first plunge the horse sunk low,
And the water broke o'er the saddlebow;

¹ This line, of which the metre appears defective, would have its full complement of feet according to the pronunciation of the poet himself—as all who were familiar with his utterance of the letter *r* will bear testimony.—*Ed.*

² See Appendix, Note O. ³ *Ibid.*, Note P. ⁴ *Ibid.*, Note Q.

⁵ *Hairbee*, the place of executing the Border Marauders at Carlisle. The neck-verse is the beginning of the 61st Psalm, *Miserere mei, &c.*, anciently read by criminals claiming the benefit of clergy. ⁶ In the rough but spirited sketch of the marauding Borderer, and in the *aisets* of his

last declaration, the reader will recognise some of the most striking features of the ancient ballad.—*Critical Review.*]

⁶ *Barbours*, the defence of the outer gate of a feudal castle.

⁷ *Peel*, a Border tower.

⁸ See Appendix, Note R.

⁹ See Appendix, Note B.

¹⁰ An ancient Roman road, crossing through part of Roxburghshire.

¹¹ See Appendix, Note T.

¹² *Ibid.*, Note U.

Above the foaming tide, I veen,
Scarce half the charger's neck was seen;
For he was barded¹ from counter to tail,
And the rider was armed complete in mail;
Never heavier man and horse
Stem'd a midnight torrent's force.
The warrior's very plume, I say,
Was daggled by the dashing spray;
Yet, through good heart and Our Lady's grace,
At length he gain'd the landing place.

XXX.

Now Bowden Moor the march-man won,
And sternly shook his plumed head,
As glanced his eye o'er Halidon:²

For on his soul the slaughter red
Of that unhallow'd morn arose,
When first the Scott and Carr were foes;
When royal James beheld the fray,
Prize to the victor of the day;
When Home and Douglas, in the van,
Bore down Buccleuch's retiring clan,
Till gallant Cessford's heart-blood dear
Reek'd on dark Elliot's Border spear.

XXXI.

In bitter mood he spurred fast,
And soon the hated heath was past;
And far beneath, in lustre wan,
Old Melros' rose, and fair Tweed ran;
Like some tall rock, with lichens grey,
Seem'd dimly huge, the dark Abbaye.
When Hawick he pass'd, had curfew rung,
Now midnight lauds³ were in Melrose sung.
The sound, upon the fitful gale,
In solemn wise did rise and fall,
Like that wild harp, whose magic tone
Is waken'd by the winds alone.
But when Melrose he reached, 'twas silence
all;

He meety stabled his steed in stall,
And sought the convent's lonely wall.⁴

Here paused the harp; and with its swell
The Master's fire and courage fell;
Dejectedly, and low, he bowed,
And, gazing timid on the crowd,
He seem'd to seek, in every eye,
If they approved his minstrelsy;
And, diffident of present praise,
Somewhat he spoke of former days,
And how old age, and wand'ring long,
Had done his hand and harp some wrong.
The Duchess, and her daughters fair,
And every gentle lady there,
Each after each, in due degree,
Gave praises to his melody;
His hand was true, his voice was clear,
And much they longed the rest to hear.
Encouraged thus, the Aged Man,
After meet rest, again began.

¹ Barded or barbed,—applied to a horse accoutred with defensive armour.

² Halidon was an ancient seat of the Kerrs of Cessford, now demolished. About a quarter of a mile to the northward lay the field of battle betwixt Buccleuch and Angus, which is called to this day the Skirmish Field.—See Appendix, Note D.

³ Lauds, the midnight service of the Catholic church.

⁴ See Appendix, Note V.

⁵ See Appendix, Note W.

⁶ David I. of Scotland, purchased the reputation of hero-

The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

CANTO SECOND.

I.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins grey.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;⁵
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owl to hoot o'er the dead man's
grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruin'd pile;⁶
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!

II.

Short halt did Deloraine make there;
Little reck'd he of the scene so fair:
With dagger's hilt, on the wicket strong,
He struck full loud, and struck full long,
The porter hurried to the gate—
"Who knocks so loud, and knocks so late?"
"From Branksome I," the warrior cried;
And straight the wicket open'd wide:
For Branksome's Chiefs had in battle stood,
To fence the rights of fair Melrose;
And lands and livings, many a rood,
Had gifted the shrine for their souls' repose.⁷

III.

Bold Deloraine his errand said;
The porter bent his humble head;
With torch in hand, and feet unshod,
And noiseless step, the path he trod:
The arched cloister, far and wide,
Rang to the warrior's clanking stride,
Till, stooping low his lofty crest,
He enter'd the cell of the ancient priest,
And lifted his barred aventayle.⁸
To hail the Monk of St. Mary's aisle.

IV.

"The Lady of Branksome greets thee by me;
Says, that the fated hour is come,
And that to-night I shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb."
From sackcloth couch the monk arose,
With toil his stiffen'd limbs he rear'd;
A hundred years had flung their snows
On his thin locks and floating beard.

tity, by founding, and liberally endowing, not only the monastery of Melrose, but those of Kelso, Jedburgh, and many others; which led to the well-known observation of his successor, that he was a *sore saint for the crown*.

⁷ The Buccleuch family were great benefactors to the Abbey of Melrose. As early as the reign of Robert II., Robert Scott, Baron of Mordington and Rankleburn, (now Buccleuch,) gave to the monks the lands of Hieker, in Ettrick Forest, *pro salute animae suae*.—*Chartulary of Melrose*, 28th May, 1415.

⁸ *Aventayle*, visor of the helmet.

V.

And strangely on the knight look'd he,
 And his blue eyes gleam'd wild and wide ;
 " And, darest thou, Warrior ! seek to see
 What heaven and hell alike would hide ?
 My breast, in belt of iron pent,
 With shirt of hair and scourge of thorn ;
 For threescore years, in penance spent,
 My knees those flinty stones have worn :
 Yet all too little to atone
 For knowing what should ne'er be known.
 Would'st thou thy every future year
 In ceaseless prayer and penance drie,
 Yet wait thy latter end with fear—
 Then, daring Warrior, follow me !"—

VI.

" Penance, father, will I none ;
 Prayer know I hardly one ;
 For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,
 Save to patten an Ave Mary,
 When I ride on a border foray.¹
 Other prayer can I none ;
 So speed my errand, and let me be gone."—

VII.

Again on the knight look'd the Churchman old,
 And again he sighed heavily ;
 For he had himself been a warrior bold,
 And fought in Spain and Italy.
 And he thought on the days that were long
 since by,
 When his limbs were strong, and his courage
 was high :—
 Now, slow and faint, he led the way,
 Where, cloister'd round, the garden lay ;
 The pillar'd arches were over their head,
 And beneath their feet were the bones of the
 dead.²

VIII.

Spreading herbs, and flowerets bright,
 Glisten'd with the dew of night ;
 Nor herb, nor floweret, glisten'd there,
 But was carved in the cloister-arches as fair.
 The Monk gazed long on the lovely moon,
 Then into the night he looked forth ;
 And red and bright the streamers light
 Were dancing in the glowing north.
 So had he seen, in fair Castile,
 The youth in glittering squadrons start ;³
 Sudden the flying jeunet wheel,
 And hurl the unexpected dart.
 He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,
 That spirits were riding the northern light.

IX.

By a steel-clenched postern door,
 They enter'd now the chancel tall ;
 The darken'd roof rose high aloof
 On pillars lofty and light and small ;
 The key-stone, that lock'd each ribbed aisle,
 Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quartre-feuille ;

¹ See Appendix, Note X.

² The cloisters were frequently used as places of sepulture. An instance occurs in Dryburgh Abbey, where the cloister has an inscription, bearing, *Hic jacet frater Archibaldus.*

³ See Appendix, Note Y.

⁴ Corbells, the projections from which the arches spring, usually cut in a fantastic face, or mask.

⁵ " With plinth and with capital flourish'd around."
First Edition.

The corbells⁴ were carved grotesque and grim ;
 And the pillars, with cluster'd shafts so trim,
 With base and with capital flourish'd around,⁵
 Seem'd bundles of lances whose garlands had
 bound.

X.

Full many a scutcheon and banner riven,
 Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,
 Around the screen'd altar's pale ;
 And there the dying lamps did burn,
 Before thy low and lonely urn,
 O gallant chief of Otterburne !⁶
 And thine, dark Knight of Liddesdale !⁷
 O fading honours of the dead !
 O high ambition, lowly laid !

XI.

The moon on the east oriel shone⁸
 Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
 By subuged tracery combined ;
 Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand
 Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand,
 In many a freakish knot had twined ;
 Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
 And changed the willow-wreath to stone.
 The silver light, so pale and faint,
 Show'd many a prophet, and many a saint,
 Whose image on the glass was dyed ;
 Full in the midst, his Cross of Red
 Triumphant Michael handish'd,
 And trampled the Apostate's pride,
 The moon-beam kiss'd the holy pane,
 And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

XII.

They sate them down on a marble stone,⁹—
 (A Scottish monarch slept below :)
 Thus spoke the Monk, in solemn tone :—
 " I was not always a man of woe ;
 For Paynim countries I have trod,
 And fought beneath the Cross of God ;
 Now, strange to my eyes thine arms appear,
 And thine iron clang sounds strange to my ear.

XIII.

" In these far climes it was my lot
 To meet the wondrous Michael Scott ;
 A wizard, of such dreaded fame,
 That when, in Salamanca's cave,¹¹
 Him listed his magic wand to wave,
 The bells would ring in Notre Dame !¹²
 Some of his skill he taught to me ;
 And, Warrior, I could say to thee
 The words that cleft Eildon hills in three,¹³
 And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone :
 But to speak them were a deadly sin ;
 And for having but thought them my heart
 within,
 A treble penance must be done.

XIV.

" When Michael lay on his dying bed,
 His conscience was awakened :

⁶ See Appendix, Note Z.

⁷ *Ibid.* Note 2 A.

⁸ See Appendix, Note 2 B.

⁹ A large marble stone, in the chancel of Melrose, is pointed out as the monument of Alexander II., one of the greatest of our early kings; others say, it is the resting-place of Walkere, one of the early abbots, who died in the odour of sanctity.

¹⁰ See Appendix, Note 2 C.

¹¹ *Ibid.* Note 2 D.

¹² See Appendix, Note 2 E.

¹³ *Ibid.* Note 2 F.

He bethought him of his sinful deed,
And he gave me a sign to come with speed :
I was in Spain when the morning rose,
But I stood by his bed ere evening close.
The words may not again be said,
That he spoke to me, on death-bed laid ;
They would rend this Abbaye's massy nave,
And pile it in heaps above his grave.

XV.

"I swore to bury his Mighty Book,
That never mortal might therein look ;
And neyer to tell where it was hid.
Save at his Chief of Branksome's need :
And when that need was past and o'er,
Again the volume to restore.
I buried him on St. Michael's night,
When the bell toll'd one, and the moon was
bright,
And I dug his chamber among the dead,
When the floor of the chancel was stained red,
That his patron's cross might over him wave,
And scare the fiends from the wizard's grave.

XVI.

"It was a night of woe and dread,
When Michael in the tomb I laid !
Strange sounds along the chancel pass'd,
The banners waved without a blast." —
—Still spoke the Monk, when the bell toll'd
one! —

I tell you, that a braver man
Than William of Deloraine, good at need,
Against a foe ne'er spurr'd a steed ;
Yet somewhat was he chill'd with dread,
And his hair did bristle upon his head.

XVII.

"Lo, Warrior! now, the Cross of Red
Points to the grave of the mighty dead :
Within it burns a wondrous light,
To chase the spirits that love the night :
'That lamp shall burn unquenchably,
Until the eternal doom shall be." —¹
Slow moved the Monk to the broad flag-stone,
Which the bloody Cross was traced upon :
He pointed to a secret nook :
An iron bar the Warrior took ;²
And the Monk made a sign with his wither'd
hand,
'The grave's huge portal to expand.

XVIII.

With beating heart to the task he went ;
His sinewy frame o'er the grave-stone bent ;
With bar of iron heaved amain,
Till the toil-drops fell from his brows, like rain.
It was by dint of passing strength,
'That he moved the massy stone at length.
I would you had been there, to see
How the light broke forth so gloriously,
Scream'd upward to the chancel roof,
And through the galleries far aloof!
No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright :
It shone like heaven's own blessed light,
And, issuing from the tomb,
Show'd the Monk's cowl, and visage pale,
Danced on the dark-brow'd Warrior's mail,
And kiss'd his waving plume.

XIX.

Before their eyes the Wizard lay,
As if he had not been dead a day.
His hoary beard in silver roll'd,
He seem'd some seventy winters old :
A palmer's amice wrapp'd him round,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,
Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea :
His left hand held his Book of Might ;
A silver cross was in his right ;
The lamp was placed beside his knee :
High and majestic was his look,
At which the fellest fiends had shook,
And all unruffled was his face :
They trusted his soul had gotten grace.

XX.

Often had William of Deloraine
Rode through the battle's bloody plain,
And trampled down the warriors slain,
And neither known remorse nor awe ;
Yet now remorse and awe he own'd ;
His breath came thick, his head swam round ;
When this strange sceae of death he saw,
Bewilder'd and unnerved he stood,
And the priest pray'd fervently and loud :
With eyes averted prayed he ;
He might not endure the sight to see,
Of the man he had loved so brotherly.

XXI.

And when the priest his death-prayer had
pray'd,

Thus unto Deloraine he said : —
"Now, speed thee what thou hast to do,
Or, Warrior, we may dearly rue ;
For those thou may'st not look upon,
Are gathering fast round the yawning stoe!" —
Then Deloraine, in terror, took
From the cold hand the Mighty Book,
With iron clasp'd, and with iron bound ;
He thought, as he took it, the dead man
frown'd ;³

But the glare of the sepulchral light,
Perchance, had dazzled the warrior's sight.

XXII.

When the huge stone sunk o'er the tomb,
The night return'd in double gloom ;
For the moon had gone down, and the stars
were few ;
And, as the Knight and Priest withdrew,
With waveriag steps and dizzy brain,
They hardly might the postern gain.
'Tis said, as through the aisles they pass'd,
They heard strange noises on the blast :
And through the cloister-galleries small,
Which at mid-height thread the chancel wall,
Loud sobb, and laughter louder, ran,
And voices unlike the voice of man ;
As if the fiends kept holiday,
Because these spells were brought to day.
I cannot tell how the truth may be ;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

XXIII.

"Now, hie thee hence," the Father said,
"And when we are on death-bed laid,
O may our dear Ladye, and sweet St. John,
Forgive our souls for the deed we have done!"

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 G.

² Orig. — A bar from thence the warrior took.

³ See Appendix, Note 2 H.

The monk return'd him to his cell,
 And many a prayer and penance sped ;
 When the convent met at the noontide bell—
 The Monk of St Mary's aisle was dead !
 Before the cross was the body laid,
 With hands clasp'd fast, as it still he pray'd.

XXIV.

The Knight breathed free in the morning wind,
 And strove his hardihood to find :
 He was glad when he pass'd the tombstones
 grey,

Which girdle round the fair Abbaye ;
 For the mystic Book, to his bosom prest,
 Felt like a load upon his breast ;
 And his joints, with nerves of iron twined,
 Shook, like the aspen leaves in wind.
 Full fain was he when the dawn of day
 Began to brighten Cheviot grey ;
 He joy'd to see the cheerful light,
 And he said Ave Mary, as well as he might.

XXV.

The sun had brighten'd Cheviot grey,
 The sun had brighten'd the Carter's side ;
 And soon beneath the rising day
 Smiled Branksome Towers and Teviot's
 tide.

The wild birds told their warbling tale,
 And waken'd every flower that blows ;
 And peeped forth the violet pale,
 And spread her breast the mountain rose.
 And lovelier than the rose so red,
 Yet paler than the violet pale,
 She early left her sleepless bed,
 The fairest maid of Teviotdale.

XXVI.

Why does fair Margaret so early awake,
 And don her kirtle so hastily ;
 And the silken knots, which in hurry she would
 make,

Why tremble her slender fingers to tie ;
 Why does she stop, and look often around,
 As she glides down the secret stair ;
 And why does she put the shaggy blood-hound,
 As he rouses him up from his lair ;
 And, though she passes the postern alone,
 Why is not the watchman's bugle blown ?

XXVII.

The ladye steps in doubt and dread,
 Lest her watchful mother hear her tread ;
 The ladye caresses the rough blood-hound,
 Lest his voice should waken the castle round ;
 The watchman's bugle is not blown,
 For he was her foster-father's son ;
 And she glides through the greenwood at
 dawn of light

To meet Baron Henry, her own true knight.

XXVIII.

The Knight and ladye fair are met,
 And under the hawthorn's boughs are set.
 A fairer pair were never seen
 To meet beneath the hawthorn green.
 He was stately, and young, and tall ;
 Dreaded in battle, and loved in hall :

And she, when love, scarce told, scarce hid,
 Lent to her cheek a livelier red ;
 When the half sigh her swelling breast
 Against the silken ribbon prest ;
 When her blue eyes their secret told,
 Though shaded by her locks of gold—
 Where would you find the peerless fair,
 With Margaret of Branksome might compare !

XXIX.

And now, fair dames, methinks I see
 You listen to my minstrelsy ;
 Your waving locks ye backward throw,
 And sidelong bend your necks of snow :
 Ye ween to hear a melting tale,
 Of two true lovers in a dale ;
 And how the Knight, with tender fire,
 To paint his faithful passion strove ;
 Swore he might at her feet expire,
 But never, never cease to love ;
 And how she blushed, and how she sigh'd,
 And, half consenting, half denied,
 And said that she would die a maid ;—
 Yet, might the bloody fend be stay'd,
 Henry of Cranstoun, and only he,
 Margaret of Branksome's choice should be.

XXX.

Alas ! fair dames, your hopes are vain !
 My harp has lost the enchanting strain ;
 Its lightness would my age reprove :
 My hairs are grey, my limbs are old,
 My heart is dead, my veins are cold ;
 I may not, must not, sing of love.

XXXI.

Beneath an oak, moss'd o'er by eld,
 The Baron's Dwarf his course held,²
 And held his crested helm and spear :
 That Dwarf was scarce an earthly man,
 If the tales were true that of him ran,
 Through all the Border, far and near.
 'Twas said, when the Baron a hunting rode
 Through Reedsdale's glens, but rarely trod,
 He heard a voice cry, "Lost ! lost ! lost !"
 And, like tennis-ball by racket toss'd,
 A leap, of thirty feet and three,
 Made from the gorse this elfin shape,
 Distorted like some dwarfish ape,
 And lighted at Lord Cranstoun's knee.
 Lord Cranstoun was some whit dismay'd ;
 'Tis said that five good miles he rade,
 To rid him of his company ;
 But where he rode one mile, the Dwarf ran
 four,
 And the Dwarf was first at the castle door.

XXXII.

Use lessens marvel, it is said :
 'Tis elvish Dwarf with the Baron staid ;
 Little he ate, and less he spoke,
 Nor mingled with the menial flock :
 And oft apart his arms he toss'd,
 And often mutter'd "Lost ! lost ! lost !"
 He was waspish, arch, and litherlie,³
 But well Lord Cranstoun served he :

¹ A mountain on the Border of England, above Jedburgh.

² See Appendix, Note 2 1.

³ The idea of the Imp domesticating himself with the first person he met, and subjecting himself to that one's authority, is perfectly consonant to old opinions. Ben

Jonson, in his play of "*The Devil is an Ass*," has founded the leading incident of that comedy upon this article of the popular creed. A fiend, called *Page*, is ambitious of figuring in the world, and petitions his superior for permission to exhibit himself upon earth. The devil grants him a day-rule, but clogs it with this condition,—

And he of his service was full fain ;
 For once he had been ta'en or slain,
 An it had not been for his ministry.
 All between Home and Hermitage,
 Talk'd of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin-Page.

XXXIII.

For the Baron went on pilgrimage,
 And took with him this elvish Page,
 To Mary's Chapel of the Lowes :
 For there, beside our Lady's lake,
 An offering he had sworn to make,
 And he would pay his vows.
 But the Lady of Branksome gather'd a band
 Of the best that would ride at her command :¹
 The trusty place was Newark Lee.
 Wat of Harden came thither amain,
 And thither came John of Thirlestane,
 And thither came William of Deloraine ;
 They were three hundred spears and three.
 Through Douglas-burn, up Yarrow stream,²
 Their horses prance, their lances gleam.
 They came to St. Mary's lake ere day ;
 But the chapel was void, and the Baron away.
 They burn'd the chapel for very rage,
 And curs'd Lord Cranstoun's Goblin-Page.

XXXIV.

And now, in Branksome's good green wood,
 As under the aged oak he stood,
 The Baron's courser pricks his ears,
 As if a distant noise he hears
 The Dwarf waves his long lean arm on high,
 And signs to the lovers to part and fly ;
 No time was then to vow or sigh.
 Fair Margaret through the hazel grove,
 Flew like the startled cushat-dove :³
 The Dwarf the stirrup held and rein ;
 Vaulted the Knight on his steed amain,
 And, pondering deep that morning's scene,
 Rode eastward through the hawthorns green.

While thus he ponred the lengthen'd tale
 The Minstrel's voice began to fail :
 Full slyly smiled the observant page,
 And gave the wither'd hand of age
 A goblet, crown'd with mighty wine,
 The blood of Velez' scorched vine.
 He raised the silver cup on high,
 And, while the big drop fill'd his eye,
 Pray'd God to bless the Duchess long
 And all who cheer'd a son of song.
 The attending maidens smiled to see
 How long, how deep, how zealously,
 The precious juice the Minstrel quaff'd ;
 And he, embolden'd by the draught,
 Look'd gaily back to them, and laugh'd.
 The cordial nectar of the bowl
 Swell'd his old veins, and cheer'd his soul ;
 A lighter, livelier prelude ran,
 Ere thus his tale again began.

"Satan.—Only thus more, I bind you
 To serve the first man that you meet; and him
 I'll show you now; observe him, follow him;
 But, once engaged, there you must stay and fix."

It is observable that in the same play, *Pug* alludes to the appearance of his diet. Mr. Scott's goblin, though "waspish, arch, and litherlic," proves a faithful and honest retainer to the lord, into whose service he had introduced himself. This sort of in-obstinacy seems also to form a prominent part of the diabolic character. Thus, in the romances of the Round Table, we find Merlin, the son of a devil, exerting himself most zealously in the cause of virtue

The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

And said I that my limbs were old,
 And said I that my blood was cold,
 And that my kindly fire was fled,
 And my poor withered heart was dead,
 And that I might not sing of love ?—
 How could I to the dearest theme,
 That ever warm'd a minstrel's dream,
 So foul, so false a recreant prove !
 How could I name love's very name,
 Nor wake my heart to notes of flame !

II.

In peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed ;
 In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;
 In halls, in gay attire is seen :
 In haulets, dances on the green.
 Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
 And men below, and saints above ;
 For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

III.

So thought Lord Cranstoun, as I ween,
 While, pondering deep the tender scene,
 He rode through Branksome's hawthorn green.
 But the page shouted wild and shrill.
 And scarce his helmet could he don,
 When downward from the shady hill
 A stately knight came pricking on.
 That warrior's steed, so dapple-grey,
 Was dark with sweat, and splashed with clay ;
 His armour red with many a stain :
 He seem'd in such a weary plight,
 As if he had ridden the live-long night ;
 For it was William of Deloraine.

IV.

But no whit weary did he seem,
 When, dancing in the sunny beam,
 He mark'd the crane on the Baron's crest ;⁴
 For his ready spear was in his rest.
 Few were the words, and stern and high,
 That mark'd the foemen's feudal hate ;
 For question fierce, and proud reply,
 Gave signal soon of dire debate.
 Their very coursers seem'd to know
 That each was other's mortal foe,
 And snorted fire, when wheel'd around,
 To give each knight his vantage-ground.

V.

In rapid round the Baron bent ;
 He sigh'd a sigh, and pray'd a prayer ;
 The prayer was to his patron saint,
 The sigh was to his lady fair.

and of religion, the friend and counsellor of King Arthur, the chastiser of wrongs, and the scourge of the infidels.

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 K.

² See notes on *The Douglas Tragedy* in the *Minstrelcy*, vol. iii. p. 3.—Ed.

³ Wood-pigeons.

⁴ The crest of the Cranstouns, in allusion to their name, is a crane dormant, holding a stone in his foot, with an emphatic Border motto, *Thou shalt want ere I want.*

Stout Deloraine nor sigh'd nor pray'd,
Nor saint, nor ladye, call'd to aid;
But he scoop'd his head, and couch'd his spear,
And spurred his steed to full career.
The meeting of these champions proud
Seemed like the bursting thunder-cloud.

VI.

Stern was the dint the Borderer lent!
The stately Barou backwards bent;
Bent backwards to his horse's tail.
And his plumes went scattering on the gale;
The tough ash spear, so stout and true,
Into a thousand flinders flew.
But Cranstoun's lance, of more avail,
Pierced through, like silk, the Borderer's mail;
Through shield, and jack, and acron, past,
Deep in his bosom broke at last.—
Still sate the warrior saddle-fast,
Till, stumbling in the mortal shock,
Down went the steed, the girthing broke,
Hurl'd on a heap lay man and horse.
The Baron onward pass'd his course;
Nor knew—so giddy roll'd his brain—
His foe lay stretch'd upon the plain.

VII.

But when he rein'd his courser round,
And saw his foeman on the ground
Lie senseless as the bloody clay,
He bade his page to stanch the wound,
And there beside the warrior stay,
And tend him in his doubtful state,
And lead him to Branksome castle-gate:
His noble mind was inly moved
For the kinsman of the maid he loved.
"This shalt thou do without delay:
No longer here myself may stay;
Unless the swifter I speed away,
Short shrift will be at my dying day."

VIII.

Away in speed Lord Cranstoun rode;
The Goblin Page behind ahode;
His lord's command he ne'er withstood,
Though small his pleasure to do good.
As the corslet off he took,
The dwarf espied the Mighty Book!
Much he marvell'd a knight of pride,
Like a book-huson'd priest should ride:¹
He thought not to search or stanch the wound,
Untill the secret he had found.

IX.

The iron band, the iron clasp,
Resisted long the elfin grasp:
For when the first he had undone,
It closed as he the next begun.
Those iron clasps, that iron hand,
Would not yield to unchristen'd hand,
Till he smeared the cover o'er
With the Borderer's curled gore;
A moment then the volume spread,
And one short spell thereto he read,
It had much of glamour² might
Could make a ladye seem a knight;
The cubwebs on a dungeon wall
Seem tapestry in lord's hall;
A nut-shell seem a gilded harge,
A sheeling³ seem a palace large,
And youth seem age, and age seem youth—
All was delusion, naught was truth.⁴

X.

He had not read another spell,
When on his cheek a buffet fell,
So fierce, it stretch'd him on the plain,
Beside the wounded Deloraine.
From the ground he rose dismay'd,
And shook his huge and matted head;
One word he mutter'd, and no more,
"Man of age, thou satest sore!"—
No more the Elfyn Page durst try
Into the wondrous Book to pry:
The clasps, though smear'd with Christian gore,
Shut faster than they were before.
He hid it underneath his cloak.—
Now, if you ask who gave the stroke,
I cannot tell, so mot I thrive;
It was not given by man alive.⁵

XI.

Unwillingly he himself address'd,
To do his master's high behest:
He lifted up the living corse,
And laid it on the weary horse;
He led him into Branksome Hall,
Before the beads of the warders all;
And each did after swear and say,
There only pass'd a wain of hay.
He took him to Lord David's tower,
Even to the Ladye's secret bower;
And, but that stronger spells were spread,
And the door might not be opened,
He had laid him on her very bed.
What'er he did of gramarye,⁶
Was always done maliciously;
He flung the warrior on the ground,
And the blood well'd freshly from the wound.

XII.

As he repass'd the outer court,
He spied a fair young child at sport;
He thought to train him to the wood;
For, at a word, be it understood,
He was always for ill, and never for good.
Seem'd to the boy, some comrade gay
Led him forth in the woods to play;
On the drawbridge the warders stout
Saw a terrier and a lurcher passing out.

XIII.

He led the boy o'er bank and fell,
Until they came to a woodland brook;
The running stream dissolved the spell,⁷
And his own elvish shape he took.
Could he have had his pleasure vilde,
He had crippled the joints of the noble child;
Or, with his fingers long and lean,
Had strangled him in fiendish spleen:
But his awful mother he had in dread,
And also his power was limited;
So he but scowl'd on the startled child,
And darted through the forest wild:
The woodland brook he bounding cross'd,
And laugh'd, and shouted, "Lost! lost! lost!"—

XIV.

Full sore amazed at the wondrous change,
And frighten'd as a child might be,
At the wild yell, and visage strange,
And the dark words of gramarye,
The child, amidst the forest bower,
Stood rooted like a lily flower;

1 See Appendix, Note 2 L.

2 Magical delusion.

3 A shepherd's hut.

4 See Appendix, Note 2 M.

5 Ibid. Note 2 N.

6 Magic.

7 See Appendix, Note 2 O.

And when at length, with trembling pace,
He sought to find where Brauksome lay,
He fear'd to see that grisly face
Glare from some thicket on his way.
Thus, starting oft, he journey'd on,
And deeper in the wood is gone,—
For aye the more he sought his way,
The father still he went astray,—
Un'til he heard the mountains round
Ring to the baying of a hound.

XV.

And hark! and hark! the deep-mouth'd bark
Comes nigher still, and nigher:
Bursts on the path a dark blood-hound,
His tawny muzzle track'd the ground,
And his red eye shot fire.
Soon as the wilder'd child saw he,
He flew at him right furiously.
I wene you would have seen with joy
The bearing of the gallant boy,
When, worthy of his noble sire,
His wet cheek glow'd 'twixt fear and ire!
He faced the blood-hound manfully,
And held his little hat on high;
So fierce he struck the dog, afraid,
At a cutous distance bravely bay'd,
But still in act to s. ring;
When da'ld an archer through the glade,
And when he saw the hound was stay'd,
He drew his tough bow-siring;
But a rough voice cried, "Shoot not, hoy!
Ho! shoot not, Edward—" 'Tis a boy!"

XVI.

The speaker issued from the wood.
And check'd his fellow's surly mood,
And quell'd the ban-dog's ire;
He was an English yeoman good,
And born in Leicestershire.
Well could he hit a fallow deer
Five hundred feet him fro;
With hand more true, and eye more clear,
No archer bended bow.
His coal-black hair, shorn round and close,
Set off his sun-burn'd face:
Old England's sign, St. George's cross,
His harret-cap did grace;
His bugle-horn hung by his side,
All in a wolf skin baldric tied;
And his short falchion, sharp and clear,
Had pierc'd the throat of many a deer.

XVII.

His kirtle, made of forest green,
Reach'd scantily to his knee;
And, at his belt, of arrows keen
A furbish'd sheaf bore he:
His buckler, scarce in breadth a span,
No larger fence had he;
He never count'd him a man,
Would strike below the knee:¹
His slacken'd bow was in his hand,
And the leash that was his blood-hound's
band.

XVIII.

He would not do the fair child harm,
But held him with his powerful arm,
That he might neither fight nor flee;
For when the Red-Cross spied he,

The boy strove long and violently.
"Now, by St. George," the archer cries,
"Edward, methinks we have a prize!
This boy's fair face, and courage free,
Show he is come of high-degree."—

XIX.

"Yes! I am come of high-degree,
For I am the heir of bold Buccleuch;
And if thou dost not set me free,
False Southron, thou shalt dearly rue!
For Walter of Harden shall come with speed,
And William of Deloraine, good at need,
And every Scott, from Esk to Tweed;
And, if thou dost not let me go,
Despite thy arrows and thy bow,
I'll have thee hang'd to feed the crow!"—

XX.

"Gramercy, for thy good-will, fair boy!
My mind was never set so high;
But if thou art chief of such a clan,
And art the son of such a man,
And ever comest to thy command,
Our wardens had need to keep good order;
My bow of yew to a hazel wand,
'Thou'lt make them work upon the Border.
Meantime he pleased to come with me,
For good Lord Dacre shalt thou see;
I think our work is well begun,
When we have taken thy father's son."

XXI.

Although the child was led away,
In Branksome still he seem'd to stay,
For so the Dwarf his part did play;
And, in the shape of that young boy,
He wrought the castle much annoy.
The comrades of the young Buccleuch
He pinch'd, and beat, and overthrew;
Nay, some of them he wellnigh slew.
He tore Dame Maudlin's silken tire,
And, as Sym Hall stood by the fire,
He lighted the match of his bandelier,²
And wofully scorch'd the hackbuteer.³
It may be hardly thought or said,
The mischief that the archin made,
Till many of the castle guess'd,
That the young Baron was possess'd.

XXII.

Well I wene the charm he held
The noble Ladye had soon dispell'd;
But she was deeply busied then
To tend the wounded Deloraine.
Much she wonder'd to find him lie,
On the stone threshold stretch'd along;
She thought some spirit of the sky
Had done the bold moss-trooper wrong:
Because, despite her precept dread,
Perchance he in the book had read;
But the broken lance in his bosom stood,
And it was earthly steel and wood.

XXIII.

She drew the splinter from the wound,
And with a charm she staunch'd the blood;⁴
She bade the gush be cleansed and bound;
No longer by his couch she stood;
But she has ta'en the broken lance,
And wash'd it from the clotted gore,

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 P.

² Bandelier, belt for carrying ammunition.

³ Hackbuteer, musketeer.

⁴ See Appendix, Note 2 Q.

And salved the splinter o'er and o'er.¹
 William of Deloraine, in trauce,
 Whene'er she turn'd it round and round,
 Twisted as if she gall'd his wound.
 Then to her maidens she did say,
 That he should be whole man and sound,
 Within the course of a night and day.
 Foll long she toil'd; for she did rue
 Mishap to friend so stout and true.

XXIV.

So pass'd the day—the evening fell.
 'Twas near the time of curfew bell;
 The air was mild, the wind was calm,
 The stream was smooth, the dew was balm;
 E'en the rude watchman, on the tower,
 Enjoy'd and bless'd the lovely hour.
 Far more fair Margaret loved and bless'd
 The hour of silence and of rest.
 On the high turret sitting lone,
 She waked at times the lute's soft tone;
 Touch'd a wild note, and all between
 Thought of the bower of hawthorns green.
 Her golden hair stream'd free from band,
 Her fair cheek rested on her hand,
 Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
 For lovers love the western star.

XXV.

Is yon the star, o'er Penchryst Pen,
 That rises slowly to her ken,
 And, spreading broad its wavering light,
 Shakes its loose tresses on the night?
 Is yon red glare the western star?—
 O, 'tis the beacon-blaze of war!
 Scarce could she draw her tighten'd breath,
 For well she knew the fire of death!

XXVI.

The Warder view'd it blazing strong,
 And hlew his war-note loud and long,
 Till, at the high and haughty sound,
 Rock, wood, and river, rung around.
 The blast alarm'd the festal hall,
 And startled forth the warriors all;
 Far downward, in the castle yard,
 Full many a torch and cresset glared;
 And helms and plumes, confusedly toss'd,
 Were in the blaze half-seen, half-lost;
 And spears in wild disorder shook,
 Like reeds beside a frozen brook.
 The Seneschal, whose silver hair
 Was redden'd by the torches' glare,
 Stood in the midst, with gesture proud,
 And issued forth his mandates loud:—
 "On Penchryst glows a hale² of fire,
 And three are kindling on Priesthaughswire;
 Ride out, ride out,
 The foe to scout!
 Mount, mount for Branksome,³ every man!
 Thou, Todrig, warn the Johnstone clan,
 That ever are true and stout—
 Ye need not send to Liddesdale;
 For when they see the blazing bale,
 Elliots and Armstrongs never fail—
 Ride, Alton, ride, for death and life!
 And warn the Warder of the strife.
 Young Gilbert, let our beacon blaze,
 Our kin, and clan, and friends, to raise."⁴

XXVIII.

Fair Margaret, from the turret head,
 Heard, far below, the coursers' tread,
 While loud the harness rung,
 As to their seats, with clamour dread,
 The ready horsemen sprung:
 And trampling hoofs, and iron coats,
 And leaders' voices, mingled notes,
 And out! and out!
 In hasty route,
 The horsemen gallop'd forth;
 Dispersing to the south to scout,
 And east, and west, and north,
 To view their coming enemies,
 And warn their vassals and allies.

XXIX.

The ready page, with hurried hand,
 Awaked the need fire's⁵ slumbering brand,
 And ruddy bluish'd the heaven:
 For a sheet of flame, from the turret high,
 Waved like a blood-flag on the sky,
 All flaring and uneven;
 And soon a score of fires, I ween,
 From height, and hill, and cliff, were seen;
 Each with warlike tidings fraught;
 Each from each the signal caught;
 Each after each they glanced to sight,
 As stars arise upon the night.
 They gleaned on many a dusky tarn,⁶
 Haunted by the lonely ean:⁷
 On many a cairn's⁸ grey pyramid,
 Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid;
 Till high Dunedin the blazes saw,
 From Soltra and Dunpender Law;
 And Lothian heard the Regent's order,
 That all should bowne⁹ them for the Border.

XXX.

The livelong night in Branksome rang
 The ceaseless sound of steel;
 The castle-bell, with backward clang,
 Sent forth the larum peal;
 Was frequent heard the heavy jar,
 Where massy stone and iron bar
 Were piled on echoing keep and tower,
 To whelm the foe with deadly shower;
 Was frequent heard the changing guard,
 And watch-word from the sleepless ward;
 While, wearied by the endless din,
 Blood-hound and ban-dog yell'd within.

XXXI.

The noble Dame, amid the broil,
 Shared the gay Seneschal's high toil,
 And spoke of danger with a smile;
 Cheer'd the young knights, and council sage
 Held with the chiefs of riper age.
 No tidings of the foe were brought,
 Nor of his numbers knew they nought,
 Nor what in time of truce he sought.
 Some said, that there were thousands ten;
 And others ween'd that it was nought
 But Leven Clans, or Tynedale men,
 Who came to gather in black-mail:¹⁰
 And Liddesdale, with snail avail,
 Might drive them lightly back again.
 So pass'd the anxious night away,
 And welcome was the peep of day.

1 See Appendix, Note 2 B.

2 See Appendix, Note 2 B.

3 Mount for Branksome was the gathering word of the Scots.

4 See Appendix, Note 2 T.

5 Need fire, beacon.

6 Tarn, a mountain lake.

7 Ean, a Scottish eagle.

8 See Appendix, Note 2 U.

9 Bowne, make ready.

10 Protection money exacted by freebooters.

Ceased the high sound—the listening throng
 Applaud the Master of the Song ;
 And marvel much, in helpless age,
 So hard should be his pilgrimage.
 Had he no friend—no daughter dear,
 His wandering toil to share and cheer ;
 No son to be his father's stay,
 And guide him on the rugged way ?
 " Ay, once he had—but he was dead !"
 Upon the harp he stoop'd his head,
 And busied himself the strings withal,
 To hide the tear that fain would fall.
 In solemn measure, soft and slow,
 Arose a father's notes of woe.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

CANTO FOURTH.

I.

Sweet Teviot ! on thy silver tide
 The glaring hale-fires blaze no more ;
 No longer steel-clad warriors ride
 Along thy wild and willow'd shore ;
 Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
 All, all is peaceful, all is still.
 As if thy waves, since Tine was born,
 Since first they roll'd upon the Tweed,¹
 Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
 Nor started at the bugle-horn.

II.

Unlike the tide of human time,
 Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,
 Retains each grief, retains each crime
 Its earliest course was doom'd to know ;
 And, darker as it downward bears,
 Is stain'd with past and present tears.

Low as that tide has ebb'd with me,
 It still reflects to Memory's eye
 The hour my brave, my only boy,
 Fell by the side of great Dundee.²
 Why, when the volleying musket play'd
 Against the bloody Highland blade,
 Why was not I beside him laid !—
 Enough—he died the death of fame,
 Enough—he died with conquering Græme.

III.

Now over border, dale and fell,
 Full wide and far was terror spread ;
 For pathless marsh, and mountain cell,
 The peasant left his lowly shed.³
 The frighten'd flocks and herds were pent
 Beneath the peel's rude battlement ;
 And maids and matrons dropp'd the tear,
 While ready warriors seized the spear.

From Branksome's towers, the watchman's eye
 Duan wreaths of distant smoke can spy,
 Which, curling in the rising sun,
 Show'd southern ravage was begun.⁴

IV.

Now loud the heedful gate-ward cried—
 " Prepare ye all for blows and blood !
 Watt Tirlinn,⁵ from the Liddel-side,
 Comes wading through the flood.⁶
 Full oft the Tynedale snatchers knock
 At his lone gate, and prove the lock ;
 It was but last St. Barnabright
 They sieged him a whole summer night,
 But fled at morning ; well they knew,
 In vain he never twang'd the yew.
 Right sharp has been the evening shower,
 That drove him from his Liddel tower ;
 And, by my faith," the gate-ward said,
 " I think 'twill prove a Wardeu-Raid."⁷

V.

While thus he spoke, the bold yeoman
 Enter'd the echoing barbacan.
 He led a small and shaggy nag,
 That through a bog, from bog to hag,⁸
 Could bound like any Billhoge stag.⁹
 It bore his wife and children twain ;
 A half clothed serf¹⁰ was all their train ;
 His wife, stout, ruddy, and dark-brow'd,
 Of silver brooch and bracelet proud,¹¹
 Laugh'd to her friends among the crowd.
 He was of stature passing tall,
 But sparely form'd, and lean withal ;
 A batter'd morion on his brow ;
 A leather jack, as fence enow,
 On his broad shoulders loosely hung ;
 A border axe behind was slung ;
 His spear, six Scottish ells in length,
 Seen'd newly dyed with gore ;
 His shafts and bow, of wondrous strength,
 His hardy partner bore.

VI.

Thus to the Ladye did Tirlinn show
 The tidings of the English foe :—
 " Belted Will Howard¹² is marching here,
 And hot Lord Dacre,¹³ with many a spear
 And all the German hackbut-men,¹⁴
 Who have long lain at Askerten :
 They cross'd the Liddel at curfew hour,
 And burn'd my little lonely tower :
 The fiend receive their soul therefor !
 It had not been burnt this year and more.
 Barn-yard and dwelling, blazing bright,
 Served to guide me on my flight ;
 But I was chased the livelong night.
 Black Joho of Akeshaw, and Fergus Græme,¹⁵
 Fast upon my traces came,
 Until I turn'd at Priesthaugh Scrogg,
 And shot their horses in the bog,

¹ Orig. " Since first they rolled their way to Tweed."

² The Viscount of Dundee, slain in the battle of Killcrankie.

³ See Appendix, Note 2 V.

⁴ See Appendix, Note 2 W.

⁵ See Appendix, Note 2 X.

⁶ " And when they cam to Branksome ha',
 They shouted a' baith lood and hie,
 Till up and spak him auld Boccleuch,
 Said—' Whae's this brings the fraye to me !'
 ' It 's I, Jamie Telfer, o' the fair Dodhead,
 And a harried man I think I be," &c.

Border Minstrelsy, vol. ii. p. 8.

⁷ An inroad commanded by the Warden in person.

⁸ The broken ground in a bog.

⁹ See Appendix, Note 2 Y.

¹⁰ Bondsman.

¹¹ As the Borderers were indifferent about the furnish of their habitations, so much exposed to be burned and plundered, they were proportionally anxious to display splendour in decorating and ornamenting their females.—
 See *Lesley de Moribus Lanthanorum*.

¹² See Appendix, Note 2 Z.

¹³ See Appendix, Note 3 A.

¹⁴ Musketeers. See Appendix, Note 3 B.

Slew Fergus with my lance outright—
I had him long at high despite ;
He drove my cows last Fastern's night."

VII.

Now weary scouts from Liddesdale,
Fast hurrying in, confirm'd the tale ;
As far as they could judge by ken,
Three hours would bring to Teviot's strand
Three thousand armed Englishmen—
Meanwhile, full many a warlike band,
From Teviot, Ail, and Eltrick shade,
Came in, their Chief's defence to aid.
There was saddling and mounting in haste,
There was pricking o'er moor and lea ;
He that was last at the trying-place
Was but lightly held of his gaye ladye.¹

VIII.

From fair St. Mary's silver wave,
From dreary Gamescleuch's dusky height,
His ready lances Thirlestane brave
Array'd beneath a banner bright,
The treasured fleur-de-luce he claims,
To wreathe his shield, since royal James,
Encamp'd by Fala's mossy wave,
The proud distinction grateful gave,
For faith 'mid feudal jars ;
What time, save Thirlestane alone,
Of Scotland's stubborn barons none
Would march to southern wars ;
And hence, in fair remembrance worn,
Yon sheaf of spears his crest has borne ;
Hence his high motto shines reveal'd—
"Ready, aye, ready," for the field.²

IX.

An aged Knight, to danger steel'd,
With many a moss-trooper, came on :
And azure in a golden field,
The stars and crescent graced his shield,
Without the bend of Murdison.³
Wide lay his lands round Oakwood tower,
And wide round haunted Castle-Ower ;
High over Borthwick's mountain flood,
His wood-embosom'd mansion stood ;
In the dark glen, so deep below,
The herds of plunder'd England low ;
His bold retainers' daily food,
And bought with danger, blows, and blood,
Marauding chief! his sole delight
The moonlight raid, the morning fight ;
Not even the Flower of Yarrow's charms,
In youth might tame his rage for arms ;
And still, in age, he spur'd that rest,
And still his brows the helmet press'd,
Albeit, the blanched locks below
Were white as Dinlay's spotless snow ;
Five stately warriors drew the sword
Before their father's hand ;
A braver knight than Harden's lord
Ne'er belted on a brand.⁴

X.

Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart band,⁵
Came trooping down the Todshawhill ;

By the sword they won their land,
And by the sword they hold it still.
Hearken, ladye, to the tale,
How thy sires won fair Eskdale.—
Earl Morton was lord of that valley fair,
The Beattisons were his vassals there.
The Earl was gentle, and mild of mood,
The vassals were warlike, and fierce, and rude ;
High of heart, and haughty of word,
Little they reck'd of a tame liege lord.
The Earl into fair Eskdale came,
Homage and seignory to claim ;
Of Gilbert the Galliard a heriot⁷ he sought,
Saying, "Give thy best steed, as a vassal ought,"
—"Dear to me is my bonny white steed,
Oft has he help'd me at pinch of need ;
Lord and Earl though thou be, I trow,
I can rein Bucksfoot better than thou."—
Word on word gave fuel to fire,
Till so highly blazed the Beattison's ire,
But that the Earl the flight had ta'en,
The vassals there their lord had slain.
Sore he plied both whip and spur,
As he urged his steed through Eskdale muir ;
And it fell down a weary weight,
Just on the threshold of Branksome gate.

XI.

The Earl was a wrathful man to see,
Full fair avenged would he be.
In haste to Branksome's Lord he spoke,
Saying—"Take these traitors to thy yoke ;
For a cast of hawks, and a purse of gold,
All Eskdale I'll sell thee, to have and hold :
Beshrew thy heart of the Beattisons' clan
If thou leavest on Esk a landed man ;
But spare Woodkerrick's lands alone,
For he lent me his horse to escape upon."
A glad man then was Branksome bold,
Down he flung him the purse of gold ;
To Eskdale soon he spur'd amain,
And with him five hundred riders has ta'en.
He left his merry men in the midst of the hill,
And bade them hold them close and still ;
And alone he wended to the plain,
To meet with the Galliard and all his train.
To Gilbert the Galliard thus he said :—
"Kuoow thou me for thy liege-lord and head ;
Deal not with me as with Morton tame,
For Scotts play best at the roughest game.
Give me in peace my heriot due,
Thy bonny white steed, or thou shalt rue.
If my horn I three times wind,
Eskdale shall long have the sound in mind."⁶

XII.

Loudly the Beattison laugh'd in scorn ;
"Little care we for thy winded horn.
Ne'er shall it be the Galliard's lot,
To yield his steed to a haughty Scott.
Wend thou to Branksome back on foot,
With rusty spur and miry boot."⁷
He blew his bugle so loud and hoarse,
That the dun deer started at fair Craikcross ;
He blew again so loud and clear,
Through the grey mountain-mist there did
lances appear ;

¹ The four last lines of stanza vii. are not in the 1st Edition.—Ed.

² See Appendix, Note 5 C.

³ See Appendix, Note 5 D.

⁴ See besides the note on this stanza, one in the Border Minstrelsy, vol. ii. p. 10, respecting Wat of Harden, the Author's ancestor.

⁵ A satirical piece, entitled "The Town Eclogue," which

made much noise in Edinburgh shortly after the appearance of the *Minstrelsy*, has these lines :—

"A modern author spends a hundred leaves,

To prove his ancestors notorious thieves."—Ed.

⁶ STROUSS X. xi. xii. were not in the first Edition.

⁷ See Appendix, Note 3 E.

⁸ The feudal superior, in certain cases, was entitled to the best horse of the vassal, in name of Heriot or Herzeald.

And the third blast rang with such a din,
That the echoes answer'd from Pentoun-linn,
And all his riders came lightly in.
Then had you seen a gallant shock,
When saddles were emptied, and lances broke!
For each scornful word the Galhard had said,
A Beattison on the field was laid.
His own good sword the chieftain drew,
And he bore the Galliard through and through:
Where the Beattisons' blood mix'd with the rill,
The Galhard's laugh men call it still.
The Scotts have scatter'd the Beattison clan,
In Eskdale they left but one landed man.
The valley of Eske, from the mouth to the
source,
Was lost and won for that bonny white horse.

XIII.

Whitshade the Hawk, and Headshaw came,
And warriors more than I may name;
From Yarrow-cleuch to Hindhaugh-swaire,¹
From Woodhouselie to Chester-glen.
Troop'd man and horse, and bow and spear;
Their gathering word was Bellenenda.²
And better hearts o'er Border sod
To sege or rescue never rode.
The Ladye mark'd the aids come in,
And high her heart of pride arose:
She bade her youthful son attend,
That he might know his father's friend,
And learn to face his foes.
"The boy is ripe to look on war;
I saw him draw his cross-bow stiff,
And his true arrow struck afar
The raven's nest upon the cliff;
The red cross on a southern breast,
Is broader than the raven's nest:
Thou, Whitshade, shall teach him his weapon
to wield,
And o'er him hold his father's shield."

XIV.

Well may you think, the wily puge
Cared not to face the Ladye sage.
He counterfeited childish fear,
And shriek'd, and shed full many a tear,
And moan'd and plain'd in manner wild.
The attendants to the Ladye told,
Some fairy sure had changed the child,
That wot to be so free and bold.
Then wrathful was the noble dame;
She blush'd blood-red for very shame:—
"Hence! ere the clan his faintness view;
Hence with the weakling to Buccleuch!—
Watt Tinlinn, thou shalt be his guide
To Rangleburn's lonely side.—
Sure some fell fiend has curs'd our line,
That coward should e'er be son of mine!"—

XV.

A heavy task Watt Tinlinn had,
To guide the counterfeited lad.
Soon as the palfrey felt the weight,
Of that ill-omen'd elfish freight,
He bolted, sprung, and rear'd amain,
Nor heeded hit, nor curb, nor rein.
It cost Watt Tinlinn mickle toil
To drive him but a Scottish mile;
But as a shallow brook they cross'd,
The elf amid the running stream,
His figure changed, like form in dream,
And fled, and shouted, "Lost! lost! lost!"

Full fast the urohin ran and laugh'd,
But faster still a cloth-yard shaft
Whistled from startled Tinlinn's yew,
And pierced his shoulder through and through.
Although the imp might not be slain,
And though the wound soon heal'd again,
Yet as he ran, he yell'd for pain;
And Watt of Tinlinn, much aghast,
Rode back to Branksome fiery fast.

XVI.

Soon on the hill's steep verge he stood,
That looks o'er Branksome's towers and wood;
And martial murmurs, from below,
Proclaim'd the approaching southern foe.
Through the dark wood, in mingled tone,
Were Border pipes and bugles blown;
The coursers' neighing he could ken,
A measured tread of marching men;
While broke at times the solemn hum,
The Almayn's sullen kettle-drum;
And banners tall, of crimson sheen,
Above the copse appear:
And, glistening through the hawthorns green,
Shine helm, and shield, and spear.

XVII.

Light forayers first, to view the ground,
Spurr'd their fleet coursers loosely round;
Behind, in close array, and fast,
The Kendal archers, all in green,
Obedient to the bugle blast,
Advancing from the wood were seen.
To back and guard the archer band,
Lord Dacre's bill-men were at hand:
A hardy race, on Irthing bred,
With kirtles white, and crosses red,
Array'd beneath the banner tall,
That stream'd o'er Acre's conquer'd wall;
And minstrels, as they march'd in order,
Play'd, "Noble Lord Dacre, he dwell's on the
Border."

XVIII.

Behind the English bill and bow
The mercenaries, firm and slow,
Moved on to fight, in dark array,
By Conrad led of Wolfenstein,
Who brought the hand from distant Rhine,
And sold their blood for foreign pay.
The camp their home, their law the sword,
They knew no country, own'd no lord:³
They were not arm'd like England's sons,
But bore the levin-darting guns;
Buff coats, all frounced and broider'd o'er,
And morsing-horns⁴ and scarfs they wore;
Each better knee was bared, to aid
The warriors in the escalade;
All, as they march'd, in rugged tongue,
Songs of Teutonic feuds they sung.

XIX.

But louder still the clamour grew,
And louder still the minstrels blew,
When, from beneath the greenwood tree,
Rode forth Lord Howard's chivalry;
His men-at-arms, with glaive and spear,
Brought up the battle's glittering rear,
There many a youthful knight, full keen
To gain his spurs, in arms was seen;
With favour in his crest, or glove,
Memorial of his ladye-love.

¹ This and the three following lines are not in the first edition.—*Ed.*

² See Appendix, Note 3 F.

³ See Appendix, Note 3 G.

⁴ Powder-flasks.

So rode they forth in fair array,
 Till full their lengthen'd lines display;
 Then call'd a halt, and made a stand,
 And cried, "St. George, for merry England!"

XX.

Now every English eye, intent
 On Branksome's armed towers was bent;
 So near they were, that they might know
 The straining harsh of each cross-bow;
 On battlement and bartizan
 Glean'd axe, and spear, and partisan;
 Falcon and culver, on each tower,
 Stood prompt their deadly hail to shower;
 And flashing armour frequent broke
 From eddying whirls of sable smoke,
 Where upon tower and turret head,
 The seething pitch and molten lead
 Reek'd, like a witch's caldron red.
 While yet they gaze, the bridges fall,
 The wicket opens, and from the wall
 Rides forth the hoary Seneschal.

XXI.

Armed he rode, all save the head,
 His white beard o'er his breast-plate spread;
 Unbroke by age, erect his seat,
 He ruled his eager courser's gait;
 Forced him, with chasteⁿ'd fire, to prance,
 And, high curvetting, slow advance:
 In sign of truce, his better hand
 Display'd a peeled willow wand;
 His squire, attending in the rear,
 Bore high a ganⁿlet on a spear.²
 When they espied him riding out,
 Lord Howard and Lord Dacre stout
 Sped to the front of their array,
 To hear what this old knight should say.

XXII.

"Ye English warden lords, of you
 Demands the Ladye of Buccleuch,
 Why, 'gainst the truce of Border tide,
 In hostile guise ye dare to ride,
 With Kendal bow, and Gilsland brand,
 And all yon mercenary band,
 Upon the bounds of fair Scotland?
 My Ladye reads you swith return;
 And, if but one poor straw you burn,
 Or do our towers so much molest,
 As scare one swallow from her nest,
 St. Mary! hut we'll light a brand
 Shall warm your hearths in Cumberland."—

XXIII.

A wrathful man was Dacre's lord,
 But calmer Howard took the word:
 "May't please thy Dame, Sir Seneschal,
 To seek the castle's outward wall,
 Our pursuivant-at-arms shall show
 Both why we came, and when we go."¹
 The message sped, the noble Dame
 To the wall's outward circle came;
 Each chief around leaⁿ'd on his spear,
 To see the pursuivant appear.

¹ Ancient pieces of artillery.

² A glove upon a lance was the emblem of faith among the ancient Borderers, who were wont, when any one broke his word, to expose this emblem, and proclaim him a faithless villain at the first Border meeting. This ceremony was much dreaded. See *Lesley*.

³ An asyrum for outlaws.

⁴ See Appendix, Note 3 H.

All in Lord Howard's livery dress'd,
 The lion argent deck'd his breast;
 He led a boy of blooming hue—
 O sight to meet a mother's view!
 It was the heir of great Buccleuch,
 Obeisance meet the herald made,
 And thus his master's will he said:—

XXIV.

"It irks, high Dame, my noble Lords,
 'Gainst ladye fair to draw their swords;
 But yet they may not tamely see,
 All through the Western Wardenry,
 Your law-contemning kinsmen ride,
 And burn and spoil the Border-side;
 And ill beseems your rank and birth
 To make your towers a flemens-firch.³
 We claim from thee William of Deloraine
 That he may suffer march-treason⁴ pain.
 It was but last St. Cuthbert's even
 He prick'd to Stapleton on Leven,
 Harried⁵ the lands of Richard Musgrave,
 And slew his brother by dint of glaive.
 Then, since a lone and widow'd Dame
 These restless riders may not tame,
 Either receive within thy towers
 Two hundred of my master's powers,
 Or straight they sound thy warrison,⁶
 And storm and spoil thy garrison:
 And this fair boy, to London led,
 Shall good King Edward's page be bred.

XXV.

He ceased—and loud the boy did cry,
 And stretch'd his little arms on high;
 Implored for aid each well-known face,
 And strove to seek the Dame's embrace.
 A moment chang'd that Ladye's cheer,
 Gush'd to her eye the unbidden tear;
 She gaz'd upon the leaders round,
 And dark and sad each warrior frown'd;
 Then, deep within her sobbing breast
 She lock'd the struggling sigh to rest;
 Unalter'd and collected stood,
 And thus repli'd, in dauntless mood:—

XXVI.

"Say to your Lords of high emprise,⁷
 Who war on women and on boys,
 That either William of Deloraine
 Will cleanse him, by oath, of march-treason
 stain,⁸
 Or else he will the combat take
 'Gainst Musgrave, for his honour's sake.
 No knight in Cumberland so good,
 But William may count with him kin and blood.
 Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword,⁹
 When English blood swell'd Ancram's ford;¹⁰
 And but Lord Dacre's steed was wight,
 And bare him ably in the fight,
 Himself had seen him dubb'd a knight.
 For the young heir of Branksome's line,
 God be his aid, and God be mine;
 'Through me no friend shall meet his doom;
 Here, while I live, no foe finds room.

⁵ Plundered.

⁶ Note of assault.

⁷ Orig. "Say to thy Lords of high emprise."

⁸ See Appendix, Note 3 L.

⁹ Ibid. Note 3 K.

¹⁰ Ibid. Note 3 L.

Then, if thy Lords their purpose urge,
Take our defiance loud and high;
Our slogan is their lyke-wake¹ dirge,
Our moat, the grave where they shall lie.”

XXVII.

Proud she look'd round, applause to claim—
Then lighten'd Thirlestane's eye of flame;
His bugle Wat of Harden blew;
Pensils and pennons wide were flung,
To heaven the Border slogan rung,
“St. Mary for the young Buccleugh?”
The English war-cry answer'd wide,
And forward bent each southern spear;
Each Kendal archer made a stride,
And drew the bowstring to his ear;
Each minstrel's war-note loud was blown;—
But, ere a grey-goose shaft had flown,
A horseman gallop'd from the rear.

XXVIII.

“Ah!” noble Lords!” he breathless said,
“What treason has your march betray'd?
What make you here, from aid so far,
Before you walls, around you war?
Your foemen triumph in the thought,
That in the toils the lion's caught.
Already on dark Ruberslaw
The Douglas holds his weapon-schaw;²
The lances, waving in his train,
Clothe the dun heath like autumn grain;
And on the Liddel's northern strand,
To bar retreat to Cumberland,
Lord Maxwell ranks his merry-men good,
Beneath the eagle and the rood;
And Jedwood, Eske, and Teviotdale,
Have to proud Angus come;
And all the Merse and Lauderdale
Have risen with haughty Home.
An exile from Northumberland,
In Liddesdale I've wander'd long;
But still my heart was with merry England,
And cannot brook my country's wrong;
And had I've spur'd all night, to show
The mustering of the coming foe.”

XXIX.

“And let them come!” fierce Dacre cried;
“For soon you crest, my father's pride,
That swept the shores of Judah's sea,
And waved in gales of Galilee,
From Branksome's highest towers display'd,
Shall mark the rescue's lingering aid!—
Level each harquebuss on row;
Draw, merry archers, draw the bow;
Up, bill-men, to the walls, and cry,
Dacre for England, win or die!”—

XXX.

“Yet hear,” quoth Howard, “calmly hear,
Nor deem my words the words of fear:
For who, in field or foray slack,
Saw the blanche lion e'er fall back?³
But thus to risk our Border flower
In strife against a kingdom's power,
Ten thousand Scots 'gainst thousands three,
Certes, were desperate policy.
Nay, take the terms the Ladye made,
Ere conscious of the advancing aid:
Let Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine⁴
In single fight, and, if he gain,

He gains for us; but if he's cross'd,
’Tis but a single warrior lost:
The rest, retreating as they came,
Avoid defeat, and death, and shame.”

XXXI.

Ill could the haughty Dacre brook
His brother Warden's sage rebuke;
And yet his forward step he staid,
And slow and sullenly obey'd.
But ne'er again the Border side
Did these two lords in friendship ride;
And this slight discontent, men say,
Cost blood upon another day.

XXXII.

The pursuivant-at-arms again
Before the castle took his stand;
His trumpet call'd, with parleying strain,
The leaders of the Scottish band;
And he defied, in Musgrave's right,
Stout Deloraine to single fight;
A gauntlet at their feet he laid,
And thus the terms of fight he said:—
“If in the lists good Musgrave's sword
Vanquish the Knight of Deloraine,
Your youthful chieftain, Branksome's Lord,
Shall hostage for his clan remain;
If Deloraine foil good Musgrave,
The boy his liberty shall have.
Howe'er it falls, the English band,
Unharming Scots, by Scots unharm'd,
In peaceful march, like men unharm'd,
Shall straight retreat to Cumberland.”

XXXIII.

Unconscious of the near relief,
The proffer pleas'd each Scottish chief,
Though much the Ladye sage gainsay'd;
For though their hearts were brave and true,
From Jedwood's recent sack they knew,
How tardy was the Regent's aid:
And you may guess the noble Dame
Durst not the secret prescience own,
Sprung from the art she might not name,
By which the coming help was known.
Closed was the compact, and agreed
That lists should be enclosed with speed,
Beneath the castle, on a lawn:
They fix'd the morrow for the strife,
On foot, with Scottish axe and knife,
At the fourth hour from peep of dawn;
When Deloraine, from sickness freed,
Or else a champion in his stead,
Should for himself and chieftain stand,
Against stout Musgrave, hand to hand.

XXXIV.

I know right well, that, in their lay,
Full many minstrels sing and say,
Such combat should be made on horse,
On foaming steed, in full career,
With brand to aid, when as the spear
Should shiver in the course:
But he, the jovial Harper,⁵ taught
Me, yet a youth, how it was fought,
In guise which now I say;
He knew each ordinance and clause
Of Black Lord Archibald's battle-laws,⁶
In the old Douglas' day.
He brook'd not, he, that scoffing tongue
Should tax his minstrelsy with wrong,

¹ Lyke-wake, the watching a corpse previous to interment.

² Weapon-schaw, the military array of a county.

³ See Appendix, Note 3 M.

⁶ See Appendix, Note 3 O.

⁴ Ibid. Note 3 N.

⁵ Ibid. Note 3 P.

Or call his song untrue :
 For this, when they the goblet plied,
 And such rude taunt had chafed his pride,
 The Bard of Reull he slew.
 On Teviot's side, in fight they stood,
 And tuneful hands were stain'd with blood ;
 Where still the thorn's white branches wave,
 Memorial o'er his rival's grave.

XXXV.

Why should I tell the rigid doom,
 That dragg'd my master to his tomb ;
 How Ousenam's maidens tore their hair,
 Wept till their eyes were dead and dim,
 And wrung their hands for love of him,
 Who died at Jedwood Air I
 He died !—his scholars, one by one,
 To the cold silent grave are gone ;
 And I, alas ! survive alone,
 To muse o'er rivalries of yore,
 And grieve that I shall hear no more
 The strains, with envy heard before ;
 For, with my minstrel brethren fled,
 My jealousy of song is dead.

He paused : the listening dames again
 Applaud the hoary Minstrel's strain.
 With many a word of kindly cheer,—
 In pity half, and half sincere,—
 Marvell'd the Duchess how so well
 His legendary song could tell—
 Of ancient deeds, so long forgot ;
 Of feuds, whose memory was not ;
 Of forests, now laid waste and bare ;
 Of towers, which harbour now the hare ;
 Of manners, long since changed and gone ;
 Of chiefs, who under their grey stone
 So long had slept, that fickle Fame
 Had blotted from her rolls their name,
 And twined round some new minion's head
 The fading wreath for which they bled ;
 In sooth, 'twas strange, this old man's verse
 Could call them from their marble hearse.

The Harper smiled, well-pleas'd ; for ne'er
 Was flattery lost on poet's ear :
 A simple race ! they waste their toil
 For the vain tribute of a smile ;
 E'en when in age their flame expires,
 Her dulcet breath can fan its fires :
 Their drooping fancy wakes at praise,
 And strives to trim the short-lived blaze.

Smiled then, well-pleas'd, the Aged Man,
 And thus his tale continued ran.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

Call it not vain :—they do not err,
 Who say, that when the Poet dies,
 Mute nature mourns her worshipper,
 And celebrates his obsequies :

1 Orig. " Spear-heads above the columbus dun."—Ed.

2 See Appendix, Note 3 Q.

3 In the first edition we read—

" Vails not to tell what hundreds more

From the rich Merse and Lanmermore," &c.

The lines on Wedderburne and Swinton were inserted in the second edition.—Ed.

Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,
 For the departed Bard make moan ;
 That mountains weep in crystal rill ;
 That flowers in tears of balm distil ;
 Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
 And oaks, in deeper groan reply ;
 And rivers teach their rushing wave
 To murmur dirges round his grave.

II.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
 Those things inanimate can mourn ;
 But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
 Is vocal with the plaintive wail
 Of those, who, else forgotten long,
 Lived in the poet's faithful song,
 And, with the poet's parting breath
 Whose memory feels a second death.
 The Maid's pale shade, who waits her lot,
 That love, true love, should be forgot,
 From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
 Upon the gentle Minstrel's bier :
 The phantom Knight, his glory fled,
 Mourns o'er the field he heap'd with dead ;
 Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,
 And shrieks along the battle-plan.
 The Chief, whose antique crownlet long
 Still sparkled in the feudal song,
 Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
 Sees, in the thanedom once his own,
 His ashes undistinguish'd lie,
 His place, his power, his memory die :
 His groans the lonely caverns fill,
 His tears of rage impel the rill :
 All mourn the Minstrel's harp unstrung,
 Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

III.

Scarcely the hot assault was staid,
 The terms of truce were scarcely made,
 When they could spy, from Branksome's
 towers,
 The advancing march of martial powers.
 Thick clouds of dust afar appear'd,
 And trampling steeds were faintly heard ;
 Bright spears, above the columbus dun,
 Glanced momentary to the sun ;
 And feudal banners fair display'd
 The bands that moved to Branksome's aid.

IV.

Vails not to tell each hardy clan,
 From the fair Middle Marches came ;
 The Bloody Heart blazed in the van,
 Announcing Douglas, dreaded name !²
 Vails not to tell what steeds did spurn,³
 Where the Seven Spears of Wedderburne⁴
 Their men in battle-order set ;
 And Swinton laid the lance in rest,
 That tamed of yore the sparking crest
 Of Clarence's Plantagenet.⁵
 Nor list I say what hundreds more,
 From the rich Merse and Lanmermore,
 And Tweed's fair borders, to the war,
 Beneath the crest of Old Dunbar,

4 Sir David Home of Wedderburne, who was slain in the fatal battle of Flodden, left seven sons by his wife, Isabel, daughter of Hoppringle of Oatlands (now Fringle of Whitebank.) They were called the Seven Spears of Wedderburne.

5 See Appendix, Note 3 R.

And Hepburn's mingled banners come,
Down the steep mountain glittering far,
And shouting still, "A Home! a Home!"¹

V.

Now squire and knight, from Branksome sent,
On many a courteous message went;
To every chief and lord they paid
Meet thanks for prompt and powerful aid;
And told them,—how a truce was made,
And how a day of fight was ta'en
"Twixt Musgrave and stout Deloraine;
And how the Ladye pray'd them dear
That all would stay the fight to see,
And deign, in love and courtesy,
To taste of Branksome cheer.
Nor, while they bade to feast each Scot,
Were England's noble Lords forgot.
Himself, the hoary Seneschal
Rode forth, in seemly terms to call
Those gallant foes to Branksome Hall.
Accepted Howard, than whom knight
Was never dubb'd, more bold in fight;
Nor, when from war and armour free,
More famed for stately courtesy:
But angry Dacre rather chose
In his pavilion to repose.

VI.

Now, noble Dame, perchance you ask,
How these two hostile armies met?
Deeming it were no easy task
To keep the truce which here was set;
Where martial spirits, all on fire,
Breathed only blood and mortal ire.—
By mutual inroads, mutual blows,
By habit, and by nation, foes,
They met on Teviot's strand;
They met and sate them mingled down,
Without a threat, without a frown.
As brothers meet in foreign land:
The hands, the spear that lately grasp'd,
Still in the mailed gauntlet clasp'd,
Were interchanged in greeting dear;
Visors were raised, and faces shown,
And many a friend, to friend made known,
Partook of social cheer.
Some drove the jolly bowl about;
With dice and draughts some chased the day;
And some, with many a merry shout,
In riot, revelry, and rout,
Pursued the foot-ball play.²

VII.

Yet, be it known, had hughes blown,
Or sign of war been seen,
Those bands, so fair together ranged,
Those hands, so frankly interchanged,
Had dyed with gore the green:
The merry shout by Teviot-side
Had sunk in war-cries wild and wide,
And in the groan of death;
And whingers,³ now in friendship bare,
The social meal to part and share,
Had found a bloody sheath.
"Twixt truce and war, such sudden change
Was not infrequent, nor held strange,
In the old Border-day;⁴
But yet on Branksome's towers and town,
In peaceful merriment, sunk down
The sun's declining ray.

VIII.

The blithsome signs of wassel gay
Decay'd not with the dying day;
Soon through the latticed windows tall
Of lofty Branksome's lordly hall,
Divided square by shafts of stone,
Huge flakes of ruddy lustre shone;
Nor less the gilded rafters rang
With merry harp and beakers' clang:
And frequent, on the darkening plain,
Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran,
As hands, their strugglers to regain,
Give the shrill watchword of their clan;⁵
And revellers, o'er their bowls, proclaim
Douglas or Dacre's conquering name.

IX.

Less frequent heard, and fainter still,
At length the various clamours died:
And you might hear, from Branksome hill,
No sound but Teviot's rushing tide;
Save when the changing sentinel
The challenge of his watch could tell:
And save, where, through the dark profound,
The clanging axe and hammer's sound
Rung from the nether lawn;
For many a busy hand toil'd there,
Strong pales to shape, and beams to square,⁶
The lists' dread barriers to prepare
Against the morrow's dawn.

X.

Margaret from hall did soon retreat,
Despite the Dame's reproving eye;
Nor mark'd she, as she left her seat,
Full many a stifled sigh;
For many a noble warrior strove
To win the Flower of Teviot's love,
And many a bold ally.—
With throbbing head and anxious heart,
All in her lonely bower apart,
In broken sleep she lay:
By times, from silken couch she rose:
While yet the banner'd hosts repose.
She view'd the dawning day;
Of all the hundreds sunk to rest,
First woke the loveliest and the best.

XI.

She gazed upon the inner court,
Which in the tower's tall shadow lay;
Where coursers' clang, and stamp, and snort,
Had rung the livelong yesterday;
Now still as death; till staking slow,—
The jingling spurs announced his tread,—
A stately warrior pass'd below;
But when he raised his plumed head—
Blessed Mary! can it be?—
Secure, as if in Ousenam bowers,
He walks through Branksome's hostile towers,
With fearless step and free.
She dared not sign, she dared not speak—
Oh! if one page's slumbers break,
His blood the price must pay!
Not all the pearls Queen Mary wears,
Not Margaret's yet more precious tears,
Shall buy his life a day.

¹ See Appendix, Note 3 S.

² Ibid. Note 3 T.

³ A sort of knife or poniard.

⁴ See Appendix, Note 3 U.

⁵ Ibid. Note 3 V.

⁶ This line is not in the first edition.

XII.

Yet was his hazard small; for well
 You may bethink you of the speil
 Of that sly urchin page;
 This to his lord he did impart,
 And made him seem, by glamour art,
 A knight from Hermitage.
 Unchallenged thus, the warder's post,
 The court, unchallenged, thus he cross'd,
 For all the vassalage;
 But O! what magic's quiet disguise
 Could blind fair Margaret's azure eyes!
 She started from her seat;
 While with surprise and fear she strove,
 And both could scarcely master love—
 Lord Henry's at her feet.

XIII.

Oft have I mused, what purpose had
 That foul malicious urchin had
 To bring this meeting round;
 For happy love's a heavenly sight,
 And by a vile malignant sprite
 In such no joy is found;
 And oft I've deem'd, perchance he thought
 Their erring passion might have wrought
 Sorrow, and sin, and shame:
 And death to Cranstoun's gallant Knight,
 And to the gentle ladye bright,
 Disgrace, and loss of fame.
 But earthly spirit could not tell
 The heart of them that loved so well.
 True love's the gift which God has given
 To man alone beneath the heaven:
 It is not fantasy's hot fire,
 Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;
 It liveth not in fierce desire,
 With dead desire it doth not die;
 It is the secret sympathy,
 The silver link,¹ the silken tie,
 Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
 In body and in soul can bind.—
 Now leave we Margaret and her Knight,
 To tell you of the approaching fight.

XIV.

Their warning blasts the hughes drew,
 The pipe's shrill port² aroused each clan;
 In haste, the deadly strife to view,
 The trooping warriors eager ran:
 Thick round the lists their lances stood,
 Like blasted pines in Etrick wood;
 To Branksome many a look they threw,
 The combatants' approach to view,
 And bandied many a word of boast,
 About the knight each favour'd most.

XV.

Meantime full anxious was the Dame;
 For now arose disputed claim,
 Of who should fight for Deloraine,
 'Twixt Harden and 'twixt Thirlestaine:³
 They 'gan to reckon kin and rent,
 And frowning brow on brow was bent;

1 In the first edition, "the silver cord;"—

² Yes, love, indeed, in light from heaven;

A spark of that immortal fire

With angels shared, by Alla given,

To lift from earth our low desire," &c.

The *Glasgow*.

2 A martial piece of music, adapted to the bagpipes.

But yet not long the strife—for, lo!
 Himself, the Knight of Deloraine,
 Stroug, as it seem'd, and free from pain,
 In armour sheath'd from top to toe,
 Appear'd, and craved the combat due.
 The Dame her charin successful knew,⁴
 And the fierce chiefs their claims withdrew.

XVI.

When for the lists they sought the plain,
 The stately Lady's silken rein
 Did noble Howard hold;
 Unarmed by her side he walk'd,
 And much, in courteous phrase, they talk'd
 Of feats of arms of old.
 Costly his garb—his Flemish ruff
 Fell o'er his doublet, shaped of buff,
 With satin slash'd and lined;
 Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,
 His cloak was all of Poland fur,
 His hose with silver twined;
 His Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,
 Hung in a broad and studded belt;
 Hence, in rude phrase, the Borderers still
 Call'd noble Howard, Belted Will.

XVII.

Behind Lord Howard and the Dame,
 Fair Margaret on her palfrey came,
 Whose foot-cloth swept the ground:
 White was her wimple, and her veil,
 And her loose locks a chaplet pale
 Of whitest roses bound;
 The lordly Angus, by her side,
 In courtesy to cheer her tried;
 Without his aid, her hand in vain
 Had strove to guide her broider'd rein.
 He deem'd, she shudder'd at the sight
 Of warriors met for mortal fight;
 But cause of terror, all unguess'd,
 Was fluttering in her gentle breast,
 When, in their chairs of crimson placed,
 The Dame and she the barriers graded.

XVIII.

Prize of the field, the young Buccleuch,
 An English knight led forth to view;
 Scarce ried the boy his present plight,
 So much he long'd to see the fight.
 Within the lists, in knightly pride,
 High Home and haughty Dacre ride;
 Their leading staffs of steel they wield,
 As marshals of the mortal field;
 While to each knight their care assign'd
 Like vantage of the sun and wind.⁵
 Then heralds hoarse did loud proclaim,
 In King and Queen, and Warden's name,
 That none, while lasts the strife,
 Should dare, by look, or sign, or word,
 Aid to a champion to afford,
 On peril of his life;
 And not a breath the silence broke,
 Till thus the alternate Heralds spoke:—

³ It may be noticed that the late Lord Napier, the representative of the Scotts of Thirlestane, was Lord Lieutenant of Selkirkshire (of which the author was sheriff-depute) at the time when the poem was written; the competitor for the honour of supplying Deloraine's place was the poet's own ancestor.—Ed.

⁴ See Canto III. Stanza xliii.

⁵ This couplet was added in the second edition.

XIX.

ENGLISH HERALD.

"Here standeth Richard of Musgrave,
Good knight and true, and freely born,
Amends from Deloraine to crave,
For foul despoiteous scathe and scorn.
He sayeth, that William of Deloraine
Is traitor false by Border laws;
This with his sword he will maintain,
So help him God, and his good cause!"

XX.

SCOTTISH HERALD.

"Here standeth William of Deloraine,
Good knight and true, of noble strain,
Who sayeth, that foul treason's stain,
Since he bore arms, ne'er soil'd his coat.
And that, so help him God above!
He will on Musgrave's body prove,
He lies most foully in his throat."

LORD DACRE.

"Forward, brave champions, to the fight!
Sound trumpets!"—

LORD HOME.

—"God defend the right!"—1

Then, Tevint! how thine echoes rang,
When bugle-sound and trumpet-clang
Let loose the martial trumpet,
And in mid list, with shield poised high,
And measured step and wary eye,
The combatants did close.

XXI.

Ill would it smit your gentle ear,
Ye lovely listeners, to hear
How to the axe the helms did sound,
And blood pour'd down from many a wound;
For desperate was the strife and long,
And either warrior fierce and strong.
But, were each dame a listening knight,
I well could tell how warriors fight!
For I have seen war's lightning flashing,
Seen the claymore with hayonet clashing,
Seen through red blood the war-horse dashing,
And scorn'd, amid the reeling strife,
To yield a step for death or life.—

XXII.

"Tis done, 'tis done! that fatal blow
Has stretch'd him on the bloody plain!
He strives to rise—Brave Musgrave, no!
Thence never shalt thou rise again!
He chokes in blood—some friendly hand
Undo the visor's barred band,
Unfix the gorget's iron clasp,
And give him room for life to gasp!—
O, bootless aid!—haste, holy Friar,²
Haste, ere the sinner shall expire!
Of all his guilt let him be shriven,
And smooth his path from earth to heaven!"

XXIII.

In haste the holy Friar sped;—
His naked foot was dyed with red,

As through the lists he ran;
Unmindful of the shouts on high,
That hail'd the conqueror's victory,
He raised the dying man;
Loose waved his silver beard and hair,
As o'er him he kneel'd down in prayer;
And still the crucifix on high
He holds before his darkening eye;
And still he bends an anxious ear,
His faltering penitence to hear;
Still props him from the bloody sod,
Still, even when soul and body part,
Pours ghostly comfort on his heart,
And bids him trust in God!
Unheard he prays;—the death-pang's o'er!³
Richard of Musgrave breathes no more.

XXIV.

As if exhausted in the fight,
Or musing o'er the piteous sight,
The silent victor stands;
His beaver did he not unclasp,
Mark'd not the shouts, felt not the grasp
Of gratulating hands.
When lo! strange cries of wild surprise,
Mingled with seeming terror, rise
Among the Scottish bands;
And all, amid the throng'd array,
In panic haste gave open way
To a half-naked ghostly man,
Who downward from the castle ran:
He cross'd the barriers at a bound,
And wild and hægard look'd around,
As dizzy, and in pain;
And all, upon the armed ground,
Knew William of Deloraine!
Each ladye sprung from seat with speed;
Vaulted each marshal from his steed;
"And who art thou," they cried,
"Who hast this battle fought and won!"—
His plumed helm was soon undone—
"Cranstoun of Teviot-side!
For this fair prize I've fought and won,"—
And to the Ladye led her son.

XXV.

Full oft the rescued boy she kiss'd,
And often press'd him to her breast;
For, under all her dauntless show,
Her heart had throbb'd at every blow;
Yet not Lord Cranstoun deign'd she greet,
Though low he kneeled at her feet.
He lists not tell what words were made,
What Douglas, Home, and Howard, said—
—For Howard was a generous foe—
And how the clan united pray'd
The Ladye would the feud forego,
And deign to bless the nuptial hour
Of Cranstoun's Lord and Teviot's Flower.

XXVI.

She look'd to river, look'd to hill,
Thought on the Spirit's prophecy,
Then broke her silence stern and still,—
"Not you, but Fate, has vanquish'd me;
Their influence kindly stars may shower
On Teviot's tide and Brauksome's tower,
For pride is quell'd, and love is free!"—

1 After this, in the first edition, we read only,

"At the last words, with deadly blows,
The ready warriors secretly close."—Ed.

2 First Edition, "In oain—In eain! haste, holy Friar."

3 Orig.—"Unheard he prays;—'tis o'er! 'tis o'er!"

She took fair Margaret by the hand,
Who, breathless, trembling, scarce might stand
That hand to Cranstoun's lord gave she:—
"As I am true to thee and thine,
Do thou be true to me and mine!
This clasp of love our bond shall be;
For this is your betrothing day,
And all these noble lords shall stay,
To grace it with their company."

XXVII.

All as they left the listed plain,
Much of the story she did gain;
How Cranstoun fought with Deloraine,
And of his page, and of the Book
Which from the wounded knight he took;
And how he sought her castle high,
That morn, by help of gramarye;
How, in Sir William's armour dight,
Stolen by his page, while slept the knight
He took on him the single fight,
But half his tale he left unsaid,
And linger'd till he join'd the maid.—
Cared not the Ladye to betray
Her mystic arts in view of day;
But well she thought, ere midnight came,
Of that strange page the pride to tame,
From his foul hands the Book to save.
And send it back to Michael's grave.—
Needs not to tell each tender word
'Twixt Margaret and 'twixt Cranstoun's lord;
Nor how she told of former woes,
And how her bosom fell and rose,
While he and Musgrave handied blows.—
Needs not these lovers' joys to tell:
Ooe day, fair maids, you'll know them well.

XXVIII.

William of Deloraine, some chance
Had waken'd from his deathlike trance,
And taught that, in the listed plain,
Another, in his arms and shield,
Against fierce Musgrave axe did wield,
Under the name of Deloraine.
Hence, to the field, unarm'd, he ran,
And hence his presence scared the clan,
Who held him for some fleeting wraith,¹
And not a man of blood and breath.
Not much this new ally he loved,
Yet when he saw what hap had proved,
He greeted him right heartlie:
He would not waken old debate,
For he was void of rancorous hate,
Though rude, and scant of courtesy;
In raids he spilt but seldom blood,
Unless when men-at-arms withstood,
Or, as was meet, for deadly feud.
He ne'er bore grudge for stalwart blow,
'Ta'en in fair fight from gallant foe:
And so 'twas seen of him e'en now,
When on dead Musgrave he look'd down:
Grief darken'd on his rugged brow,
Though half disguised with a frown;
And thus, while sorrow bent his head,
His foeman's epitaph he made.

XXIX.

"Now, Richard Musgrave, liest thou here!
I ween, my deadly enemy;
For, if I slew thy brother dear,
Thou slew'st a sister's son to me;

And when I lay in dungeon dark,
Of Naworth Castle, long months three,
Till ransom'd for a thousand mark,
Dark Musgrave, it was lone of thee.
And, Musgrave, could our fight be tried,
And thou wert now alive, as I,
No mortal man should us divide,
Till one, or both of us did die:
Yet rest thee God! for well I know
I ne'er shall find a nobler foe.
In all the northern counties here,
Whose word is Snaffle, spur, and spear,²
Thou wert the best to follow gear!
'Twas pleasure, as we look'd behind,
To see how thou the chase could'st wind,
Cheer the dark blood-hound on his way,
And with the bugle rouse the fray!³
I'd give the lands of Deloraine,
Dark Musgrave were alive again."

XXX.

So mourn'd he, till Lord Dacre's hand
Were bowning back to Cumberland.
They raised brave Musgrave from the field,
And laud him on his bloody shield;
On levell'd lances, four and four,
By turns the noble burden bore.
Before, at times, upon the gale,
Was heard the Minstrel's plaintive wail,
Behind, four priests, in sable stole,
Sung requiem for the warrior's soul:
Around, the horsemen slowly rode;
With trailing pikes the spearmen trode;
And thus the gallant knight they bore,
Through Liddesdale to Leven's shore:
Thence to Holme Coltraine's lofty nave,
And laud him in his father's grave.

The harp's wild notes, though hush'd the song,
The mimic march of death prolong;
Now seems it far, and now a-neighbor;
Now meets, and now eludes the ear;
Now seems some mountain side to sweep,
Now faintly dies in valley deep;
Seems now as if the Minstrel's wail,
Now the sad requiem, loads the gale;
Last, o'er the warrior's closing grave,
Rung the full choir in choral stave.

After due pause, they bade him tell,
Why he, who touch'd the harp so well,
Should thus, with ill-rewarded toil,
Wander a poor and thankless soil,
When the more generous Southern Land
Would well requite his skilful hand.

The Aged Harper, howsoever
His only friend, his harp, was dear,
Liked not to hear it rank'd so high
Above his flowing poesy:
Less liked he still, that scornful jeer
Mispri'd the land he loved so dear;
High was the sound, as thus again
The Bard resumed his minstrel strain.

1 The spectral apparition of a living person.

2 "The lands, that over Ouse to Berwick forth do bear,
Have for their blazon had, the snaffle, spur, and spear."
Poly-Almon, Song 13.

3 See Appendix, Note 3 W.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

CANTO SIXTH.

I.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land !
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,

From wandering on a foreign strand !
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
For linn no Minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

II.

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child !
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires ! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand !
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left ;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way ;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break
Although it chill my wither'd cheek ;¹
Still lay my head by Teviot's Stone,²
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

III.

Not scorn'd like me ! to Branksome Hall
The Minstrels came, at festive call ;
Trooping they came, from near and far,
The jovial priests of mirth and war ;
Alike for feast and fight prepared,
Battle and Banquet both they shared.
Of late, before each martial clan,
They blew their death-note in the van,
But now, for every merry mate,
Rose the portcullis' iron grate ;
They sound the pipe, they strike the string,
They dance, they revel, and they sing,
Till the rude turrets shake and ring.

IV.

Me lists not at this tide declare
The splendour of the spousal rite,
How muster'd in the chapel fair
Both maid and matron, squire and knight ;

¹ The preceding four lines now form the inscription on the monument of Sir Walter Scott in the market-place of Selkirk.—See *Life*, vol. x. p. 267.

² The line "Still lay my head, &c." was not in the first edition.—*Ed.*

³ See Appendix, Note S X.

⁴ *Ibid.*, Note S Y.

Me lists not tell of owches rare,
Of mantles green, and braided hair,
And kirtles furr'd with miniver ;
What plumage waved the altar round,
How spurs and ringing chainlets sound ;
And hard it were for Bard to speak
The changeful hue of Margaret's cheek ;
That lovely hue which comes and flies,
As awe and shame alternate rise !

V.

Some bards have sung, the Ladye high
Chapel or altar came not nigh ;
Nor durst the rites of spousal grace,
So much she fear'd each holy place.
False slanders these—! trust right well
She wrought not by forbidden spell ;³
For mighty words and signs have power
O'er sprites in planetary hour ;
Yet scarce I praise their venturous part,
Who tamper with such dangerous art.
But thus for faithful truth I say,
The Ladye by the altar stood,
Of sable velvet her array,
And on her head a crimson hood
With pearls embroider'd and entwined,
Guarded with gold, with ermine lined ;
A merlin sat upon her wrist⁴
Held by a leash of silken twist.

VI.

The spousal rites were ended soon :
'Twas now the merry hour of noon,
And in the lofty arched hall
Was spread the gorgeous festival.
Steward and squire, with heedful haste,
Marshall'd the rank of every guest ;
Pages, with ready blade, were there,
The mighty meal to carve and share :
O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane,
And princely peacock's gilded train,⁵
And o'er the bear-head, garnish'd brave,
And cygnet from St. Mary's wave ;⁶
O'er ptarmigan and venison,
The priest had spoke his benison.
Then rose the riot and the din,
Above, beneath, without, within !
For, from the lofty balcony,
Rung trumpet, shalm, and psaltery :
Their clanging bowls old warriors quaff'd,
Loudly they spoke, and loudly laugh'd ;
Whisper'd young knights, in tone more mild,
To ladies fair, and ladies smiled.
The hooded hawks, high perch'd on beam,
The clamour join'd with whistling scream,
And flapp'd their wings, and shook their bells,
In concert with the stag-hounds' yells.
Round go the flasks of ruddy wine,
From Bordeaux, Orleans, or the Rhine ;
Their tasks the busy sewers ply,
And all is mirth and revelry.

VII.

The Gohlin Page, omitting still
No opportunity of ill,
Strove now, while blood ran hot and high,
To rouse debate and jealousy ;

¹ See Appendix, Note S Z.

² There are often flights of wild swans upon St. Mary's Lake, at the head of the river Yarrow. See Wordsworth's *Yarrow Visited*.

³ The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Floats double, swan and shadow.—*Ed.*

Till Conrad, Lord of Wolfenstein,
By nature fierce, and warm with wine,
And now in humour highly cross'd,
About some steeds his band had lost,
High words to words succeeding still,
Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Hunthill;¹
A hot and hardy Rutherford,
Whom men called Dickon Draw-the-sword.
He took it on the page's saye,
Hunthill had driven these steeds away.
Then Howard, Home, and Douglas rose,
The kindling discord to compose:
Stern Rutherford right little said,
But bit his glove,² and shook his head.—
A fortnight thence, in Inglewood,
Stout Conrade, cold, and drench'd in blood,
His bosom gored with many a wound,
Was by a woodman's lyme-dog foud;
Unknown the manner of his death,
Gone was his brand, both sword and sheath;
But ever from that time, 'twas said,
That Dickon wore a Cologne blade.

VIII.

The dwarf, who fear'd his master's eye
Might his foul treachery espie,
Now sought the castle buttery,
Where many a yeoman, bold and free,
Revell'd as merrily and well
As those that sat in lordly selle.
Watt Tinnin, there, did frankly raise
The pledge to Arthur Fire-the-Braes;³
And he, as by his breeding bound,
To Howard's merry-men sent it round.
To quit them, on the English side,
Red Roland Forster loudly cried,
"A deep carouse to yon fair bride!"—
At every pledge, from vat and pail,
Foam'd forth in floods the nut-brown ale;
While shout the riders every one;
Such day of mirth ne'er cheer'd their clan,
Since old Buccleuch the name did gain,
When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en.⁴

IX.

'The wily page, with vengeful thought,
Remember'd him of Tinnin's yew,
And swore, it should be dearly bought
That ever he the arrow drew.
First, he the yeoman did molest,
With bitter gibe and taunting jest;
Told, how he fled at Solway strife,
And how Hob Armstrong cheer'd his wife;
Then, shunning still his powerful arm,
At unawares he wrought him harm;
From trencher stole his choicest cheer,
Dash'd from his lips his can of beer;
Then, to his knee sly creeping on,
With bodkin pierced him to the bone:
The venom'd wound, and festering joint,
Long after rued that bodkin's point.
The startled yeoman swore and spur'd,
And board and flagons overturn'd.
Riot and clamour wild began;
Back to the hall the Urchin ran;
Took in a darkling nook his post,
And grinn'd, and mutter'd, "Lost! lost! lost!"

X.

By this, the Dame, lest farther fray
Should mar the concord of the day
Had bid the Minstrels tune their lay,
And first step forth old Albert Græme,
The Mustrel of that ancient name:⁵
Was none who struck the harp so well,
Within the Land Debateable;
Well friended, too, his hardy kin,
Whoever lost, were sure to win;
They sought the beeves that made their broth,
In Scotland and in England both.
In homely guise, as nature bade,
His simple song the Borderer said.

XI.

ALBERT GRÆME.

It was an English ladye bright,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,⁶)
And she would marry a Scottish knight,
For Love will still be lord of all.

Blithely they saw the rising sun,
When he shone fair on Carlisle wall;
But they were sad ere day was done,
Though Love was still the lord of all.

Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;
Her brother gave but a flask of wine,
For ire that Love was lord of all.

For she had lands, both meadow and lea,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And he swore her death, ere he would see
A Scottish knight the lord of all!

XII.

That wine she had not tasted well,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
When dead, in her true love's arms she fell,
For Love was still the lord of all!

He pierced her brother to the heart,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall:
So perish all would true love part,
That Love may still be lord of all!

And then he took the cross divine,
(Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
And died for her sake in Palestine,
So love was still the lord of all.

Now all ye lovers, that faithful prove,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
Pray for their souls who died for love,
For love shall still be lord of all!

XIII.

As ended Albert's simple lay,
Arose a bard of loftier port;
For sonnet, rhyme, and roundelay,
Renown'd in haughty Henry's court:
There rung thy harp, unrival'd long,
Fitz'raver of the silver song!
The gentle Surrey loved his lyre—
Who has not heard of Surrey's fame?⁷
His was the hero's soul of fire,
And his the bard's immortal name,

1 See Appendix, Note 4 A.

2 Ibid. Note 4 B.

3 The person bearing this redoubtable nom de guerre was an Elliot, and resided at Thorthope, in Liddesdale. He occurs in the list of Border riders, in 1697.

4 See Appendix, Note 4 C.

5 See Appendix, Note 4 D.

6 See Appendix, Note 4 E.

7 See Appendix, Note 4 F.

And his was love, exalted high
By all the glow of chivalry.

XIV.

They sought, together, climes afar,
And oft, within some olive grove,
When even came with twinkling star,
They sung of Surrey's absent love.
His step the Italian peasant stay'd,
And deem'd, that spirits from on high,
Round where some hermit saint was laid,
Were breathing heavenly melody:
So sweet did harp and voice combine,¹
To praise the name of Geraldine.

XV.

Fitztraver! O what tongue may say
The pangs thy faithful bosom knew,
When Surrey, of the deathless lay,
Ungrateful Tudor's sentence slew!
Regardless of the tyrant's frown,
His harp call'd wrath and vengeance down.
He left, for Naworth's iron towers,
Windsor's green glades, and courtly bowers,
And faithful to his patron's name,
With Howard still Fitztraver came:
Lord William's foremost favourite he,
And chief of all his minstrelsy.

XVI.

FITZTRAVER.

'Twas All-soul's eve, and Surrey's heart beat
high:
He heard the midnight bell with anxious
start,
'Which told the mystic hour, approaching nigh,
When wise Cornelius promised, by his art,
To show to him the lady of his heart,
Albeit betwixt them roar'd the ocean grim;
Yet so the sage had him to play his part,
That he should see her form in life and limb,
And mark, if still she loved, and still she
thought of him.

XVII.

Dark was the vaulted room of gramarye,
To which the wizard led the gallant Knight,
Save that before a mirror, huge and high,
A hallow'd taper shed a glimmering light
On mystic implements of magic might;
On cross, and character, and talisman,
And amethyst, and altar, nothing bright:
For fitful was the lustre, pale and wan,
As watchlight by the bed of some departing
man.

XVIII.

But soon, within that mirror huge and high,
Was seen a self-emitted light to gleam;
And forms upon its breast the Earl's gun spy,
Cloudy and indistinct, as feverish dream;
Till slow arranging, and defined they seem
To form a lordly and a lofty room,
Part lighted by a lamp with silver beam,
Placed by a couch of Agra's silken loom,
And part by moonshine pale, and part was hid
in gloom.

XIX.

Fair all the pageant—but how passing fair
The slender form, which lay on couch of hind:
O'er her white bosom stray'd her hazel hair,
Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she pined;
All in her night-robe loose she lay reclined,
And, pensive, read from tablet eburnine,
Some strain that seem'd her inmost soul to
find:—
That favour'd strain was Surrey's raptur'd
line,
That fair and lovely form, the Lady Geraldine.

XX.

Slow roll'd the clouds upon the lovely form,
And swept the goodly vision all away—
So royal envy roll'd the murky storm
O'er my beloved Master's glorious day.
Thou jealous, ruthless tyrant! Heaven repay
On thee, and on thy children's latest hue,
The wild caprice of thy despotic sway,
The gory bridal bed, the plunder'd shrine,
The murder'd Surrey's blood, the tears of
Geraldine!

XXI.

Both Scots, and sonthern chiefs, prolong
Applauses of Fitztraver's song;
These hated Henry's name as death,
And those still held the ancient faith.—
Then, from his sent, with lofty air,
Rose Harold, bard of brave St. Clair;
St. Clair, who, feasting high at Home,
Had with that lord to battle come.
Harold was born where restless seas
Howl round the storm-swept Orcaes;²
Where erst St. Clairs held princely sway
O'er isle and islet, strait and bay;—
Still nods their palace to its fall,
Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall!—³
Thence oft he marked fierce Pentland rave
As if grim Odin rode her wave;
And watch'd, the whilst, with visage pale
And throbbing heart, the struggling sail;
For all of wonderful and wild
Had rapture for the lonely child.

XXII.

And much of wild and wonderful
In these rude isles might fancy cull;
For thither came, in times afar,
Stern Lochlin's sons of roving war,
The Norsemen, train'd to spoil and blood,
Skill'd to prepare the raven's food;
Kings of the main their leaders brave,
Their barks the dragons of the wave.⁴
And there, in many a stormy vale,
The Scald had told his wondrous tale;
And many a Runic column high
Had witness'd grim idolatry.
And thus had Harold, in his youth,
Learn'd many a Saga's rhyme uncount,—
Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous curl'd,
Whose monstrous circle girds the world;⁵
Of those dread Maids,⁶ whose hideous yell
Maddens the battle's bloody swell;
Of Chiefs, who, guided through the gloom
By the pale death-lights of the tomb,

¹ First Edit.—"So sweet their harp and voices join."

² See Appendix, Note 4 G.

³ Ibid. Note 4 H.

⁴ The chiefs of the Vikings, or Scandinavian pirates, as-

sumed the title of *Sachonungr*, or Sea-kings. Ships, in the inflated language of the Scalds, are often termed the serpents of the ocean.

⁵ See Appendix, Note 4 I.

⁶ Ibid. Note 4 K.

Ransack'd the graves of warriors old,
 Their falchions wrench'd from corpses' hold,¹
 Waked the deaf tomb with war's alarms,
 And bade the dead arise to arms!
 With war and wonder all on flame,
 To Roslin's bowers young Harold came,
 Where, by sweet glen and greenwood tree,
 He learn'd a milder minstrelsy;
 Yet something of the northern spell
 Mix'd with the softer numbers well.

XXIII.

HAROLD.

O listen, listen, ladies gay!
 No haughty feat of arms I tell;
 Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
 That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.²

—“ Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
 And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
 Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,³
 Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

“The blackening wave is edged with white:
 To inch⁴ and rock the sea-mews fly:
 The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
 Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

“Last night the gifted seer did view
 A wet shroud swathed⁵ round ladye gay;
 Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch:
 Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?”—

“’Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
 To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
 But that my ladye-mother there
 Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

“’Tis not because the ring they ride,
 And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
 But that my sire the wine will chide,
 If ’t is not fill’d by Rosabelle.”—

O'er Roslin all that dreary night,
 A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
 ’T was broader than the watch-fire's light,
 And redder than the bright moon-beam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
 It ruddied⁶ all the copse-wood glen;
 ’T was seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
 And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel prond,
 Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
 Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
 Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
 Deep sacrists⁷ and altar's pale;
 Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
 And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.⁸

Blazed battlement and pionet high,
 Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
 So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
 The lordly line of high St. Clair.

1 See Appendix, Note 4 L.

2 This was a family name in the house of St. Clair, Henry St. Clair, the second of the line, married Rosabelle, fourth daughter of the Earl of Stratherna.

3 See Appendix, Note 4 M.

4 Inch, lake.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
 Lie buried within that proud chapelie;
 Each one the holy vault doth hold—
 But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each St. Clair was hurried there,
 With candle, with book, and with knell;
 But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds
 sung.⁹

The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

XXIV.

So sweet was Harold's piteous lay,
 Scarce mark'd the guests the darken'd hall,
 Though, long before the sinking day,
 A wondrous shade involved them all:
 It was not eddying mist or fog,
 Drain'd by the sun from fen or bog;
 Of no eclipse had sages told;
 And yet, as it came on apace,
 Each one could scarce his neighbour's face,
 Could scarce his own stretch'd hand behold.
 A scarce horror check'd the feast,
 And chill'd the soul of every guest;
 Even the high Danie stood half agast,
 She knew some evil on the blast;
 The elvish page fell to the ground,
 And, shuddering, mutter'd, “Found! found!
 found!”

XXV.

Then sudden, through the darken'd air
 A flash of lightning came;
 So broad, so bright, so red the glare,
 The castle seem'd on flame.
 Glanced every rafter of the hall,
 Glanced every shield upon the wall;
 Each trophy'd beam, each sculptured stone,
 Were instant seen, and instant gone:
 Full through the guests' bedazzled band
 Resistless flash'd the levin-brand,
 And fill'd the hall with smouldering smoke,
 As on the elvish page it broke.
 It broke, with thunder long and loud,
 Dismay'd the brave, appall'd the proud,—
 From sea to sea the larum rung;
 On Berwick wall, and at Carlisle withal,
 To arms the startled warders sprung.
 When ended was the dreadful roar,
 The elvish dwarf was seen no more!

XXVI.

Some heard a voice in Branksome Hall,
 Some saw a sight, not seen by all;
 That dreadful voice was heard by some,
 Cry, with loud summons, GYLINX, COME!”
 And on the spot where burst the brand,
 Just where the page had flung him down,
 Some saw an arm, and some a hand,
 And some the waving of a gown.
 The guests in silence pray'd and shook,
 And terror dimm'd each lofty look,
 But none of all the astonish'd train
 Was so dismay'd as Deloraine;
 His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,
 ’T was fear'd his mind would ne'er return;

5 First Edit. “A wet shroud roll'd.”

6 First Edit. “It reddened,” &c.

7 First Edit. “Both vaulted crypt,” &c.

8 See Appendix, Note 4 N.

9 First Edit. “But the kelpie rung and the mermaids song.”

For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
Like him of whom the story run,
Who spoke the spectre-hound in Man.¹
At length, by fits, he darkly told,
With broken hint, and shuddering cold—
That he had seen, right certainly,
A shape with amice wrapp'd around,
With a wrought Spanish baldrick bound,
Lake pilgrim from beyond the sea;
And knew—but how it matter'd not—
It was the wizard, Michael Scott.

XXVII.

The anxious crowd, with horror pale,
All trembling heard the wondrous tale;
No sound was roade, no word was spoke,
Till noble Angus silence broke;
And he a solemn sacred plight
Did to St. Bride of Douglas make,²
That he a pilgrimage would take
To Melrose Abbey, for the sake
Of Michael's restless sprite.
Then each, to ease his troubled breast,
To some bless'd saint his prayers address'd:
Some to St. Modan made their vows,
Some to St. Mary of the Lowes,
Some to the Holy Rood of Lisle,
Some to our Ladye of the Isle;
Each did his patron witness make,
That he such pilgrimage would take,
And monks should sing, and bells should toll,
All for the weal of Michael's soul.
While vows were ta'en, and prayers were
pray'd,
'Tis said the noble dame, dismay'd,
Renounced, for aye, dark magic's aid.

XXVIII.

Nought of the bridal will I tell,
Which after in short space befell;
Nor how brave sons and daughters fair
Bless'd Teviot's Flower, and Cranstoun's heir:
After such dreadful scene, 'twere vain
To wake the note of mirth again.
More meet it were to mark the day
Of penitence and prayer divine,
When pilgrim-chiefs, in sad array,
Sought Melrose' holy shrine.

XXIX.

With naked foot, and sackcloth vest,
And arms enfolded on his breast,
Did every pilgrim go;
The standers-by might hear uneth,
Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath,
Through all the lengthen'd row:
No lordly look, nor martial stride,
Gone was their glory, sunk their pride,
Forgotten their renown;
Silent and slow, like ghosts they glide
To the high altar's hallow'd side,
And there they knelt them down:
Above the suppliant chieftains wave
The banners of departed brave;

1 See Appendix, Note 4 O.

2 Ibid. Note 4 P.

3 ——— "the vase unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stators,
With Yarrow widdling through the pomp
Of cultivated nature;

Beneath the letter'd stones were laid
The ashes of their fathers dead;
From many a garnish'd niche around,
Stern saints and tortured martyrs frown'd.

XXX.

And slow up the dim aisle afar,
With sable cowl and scapular,
And snow-white stoles, in order due,
The holy Fathers, two and two,
In long procession came;
Taper and host, and book they bare,
And holy banner, flourish'd fair
With the Redeemer's name.
Above the prostrate pilgrim hand
The mitred Abbot stretch'd his hand,
And bless'd them as they kneel'd;
With holy cross he sign'd them all,
And pray'd they might be sage in hall,
And fortunate in field.
Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,
And solemn requiem for the dead;
And bells toll'd out their mighty peal,
For the departed spirit's weal;
And ever in the office close
The hymn of intercession rose;
And far the echoing aisles prolong
The awful burthen of the song,—
DIES IRE, DIES ILLA,
SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA;
While the pealing organ rung:
Were it meet with sacred strain
To close my lay, so light and vain,
Thus the holy Fathers sung.

XXXI.

HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?
When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll:
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!
Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

Hush'd is the harp—the Minstrel gone.
And did he wander forth alone?
Alone, in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage?
No; close beneath proud Newark's tower,³
Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower;
A simple hut; but there was seen
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
There shelter'd wanderers, by the blaze,
Of heard the tale of other days;
For much he loved to ope his door,
And give the aid he begg'd before.

And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a ruin hoary,
The shattered front of Newark's towers,
Renovated in Border story.

"Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in;
For maochod to enjoy his strength;
And age to wear away in," &c.

Wordsworth's *Yarrow Visited*.

So pass'd the winter's day; but still,
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,¹
And July's eve, with balmy breath,
Waved the blue-bells on Newark hea'h;
When thro'les sung in Harehead shaw,
And corn was green on Carterhaugh,²
And flourish'd, broad, Blackandro's oak,
The aged Harper's soul awoke!

Then would he sing achievements high,
And circumstance of chivalry,
Till the rapt traveller would stay,
Forgetful of the closing day;
And noble youths, the strain to hear,
Forsook the hunting of the deer;
And Yarrow, as he roll'd along,
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

The feast was over in Branksome tower.—P. 16.

In the reign of James I., Sir William Scott of Buccleuch, chief of the clan bearing that name, exchanged, with Sir Thomas Inglis of Manor, the estate of Murdiestone, in Lanarkshire, for one-half of the barony of Branksome, or Brankholm,³ lying upon the Teviot, about three miles above Hawick. He was probably induced to this transaction from the vicinity of Branksome to the extensive domain which he possessed in Etrick Forest and in Teviotdale. In the former district he held by occupancy the estate of Buccleuch,⁴ and much of the forest land on the river Etrick. In Teviotdale, he enjoyed the barony of Eckford, by a grant from Robert II. to his ancestor, Walter Scott of Kirkurd, for the apprehending of Gilbert Ridderford, confirmed by Robert III. 3d May 1424. Tradition imputes the exchange betwixt Scott and Inglis to a conversation, in which the latter—a man, it would appear, of a mild and forbearing nature, complained much of the injuries which he was exposed to from the English Borderers, who frequently plundered his lands of Branksome. Sir William Scott instantly offered him the estate of Murdiestone, in exchange for that which was subject to such egregious inconveniences. When the bargain was completed, he dryly remarked, that the cattle in Cumberland were as good as those of Teviotdale; and proceeded to commence a system of reprisals upon the English, which was regularly pursued by his successors. In the next reign, James II. granted to Sir Walter Scott of Branksome, and to Sir David, his son, the remaining half of the barony of Branksome, to be held in blanche for the payment of a red rose. The cause assigned for the grant is, their brave and faithful exertions in favour of the king against the house of Douglas, with whom James had been recently tugging for the throne of Scotland. This charter is dated the 2d of February 1443; and

in the same month, part of the barony of Langholm, and many lands in Lanarkshire, were conferred upon Sir Walter and his son by the same monarch.

After the period of the exchange with Sir Thomas Inglis, Branksome became the principal seat of the Buccleuch family. The castle was enlarged and strengthened by Sir David Scott, the grandson of Sir William, its first possessor. But, in 1570-1, the vengeance of Elizabeth, provoked by the inroads of Buccleuch, and his attachment to the cause of Queen Mary, destroyed the castle, and laid waste the lands of Branksome. In the same year the castle was repaired and enlarged by Sir Walter Scott, its brave possessor; but the work was not completed until after his death, in 1574, when the widow finished the building. This appears from the following inscriptions. Around a stone, bearing the arms of Scott of Buccleuch, appears the following legend:—
"Sir W. Scott of Brankholm
Kngt of Sir William Scott of
Kirkurd Kngt began ye work upon
ye 24 of Marche 1571 year quha
dehertit at God's plesour ye 17
April 1574"

On a similar compartment are sculptured the arms of Douglas, with this inscription, "*Dame Margaret Douglas his spous completit the foresaid work in October 1576.*" Over an arched door is inscribed the following moral verse:—
Kn vauld, is nocht, nature, hes,
brought, gat, sal, lest, ay.
Tharefore, serbe, God, kesp, befl, ye,
rod, thy, fame, sal, nocht, dekey.
Sir Walter Scott of Brankholm
Knght, Margaret Douglas,
1571.

¹ Bowhill is now, as has been mentioned already, a seat of the Duke of Buccleuch. It stands immediately below Newark Hill, and above the junction of the Yarrow and the Etrick. For the other places named in the text, the reader is referred to various notes on the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.—Ed.

² Orig.—"And grain waned green on Carterhaugh."

³ Brankholm is the proper name of the barony; but

Branksome has been adopted, as suitable to the pronunciation, and more proper for poetry.

⁴ There are no vestiges of any building at Buccleuch, except the site of a chapel, where, according to a tradition current in the time of Scott of Satchell, many of the ancient barons of Buccleuch lie buried. There is also said to have been a mill near this solitary spot; an extraordinary circumstance, as little or no corn grows within several miles of Buccleuch. Satchell says it was used to grind corn for the hounds of the chieftain.

Branksome Castle continued to be the principal seat of the Buccleuch family, while security was any object in their choice of a mansion. It has since been the residence of the Commissioners, or Chamberlains, of the family. From the various alterations which the building has undergone, it is not only greatly restricted in its dimensions, but retains little of the castellated form, if we except one square tower of massy thickness, the only part of the original building which now remains. The whole forms a handsome modern residence, lately inhabited by my deceased friend, Adam Ogilvy, Esq. of Hartwoodmyres, Commissioner of his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch.

The extent of the ancient edifice can still be traced by some vestiges of its foundation, and its strength is obvious from the situation, on a steep bank surrounded by the Teviot, and flanked by a deep ravine, formed by a precipitous brook. It was anciently surrounded by wood, as appears from the survey of Roxburghshire, made for Pont's Atlas, and preserved in the Advocates' Library. This wood was cut about fifty years ago, but is now replaced by the thriving plantations, which have been formed by the noble proprietor, for miles around the ancient mansion of his forefathers.

NOTE B.

*Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branksome-Hall.*—P. 16.

The ancient barons of Buccleuch, both from feudal splendour and from their frontier situation, retained in their household at Branksome, a number of gentlemen of their own name, who held lands from their chief, for the military service of watching and warding his castle. Satchells tells us, in his doggerel poetry,

"No baron was better served in Britain;
The barons of Buckleugh they kept their call,
Four and twenty gentlemen in their hall,
All being of his name and kin;
Each two had a servant to wait upon them
Before supper and dinner, most renowned,
The bella ring and the trumpets sawed;
And more than that, I do confess.
They kept four and twenty pensioners.
Think not I lie, nor do me blame,
For the pensioners I can all name
There's men alive, elder than I,
They know if I speak truth, or lie.
Every pensioner a room did gale,
For service done and to be done;
This let the reader understand,
The name both of the men and land,
Which they possessed, it is of truth,
Both from the Lairds and Lords of Buckleugh."

Accordingly, dismounting from his Pegasus, Satchells gives us, in prose, the names of twenty-four gentlemen, younger brothers of ancient families, who were pensioners to the house of Buccleuch, and describes the lands which each possessed for his Border service. In time of war with England, the garrison was doubtless augmented. Satchells adds, "These twenty-three pensioners, all of his own name of Scott, and Walter Gladstones of Whitelaw, a near cousin of my lord's, as aforesaid, were ready on all occasions, when his honour pleased cause to advertise them. It is known to many

of the country better than it is to me, that the rent of these lands, which the Lairds and Lords of Buccleuch did freely bestow upon their friends, will amount to above twelve or fourteen thousand merks a-year."—*History of the name of Scott*, p. 45. An immense sum in those times.

NOTE C.

"—with Jedwood-axe at saddlebow."—P. 16.

"Of a truth," says Froissart, "the Scottish cannot boast great skill with the bow, but rather bear axes, with which, in time of need, they give heavy strokes." The Jedwood-axe was a sort of partisan, used by horsemen, as appears from the arms of Jedburgh, which bear a cavalier mounted, and armed with this weapon. It is also called a Jedwood or Jeddart staff.

NOTE D.

*They watch, against Southern force and guile,
Lest Scoop, or Howard, or Percy's powers,
Threaten Branksome's lordly towers,
From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.*—P. 16.

Branksome Castle was continually exposed to the attacks of the English, both from its situation and the restless military disposition of its inhabitants, who were seldom on good terms with their neighbours. The following letter from the Earl of Northumberland to Henry VIII. in 1533, gives an account of a successful inroad of the English, in which the country was plundered up to the gates of the castle, although the invaders failed in their principal object, which was to kill, or make prisoner, the Laird of Buccleuch. It occurs in the Cotton MS. *Catig. b. viii. f. 222.*

"Pleaseth yt your most gracious highness to be aduertised, that my comptroller, with Raynald Carnahy, desyred licence of me to invade the realme of Scotlande, for the annoysaunce of your highnes enemys, where they thought best exploit by theyme might be done, and to haue to concur withe theyme the inhabitants of Northumberland, suche as was towards me according to theyre assembly, and as by theyre discretions vpon the same they shulde thinke most convenient; and soo they dyde meet vppone Monday, before night, being the iij day of this instant monethe, at Wawhope, vpon Northe Tyne water, above Tyndaill, where they were to the number of xvc men, and soo invadet Scotland at the hour of viii of the clok at nyght, at a place called Whele Casaus; and before xi of the clok dyd send forth a forrey of Tyndaill and Ryddisdaill, and laide all the resydewe in a bushment, and actyvely did set vpon a towne called Branxholme, where the Lord of Buclough dwellythe, and purposed theymselfes with a trayne for hym lyke to his accustomed manner, in rysynge to all frayes; albeit, that knyght he was not at home, and so they brynt the said Branxholm, and other townes, as to say Whichestre, Whichestre-helme, and Whelley, and haud ordered theymself, soo that sundry of the said Lord Buclough's servants, who dyd issue fourthe of his gates, was takyn

prisoners. They dyd not leve one house, one stak of corne, nor one sheyf, without the gate of the said Lord Buclough vnbryute, and thus scrymaged and frayed, supposing the Lord of Buclough to be within iii or iiij myles to have trayned him to the bushment; and soo in the breyking of the day dyd the forrey and the bushment mete, and reuled homeward, making theyre way westward from theyre invasion to be over Lyddersdail, as intending yf the fray frome theyre furst entry by the Scotts waches, or otherwise by warying, shuld haue bene gyven to Gedworth and the countrey of Scotland theyreabouts of theyre invasion: whiche Gedworth is from the Wheles Causay vi miles, that thereby the Scotts shulde have come further vnto theyme, and more out of ordre; and soo upon sundry good considerations, before they entered Lyddersdail, as well accouping the inhabitants of the same to be towards your highnes, and to enforce theyme the more thereby, as alsoo to put an occasion of suspect to the Kinge of Scotts, and his counsaill, to be taken anenst theynie, amonges theymeselves, made proclamacions, commanding, vpon payne of dethe, assurance to be for the said inhabitants of Lyddersdail, without any prejudice or hurt to be done by any Inglysmen vnto theyme, and soo in good ordre abowt the howre of ten of the clok before none, vpon Tewisday, dyd pass through the said Lyddersdail, when dyd come diverse of the said inhabitants there to myrvauntes, under the said assurance, offering theynselfs with any service they couthe make; and thus, thanks be to Godde, your highnes' subjects, abowt the howre of xii of the clok at none the same daye, came into this your highnes realme, bringing wt theyme above xl Scotts-men prisoners, one of theyme named Scot, of the surname and kyn of the said Lord of Buclough, and of his howsehold; they brought also coc nowte, and above lx horse and mares, keping in savetie frome losse or hurte all your said highnes subjects. There was alsoo a towne, called Newbyrgins, by diverse fofmen of Tyndail and Ryddesdail, takyn vp of the night, and spoyled, when was slayne ii Scotts-men of the said towne, and many Scotts there hurte; your highnes subjects was xiii myles within the grounde of Scotlande, and is from my house at Werworthe, above lx miles of the most evil passage, where great snawes doth lye; heretofore the same townes now brynt haith not at any tyme in the nynd of man in any warre been enterprised unto nowe; your subjects were thereto more encouraged for the better advancement of your highnes service, the said Lord of Buclough heying always a mortall enemy to this your Graces realme, and he dyd say, wtiln xiii days before, he woulde see who durst lye near hym; wt many other cruell words, the knowledge whereof was certainly had to my said servaunts, before theyre enterpryce maid vpon him; most humbly beseeching your majesty, that your highnes thanks may concur vnto theyme, whose names be here inclosed, and to have in your most gracious memory, the paynfull and diligent service of my pore servaunte Wharton, and thus, as I am most bounden, shall dispose wt them that be under me f. . . . annoyance of your highnes enemys." In resentment of this foray, Buccleuch, with other

Border chiefs, assembled an army of 3000 riders, with which they penetrated into Northumberland, and laid waste the country as far as the banks of Branish. They baffled, or defeated, the English forces opposed to them, and returned loaded with prey.—*Pinkerton's History*, vol. ii. p. 318.

NOTE E.

*Bards long shall tell,
How lord Walter fell.*—P. 16.

Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch succeeded to his grandfather, Sir David, in 1492. He was a brave and powerful baron, and Warden of the West Marches of Scotland. His death was the consequence of a feud betwixt the Scotts and Kerrs, the history of which is necessary, to explain repeated allusions in the romance.

In the year 1526, in the words of Pitscottie, "the Earl of Angus, and the rest of the Douglasses, ruled all which they liked, and no man durst say the contrary; wherefore the King (James V. then a minor) was heavily displeas'd, and would fain have been out of their hands, if he might by any way: And, to that effect, wrote a quiet and secret letter with his own hand, and sent it to the Laird of Buccleuch, beseeching him that he would come with his kin and friends, and all the force that he might be, and meet him at Melross, at his home passing, and there to take him out of the Douglasses hands, and to put him to liberty, to use himself among the lave (*rest*) of his lords, as he thinks expedient.

"This letter was quietly directed, and sent by one of the King's own secret servants, which was received very thankfully by the Laird of Buccleuch, who was very glad thereof, to be put to such charges and familiarity with his prince, and did great diligence to perform the King's writing, and to bring the matter to pass as the King desired: And, to that effect, convened all his kin and friends, and all that would do for him to, ride with him to Melross, when he knew of the king's homecoming. And so he brought with him six hundred spears, of Liddesdale, and Annandale, and countrymen, and clans thereabout, and held themselves quiet while that the King returned out of Jedburgh, and came to Melross, to remain there all that night.

"But when the Lord Hume, Cessford, and Ferryherst, (the chiefs of the clan of Kerr,) took their leave of the King, and returned home, then appeared the Lord of Buccleuch in sight, and his company with him, in an arrayed battle, intending to have fulfilled the King's petition, and therefore came stoutly forward on the back side of Haliden hill. By that the Earl of Angus, with George Douglas, his brother, and sundry other of his friends, seeing this army coming, they marvelled what the matter meant: while at the last they knew the Laird of Buccleuch, with a certain company of the thieves of Annandale. With him they were less affeared, and made them manfully to the field contrary them, and said to the King in this manner, 'Sir, you is Buccleuch, and thieves of Annandale with him, to unbeset your Grace from the gate,' (i. e. interrupt

your passage.) 'I vow to God they shall either fight or flee; and ye shall tarry here on this know, and my brother George with you, with any other company you please; and I shall pass, and put yon thieves off the ground, and rid the gate unto your Grace, or else die for it.' The King tarried still, as was devised; and George Douglas with him, and sondry other lords, such as the Earl of Lennox, and the Lord Erskine, and some of the King's own servants; but all the lave (*rest*) past with the Earl of Angus to the field against the Laird of Buccleuch, who joynd and countered cruelly both the said parties in the field of Daruelinver,¹ either against other, with uncertain victory. But at the last, the Lord Hume, hearing word of that matter how it stood, returned again to the King in all possible haste, with him the Laids of Cessford and Fernyhirst, to the number of fourscore spears, and set freshly on the lap and wing of the Laird of Buccleuch's field, and shortly bare them backward to the ground; which caused the Laird of Buccleuch, and the rest of his friends, to go back and flee, whom they followed and chased; and especially the Laids of Cessford and Fernyhirst followed furiously, till at the foot of a path the Laird of Cessford was slain by the stroke of a spear by an Elliot, who was then servant to the Laird of Buccleuch. But when the Laird of Cessford was slain, the chase ceased. The Earl of Angus returned again with great merriness and victory, and thanked God that he saved him from that chance, and passed with the King to Melross, where they remained all that night. On the morrow they past to Edinburgh with the King, who was very sad and dolorous of the slaughter of the Laird of Cessford, and many other gentlemen and yeomen slain by the Laird of Buccleuch, containing the number of fourscore and fifteen, which died in defence of the King, and at the command of his writing."

I am not the first who has attempted to celebrate in verse the renown of this ancient baron, and his hazardous attempt to procure his sovereign's freedom. In a Scottish Latin poet we find the following verses:—

VALTERIUS SCOTUS BALCULCHIUS.

Egregio suscepto facinore, libertate Regis, ac aliis rebus gestis clarus, sub JACOBO V. A. Christi, 1536.

"Intentata aliis, nollique audito priorum

Audit, que pavido morave, metuoque quatit,

Libertatem aliis soliti transire Regis:

Subreptom hanc Regi restituisse paras;

Si vicis, quanta o succedunt præmia dextræ t

Siu victus, falsas spes jace, pone euimom.

Hostilia vis nocuit: atque illæ robora mentis

Atque decus. Vincet, Rege probante, fides

Inimica quis animis virtus, quoque acrior ardor

Obsidet, obscuris nox premitur se lenebis?"

Heroes ex omni Historia Scotica lectissimi, Auctore Joh. Jo. Antonio Abreolense Scoto, 1603.

In consequence of the battle of Melrose, there ensued a deadly feud betwixt the names of Scott and Kerr, which, in spite of all means used to bring about an agreement, raged for many years upon the Borders. Buccleuch was imprisoned, and his estates forfeited, in the year 1535, for levying war against the Kerrs,

¹ Darwick, near Melrose. The place of conflict is still called Skinner's Field, from a corruption of *Skinner's Field*. [See the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, vol. i. ad li.,

and restored by act of Parliament, dated 15th March, 1542, during the regency of Mary of Lorraine. But the most signal act of violence to which this quarrel gave rise, was the murder of Sir Walter himself, who was slain by the Kerrs in the streets of Edinburgh in 1552. This is the event alluded to in stanza vii.; and the poem is supposed to open shortly after it had taken place.

The feud between these two families was not reconciled in 1596, when both chieftains paraded the streets of Edinburgh with their followers, and it was expected their first meeting would decide their quarrel. But, on July 14th of the same year, Colvil, in a letter to Mr. Bacon, informs him, "that there was great trouble upon the Borders, which would continue till order should be taken by the Queen of England and the King, by reason of the two young Scots chieftains, Cessford and Balugh, and of the present necessity and scarcity of corn amongst the Scots Borderers and riders. That there had been a private quarrel betwixt those two lairds on the Borders, which was like to have turned to blood; but the fear of the general trouble had reconciled them, and the injuries which they thought to have committed against each other were now transferred upon England; not unlike that emulation in France between the Baron de Biron and Mons. Jevéque, who, being both ambitious of honour, undertook more hazardous enterprises against the enemy than they would have done if they had been at concord together."—*Birch's Memorials*, vol. ii. p. 67.

NOTE F.

*While Cessford owns the rule of Carr,
While Eltrick boasts the line of Scott,
The slaughter'd chiefs, the mortal jar
The havoc of the feudal war,
Shall never, never be forgot!*—P. 16.

Among other expedients resorted to for stanching the feud betwixt the Scotts and the Kerrs, there was a bond executed in 1529, between the heads of each clan, binding themselves to perform reciprocally the four principal pilgrimages of Scotland, for the benefit of the souls of those of the opposite name who had fallen in the quarrel. This indenture is printed in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. i. But either it never took effect, or else the feud was renewed shortly afterwards.

Such factions were not uncommon in feudal times; and, as might be expected, they were often, as in the present case, void of the effect desired. When Sir Walter Mauny, the renowned follower of Edward III., had taken the town of Ryoil in Gascony, he remembered to have heard that his father lay there buried, and offered a hundred crowns to any who could show him his grave. A very old man appeared before Sir Walter, and informed him of the manner of his father's death, and the place of his sepulture. It seems the Lord of Mauny had, at a great tournament, unhorsed,

for farther particulars concerning these pieces, of all which the author of the Lay was ultimately proprietor.—EL.]

and wounded to the death, a Gascon knight, of the house of Mirepoix, whose kinsman was Bishop of Cambray. For this deed he was held at feud by the relations of the knight, until he agreed to undertake a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James of Compostella, for the benefit of the soul of the deceased. But as he returned through the town of Ryoil, after accomplishment of his vow, he was beset and treacherously slain, by the kindred of the knight whom he had killed. Sir Walter, guided by the old man, visited the lowly tomb of his father; and, having read the inscription, which was in Latin, he caused the body to be raised, and transported to his native city of Valenciennes, where masses were, in the days of Froissart, duly said for the soul of the unfortunate pilgrim.—*Chronycle of Froissart*, vol. i. p. 123.

NOTE G.

With Carr in arms had stood.—P. 17.

The family of Ker, Kerr, or Carr,¹ was very powerful on the Border. Fynes Morrison remarks, in his *Travels*, that their influence extended from the village of Preston-Grange, in Lothian, to the limits of England. Cessford Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family, is situated near the village of Morebattle, within two or three miles of the Cheviot Hills. It has been a place of great strength and consequence, but is now ruinous. Tradition affirms that it was founded by Halbert, or Hahby Kerr, a gigantic warrior, concerning whom many stories are current in Roxburghshire. The Duke of Roxburgh represents Ker of Cessford. A distinct and powerful branch of the same name own the Marquis of Lothian as their chief. Hence the distinction betwixt Kerrs of Cessford and Fairnihrst.

NOTE H.

Lord Cranstoun.—P. 17.

The Cranstouns, Lord Cranstoun, are an ancient Border family, whose chief seat was at Crailing, in Teviotdale. They were at this time at feud with the clan of Scott; for it appears that the Lady of Buccleuch, in 1557, beset the Laird of Cranstoun, seeking his life. Nevertheless, the same Cranstoun, or perhaps his son, was married to a daughter of the same lady.

NOTE I.

Of Bethune's line of Picardie.—P. 17.

The Bethunes were of French origin, and derived their name from a small town in Artois. There were several distinguished families of the Bethunes in the neighbouring province of Picardy; they numbered among their descendants the celebrated Duc de Sully; and the

name was accounted among the most noble in France, while aught noble remained in that country.² The family of Bethune, or Beatoun, in Fife, produced three learned and dignified prelates; namely, Cardinal Beaton, and two successive Archbishops of Glasgow, all of whom flourished about the date of the romance. Of this family was descended Dame Janet Beaton, Lady Buccleuch, widow of Sir Walter Scott of Branksome. She was a woman of masculine spirit, as appeared from her riding at the head of her son's clan, after her husband's murder. She also possessed the hereditary abilities of her family in such a degree that the superstition of the vulgar imputed them to supernatural knowledge. With this was mingled, by faction, the foul accusation of her having influenced Queen Mary to the murder of her husband. One of the placards, preserved in Buchanan's *Detection*, accuses of Darnley's murder "the Erle of Bothwell, Mr. James Balfour, the person of Fliske, Mr. David Chalmers, black Mr. John Spens, who was principal deviser of the murder; and the Quene, assenting thairto, throw the persuasion of the Erle Bothwell, and the witchcraft of Lady Buccleuch."³

NOTE K.

*He learn'd the art that none may name,
In Padua, far beyond the sea.*—P. 17.

Padua was long supposed, by the Scottish peasants, to be the principal school of necromancy. The Earl of Gowrie, slain at Perth, in 1600, pretended, during his studies in Italy, to have acquired some knowledge of the cabala, by which, he said, he could charm snakes, and work other miracles; and, in particular, could produce children without the intercourse of the sexes.—See the examination of Wemyss of Bogie before the Privy Council concerning Gowrie's Conspiracy.

NOTE L.

*His form no darkening shadow traced
Upon the sunny wall!*—P. 17.

The shadow of a necromancer is independent of the sun. Glycas informs us that Simoo Magus caused his shadow to go before him, making people believe it was an attendant spirit.—Heywood's *Hierarchy*, p. 475. The vulgar conceive, that when a class of students have made a certain progress in their mystic studies, they are obliged to run through a subterraneous hall, where the devil literally catches the hindmost in the race, unless he crosses the hall so speedily that the arch-enemy can only apprehend his shadow. In the latter case, the person of the sage never after throws any shade; and those, who have thus *lost their shadow*, always prove the best magicians.

¹ The name is spell differently by the various families who bear it. Carr is selected, not as the most correct, but as the most poetical reading.

² This expression and sentiment were dictated by the situation of France, in the year 1803, when the poem was originally written. 1821.

NOTE M.

The viewless forms of air. — P. 17.

The Scottish vulgar, without having any very defined notion of their attributes, believe in the existence of an intermediate class of spirits, residing in the air, or in the waters; to whose agency they ascribe floods, storms, and all such phenomena as their own philosophy cannot readily explain. They are supposed to interfere in the affairs of mortals, sometimes with a malevolent purpose, and sometimes with milder views. It is said, for example, that a gallant baron, having returned from the Holy Land to his castle of Drummelziar, found his fair lady nursing a healthy child, whose birth did not by any means correspond to the date of his departure. Such an occurrence, to the credit of the dames of the Crusaders he it spoken, was so rare, that it required a miraculous solution. The lady, therefore, was believed, when she averred, confidently, that the Spirit of the Tweed had issued from the river while she was walking upon its bank, and compelled her to submit to his embraces: and the name of Tweedie was bestowed upon the child, who afterwards became Baron of Drummelziar, and chief of a powerful clan. To those spirits were also ascribed, in Scotland, the

—“ Airy tongues, that syllable men’s names,
On sands, and shores, and desert wilderness.”

When the workmen were engaged in erecting the ancient church of Old Deer, in Aberdeenshire, upon a small hill called Bissau, they were surprised to find that the work was impeded by supernatural obstacles. At length, the Spirit of the River was heard to say,

“ It is not here, it is not here,
That ye shall build the church of Deer;
But on Taptillery,
Where many a corpse shall lie.”

The site of the edifice was accordingly transferred to Taptillery, an eminence at some distance from the place where the building had been commenced — Macfarlane’s MSS. I mention these popular fables, because the introduction of the River and Mountain Spirits may not, at first sight, seem to accord with the general tone of the romance, and the superstitions of the country where the scene is laid.

NOTE N.

A fancied moss-trooper, &c. — P. 17.

This was the usual appellation of the marauders upon the Borders; a profession diligently pursued by the inhabitants on both sides, and by none more actively and successfully than by Buccleuch’s clan. Long after the union of the crowns the moss-troopers, although sunk in reputation, and no longer enjoying the pretext of national hostility, continued to pursue their calling.

Fuller includes, among the wonders of Cumberland, “ The moss-troopers: so strange

in the condition of their living, if considered in their *Original, Increase, Height, Decay, and Ruine.*

“ 1. *Original.* I conceive them the same called Borderers in Mr. Camden; and characterised by him to be a *wild and warlike people.* They are called *moss-troopers*, because dwelling in the mosses, and riding in troops together. They dwell in the bounds, or meeting, of the two kingdoms, but obey the laws of neither. They come to church as seldom as the 29th of February comes into the kalendar.

“ 2. *Increase.* When England and Scotland were united in Great Britain, they that formerly lived by hostile incursions, betook themselves to the robbing of their neighbours. Their sons are free of the trade by their fathers’ copy. They are like to Job, not in piety and patience, but in sudden plenty and poverty: sometimes having flocks and herds in the morning, none at night, and perchance many again next day. They may give for their motto, *vivitur ex rapto*, stealing from their honest neighbours what they sometimes require. They are a nest of hornets; strike one, and stir all of them about your ears. Indeed, if they promise safely to conduct a traveller, they will perform it with the fidelity of a Turkish janizary; otherwise, woe be to him that falleth into their quarters!

“ 3. *Height.* Amounting, forty years since, to some thousands. These compelled the vicinage to purchase their security, by paying a constant rent to them. When in their greatest height, they had two great enemies,—the *Laws of the Land*, and the *Lord William Howard of Noworth*. He sent many of them to Carlisle, to that place where the officer *doth always his work by daylight*. Yet these moss-troopers, if possibly they could procure the pardon for a condemned person of their company, would advance great sums out of their common stock, who, in such a case, *cast in their lots amongst themselves, and all have one purse.*

“ 4. *Decay.* Caused by the wisdom, valour, and diligence of the Right Honourable Charles Lord Howard, Earl of Carlisle, who routed these English Tories with his regiment. His severity unto them will not only be excused, but commended, by the judicious, who consider how our great lawyer doth describe such persons, who are solemnly outlawed. Bracton, lib. viii. trac. 2. cap. 11.—*Ex tunc gerunt caput lupinum, ita quod sine judiciali inquisitione rite percant, et secum suam judicium portent; et merito sine lege pereunt, qui secum legem vivere recusarunt.*—“ Thenceforward, (after that they are outlawed) they wear a wolf’s head, so that they lawfully may be destroyed, without any judicial inquisition, as who carry their own condemnation about them, and deservedly die without law, because they refused to live according to law.”

“ 5. *Ruine.* Such was the success of this worthy lord’s severity, that he made a thorough reformation among them; and the ring-leaders being destroyed, the rest are reduced to legal obedience, and so, I trust, will continue.”—Fuller’s *Worthies of England*, p. 216.

The last public mention of moss-troopers occurs during the civil wars of the seventeenth century, when many ordinances of Parliament were directed against them.

NOTE O.

—*same the Unicorn's pride.*
Exalt the Crescent and the Star. — P. 18.

The arms of the Kerrs of Cossford were, *Vert* on a chevron, betwixt three unicorns' heads erased *argent*, three mullets *sable*; crest, a unicorn's head, erased *proper*. The Scotts of Buccleuch bore, *Or*, on a bend *azure*; a star of six points betwixt two crescents of the first.

NOTE P.

William of Deloraine. — P. 18.

The lands of Deloraine are joined to those of Buccleuch in Etrick Forest. They were immemorably possessed by the Buccleuch family, under the strong title of occupancy, although no charter was obtained from the crown until 1545. Like other possessions, the lands of Deloraine were occasionally granted by them to vassals, or kinsmen, for Border service. Satchells mentions, among the twenty-four gentlemen-pensioners of the family, "William Scott, commonly called *Cut-at-the-Black*, who had the lands of Nether Deloraine for his service." And again, "This William of Deloraine, commonly called *Cut-at-the-Black*, was a brother of the ancient house of Haining, which house of Haining is descended from the ancient house of Hassenudean." The lands of Deloraine now give an *Earl's* title to the descendant of Henry, the second surviving son of the Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth. I have endeavoured to give William of Deloraine the attributes which characterised the Borderers of his day; for which I can only plead Froissart's apology, that, "it behoveth, in a lynchage, some to be folysh and outrageous, to maynteyne and sustayne the peasable." As a contrast to my Marchman, I beg leave to transcribe, from the same author, the speech of Amerogt Marcell, a captain of the Adventurous Companions, a robber, and a pillager of the country of Auvergne, who had been bribed to sell his strongholds, and to assume a more honourable military life under the banners of the Earl of Armagnac. But "when he remembered alle this, he was sorrowful; his tresour he thought he wolde not mynysshe; he was wonte dayly to serche for new pyllages, wherbye encreased his profyte, and then he sawe that alle was closed fro' him. Then he sayde and imagyned, that to pylle and to robbe (all thynge considered) was a good lyfe, and so repented him of his good doing. On a tyme, he said to his old companions, 'Sirs, there is no sporte nor glory in this worlde amonge men of warre, but to use suche lyte as we have done in tyme past. What a joy was it to us when we rode forth at adventure, and somtyme found by the way a riche priour or merchaunt, or a route of mulettes of Mountpellyer, of Narbonne, of Lymens, of Fongans, of Besyers, of Tholous, or of Carcasoune, laden with cloth of Brussels, or peltre ware comynge from the fayres, or laden with spycery from Bruges, from Damas, or fro Alysauudre: whatsoever we met, all was ours, or els ransomed at our pleasures; dayly we gate new money, and the

vyllyaynes of Auvergne and of Lymosyn dayly provyded and brought to our castell whete mele, good wynes, beffes, and fatte mottous, pullayne, and wilde foute: We were ever furnyshed as tho we had been kings. When we rode forth, all the cuntry trymbled for feare: all was ours goyng and comynge. How tok we Carlast, I and the Bourge of Companie, and I and Perot of Bernoys took Caluset; how dyd we scale, with lytel ayde, the strong castell of Marquell, pertyaining to the Erl Dolphyn: I kept it nat past fyve days, but I receyved for it, on a feyre table, fyve thousande frankes, and forgave one thousande for the love of the Erl Dolphyn's children. By my fayth, this was a fayre and a good lyfe! wherfore I repute myselfe sore deceyved, in that I have rendered up the fortress of Aloys; for it wolde have kept fro alle the worlde, and the daye that I gave it up, it was furnyshed with vyaltes, to have been kept seven yere without any re-vyallinge. This Erl of Armynake hath deceyved me: Olyve Barbe, and Perot le Bernoys, shewed to me how I shulde repente myselfe; certayne I sore repente myselfe of what I have done." — Froissart, vol. ii. p. 195.

NOTE Q.

By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds. — P. 18.

The kings and heroes of Scotland, as well as the Border-riders, were sometimes obliged to study how to evade the pursuit of blood-hounds. Barbour informs us, that Robert Bruce was repeatedly tracked by sleuth-dogs. On one occasion, he escaped by wading a bow-shot down a brook, and ascending into a tree by a branch which overlung the water; thus, leaving no trace on land of his footsteps, he baffled the scent. The pursuers came up:

"Ryght in the huro that passy ware,
 Bot the sleuth-hund made stonking thar,
 And wanyry lang tyme is and fra,
 That he na certein gate couth ge;
 Till at the last that John of Lorne
 Perseuvt the hund the sleuth had ferre."

The Bruce, Book vii.

A sure way of stopping the dog was to spill blood upon the track, which destroyed the discriminating fineness of his scent. A captive was sometimes sacrificed on such occasions. Henry the Minstrel tells a romantic story of Wallace, founded on this circumstance:—The hero's little band had been joined by an Irishman, named Fawdoun, or Fadzean, a dark, savage, and suspicious character. After a sharp skirmish at Black-erne Side, Wallace was forced to retreat with only sixteen followers. The English pursued with a Border *sleuth-bratch*, or blood-hound.

"In Gelderland there was that bratchet bred,
 Siker of arent, to follow them that fled;
 So was he used in Eske and Liddesleil,
 While (i. e. till) she gat blood no fleeing might avall."

In the retreat, Fawdoun, tired, or affecting to be so, would go no farther. Wallace, having in vain argued with him, in hasty anger struck off his head, and continued the retreat. When the English came up, their hound stayed upon the dead body:—

"The sleuth stopped at Fawdon, still she stood,
Nor farther would fra time she find the blood."

The story concludes with a fine Gothic scene of terror. Wallace took refuge in the solitary tower of Gask. Here he was disturbed at midnight by the blast of a horn. He sent out his attendants by two and two, but no one returned with tidings. At length, when he was left alone, the sound was heard still louder. The champion descended, sword in hand; and, at the gate of the tower, was encountered by the headless spectre of Fawdoun, whom he had slain so rashly. Wallace, in great terror, fled up into the tower, tore open the boards of a window, leapt down fifteen feet in height, and continued his flight up the river. Looking back to Gask, he discovered the tower on fire, and the form of Fawdoun upon the battlements, dilated to an immense size, and holding in his hand a blazing rafter. The Minstrel concludes,

"Trust ryght wele, that all this be sooth indeed,
Supposing it to be no point of the creed."

The Wallace, Book v.

Mr. Ellis has extracted this tale as a sample of Henry's poetry.—*Specimens of English Poetry*, vol. i. p. 351.

NOTE R.

— the Moat-hill's mound,
Where Druid's shades still stitted round.—P. 18.

This is a round artificial mount near Hawick, which, from its name, (*Stat. Ant. Sax. Concilium, Conventus.*) was probably used as a place for assembling a national council of the adjacent tribes. There are many such mounds in Scotland, and they are sometimes, but rarely, of a square form.

NOTE S.

— the tower of Hazeldean.—P. 18.

The estate of Hazeldean, corruptly Hasendeau, belonged formerly to a family of Scotts, thus commemorated by Satchells:—

"Hasendeau came without a call,
The ancientest house among them all."

NOTE T.

On Minto-crogs the moon-beams glint.—P. 18.

A romantic assemblage of cliffs, which rise suddenly above the vale of Teviot, in the immediate vicinity of the family-seat, from which Lord Minto takes his title. A small platform, on a projecting crag, commanding a most beautiful prospect, is termed *Barnhills' Bed*. This Barnhills is said to have been a robber, or outlaw. There are remains of a strong tower beneath the rocks, where he is supposed to have dwelt, and from which he derived his name. On the summit of the crags are the fragments of another ancient tower, in a picturesque situation. Among the houses cast by the Earl of Hartforde, in 1545, occur the towers of Easter Barnhills, and of Minto crag,

with Minto town and place. Sir Gilbert Elliot, father to the present Lord Minto,¹ was the author of a beautiful pastoral song, of which the following is a more correct copy than is usually published. The poetical mantle of Sir Gilbert Elliot has descended to his family.

"My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook:
No more for Amyata fresh garlands I wove;
Ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
But what had my youth with ambition to do!
Why left I Amyata! why broke I my vow!"

"Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide world secure me from love.
Ah, fool, in imagine that ought could subdue
A love so well founded, a passion so true!
Ah, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore!
And I'll wander from love and Amyata no more!"

"Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine!
Poor shepherd, Amyata no more can be thine!
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.
Ah! what had my youth with ambition to do!
Why left I Amyata! why broke I my vow!"

NOTE U.

Ancient Riddell's fair domain.—P. 18.

The family of Riddell have been very long in possession of the barony called Riddell, or Ryedale, part of which still bears the latter name. Tradition carries their antiquity to a point extremely remote; and is, in some degree, sanctioned by the discovery of two stone coffins, one containing an earthen pot filled with ashes and arms, bearing a legible date, A. D. 727; the other dated 936, and filled with the bones of a man of gigantic size. These coffins were discovered in the foundations of what was, but has long ceased to be, the chapel of Riddell; and as it was argued, with plausibility, that they contained the remains of some ancestors of the family, they were deposited in the modern place of sepulture, comparatively so termed, though built in 1110. But the following curious and authentic documents warrant most conclusively the epithet of "ancient Riddell:" 1st, A charter by David I. to Walter Rydale, Sheriff of Roxburgh, confirming all the estates of Liliesclive, &c., of which his father, Gervasius de Rydale, died possessed. 2dly, A bull of Pope Adrian IV., confirming the will of Walter de Ridale, knight, in favour of his brother Anschitil de Ridale, dated 8th April, 1155. 3dly, A bull of Pope Alexander III., confirming the said will of Walter de Ridale, bequeathing to his brother Anschitil the lands of Liliesclive, Whettunes, &c., and ratifying the bargain betwixt Anschitil and Huctredus, concerning the church of Liliesclive, in consequence of the mediation of Malcolm II., and confirmed by a charter from that monarch. This bull is dated 17th June, 1160. 4thly, A bull of the same Pope, confirming the will of Sir Anschitil de Ridale, in favour of his son Walter, conveying the said lands of Liliesclive and others, dated 10th March, 1120. It is remarkable, that Liliesclive, otherwise Rydale, or Riddell, and the Whittunes, have descended, through a long train of ancestors, without ever

¹ Grandfather to the present Earl. 1819.

passing into a collateral line, to the person of Sir John Buchanan Riddell, Bart. of Riddell, the lineal descendant and representative of Sir Anschittel. — These circumstances appeared worthy of notice in a Border work.¹

NOTE V.

*But when Melrose he reached 'twas silence all;
He meety stabled his steed in stall,
And sought the convent's lovely wall.*—P. 19.

The ancient and beautiful monastery of Melrose was founded by King David I. Its ruins afford the finest specimen of Gothic architecture and Gothic sculpture which Scotland can boast. The stone of which it is built, though it has resisted the weather for so many ages, retains perfect sharpness, so that even the most minute ornaments seem as entire as when newly wrought. In some of the cloisters, as is hinted in the next *Canto*, there are representations of flowers, vegetables, &c., carved in stone, with accuracy and precision so delicate, that we almost distrust our senses when we consider the difficulty of subjecting so hard a substance to such intricate and exquisite modulation. This superb convent was dedicated to St. Mary, and the monks were of the Cistercian order. At the time of the Reformation, they shared the general reproach of sensuality and irregularity, thrown upon the Roman churchmen. The old words of *Gala-shiels*, a favourite Scotch air, ran thus:—

O the monks of Melrose made gude kale,²
Oo Fridays when they fasted.
They wanted neither beef nor ale,
As long as their neighbours' lasted.

NOTE W.

*When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seen framed of ebony and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die.*

Then view St. David's ruin'd pile.—P. 19.

The buttresses ranged along the sides of the ruins of Melrose Abbey, are, according to the Gothic style, richly carved and fretted, containing niches for the statues of saints, and labelled with scrolls, bearing appropriate texts of Scripture. Most of these statues have been demolished.

David I. of Scotland purchased the reputation of sanctity, by founding, and liberally endowing, not only the monastery of Melrose, but those of Kelso, Jedburgh, and many others; which led to the well-known observation of his successor, that he was a *sore saint for the crown*.

NOTE X.

*For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,
Swe to patter an Ave Mary,
When I ride on a Border foray.*—P. 20.

The Borderers were, as may be supposed, very ignorant about religious matters. Col-

ville, in his *Paranesis, or Admonition*, states, that the reformed divines were so far from undertaking distant journeys to convert the Heathen, "as I wold wis at God that ye wold only go bot to the Hielands and Borders of our own realm, to gain our awin countreyemen, who, for lack of preching and ministratioun of the sacraments, must, with tyme, becom either infidells, or atheists." But we learn, from Lesley, that, however deficient in real religion, they regularly told their beads, and never with more zeal than when going on a plundering expedition.

NOTE Y.

*So had he seen, in fair Castile,
The youth in glittering squadrons start:
Sudden the flying jennet wheel,
And hurt the unexpected dart.*—P. 20.

"By my fayth," said the Duke of Lancaster, (to a Portuguese squire,) "of all the feates of armes that the Castellians, and they of your countrey doth use, the castynge of their dertes best pleaseth me, and gladly I wold se it; for, as I hear say, if they strike one aryghte, without he be well armed, the dart will pierce him thurghie."—"By my fayth, sir," said the squyer, "ye say trouth; for I have seen many a grete stroke given with them, which at one time cost us derely, and was to us great displeasure; for, at the said skymishe, Sir John Lawrence of Coygne was striken with a dart in such wise, that the head perced all the plates of his cote of mayle, and a sackle stopped with sylke, and passed thurghie his body, so that he fell down dead."—*Froissart*, vol. ii. ch. 44.—This mode of fighting with darts was imitated in the military game called *Jeu de las canas*, which the Spaniards borrowed from their Moorish invaders. A Saracen chunipion is thus described by Froissart: "Among the Sarazyns, there was a yonge knight called Agadinger Dolyferne; he was always well mounted on a redy and a lyght horse; it seemed, when the horse ranne, that he did fly in the ayre. The knight seemed to be a good man of armes by his dedes; he bare always of usage three fethered dertes, and ryghte well he could handle them; and, according to their custome, he was clene armed, with a long white towell about his head. His apparell was blucke, and his own colour browne, and a good horseman. The Cysten men say, they thoughte he dyd such dedes of armes for the love of some yonge ladye of his countrey. And true it was, that he loved entirely the King of Thune's daughter, named the Lady Azala; she was inherytor to the realme of Thune, after the disceyte of the kyng, her father. This Agadinger was some to the Duke of Olyferne. I can nat telle if they were married together after or nat; but it was shewed me, that this knight, for love of the sayd ladye, during the siege, did many feates of armes. The knyghtes of France wold fayne have taken hym; but they colde never attrape nor inclose him; his horse was so swyft, and so redy to his hand, that alwaies he escaped."—Vol. ii. ch. 71.

¹ Since the above note was written, the ancient family of Riddell have parted with all their Scotch estates.—Ed.

² Kale, Broth.

Danielina Song.

NOTE Z.

*And there the dying lamps did burn,
Before thy low and lonely urn.
O gallant Chief of Otterburne!*—P. 20.

The famous and desperate battle of Otterburne was fought 15th August, 1388, betwixt Henry Percy, called Hotspur, and James, Earl of Douglas. Both these renowned champions were at the head of a chosen body of troops, and they were rivals in military fame; so that Froissart affirms, "Of all the battayles and encounterings that I have made mencion of here before in all this hystory, great or smalle, this battayle that I treat of nowe was one of the sorest and best foughten, without cowardes or faynte hertes: for there was neyther knyghte nor squyer but that dyde his devoyre, and foughte hande to hande. This batayle was lyke the batayle of Becherell, the which was valiauntly fought and endured." The issue of the conflict is well known: Percy was made prisoner, and the Scots won the day, dearly purchased by the death of their gallant general, the Earl of Douglas, who was slain in the action. He was buried at Melrose, beneath the high altar. "His obsequye was done reverently, and on his bodye layde a tombe of stone, and his baner hangyng over hym."—*Froissart*, vol. ii. p. 165.

NOTE 2 A.

—*Dark Knight of Liddesdale.*—P. 20.

William Douglas, called the Knight of Liddesdale, flourished during the reign of David II., and was so distinguished by his valour, that he was called the Flower of Chivalry. Nevertheless, he tarnished his renown by the cruel murder of Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, originally his friend and brother in arms. The King had conferred upon Ramsay the sheriffdom of Teviotdale, to which Douglas pretended some claim. In revenge of this preference, the Knight of Liddesdale came down upon Ramsay, while he was administering justice at Hawick, seized and carried him off to his remote and inaccessible castle of Hermitage, where he threw his unfortunate prisoner, horse and man, into a dungeon, and left him to perish of hunger. It is said, the miserable captive prolonged his existence for several days by the corn which fell from a granary above the vault in which he was confined.¹ So weak was the royal authority, that David, although highly incensed at this atrocious murder, found himself obliged to appoint the Knight of Liddesdale successor to his victim, as Sheriff of Teviotdale. But he was soon after slain, while hunting in Etrick Forest, by his own godson and chieftain, William, Earl

of Douglas, in revenge, according to some authors, of Ramsay's murder; although a popular tradition, preserved in a ballad quoted by Godscroft, and some parts of which are still preserved, ascribes the resentment of the Earl to jealousy. The place where the Knight of Liddesdale was killed, is called, from his name, William-Cross, upon the ridge of a hill called William-hope, betwixt Tweed and Yarrow. His body, according to Godscroft, was carried to Lindean church the first night after his death, and thence to Melrose, where he was interred with great pomp, and where his tomb is still shown.

NOTE 2 B.

The moon on the east oriel shone.—P. 20.

It is impossible to conceive a more beautiful specimen of the lightness and elegance of Gothic architecture, when in its purity, than the eastern window of Melrose Abbey. Sir James Hall of Dunglas, Bart., has, with great ingenuity and plausibility, traced the Gothic order through its various forms and seemingly eccentric ornaments, to an architectural imitation of wicker work; of which, as we learn from some of the legends, the earliest Christian churches were constructed. In such an edifice, the original of the clustered pillars is traced to a set of round posts, begirt with slender rods of willow, whose loose summits were brought to meet from all quarters, and bound together artificially, so as to produce the frame-work of the roof: and the tracery of our Gothic windows is displayed in the meeting and interlacing of rods and hoops, affording an inexhaustible variety of beautiful forms of open work. This ingenious system is alluded to in the romance. Sir James Hall's Essay on Gothic Architecture is published in *The Edinburgh Philosophical Transactions*.

NOTE 2 C.

—*The wondrous Michael Scott.*—P. 20.

Sir Michael Scott of Balwearie flourished during the 13th century, and was one of the ambassadors sent to bring the Maid of Norway to Scotland upon the death of Alexander III. By a poetical anachronism, he is here placed in a later era. He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries. He wrote a commentary upon Aristotle, printed at Venice in 1496; and several treatises upon natural philosophy, from which he appears to have been addicted to the abstruse studies of judicial astrology, alchymy, physiognomy, and chiromancy. Hence he passed among his contemporaries for a skilful magician. Dempster informs us, that he remembers to have heard

The rycho and pare him menyde bath,
For of his dede was mekil skath."

Some years ago, a person digging for stones, about the old castle of Hermitage, broke into a vault, containing a quantity of chess, some bones, and pieces of iron; amongst others, the curb of an ancient bridle, which the author has since given to the Earl of Dalhousie, under the impression that it possibly may be a relic of his brave ancestor. The worthy clergyman of the parish has mentioned this discovery in his Statistical Account of Castletown.

¹ There is something affecting in the manner in which the old Prior of Lochleven turns from describing the death of gallant Ramsay, to the general sorrow which it excited:

"To tell you there of the muners,
It is bot sorrow for till here;
He was the grettest menyng man
That our couth have thowcht of than,
Of his state, or of mare be fare:
All menyng him, bath bettyr and war;

in his youth, that the magic books of Michael Scott were still in existence, but could not be opened without danger, on account of the malignant fiends who were thereby invoked. *Dempsteri Historia Ecclesiastica*, 1627, lib. xii. p. 495. Lesly characterises Michael Scott as "*singularie philosophia, astronomia, ac medicina, laude prestans; dicebatur penitissimus magus recessus madagasse.*" Dante also mentions him as a renowned wizard—

"Quell'altro che ne' fianchi e così poco,
Michele Scotto fu, che veramente
Delle magiche frode seppe il gioco."
Inferno, Canto xxmo.

A personage, thus spoken of by biographers and historians, loses little of his mystical fame in vulgar tradition. Accordingly, the memory of Sir Michael Scott survives in many a legend; and in the south of Scotland, any work of great labour and antiquity, is ascribed, either to the agency of *Auld Michael*, of Sir William Wallace, or of the devil. Tradition varies concerning the place of his burial: some contend for Home Coltraine, in Cumberland; others for Melrose Abbey. But all agree, that his books of magic were interred in his grave, or preserved in the convent where he died. Satchells, wishing to give some authority for his account of the origin of the name of Scott, pretends, that, in 1629, he chanced to be at Burgh under Bowness, in Cumberland, where a person, named Lancelot Scott, showed him an extract from Michael Scott's works, containing that story:—

"He said the book which he gave me
Was of Sir Michael Scott's historie;
Which history was never yet read through,
Nor never will, for no man dare it do.
Young scholars have pick'd out something
From the contents, that dare not read within.
He carried me along the castle then,
And shew'd his written book hanging on an iron pin.
His writing pen did seem to me to be
Of hardened metal, like steel, or accurie;
The volume of it did seem so large to me,
As the Book of Martyrs and Turks historie.
Then in the church he let me see
A stone where Mr. Michael Scott did lie;
I asked at him how that could appear,
Mr. Michael had been dead above five hundred year
He shew'd me none durst bury under that stone,
More than he had been dead a few years agoe;
For Mr. Michael's name does terrify each one."

History of the Right Honourable Name of Scott.

NOTE 2 D.

Salamanca's cave.—P. 20.

Spain, from the relics, doubtless, of Arabian learning and superstition, was accounted a favourite residence of magicians. Pope Sylvester, who actually imported from Spain the use of the Arabian numerals, was supposed to have learned there the magic, for which he was stigmatized by the ignorance of his age.—*William of Malmshury*, lib. ii. cap. 10. There were public schools, where magic, or rather the sciences supposed to involve its mysteries, were regularly taught, at Toledo, Seville, and Salamanca. In the latter city, they were held in a deep cavern; the mouth of which was walled up by Queen Isabella, wife of King Ferdinand.—*D'Aulon on Learned Incredulity*, p. 45. These Spanish schools of magic are celebrated also by the Italian poets of romance:—

"Questo citta di Tolleto soia
Teoere studio di negromanzia
Quivi di maerica arte si leggea
Publicamente, e di peromanzia;
E molti geomanti sempre avea,
Esperimenti assai d' idromanzia
E d' altre false opulon' di scioechi
Come e fatture, o spramo batter gli occhi."

Il Morgonio Maggiore, Canto xxv. St. 250.

The celebrated magician Maugis, cousin to Rinaldo of Montalban, called, by Ariosto, Malagigi, studied the black art at Toledo, as we learn from *L'Histoire de Maugis D'Agremonl*. He even held a professor's chair in the necromantic university; for I interpret the passage, "*qu'on lous les sept ars d'enchantement, des charmes et conjurations, il n'y avoit meilleur maistre que lui; et en tel renom qu'on le laissez en chose, et l'oppelloit on maistre Maugis.*" This Salamancan Domdaniel is said to have been founded by Hercules. If the classic reader inquires where Hercules himself learned magic, he may consult "*Les faits et processees du noble et vaillant Hercules*," where he will learn, that the fable of his aiding Atlas to support the heavens, arose from the said Atlas having taught Hercules, *the noble knight-errant*, the seven liberal sciences, and in particular, that of judicial astrology. Such, according to the idea of the middle ages, were the studies, "*mazimus que docuit Atlas.*"—In a romantic history of Roderic, the last Gothic King of Spain, he is said to have entered one of those enchanted caverns. It was situated beneath an ancient tower near Toledo; and when the iron gates, which secured the entrance, were unfolded, there rushed forth so dreadful a whirlwind, that hitherto no one had dared to penetrate into its recesses. But Roderic, threatened with an invasion of the Moors, resolved to enter the cavern, where he expected to find some prophetic intimation of the event of the war. Accordingly, his train being furnished with torches, so artificially composed that the tempest could not extinguish them, the King, with great difficulty, penetrated into a square hall, inscribed all over with Arabian characters. In the midst stood a colossal statue of brass, representing a Saracen wielding a Moorish mace, with which it discharged furious blows on all sides, and seemed thus to excite the tempest which raged around. Being conjured by Roderic, it ceased from striking, until he read, inscribed on the right hand, "*Wretched Monarch, for thy evil hast thou come hither;*" on the left hand, "*Thou shalt be dispossessed by a strange people;*" on one shoulder, "*I invoke the sons of Hagar;*" on the other, "*I do mine office.*" When the King had deciphered these unnois inscriptions, the statue returned to its exercise, the tempest commenced anew, and Roderic retired, to mourn over the predicted evils which approached his throne. He caused the gates of the cavern to be locked and barricaded; but, in the course of the night, the tower fell with a tremendous noise, and under its ruins concealed for ever the entrance to the mystic cavern. The conquest of Spain by the Saracens, and the death of the unfortunate Don Roderic, fulfilled the prophecy of the brazen statue. *Historia verdadera del Rey Don Rodrigo por el Sabio Alcaide Abulcacin, introduzda de la lengua Arabiga por Miquel de Luna*, 1654, cap. vi.

NOTE 2 E.

The bells would ring in Notre Dame.—P. 20.

"*Tan'anne rem tam negligenter?*" says Tywhitt, of his predecessor Speight; who, in his commentary on Chaucer, had omitted, as trivial and fabulous, the story of Wude and his boat Guingelot, to the great prejudice of posterity, the memory of the hero and the boat being now entirely lost. That future antiquaries may lay no such omission to my charge, I have noted one or two of the most current traditions concerning Michael Scott. He was chosen, it is said, to go upon an embassy, to obtain from the King of France satisfaction for certain piracies committed by his subjects upon those of Scotland. Instead of preparing a new equipage and splendid retinue, the ambassador retreated to his study, opened his book, and evoked a fiend in the shape of a huge black horse, mounted upon his back, and forced him to fly through the air towards France. As they crossed the sea, the devil insidiously asked his rider, What it was the old women of Scotland muttered at bed-time? A less experienced wizard might have answered that it was the Pater Noster, which would have licensed the devil to precipitate him from his back. But Michael sternly replied, "What is that to thee?—Mount, Diabolus, and fly!" When he arrived at Paris, he tied his horse to the gate of the palace, entered, and boldly delivered his message. An ambassador, with so little of the pomp and circumstance of diplomacy, was not received with much respect, and the King was about to return a contemptuous refusal to his demand, when Michael besought him to suspend his resolution till he had seen his horse stamp three times. The first stamp shook every steeple in Paris, and caused all the bells to ring; the second threw down three of the towers of the palace; and the infernal steed had lifted his hoof to give the third stamp, when the King rather chose to dismiss Michael, with the most ample concessions, than to stand to the probable consequences. Another time, it is said, that, when residing at the Tower of Oakwood, upon the Ettrick, about three miles above Selkirk, he heard of the fame of a sorceress, called the Witch of Falseloepe, who lived on the opposite side of the river. Michael went one morning to put her skill to the test, but was disappointed, by her denying positively any knowledge of the necromantic art. In his discourse with her, he laid his wand inadvertently on the table, which the hag observing, suddenly snatched it up, and struck him with it. Feeling the force of the charm, he rushed out of the house: but, as it had conferred on him the external appearance of a hare, his servant, who waited without, halloo'd upon the discomfited wizard his own greyhounds, and pursued him so close, that, in order to obtain a moment's breathing to reverse the charm, Michael, after a very fatiguing course, was fain to take refuge in his own *jaehole* (*Anglice*, common sewer). In order to revenge himself of the witch of Falseloepe, Michael, one morning in the ensuing harvest, went to the hill above the house with his dogs, and sent down his servant to ask a bit of bread from the good wife for his greyhounds, with

instructions what to do if he met with a dem-dim. Accordingly, when the witch had refused the boon with contumely, the servant, as his master had directed, laid above the door a paper which he had given him, containing, amongst many cabalistical words, the well-known rhyme,—

"Maister Michael Scott's man
Bought meat, and gat nae."

Immediately the good old woman, instead of pursuing her domestic occupation, which was baking bread for the reapers, began to dance round the fire, repeating the rhyme, and continued this exercise till her husband sent the reapers to the house, one after another, to see what had delayed their provision; but the charm caught each as they entered, and, losing all idea of returning, they joined in the dance and elorus. At length the old man himself went to the house; but as his wife's frolic with Mr. Michael, whom he had seen on the hill, made him a little cautious, he contented himself with looking in at the window, and saw the reapers at their involuntary exercise, dragging his wife, now completely exhausted, sometimes round, and sometimes through, the fire, which was, as usual, in the midst of the house. Instead of entering, he saddled a horse, and rode up the hill, to humble himself before Michael, and beg a cessation of the spell; which the good-natured warlock immediately granted, directing him to enter the house backwards, and with his left hand take the spell from above the door; which accordingly ended the supernatural dance.—This tale was told less particularly in former editions, and I have been censured for inaccuracy in doing so.—A similar charm occurs in *Huon de Bourdeaux*, and in the ingenious Oriental tale, called the *Caliph Vathek*.

Notwithstanding his victory over the witch of Falseloepe, Michael Scott, like his predecessor, Merlin, fell at last a victim to female art. His wife, or concubine, elicited from him the secret, that his art could ward off any danger except the poisonous qualities of broth, made of the flesh of a *breme* sow. Such a mess she accordingly administered to the wizard, who died in consequence of eating it; surviving, however, long enough to put to death his treacherous confidant.

NOTE 2 F.

The notes that cleft Eildon hills in three.—P. 20.

Michael Scott was, once upon a time, much embarrassed by a spirit, for whom he was under the necessity of finding constant employment. He commanded him to build a *cauld*, or dam-head, across the Tweed at Kelso; it was accomplished in one night, and still does honour to the infernal architect. Michael next ordered, that Eildon hill, which was then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit into the three picturesque peaks which it now bears. At length the enchanter conquered this indefatigable demon, by employing him in the hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of sea-sand.

NOTE 2 G.

*That lamp shall burn unquenchably,
Until the eternal doom shall be.* — P. 21.

Baptista Porta, and other authors who treat of natural magic, talk much of eternal lamps, pretended to have been found burning in ancient sepulchres. Fortunius Licetus investigates the subject in a treatise, *De Lucernis Antiquorum Reconditis*, published at Venice, 1621. One of these perpetual lamps is said to have been discovered in the tomb of Tulliola, the daughter of Cicero. The wick was supposed to be composed of asbestos. Kircher enumerates three different recipes for constructing such lamps; and wisely concludes, that the thing is nevertheless impossible. — *Mundus Subterraneus*, p. 72. Delno imputes the fabrication of such lights to magical skill. — *Disquisitiones Magicae*, p. 58. In a very rare romance, which "treateth of the life of Virgilius, and of his death, and many marvayles that he dyd in his lyfe-time, by wychecraft and nygramancye, throughe the helpe of the devyls of hell," mention is made of a very extraordinary process, in which one of these mystical lamps was employed. It seems that Virgil, as he advanced in years, became desirous of renovating his youth by magical art. For this purpose he constructed a solitary tower, having only one narrow portal, in which he placed twenty-four copper figures, armed with iron flails, twelve on each side of the porch. These enchanted statues struck with their flails incessantly, and rendered all entrance impossible, unless when Virgil touched the spring, which stopped their motion. To this tower he repaired privately, attended by one trusty servant, to whom he communicated the secret of the entrance, and hither they conveyed all the magician's treasure. "Then sayde Virgilius, my dere beloved frende, and he that I above alle men truste and knowe mooste of my secret:" and then he led the man into a cellar, where he made a *fayer lamp at all seasons burnyng*. "And then said Virgilius to the man, 'Se you the barrel that standeth here?' and he sayd, yea: 'Therein must thou put me: first ye must slee me, and hewe me smalle to pieces, and cut my hed in iii pieces, and salte the heed under in the bottom, and then the pieces there after, and my herte in the myddel, and then set the barrel under the lampe, that nyghte and day the fat therein may droppe and leake; and ye shall ix dayes long, ones in the day, fyll the lampe, and fayne nat. And when this is all done, then shall I be renewed, and made yonge agen.'" At this extraordinary proposal, the confidant was sore abashed, and made some scruple of obeying his master's commands. At length, however, he complied, and Virgil was slain, pickled, and barrelled up, in all respects according to his own direction. The servant then left the tower, taking care to put the copper thrashers in motion at his departure. He continued daily to visit the tower with the same precaution. Meanwhile, the emperor, with whom Virgil was a great favourite, missed him from the court, and demanded of his servant where he was. The domestic pretended ignorance, till the emperor threatened him with death, when at length he conveyed him

to the enchanted tower. The same threat extorted a discovery of the mode of stopping the statues from wielding their flails. "And then the emperor entered into the castle with all his folke, and sought all aboute in every corner after Virgilius; and at the laste they sought so longe, that they came into the seller, where they sawe the lampe hang over the barrell, where Virgilius lay in deed. Then asked the emperor the man, who had made hym so herdy to put his mayster Virgilius so to detlie; and the man answered no worde to the emperor. And then the emperor, with great anger, drewe out his sworde, and slewe he there Virgilius' man. And when all this was done, then sawe the emperor, and all his folke, a naked child iii tymes rennyng about the barrell, sayng these wordes, 'Cursed he the tyme that ye ever came here.' And with those wordes vanyshe the chylde awaye, and was never seene aeyn; and thus abyd Virgilius in the barrell deed." — *Virgilius*, bl. let., printed at Antwerpe by John Doesborcke. This curious volume is in the valuable library of Mr. Douce: and is supposed to be a translation from the French, printed in Flanders for the English market. See *Goulet Biblioth. Franc.* ix. 225. *Catalogue de la Biblioth. Nationale*, tom. ii. p. 5. *De Bure*, Nu. 3857.

NOTE 2 H.

*Then Deloraine, in terror, took
From the cold hand the Mighty Book,*

He thought, as he took it, the dead man frown'd.
— P. 21.

William of Deloraine might be strengthened in this belief by the well-known story of the Cid Ruy Diaz. When the body of that famous Christian champion was sitting in state by the high altar of the cathedral church of Toledo, where it remained for ten years, a certain malicious Jew attempted to pull him by the beard; but he had no sooner touched the formidable whiskers, than the corpse started up, and half unsheathed his sword. The Israelite fled; and so permanent was the effect of his terror, that he became Christian. — *Heywood's Hierarchy*, p. 480, quoted from *Sebastian Cobarruvias Croze*.

NOTE 2 I.

The Baron's Dwarf his courser held. — P. 22.

The idea of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page is taken from a being called Gilpin Horner, who appeared, and made some stay, at a farm-house among the Border-mountains. A gentleman of that country has noted down the following particulars concerning his appearance: —

"The only certain, at least most probable account, that ever I heard of Gilpin Horner, was from an old man, of the name of Anderson, who was born, and lived all his life at Todshaw-hill, in Eskedale-muir, the place where Gilpin appeared and staid for some time. He said there were two men, late in the evening, when it was growing dark, employed in fastening the horses upon the uttermost part of their ground,

(that is, tying their forefeet together, to hinder them from travelling far in the night,) when they heard a voice, at some distance, crying, "Tint! Tint! Tint!" One of the men, named Moffat, called out, "What deil has tint you! Come here." Immediately a creature, of something like a human form, appeared. It was surprisingly little, distorted in features, and misshapen in limbs. As soon as the two men could see it plainly, they ran home in a great fright, imagining they had met with some goblin. By the way, Moffat fell, and it ran over him, and was home at the house as soon as either of them, and staid there a long time; but I cannot say how long. It was real flesh and blood, and ate and drank, was fond of cream, and, when it could get at it, would destroy a great deal. It seemed a mischievous creature; and any of the children whom it could master, it would beat and scratch without mercy. It was once abusing a child belonging to the same Moffat, who had been so frightened by its first appearance; and he, in a passion, struck it so violent a blow upon the side of the head, that it tumbled upon the ground; but it was not stunned; for it set up its head directly, and exclaimed, "Ah, hah, Will o' Moffat, you strike sair!" (viz sore) After it had staid there long, one evening, when the women were milking the cows in the loan, it was playing among the children near by them, when suddenly they heard a loud shrill voice cry three times, "Gilpin Horner!" It started, and said, "That is me, I must away," and instantly disappeared, and was never heard of more. Old Anderson did not remember it, but said, he had often heard his father, and other old men in the place, who were there at the time, speak about it; and in my younger years I have often heard it mentioned, and never met with any who had the remotest doubt as to the truth of the story; although, I must own, I cannot help thinking there must be some misrepresentation in it.—"To this account, I have to add the following particulars from the most respectable authority. Besides constantly repeating the word *tint! tint!* Gilpin Horner was often heard to call upon Peter Bertram, or Be-te-ram, as he pronounced the word; and when the shrill voice called Gilpin Horner, he immediately acknowledged it was the summons of the said Peter Bertram: who seems therefore to have been the devil who had tint, or lost, the little imp. As much has been objected to Gilpin Horner, on account of his being supposed rather a device of the author than a popular superstition. I can only say, that no legend which I ever heard seemed to be more universally credited; and that many persons of very good rank, and considerable information, are well known to repose absolute faith in the tradition.

NOTE 2 K.

*But the Ladye of Branksome gather'd a band
Of the best that would ride at her command.*—P. 23.

"Upon 25th June, 1557, Dame Janet Bentoune Lady Buccleuch, and a great number of the *nary* of Scott, delatit (accused) for coming to

1 *Tint* signifies lost.

the kirk of St. Mary of the Lowes, to the number of two hundred persous bodin in feire of weire, (arrayed in armour,) and breaking open the door of the said kirk, in order to apprehend the Laird of Cranstoune for his destruction." On the 20th July, a warrant from the Queen is presented, discharging the justice to proceed against the Lady Buccleuch while new calling.—*Abridgment of Books of Adjournal, in Advocates' Library.*—The following proceedings upon this case appear on the record of the Court of Justiciary: On the 25th of June, 1557, Robert Scott, in Bowhill parish, priest of the kirk of St. Mary's, accused of the convocation of the Queen's lieges, to the number of two hundred persous, in warlike array, with jacks, helmets, and other weapons, and marching to the chapel of St. Mary of the Lowes, for the slaughter of Sir Peter Cranstoun, out of ancient feud and malice prepense, and of breaking the doors of the said kirk, is repledged by the Archbishop of Glasgow. The bail given by Robert Scott of Allanhaugh, Adam Scott of Burnfute, Robert Scott in Howfurde, Walter Scott in Todshawlaugh, Walter Scott younger of Synton, Thomas Scott of Hayning, Robert Scott, William Scott, and James Scott, brothers of the said Walter Scott, Walter Scott in the Woll, and Walter Scott, son of William Scott of Harden, and James Wenyss in Eckford, all accused of the same crime, is declared to be forfeited. On the same day, Walter Scott of Synton, and Walter Chisholme of Chisholme, and William Scott of Harden, became bound, jointly and severally, that Sir Peter Cranstoun, and his kindred and servants, should receive no injury from them in future. At the same time, Patrick Murray of Fallochill, Alexander Stuart, uncle to the Laird of Trakwhare, John Murray of Newhall, John Fairlye, residing in Selkirk, George Tait, younger of Pirn, John Pennyuke of Pennyuke, James Ramsay of Cokpen, the Laird of Fassyle, and the Laird of Henderstoune, were all severally fined for not attending as jurors; being probably either in alliance with the accused parties, or dreading their vengeance. Upon the 20th of July following, Scott of Synton, Chisholme of Chisholme, Scott of Harden, Scott of Howpaslie, Scott of Burnfute, with many others, are ordered to appear at next calling, under the pains of treason. But no farther procedure seems to have taken place. It is said, that, upon this rising, the kirk of St. Mary was burnt by the Scotts.

NOTE 2 L.

Like a book-bosom'd priest.—P. 24.

"At Uthank, two miles N. E. from the church (of Ewes), there are the ruins of a chapel for divine service, in time of Popery. There is a tradition, that friars were wont to come from Melrose or Jedburgh, to baptise and marry in this parish; and from being in use to carry the mass-book in their bosoms, they were called by the inhabitants, *Book-a-Bosomes*. There is a man yet alive, who knew old men who had been baptised by these *Book-a-Bosomes*, and who says one of them, called Hair, used this parish for a very long time."—*Account of Parish of Ewes, apud Macfarlane's MSS.*

NOTE 2 M.

All was delusion, naught was truth. — P. 24.

Glamour, in the legends of Scottish superstition, means the magic power of imposing on the eyesight of the spectators, so that the appearance of an object shall be totally different from the reality. The transformation of Michael Scott by the witch of Falselhope, already mentioned, was a genuine operation of glamour. To a similar charm the ballad of Johnny Fa' imputes the fascination of the lovely Countess, who eloped with that gipsy leader:—

"Sae soon as they saw her weel-far'd face,
They cast the glamour o'er her."

It was formerly used even in war. In 1381, when the Duke of Anjou lay before a strong castle, upon the coast of Naples, a necromancer offered to "make the ayre so thicke, that they within shall thinke that there is a bridge on the see (by which the castle was surrounded) for ten men to go a front; and when they within the castle se this bridge, they will be so frayde, that they shall yelde them to your mercy. The Duke demanded,—*Fayre Master, on this bridge that ye speke of, may our people assuredly go thereon to the castell, to assayle it?*"—*Syr,* quod the enchantour, "I dare not assure you that; for if any that passeth on the bridge make the signe of the crosse on hym, all shall go to nought, and they that be on the bridge shall fall into the see." Then the Duke began to laugh; and a certain of young knights, that were there present, said, 'Syr, for godsake, let the mayster assey his cunning: we shall leve making of any signe of the crosse on us for that tyme.'" The Earl of Savoy, shortly after, entered the tent, and recognised in the enchanter the same person who had put the castle into the power of Sir Charles de la Payx, who then held it, by persuading the garrison of the Queen of Naples, through magical deception, that the sea was coming over the walls. The sage avowed the feat, and added, that he was the man in the world most dreaded by Sir Charles de la Payx. "'By my fayth,' quod the Earl of Savoy, 'ye say well; and I will that Syr Charles de la Payx shall know that he hath gret wronge to fear you. But I shall assure hym of you; for ye shall never do enchantment to deceyve hym, nor yet none other. I wolde not that in tyme to come we shulde be reproached that in so high an enterprise as we be in, wherea there be so many noble knyghtes and squyres assembled, that we shulde do any thing be enchantment, nor that we shulde wyn our enemyes be suche crafte.'" Then he called to him a servant, and said, 'Go, and get a hangman, and let him stryke off this mayster's heed without delay;' and as soone as the Erle had commanded it, incontinent it was done, for his heed was sryken of before the Erle's tent."—*Froissart*, vol. i. ch. 391, 392.

The art of glamour, or other fascination, was anciently a principal part of the skill of the *jongleur*, or juggler, whose tricks formed much of the amusement of a Gothic castle. Some instances of this art may be found in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. iv. p. 106. In a strange allegorical poem, called the

Houlat, written by a dependent of the house of Douglas, about 1452-3, the jay, in an assembly of birds, plays the part of the juggler. His feats of glamour are thus described:—

"He gart tham see, as it seemy in sayme hoore,
Hauting at hardis in hollis so hair;
Some sailled on the see schippis of toure,
Berous battailend on ourd brim as a barr;
He ennde carys the coup of the kingis des,
Byne leve in the stude,
Bot a black hanwede;
He could of a henis heda
Make a man mee.

"He gart the Emproore trow, and trowys behald,
That the cornerik, the punder at hand,
Had payndit all his pris hors in a poyd feid,
Because that etc of the corn in the kirkland.
He could wrik windaris, qohat way that he wald,
Mak a gray gae a gold galand,
A laeg spere of a bitille, for a berous hald,
Nobilis of outchelles, and silver of sand.
Thus joukit with juxters the jaugians ja,
Fair lodyes in ringis,
Kuyehis in caralygis,
Bayth dancis and siegis,
It seemy as an."

NOTE 2 N.

*Now, if you ask who gave the stroke,
I cannot tell, so mot I thrive;
It was not given by man alive.* — P. 24.

Dr. Henry More, in a letter prefixed to *Glanville's Saducismus Triumphatus*, mentions a similar phenomenon.

"I remember an old gentleman in the country, of my acquaintance an excellent justice of peace, and a piece of a mathematician; but what kind of a philosopher he was, you may understand from a rhyme of his own making, which he commended to me at my taking horse in his yard, which rhyme is this:—

'Ene is nothing till sense finds out;
Sense ends in nothing, so naught goes about.'

Which rhyme of his was so rapturous to himself, that, on the reciting of the second verse, the old man turned himself about upon his toe as nimbly as one may observe a dry leaf whisked round the corner of an orchard-walk by some little whirlwind. With this philosopher I have had many discourses concerning the immortality of the soul and its distinction; when I have run him quite down by reason, he would but laugh at me, and say this is logic, H (calling me by my Christian name,) to which I replied, this is reason, father L (for so I used and some others to call him;) but it seems you are for the new lights, and immediate inspiration, which I confess he was as little for as for the other; but I said so only in the way of drolery to him in those times, but truth is, nothing but palpable experience would move him; and being a bold man, and fearing nothing, he told me had used all the magical ceremonies of conjuration he could, to raise the devil or a spirit, and had a most earnest desire to meet with one, but never could do it. But this he told me, when he did not so much as think of it, while his servant was pulling off his boots in the hall, some invisible hand gave him such a clap upon the back, that it made all ring again; 'so,' thought he now, 'I am invited to the converse of my

spirit,' and therefore, so soon as his boots were off, and his shoes on, out he goes into the yard and next field, to find out the spirit that had given him this familiar clap on the back, but found none neither in the yard nor field next to it.

"But though he did not feel this stroke, albeit he thought it afterwards (finding nothing came of it) a mere delusion; yet not long before his death, it had more force with him than all the philosophical arguments I could use to him, though I could wind him and nonplus him as I pleased; but yet all my arguments, how solid sœver, made no impression upon him; wherefore, after several reasonings of this nature, whereby I would prove to him the soul's distinction from the body, and its immortality, when nothing of such subtle consideration did any more execution on his mind than some lightning is said to do, though it melts the sword, on the fuzzy consistency of the scabbard;—'Well,' said I, 'father L, though none of these things move you, I have something still behind, and what yourself has acknowledged to be true, that may do the business:—Do you remember the clap on your back when your servant was pulling off your boots in the hall? Assure yourself, says I, father L., that goblin will be the first to bid you welcome into the uther world.' Upon that his countenance changed most sensibly, and he was more confounded with this rubbing up his memory, than with all the rational or philosophical argumentations that I could produce."

NOTE 2 O.

The running stream dissolved the spell.—P. 24.

It is a firm article of popular faith, that no enchantment can subsist in a living stream. Nay, if you can interpose a brook betwixt you and witches, spectres, or even fiends, you are in perfect safety. Burns's inimitable *Tam o' Shanter* turns entirely upon such a circumstance. The belief seems to be of antiquity. Brompton informs us, that certain Irish wizards could, by spells, convert earthen clods, or stones, into fat pigs, which they sold in the market, but which always reassumed their proper form when driven by the deceived purchaser across a running stream. But Brompton is severe on the Irish for a very good reason. "Gens ista spurcissima non solvunt decimas."—*Chronicon Johannis Brompton opud decem Scriptores*, p. 1076.

NOTE 2 P.

*He never counted him a man,
Would strike below the knee.*—P. 25.

Imitated from Drayton's account of Robin Hood and his followers:—

"A hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,
Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good;
All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue,
His fellow's wounded horn not one of them but knew.
When setting to their lips their hoxles shrill,
The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill;
Their baudrics set with studs athwart their shoulders cast,
To which under their arms their sheafs were buckled fast,

A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span,
Who struck below the knee not counted then a man.
All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong,
They got an arrow drew but was a cloth-yard long.
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
With broad arrow, or bat, or prick, or roving shaft."
Poly-Abion, Song 26.

To wound an antagonist in the thigh, or leg, was reckoned contrary to the law of arms. To a tilt betwixt Gawain Michael, an English squire, and Joachim Cathore, a Frenchman, "they met at the speare poyntes rudely; the French squyer justed right pleasantly; the Englishman ran too lowe, for he strak the Frenchman depe into the thigh. Wherewith the Erle of Buckingham was right sore displeased, and so were all the other lords, and sayde how it was shamefully done."—*Froissart*, vol. i. chap. 366. Upon a similar occasion, "the two knyghts came a fote eche against other rudely, with their speares low couched, to stryke eche other within the foure quarters. Johan of Castell-Morant strake the English squyer on the brest in such wyse, that Syr Wyllyam Fermetone stombled and bowed, for his fote a lyttel fayled him. He helde his speare lowe with both his handes, and coude nat amende it, and strake Syr Johan of the Castell-Morant in the thighe, so that the speare went clene throughe, that the heed was sene a handfull on the other syde. And Syr Johan with the stroke reled, but he fell nat. Than the Englyshe knyghtes and squyers were ryght sore displeased, and sayde how it was a foule stroke. Syr Wyllyam Fermetone excused himselfe, and sayde how he was sorie of that adventure, and howe that yf he had knowen that it shulde have bene so, he wolde never have begon it; sayenge how he coude nat amende it, by cause of glaunsing of his fote by constraint of the great stroke that Syr Johan of the Castell-Morant had given him."—*Froissart*, vol. i. chap. 373.

NOTE 2 Q.

*She drew the splinter from the wound,
And with a charm she stanch'd the blood.*—P. 25.
See several charms for this purpose in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, p. 273.

"Tom Potts was but a serving meo,
But yet he was a doctor good;
He bound his handkerchief on the wound,
And with some kinds of words he stanch'd the blood."
Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry, Lond. 1791, p. 131.

NOTE 2 R.

*But she has ta'en the broken lance,
And wash'd it from the clotted gore,
And saved the splinter o'er and o'er.*—P. 26.

Sir Kenelm Digby, in a discourse upon the cure by sympathy, pronounced at Montpellier before an assembly of nobles and learned men, translated into English by R. White, gentleman, and published in 1658, gives us the following curious surgical case:—

"Mr. James Howel (well known in France for his public works, and particularly for his *Dendrologie*, translated into French by Mons. Baudouin) coming by chance, as two of his

best friends were fighting in duel, he did his endeavour to part them; and, putting himself between them, seized, with his left hand, upon the hilt of the sword of one of the combatants. While with his right hand, he laid hold of the blade of the other. They, being transported with fury one against the other, struggled to rid themselves of the hinderance their friend made, that they should not kill one another; and one of them roughly drawing the blade of his sword, cuts to the very bone the nerves and muscles of Mr. Howel's hand; and then the other disengaged his hilts, and gave a crosse blow on his adversarie's head, which glanced towards his friend, who heaving up his sore hand to save the blow, he was wounded on the back of his hand as he had been before within. It seems some strange constellation reigned then against him, that he should lose so much blood by parting two such dear friends, who, had they been themselves, would have hazarded both their lives to have preserved his; but this involuntary effusion of blood by them, prevented that which they should have drawn one from the other. For they, seeing Mr. Howel's face besmeared with blood, by heaving up his wounded hand, they both ran to embrace him; and, having searched his hurts, they bound up his hand with one of his garters, to close the veins which were cut, and bled abundantly. They brought him home, and sent for a surgeon. But this being heard at court, the King sent one of his own surgeons; for his majesty much affected the said Mr. Howel.

"It was my chance to be lodged hard by him; and four or five days after, as I was making myself ready, he came to my house, and prayed me to view his wounds; 'for I understand,' said he, 'that you have extraordinary remedies on such occasions, and my surgeons apprehend some fear that it may grow to a gangrene, and so the hand must be cut off.' In effect, his countenance discovered that he was in much pain, which he said was insupportable, in regard of the extreme inflammation. I told him I would willingly serve him; but if haply he knew the manner how I would cure him without touching or seeing him, it may be he would not expose himself to my manner of curing, because he would think it, peradventure, either ineffectual or superstitious. He replied, 'the wonderful things which many have related unto me of your way of medicament, makes me nothing doubt at all of its efficacy; and all that I have to say unto you is comprehended in the Spanish proverb, *Hagase el miagro y hagaio Mahoma*—Let the miracle be done, though Mahomet do it.'

"I asked him then for any thing that had the blood upon it; so he presently sent for his garter, wherewith his hand was first bound: and as I called for a bason of water, as if I would wash my hands, I took a handful of powder of vitriol, which I had in my study, and presently dissolved it. As soon as the bloody garter was brought me, I put it within the bason, observing, in the interim, what Mr. Howel did, who stood talking with a gentleman in a corner of my chamber, not regarding at all what I was doing; but he started suddenly, as if he had found some strange alteration in himself. I asked him what he ailed? 'I know not what ailes me; but I finde that I

feel no more pain. Methinks that a pleasing kinde of freshnesse, as it were a wet cold napkin, did spread over my hand, which hath taken away the inflammation that tormented me before.'—I replied, 'Since then that you feel already so good effect of my medicament, I advise you to cast away all your playsters: only keep the wound clean, and in a moderate temper betwixt heat and cold.' This was presently reported to the Duke of Buckingham, and a little after to the King, who were both very curious to know the circumstance of the businesse, which was, that after dinner I took the garter out of the water, and put it to dry before a great fire. It was scarce dry, but Mr. Howel's servant came running, that his master felt as much burning as ever he had done, if not more; for the heat was such as if his hand were 'twixt coles of fire. I answered, although that had happened at present, yet he should finde ease in a short time; for I knew the reason of this new accident, and would provide accordingly; for his master should be free from that inflammation, it may be before he could possibly return to him; but in case he found no ease, I wished him to come presently back again; if not, he might forbear coming. Thereupon he went; and at the instant I did put again the garter into the water, thereupon he found his master without any pain at all. To be brief, there was no sense of pain afterward; but within five or six dayes the wounds were cicatrized, and entirely healed"—Page 6.

The King (James VI.) obtained from Sir Kenelm the discovery of his secret, which he pretended had been taught him by a Carmelite friar, who had learned it in Armenia, or Persia. Let not the age of animal magnetism and metallic tractors smile at the sympathetic powder of Sir Kenelm Digby. Reginald Scott mentions the same mode of cure in these terms:—"And that which is more strange . . . they can remedie arie stranger with that verie sword wherewith they are wounded. Yea, and that which is beyond all admiration, if they stroke the sword upward with their fingers, the partie shall feele no pain; whereas, if they draw their fingers downwards, thereupon the partie wounded shall feele intolerable pain." I presume that the success ascribed to the sympathetic mode of treatment might arise from the pains bestowed in washing the wound, and excluding the air, thus bringing on a cure by the first intention. It is introduced by Dryden in the *Enchanted Island*, a (very unnecessary) alteration of the *Tempest*:—

"*Ariel*. Anoint the sword which pierced him with this Weapon-salve, and wrap it close from air,
Till I have time to visit him again.—*Act v. sc. 2.*

Again, in scene 4th, Miranda enters with Hippolito's sword wrapt up:—

"*Hip.* O my wound pains me!
Mir. I am come to ease you. (*She unwraps the Sword.*)
Hip. Alas, I feel the cold air come to me;
My wound shoots worse than ever.
Mir. Does it still grieve you? (*She wipes and anoints the Sword.*)
Hip. Now, methinks, there's some hng laid just upon it.
Mir. Do you find so ease?
Hip. Yes, yes; upon the sudden all this pain
Is leaving me. Sweet heaven, how I am eased!"

NOTE 2 S.

On Penchryst glows a bale of fire. — P. 26.

Bale, beacon-fagot. The Border beacons, from their number and position, formed a sort of telegraphic communication with Edinburgh. — The act of Parliament 1455, c. 48, directs, that one bale or fagot shall be warning of the approach of the English in any manner; two bales that they are *coming indeed*; four bales, blazing beside each other, that the enemy are in great force. "The same taikenings to be watched and maid at Eggerhope (Eggerstand) Castell, fra they se the fire of Hume, that they fire right swa. And in like manner on Sowtra Edge, sall se the fire of Eggerhope Castell, and mak taikening in like manner: And then may all Louthaine be warued, and in special the Castell of Edinburgh; and their four fires to be made in like manner, that they in Fife, and fra Striveling east, and the east part of Louthaine, and to Dunbar, all may se them, and come to the defence of the realm." These beacons (at least in latter times) were a "long and strong tree set up, with a long iron pole across the head of it, and an iron brander fixed on a stalk in the middle of it, for holding a tar-barrel." — *Stevenson's History*, vol. ii. p. 70L.

NOTE 2 T.

Our kin, and clan, and friends to raise. — P. 26.

The speed with which the Borderers collected great bodies of horse, may be judged of from the following extract, when the subject of the rising was much less important than that supposed in the romance. It is taken from *Carey's Memoirs*: —

"Upon the death of the old Lord Scroop, the Queen gave the west wardery to his son, that had married my sister. He having received that office, came to me with great earnestness, and desired me to be his deputy, offering me that I should live with him in his house; that he would allow me half a dozen men, and as many horses, to be kept at his charge; and his fee being 1000 merks yearly, he would part it with me, and I should have the half. This his noble offer I accepted of, and went with him to Carlisle; where I was no sooner come, but I entered into my office. We had a stirring time of it; and few days past over my head but I was on horseback, either to prevent mischief, or take malefactors, and to bring the Border in better quiet than it had been in times past. One memorable thing of God's mercy shewed unto me, was such as I have good cause still to remember it.

"I had private intelligence given me, that there were two Scottishmen that had killed a churchman in Scotland, and were by one of the Græmes relieved. This Græme dwelt within five miles of Carlisle. He had a pretty house, and close by it a strong tower, for his own defence in time of need. — About two o'clock in the morning, I took horse in Carlisle, and not above twenty-five in my company, thinking to surprise the house on a sudden. Before I could surround the house, the two Scots were gotten in the strong tower, and I

could see a boy riding from the house as fast as his horse could carry him; I little suspecting what it meant. But Thomas Carleton came to me presently, and told me, that if I did not presently prevent it, both myself and all my company would be either slain or taken prisoners. It was strange to me to hear this language. He then said to me, 'Do you see that boy that rideth away so fast? He will be in Scotland within this half hour; and he is gone to let them know that you are here, and to what end you are come, and the small number you have with you; and that if they will make haste, on a sudden they may surprise us, and do with us what they please.' Hereupon we took advice what was best to be done. We sent notice presently to all parts to raise the country, and to come to us with all the speed they could; and withall we sent to Carlisle to raise the townsmen; for without foot we could do no good against the tower. There we staid some hours, expecting more company; and within short time after the country came in on all sides, so that we were quickly between three and four hundred horse; and, after some longer stay, the foot of Carlisle came to us, to the number of three or four hundred men; whom we presently set to work to get to the top of the tower, and to uncover the roof; and then some twenty of them to fall down together, and by that means to win the tower. — The Scots, seeing their present danger, offered to parley, and yielded themselves to my mercy. They had no sooner opened the iron gate, and yielded themselves my prisoners, but we might see 400 horse within a quarter of a mile coming to their rescue, and to surprise me and my small company; but of a sudden they staid, and stood at gaze. Then had I more to do than ever; for all our Borderers came crying, with full mouths, 'Sir, give us leave to set upon them; for these are they that have killed our fathers, our brothers, and uncles, and our cousins; and they are coming, thinking to surprise you, upon weak grass nags, such as they could get on a sudden; and God hath put them into your hands, that we may take revenge of them for much blood that they have spilt of ours.' I desired they would be patient a while, and bethought myself, if I should give them their will, there would be few or none of the Scots that would escape unkill'd; (there was so many deadly feuds among them;) and therefore I resolved with myself to give them a fair answer, but not to give them their desire. So I told them, that if I were not there myself, they might then do what they pleased themselves; but being present, if I should give them leave, the blood that should be spilt that day would lie very hard upon my conscience. And therefore I desired them, for my sake, to forbear; and, if the Scots did not presently make away with all the speed they could, upon my sending to them, they should then have their wills to do what they pleased. They were ill satisfied with my answer, but durst not disobey. I sent with speed to the Scots, and bade them pack away with all the speed they could; for if they staid the messenger's return, they should few of them return to their own home. They made no stay; but they were returned homewards before the messenger had made an end of his message. Thus, by God's mercy,

I escaped a great danger; and, by my means, there were a great many men's lives saved that day."

NOTE 2 U.

*On many a cairn's grey pyramid,
Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid — P. 26.*

The cairns, or piles of loose stones, which crown the summit of most of our Scottish hills, and are found in other remarkable situations, seem usually, though not universally, to have been sepulchral monuments. Six flat stones are commonly found in the centre, forming a cavity of greater or smaller dimensions, in which an urn is often placed. The author is possessed of one, discovered beneath an immense cairn at Roughlee, in Liddesdale. It is of the most barbarous construction; the middle of the substance alone having been subjected to the fire, over which, when hardened, the artist had laid an inner and outer coat of unbaked clay, etched with some very rude ornaments; his skill apparently being inadequate to making the vase, when completely finished. The contents were bones and ashes, and a quantity of beads made of coal. This seems to have been a barbarous imitation of the Roman fashion of sepulture.

NOTE 2 V.

*For pathless marsh and mountain cell,
The peasant left his lowly shed. — P. 27.*

The morasses were the usual refuge of the Border herdsmen, on the approach of an English army. — (*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. i. p. 393.) Caves, hewed in the most dangerous and inaccessible places, also afforded an occasional retreat. Such caverns may be seen in the precipitous banks of the Teviot at Sunlaws, upon the Ale at Aneran, upon the Jed at Hundalee, and in many other places upon the Border. The banks of the Eske, at Gorton and Hawthornden, are hollowed into similar recesses. But even these dreary dens were not always secure places of concealment. "In the way as we came, not far from this place, (Long Niddry,) George Ferris, a gentleman of my Lord Protector's . . . happened upon a cave in the grounds, the month whereof was so worne with the fresh printe of steps, that he seemed to be certayne thear wear some folke within; and gone doune to trie, he was readily receyved with a hakebut or two. He left them not yet, till he had known whether they wolde be content to yield and come out; which they fondly refusing, he went to my lord's grace, and upon utterance of the thyng, gat licence to deule with them as he conld; and so returned to them, with a skore or two of pioners. Three ventes had their cave, that we wear ware of, whereof he first stopt up on; another he fill'd full of strawe, and set it a fyre, wherest they within cast water apace; but it was so wel mannyteyned without, that the fyre prevayled, and thei within fayn to get them belyke into another parler. Then devysed we (for I hapt to be with him) to stop the same up, wherthey we

should eyther smoothen them, or fynd out their ventes, if thei hadde any moe; as this was done at another issue, about xii score of, we moughte see the fume of their smoke to come out: the which continued with so great a force, and so long a while, that we could not but thinke they must needs get them out, or smoothen within; and forasmuch as we found not that they dyd the tone, we thought it for certain they wear sure of the toother." — Patten's *Account of Somerset's Expedition into Scotland*, apud Dalyell's *Fragments*.

NOTE 2 W.

Show'd southern ravage was begun. — P. 27.

From the following fragment of a letter from the Earl of Northumberland to King Henry VIII., preserved among the Cotton MSS. Calig. B. vii. 179, the reader may estimate the nature of the dreadful war which was occasionally waged upon the Borders, sharpened by mutual cruelties, and the personal hatred of the wardens, or leaders.

Some Scottish Barons, says the Earl, had threatened to come within three miles of my pore house of Werkworth, where I lye, and gif me light to put on my clothes at mydnight; and alsoo the said Marke Carr said there oppynly, that, seyng they had a governor in the Marches of Scotland, as well as they had in Ingland, he shulde kepe your highness instructions, gyffyn unto your garyson, for making of any day-forrey; for lie and his friends wolde burne enough on the nyght, lettyn your counsaill here defyne a notable acte at theyre pleasures. Upon whiche, in your highnes name, I comanndet dewe wa' che to be kepte on your Marchies, for comyn in of any Scottis.—Neuertheles, upon Thursday at night last, came thyrty light horsemen into a litil village of myne, called Whitell, having not past sex horses, lying towards Ryddisdail, upon Shilbotell More, and there wolde have fyled the said howses, but ther was no fyre to get there, and they forgate to brynge any withe theyme; and took a wyf being great with chyld, in the said towne, and said to hyr, Wher we can not gyve the lard lyght, yet we shall doo this in spyte of him; and gyve her iii mortal wounds upon the heid, and another in the right side, with a dagger: whereupon the said wyf is deede, and the childe in her bely is loste. Beseecynge your most gracious highness to reduce unto your gracious memory this wyful and shanefull murder, done within thus your highnes realme, notwithstanding all the inhabitants thereabout rose unto the said fray, and gave warnynge by becons into the cuntry afore theyme, and yet the Scottsman dyde escape. And upon certeyne knowledge to my brother Clyfforth, and me, had by credible persons of Scotland, this abomynable act not only to be done by dyverse of the Mershe, but also the afore named persons of Tyvidail, and consented to, as by appearance, by the Erie of Murey, upon Friday at night last, let slyp C of the best horsemen of Glendail, with a parte of your highnes subjects of Berwyke, together with George Dowglas, whoo came into Ingland agayne, in the dawning of the day; but afore theyre retorne, they dyd mar the Earl of Mur-

reis provisious at Coldingham: for they did not only barue the said town of Coldingham, with all the corne thereunto belonging, which is esteemed worthe an marke sterling; but alsoo burned twa townes nye adjoining thereunto, called Branerdergest and the Black Hill, and toxe xxiii persous, lx horse, with ce hed of cat'aill, which, nowe, as I am informed, bathe not only been a stave of the said Erie of Murreis not coming to the Bordure as yet, but alsoo, that none inlande man will adventure theyr self upon the Marches. And as for the tax that shulde have been gramtyd for finding of the said iii hundred men, is utterly denied. Upon which the King of Scotland departed from Edynburgh to Stirling, and as yet there doth remain. And also I, by the advice of my brother Clyfforth, have devysed, that within this iii nyghts, Godde willing, Kelsey, in like case, shall be brent, with all the corn in the said town; and then they shall have noo place to lye any garyson in nygh unto the Borders. And as I shall atteigne further knowledge, I shall not fail to satisfye your highnes, according to my most bounden dutie. And for this burnyng of Kelsey is devysed to be done secretly, by Tyndail and Ryddisdale. And thus the holy Trynite and * * * your most royal estate, with long lyl, and as much increase of honour as your most noble heart can desire. *At Werkuorth the xxiii day of October.*" (1522.)

NOTE 2 X.

Watt Tinnin. — P. 27.

This person was, in my younger days, the theme of many a fireside tale. He was a retainer of the Buccleuch family, and held for his Border service a small tower on the frontiers of Liddesdale. Watt was, by profession, a *sutor*, but, by inclination and practice, an archer and warrior. Upon one occasion, the captain of Bewcastle, military governor of that wild district of Cumberland, is said to have made an incursion into Scotland, in which he was defeated, and forced to fly. Watt Tinnin pursued him closely through a dangerous morass; the captain, however, gained the firm ground; and seeing Tinnin dismounted, and floundering in the bog, used these words of insult:—"Sutor Watt, ye cannot sew your boots; the heels *risp*, and the seams *rive*."¹—"If I cannot sew," retorted Tinnin, discharging a shaft, which nailed the captain's thigh to his saddle,—"*If I cannot sew, I can yerk*."²

NOTE 2 Y.

Billhope Stag. — P. 27.

There is an old rhyme, which thus celebrates the places in Liddesdale remarkable for game:

"Billhope braes for bucks and roes,
And Carit haugh for swine,
And Terras for the good bull-trout,
If he be ta'en in time."

The bucks and roes, as well as the old swine,

¹ *Risp*, creak. — *Rive*, tear.
² *Yerk*, to twitch, as shoemakers do, in securing the stitches of their work.

are now extinct; but the good bull-trout is still famous.

NOTE 2 Z.

Belled Will Howard. — P. 27.

Lord William Howard, third son of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, succeeded to Naworth Castle, and a large domain annexed to it, in right of his wife Elizabeth, sister of George Lord Dacre, who died without heirs male, in the 11th of Queen Elizabeth. By a poetical anachronism, he is introduced into the romance a few years earlier than he actually flourished. He was warden of the Western Marches; and, from the rigour with which he repressed the Border excesses, the name of Belled Will Howard is still famous in our traditions. In the castle of Naworth, his apartments, containing a bedroom, oratory, and library, are still shown. They impress us with an unpleasant idea of the life of a lord warden of the Marches. Three or four strong doors, separating these rooms from the rest of the castle, indicate the apprehensions of treachery from his garrison; and the secret winding passages, through which he could privately descend into the guardroom, or even into the dungeons, imply the necessity of no small degree of secret superintendence on the part of the governor. As the ancient books and furniture have remained undisturbed, the venerable appearance of these apartments, and the armour scattered around the chamber, almost lead us to expect the arrival of the warden in person. Naworth Castle is situated near Brampton, in Cumberland. Lord William Howard is ancestor of the Earls of Carlisle.

NOTE 3 A.

Lord Dacre. — P. 27.

The well-known name of Dacre is derived from the exploits of one of their ancestors at the siege of Acre, or Ptolemais, under Richard Cœur de Lion. There were two powerful branches of that name. The first family, called Lord Dacres of the South, held the castle of the same name, and are ancestors to the present Lord Dacre. The other family, descended from the same stock, were called Lord Dacres of the North, and were barons of Gilsland and Graystock. A chieftain of the latter branch was warden of the West Marches during the reign of Edward VI. He was a man of a hot and obstinate character, as appears from some particulars of Lord Surrey's letter to Henry VIII., giving an account of his behaviour at the siege and storm of Jedburgh. It is printed in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, Appendix to the Introduction.

NOTE 3 B.

The German hackbut-men. — P. 27.

In the wars with Scotland, Henry VIII. and his successors employed numerous bands of mercenary troops. At the battle of Pinky, there were in the English army six hundred

hackbutters on foot, and two hundred on horseback, composed chiefly of foreigners. On the 27th of September, 1549, the Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector, writes to the Lord Dacre, warden of the West Marches:—"The Almainis, in number two thousand, very vabant soldiers, shall be sent to you shortly from Newcastle, together with Sir Thomas Holcroft, and with the force of your wardeury, (which we would were advanced to the most strength of horsemen that might be,) shall make the attempt to Loughmaben, being of no such strength but that it may be skailed with ladders, whereof, beforehand, we would you caused secretly some number to be provided; or else undermined with the pyke-axe, and so taken: either to be kept for the King's Majesty, or otherwise to be defaced, and taken from the profits of the enemy. And in like manner the house of Carlaverock to be used." Repeated mention occurs of the Almainis, in the subsequent correspondence; and the enterprise seems finally to have been abandoned, from the difficulty of providing these strangers with the necessary "victuals and carriages in so poor a country as Dumfries-shire."—*History of Cumberland*, vol. i. Intro p. lxi. From the battle-pieces of the ancient Flemish painters, we learn, that the Low Country and German soldiers marched to an assault with their right knees bared. And we may also observe, in such pictures, the extravagance to which they carried the fashion of ornamenting their dress with knots of ribbon. This custom of the Germans is alluded to in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, p. 121:

"Their pleited garments therewith well accord,
All jagde and frounat, with divers colours deakt."

NOTE 3 C.

"Ready, aye ready," for the field. — P. 28.

Sir John Scott of Thirlestane flourished in the reign of James V., and possessed the estates of Thirlestane, Gamesleuch, &c., lying upon the river of Ettrick, and extending to St. Mary's Loch, at the head of Yarrow. It appears, that when James had assembled his nobility, and their fendal followers, at Fala, with the purpose of invading England, and was, as is well known, disappointed by the obstinate refusal of his peers, this baron alone declared himself ready to follow the King wherever he should lead. In memory of his fidelity, James granted to his family a charter of arms, entitling them to bear a border of fleurs-de-luce, similar to the tressure in the royal arms, with a bundle of spears for the crest; motto, *Ready, aye ready*. The charter itself is printed by Nisbet; but his work being scarce, I insert the following accurate transcript from the original, in the possession of the Right Honourable Lord Napier, the representative of John of Thirlestane.

"JAMES REX.

We James, by the grace of God, King of Scottis, considerand the faith and guid servis of of of¹ right traist friend John Scott of Thirlestane, quha cummand to our hoste at Sou-

traedre, with three score and ten launcieres on horseback of his friends and followers, and beand willing to gang with ws into England, when all our nobles and others refused, he was ready to stake at all our bidding; for the quhilk cause, it is our will, and we doe straitlie command and charg our lion herauld and his deputies for the time beand, to give and to graunt to the said John Scott, ane Border of fleure de lises about his coate of armes, sik as is on our royal banner, and alsua ane bundell of launces above his helmet, with thir words, *Readdy, ay Readdy*, that he and all his aftercummers may bruike the samine as a pledge and taiken of our guid will and kyndnes for his true worthines; and thir our letters seen, ye nae waes faultie to doe. Given at Ffalla Muire, under our hand and privy cashet, the xxvii day of July, m c and xxxii zeires. By the King's graces special ordinance.

"JO. ARSKINE."

On the back of the charter is written,
"Edin. 14 January, 1713. Registered, conform to the act of parliament made anent probative writs, per M'Kaile, pror. and produced by Alexander Borthwick, servant to Sir William Scott of Thirlestane. M. L. J."

NOTE 3 D.

*An aged Knight, to danger steel'd,
With many a moss-trooper came on;
And azure in a golden field,
The stars and crescent graced his shield,
Without the bend of Murdieston. — P. 28.*

The family of Harden are descended from a younger son of the Laird of Buccleuch, who flourished before the estate of Murdieston was acquired by the marriage of one of those chieftains with the heiress, in 1296. Hence they bear the cognizance of the Scotts upon the field; whereas those of the Buccleuch are disposed upon a bend dexter, assumed in consequence of that marriage.—See *Gladstaine of Whitelove's MSS.*, and *Scott of Stokoe's Pedigree*, Newcastle, 1783.

Walter Scott of Harden, who flourished during the reign of Queen Mary, was a renowned Border freebooter, concerning whom tradition has preserved a variety of anecdotes, some of which have been published in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*; others in *Leyden's Scenes of Infancy*; and others, more lately, in *The Mountain Bard*, a collection of Border ballads by Mr. James Hogg. The bugle-horn, said to have been used by this formidable leader, is preserved by his descendant, the present Mr. Scott of Harden. His castle was situated upon the very brink of a dark and precipitous dell, through which a scanty rivulet steals to meet the Borthwick. In the recess of this glen he is said to have kept his spoil, which served for the daily maintenance of his retainers, until the production of a pair of clean spurs, in a covered dish, announced to the hungry band that they most ride for a supply of provisions. He was married to Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, and called in song the Flower of Yarrow. He possessed a very extensive estate, which was divided among his five sons. There are nu-

merous descendants of this old marauding Baron. The following beautiful passage of Leyden's *Scenes of Infancy* is founded on a tradition respecting an infant captive, whom Walter of Harden carried off in a predatory incursion, and who is said to have become the author of some of our most beautiful pastoral songs:

"Where Bortha hoar, that loads the meads with sand,
Rolls her red tide to Teviot's western strand,
Through slaty hills, whose sides are shagg'd with thorn,
Where springs, in scatter'd tufts, the dark-green corn,
Tow'rs wood-girl Harden, far above the vale,
And clouds of ravens o'er the turrets sail.
A hardy race, who never shrunk from war,
The Scott, to rival realms a mighty bar,
Here fix'd his mountain home;—a wide domain,
And rich the soil, had purple heath been grain;
But what the niggard ground of wealth denied,
From fields more bless'd his fearless arm supplied.

"The waning harvest-moon above cold and bright;
The warler's horn was heard at dead of night;
And as the massy portals wide were flung,
With stamping hoofs the rocky pavement rung.
What fair, half-veil'd, leans from her latticed hall,
Where red the watering gleams of torchlight fall?
'Tis Yarrow's fairest flower, who, through the gloom,
Looks, wistful, for her lover's dancing plume.
Amid the piles of spoil, that strew'd the ground,
Her ear, all anxious, caught a wailing sound;
With trembling haste the youthful matron flew,
And from the hurried heaps an infant drew.

"Scared at the light, his little hands he flung
Around her neck, and to her bosom clung;
While beauteous Mary soothed, in accents mild,
His fluttering soul, and clasp'd her foster-child.
Of milder mood the gentle captive grew,
Nar loved the scenes that scared his infant view;
In vales remote, from camps and castles far,
He shann'd the fearful shuddering joy of war;
Content the loves of simple swains to sing,
Or wake to fame the harp's heroic string.

"His are the strains, whose wandering echoes thrill
The shepherd, lingering on the twilight hill,
When evening brings the merry folding hours,
And sun-cycl daisies close their winking flowers.
He lived o'er Yarrow's Flower to shed the tear,
To strew the holly leaves o'er Harden's bier;
But none was found above the minstrel's tomb,
Emblem of peace, to bid the daisy bloom;
He, nameless as the race from which he sprung,
Saved other names, and left his own unnamed."

NOTE 3 E.

Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart band.—P. 28.

In this and the following stanzas, some account is given of the mode in which the property in the valley of Esk was transferred from the Beattisons, its ancient possessors, to the name of Scott. It is needless to repeat the circumstances, which are given in the poem literally as they have been preserved by tradition. Lord Maxwell, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, took upon himself the title of Earl of Morton. The descendants of Beattison of Woodkerrie, who aided the Earl to escape from his disobedient vassals, continued to hold these lands within the memory of man, and were the only Beattisons who had property in the dale. The old people give locality to the story, by showing the Galliard's Haugh, the place where Buccleuch's men were concealed, &c.

NOTE 3 F.

Their gathering word was Bellenden.—P. 29.

Bellenden is situated near the head of Borthwick water, and being in the centre of the possessions of the Scotts, was frequently used as their place of rendezvous and gathering word.—*Survey of Selkirkshire, in Macfarlane's MSS., Advocates' Library.* Hence Satchells calls one part of his genealogical account of the families of that clan, his Bellenden.

NOTE 3 G.

*The camp their home, their law the sword,
They knew no country, own'd no lord.*—P. 29.

The mercenary adventurers whom, in 1380, the Earl of Cambridge carried to the assistance of the King of Portugal against the Spaniards, mutinied for want of regular pay. At an assembly of their leaders, Sir John Soltier, a natural son of Edward the Black Prince, thus addressed them: "'I counsayle, let us be alle of one alliance, and of one accorde, and let us among ourselves reyse up the banner of St. George, and let us be frendes to God, and enemyes to alle the worlde; for without we make ourselfe to be feared, we gete nothyng.'

"'By my fayth,' quod Sir William Helmon, 'ye saye right well, and so let us do.' They all agreed with one voyce, and so regarded among them who shulde be their capitayne. Then they advysed in the case how they coude nat have a better capitayne than Sir John Soltier. For they sulde than have good leysur to do yvel, and they thought he was more metelver thereto than any other. Then they raised up the penon of St. George, and cried, 'A Soltier! a Soltier! the valyaunt bastarde! frendes to God, and enemyes to alle the worlde!'"—*Froissart, vol. i. ch. 393.*

NOTE 3 H.

That he may suffer march-treason pain.—P. 30.

Several species of offences, peculiar to the Border, constituted what was called march-treason. Among others, was the crime of riding, or causing to ride, against the opposite country during the time of truce. Thus in an indenture made at the water of Eske, beside Snlom, on the 25th day of March, 1334, betwixt noble lords and mighty, Sirs Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and Archibald Douglas, Lord of Galloway, a truce is agreed upon until the 1st day of July; and it is expressly accorded, "Gif ony stellis outlir on the ta part, or on the tothyr, that he shall be hanget or heofdit; and gif ony company stellis any gudes within the triex beforesayd, one of that company shall be hanget or heofdit, and the remnant sall restore the gudys stolen in the dubble."—*History of Westmoreland and Cumberland, introd. p. xxxix.*

NOTE 3 I.

Deloraine

Will cleanse him, by oath, of march-treason stain. — P. 30.

In dubious cases, the innocence of Border criminals was occasionally referred to their own oath. The form of excusing bills, or indictments, by Border-oath, ran thus: "You shall swear by heaven above you, hell beneath you, by your part of Paradise, by all that God made in six days and seven nights, and by God himself, you are whart out sackless of art, part, way, witting, ridd, kenning, having, or recetting of any of the goods and cattles named in this bill. So help you God."—*History of Cumberland*, introd. p. xxv.

NOTE 3 K.

Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword. — P. 30.

The dignity of knighthood, according to the original institution, had this peculiarity, that it did not flow from the monarch, but could be conferred by one who himself possessed it, upon any squire who, after due probation, was found to merit the honour of chivalry. Latterly, this power was confined to generals, who were wont to create knights bannerets after or before an engagement. Even so late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Essex highly offended his jealous sovereign by the indiscriminate exertion of this privilege. Among others, he knighted the witty Sir John Harrington, whose favour at court was by no means enhanced by his new honours.—See the *Nugæ Antiquæ*, edited by Mr. Park. But probably the latest instance of knighthood, conferred by a subject, was in the case of Thomas Ker, knighted by the Earl of Huntly, after the defeat of the Earl of Argyll in the battle of Belriennes. The fact is attested, both by a poetical and prose account of the engagement, contained in an ancient MS. in the Advocates' Library, and edited by Mr. Dalryell, in *Godly Songs and Ballads*, Edin. 1802.

NOTE 3 L.

When English blood swell'd Ancram's ford. — P. 30.

The battle of Ancram Moor, or Penieltheuch was fought A. D. 1545. The English, commanded by Sir Ralph Evers, and Sir Brian Latoun, were totally routed, and both their leaders slain in the action. The Scottish army was commanded by Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, assisted by the Laird of Buccleuch and Norman Lesley.

NOTE 3 M.

*For who, in field or foray slack,
Saw the blanche lion e'er fall back?* — P. 31.

This was the cognizance of the noble house of Howard in all its branches. The crest, or bearing, of a warrior, was often used as a

nomme de guerre. Thus Richard III. acquired his well-known epithet, *The Boar of York*. In the violent satire on Cardinal Wolsey, written by Roy, commonly, but erroneously, imputed to Dr. Bull, the Duke of Buckingham is called the *Beautiful Swan*, and the Duke of Norfolk, or Earl of Surrey, the *White Lion*. As the book is extremely rare, and the whole passage relates to the emblematical interpretation of heraldry, it shall be here given at length.

"The Description of the Armee.

"Of the proud Cardinal this is the shelde,
Borne up betwene two eagles of Bathen;
The six bloody axes in a bare felde,
Sheweth the crueltie of the red man,
Which hath devoured the Beautiful Swan,
Mortal enemy unto the Whyte Lion,
Carter of Yurke, the vyle butcher's sonne,
The six bulles heddes in a felde blacke,
Betokeneth his stordy feriousness,
Wherefore, the godly light to put abacke,
He bryngeth in his dyvlish darcness;
The bandog in the middes doth expresse
The mastiff carre bred in Ypewich towne,
Onawayge with his teth a kinges crowne.
The gibbue signifieth playne his tyranny,
Covered over with a Cardinal's hatt,
Wherein shall be fulfilled the prophecy,
Arise up, Jacke, and put on thy sallet,
For the tyme is come of laggie and wellait.
The temporal chevalry thus thrown doune,
Wherefor, prest, take hede, and beware thy crowne."

There were two copies of this very scarce satire in the library of the late John, Duke of Roxburgh. See an account of it also in Sir Egerton Brydges' curious miscellany, the *Censura Litteraria*.

NOTE 3 N.

*Let Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine
In single fight.* — P. 31.

It may easily be supposed, that trial by single combat, so peculiar to the feudal system, was common on the Borders. In 1558, the well-known Kirkaldy of Grange fought a duel with Ralph Evre, brother to the then Lord Evre, in consequence of a dispute about a prisoner said to have been ill treated by the Lord Evre. Pitcottie gives the following account of the affair:—"The Lord of Ivers his brother provoked William Kirkaldy of Grange to fight with him, in singular combat, on horseback, with spears; who, keeping the appointment, accompanied with Monsieur d'Ossel, lieutenant to the French King, and the garrison of Haymouth, and Mr. Ivers, accompanied with the governor and garrison of Berwick, it was discharged, under the pain of treason, that any man should come near the champions within a flight-shot, except one man for either of them, to bear their spears, two trumpets, and two lords to be judges. When they were in readiness, the trumpets sounded, the heraulds cried, and the judges, let them go. They then encountered very fiercely; but Grange struck his spear through his adversary's shoulder, and hure him off his horse, being sore wounded: But whether he died, or not, it is uncertain."—P. 202.

The following indenture will show at how late a period the trial by combat was resorted

to on the Border, as a proof of guilt or innocence:—

“It is agreed between Thomas Musgrave and Lancelot Carleton, for the true trial of such controversies as are betwixt them, to have it openly tried by way of combat, before God and the face of the world, to try it in Canonbyholme, before England and Scotland, upon Thursday in Easter-week, being the eighth day of April next ensuing, A. D. 1602, betwixt nine of the clock, and one of the same day, to fight on foot, to be armed with jack, steel cap, plait sleeves, plait breaches, plait sockes, two basleard swords, the blades to be one yard and half a quarter in length, two Scotch daggers, or dorks, at their girdles, and either of them to provide armour and weapons for themselves, according to this indenture. Two gentlemen to be appointed, on the field, to view both the parties, to see that they both be equal in arms and weapons, according to this indenture; and being so viewed by the gentlemen, the gentlemen to ride to the rest of the company, and to leave them but two boys, viewed by the gentlemen, to be under sixteen years of age, to hold their horses. In testimony of this our agreement, we have both set our hands to this indenture, of intent all matters shall be made so plain, as there shall be no question to stick upon that day. Which indenture, as a witness, shall be delivered to two gentlemen. And for that it is convenient the world should be privy to every particular of the grounds of the quarrel, we have agreed to set it down in this indenture betwixt us, that, knowing the quarrel, their eyes may be witness of the trial.

THE GROUNDS OF THE QUARREL.

“1. Lancelot Carleton did charge Thomas Musgrave before the Lords of her Majesty's Privy Council, that Lancelot Carleton was told by a gentleman, one of her Majesty's sworn servants, that Thomas Musgrave had offered to deliver her Majesty's Castle of Bewcastle to the King of Scots: and to witness the same, Lancelot Carleton had a letter under the gentleman's own hand for his discharge.

“2. He chargeth him, that whereas her Majesty doth yearly bestow a great fee upon him, as captain of Bewcastle, to aid and defend her Majesty's subjects therein: Thomas Musgrave hath neglected his duty, for that her Majesty's Castle of Bewcastle was by him made a den of thieves, and an harbour and receipt for murderers, felons, and all sorts of misdemeanors. The precedent was Quintin Whitehead and Runion Blackburne.

“3. He chargeth him, that his office of Bewcastle is open for the Scotch to ride in and through, and small resistance made by him to the country.

“Thomas Musgrave doth deny all this charge; and saith that he will prove that Lancelot Carleton doth falsely bely him, and will prove the same by way of combat, according to this indenture. Lancelot Carleton hath entertained the challenge; and so, by God's permission, will prove it true as before, and hath set his hand to the same.

(Signed) “THOMAS MUSGRAVE.
“LANCELOT CARLETON.”

NOTE 3 O.

He, the jovial harper. — P. 31.

The person here alluded to, is one of our ancient Border minstrels, called Rattling Roaring Willie. This *soubriquet* was probably derived from his bullying disposition; being, it would seem, such a roaring boy, as is frequently mentioned in old plays. While drinking at Newmill, upon Teviot, about five miles above Hawick, Willie chanced to quarrel with one of his own profession, who was usually distinguished by the odd name of Sweet Milk, from a place on Rule Water so called. They retired to a meadow on the opposite side of the Teviot, to decide the contest with their swords, and Sweet Milk was killed on the spot. A thorn-tree marks the scene of the murder, which is still called Sweet Milk Thorn. Willie was taken and executed at Jedburgh, bequeathing his name to the beautiful Scotch air, called “Rattling Roaring Willie.” Ramsay, who set no value on traditional lore, published a few verses of this song in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, carefully suppressing all which had any connexion with the history of the author and origin of the piece. In this case, however, honest Allan is in some degree justified, by the extreme worthlessness of the poetry. A verse or two may be taken, as illustrative of the history of Roaring Willie, alluded to in the text:—

“Now Willie's gae to Jeddart,
And he's for the rood-day; I
Bot Stobs and young Felons;
They follow'd him a' the way;
They follow'd him a' the way,
They sought him up and down,
In the licks of Ousecum water
They fand him sleeping sound.

“Stobs light aff his horse,
And oever a word he spak,
Till he tied Willie's bands
Fu' fast behind his back;
Fu' fast behind his back,
Aod down beneath his knee,
And drink will be dear to Willie,
When sweet milk 3 gars him die.

“Ah wee light on ye, Stobs!
An ill death mot ye die;
Ye're the first and foremost man
That e'er laid hands on me;
That e'er laid hands on me,
And took my mare me frae;
Wee to you, Sir Gilbert Elliot!
Ye are my mortal fae!

“The lassies of Ousecum water
Are rugging and riving their hair,
And a' for the sake of Willie,
His beauty was no fair;
His beauty was no fair,
And comely for to see,
Aod drink will be dear to Willie,
When sweet milk gara him die.”

NOTE 3 P.

*He knew each ordinance and clause
Of Black Lord Archibald's battle-laws,
In the Old Douglas' day.* — P. 31.

The title to the most ancient collection of Border regulations runs thus:—“Be it re-

1 The day of the Rood-fair at Jedburgh.
2 Sir Gilbert Elliot of Stobs, and Scott of Felnsch.
3 A wretched pun on his antagonist's name.

membered, that, on the 18th day of December 1468, Earl *William Douglas* assembled the whole lords, freeholders, and eldest Borderers, that best knowledge had, at the college of *Lancluden*; and there he caused these lords and Borderers bodily to be sworn, the Holy Gospel touched, that they, justly and truly, after their cunning, should decree, decern, deliver, and put in order and writing, the statutes, ordinances, and uses of marche, that were ordained in *Black Archibald of Douglas's* days, and *Archibald his son's* days, in time of warfare: and they came again to him advisedly with these statutes and ordinances, which were in time of warfare before. The said Earl *William*, seeing the statutes in writing decreed and delivered by the said lords and Borderers, thought them right speedful and profitable to the Borders; the which statutes, ordinances, and points of warfare, he took, and the whole lords and Borderers he caused bodily to be sworn, that they should maintain and supply him at their goodly power, to do the law upon those that should break the statutes underwritten. Also, the said Earl *William*, and lords, and eldest Borderers, made certain points to be treason in time of warfare to be used, which were no treason before his time, but to be treason in his time, and in all time coming."

NOTE 3 Q.

*The Bloody Heart blazed in the van,
Announcing Douglas, dreaded name.* — P. 32.

The chief of this potent race of heroes, about the date of the poem, was *Archibald Douglas*, seventh Earl of Angus, a man of great courage and activity. The *Bloody Heart* was the well-known cognizance of the House of Douglas, assumed from the time of good Lord James, to whose care Robert Bruce committed his heart, to be carried to the Holy Land.

NOTE 3 R.

*And Swinton laid his lance in rest,
That tamed of yore the sparking crest
Of Clarence's Plantagenet.* — P. 32.

At the battle of Beaugé, in France, Thomas, Duke of Clarence, brother to Henry V., was unhorsed by Sir John Swinton of Swinton, who distinguished him by a coronet set with precious stones, which he wore around his helmet. The family of Swinton is one of the most ancient in Scotland, and produced many celebrated warriors.¹

NOTE 3 S.

And shouting still, A Home! A Home! — P. 33

The Earls of Home, as descendants of the *Dunbars*, ancient Earls of March, carried a lion rampant, argent; but, as a difference, changed the colour of the shield from gules to vert, in allusion to *Greenlaw*, their ancient possession.

The slogan, or war cry, of this powerful family, was, "A Home! a Home!" It was anciently placed in an escrol above the crest. The helmet is armed with a lion's head erased gules, with a cap of state gules, turned up ermine.

The *Hepburns*, a powerful family in East Lothian, were usually in close alliance with the Homes. The chief of this clan was *Hepburn, Lord of Hailes*; a family which terminated in the too famous Earl of Bothwell.

NOTE 3 T.

*And some, with many a merry shout,
In riot, revelry, and rout,
Pursued the foot-ball play.* — P. 33.

The foot-ball was anciently a very favourite sport all through Scotland, but especially upon the Borders. Sir John Carmichael of Carmichael, Warden of the Middle Marches, was killed in 1600 by a band of the *Armstrongs*, returning from a foot-ball match. Sir Robert Carey, in his Memoirs, mentions a great meeting, appointed by the Scotch riders to be held at Kelso for the purpose of playing at foot-ball, but which terminated in an incursion upon England. At present, the foot-ball is often played by the inhabitants of adjacent parishes, or of the opposite banks of a stream. The victory is contested with the utmost fury, and very serious accidents have sometimes taken place in the struggle.

NOTE 3 U.

*'Twaix truce and war, such sudden change
Was not infrequent, nor held strange,
In the old Border-day.* — P. 33.

Notwithstanding the constant wars upon the Borders, and the occasional cruelties which marked the mutual inroads, the inhabitants on either side do not appear to have regarded each other with that violent and personal animosity which might have been expected. On the contrary, like the outposts of hostile armies, they often carried on something resembling friendly intercourse, even in the middle of hostilities; and it is evident, from various ordinances against trade and intermarriages, between English and Scottish Borderers, that the governments of both countries were jealous of their cherishing too intimate a connexion. Froissart says of both nations, that "Englishmen on the one party, and Scotches on the other party, are good men of warre; for when they meet, there is a hardie fight without sparynge. There is no hoo [truce] between them, as long as spears, swords, axes, or daggers will endure, but lay on eche upon uther; and when they be well beaten, and that the one party hath obtained the victory, they then glorifye so in theyre dedes of armes, and are so joyfull, that such as be taken they shall be ransomed, or that they go out of the felde; so that shortly eche of them is so content with other, that, at their departyng, curtylsye they will say, God thank you."—*Berners's Froissart*, vol. ii. p. 153. The Border meetings of truce, which, although places of merchandise and merriment, often witnessed the most bloody scenes, may serve

¹ See the Battle of Halidon Hill. Sir W. Scott was descended from Sir John Swinton. — Ed.

to illustrate the description in the text. They are vividly portrayed in the old ballad of the Reidsquair. [See *Minstrelsy*, vol. ii. p. 15.] Both parties came armed to a meeting of the wardens, yet they intermixed fearlessly and peaceably with each other in mutual sports and familiar intercourse, until a casual fray arose:—

"Then was there nought but bow and spear,
And every man pulled out a brand."

In the 29th stanza of this canto, there is an attempt to express some of the mixed feelings with which the Borderers on each side were led to regard their neighbours.

NOTE 3 V.

— on the darkening plain,

*Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran,
As bands, their stragglers to regain,
Give the shrill watchword of their clan.*—P. 33.

Patten remarks, with bitter censure, the disorderly conduct of the English Borderers, who attended the Protector Somerset on his expedition against Scotland. "As we wear then a selling, and the tents a setting up, among all things els commendable in our hole journey, one thing seemed to me an intollerable disorder and abuse: that whereas always, both in all townes of war, and in all campes of armies, quietness and stillnes, without nois, is, principally in the night, after the watch is set, observed, (I need not reason why,) our northern prikers, the Borderers, notwithstanding, with great enormitie, (as thought me,) and not unlike (to be playn) unto a masterles hounde howlyng in a lie way when he hath lost him he waited upon, sum hoopyng, sum whistlyng, and most with crying, A Berwyke, a Berwyke! A Fenwyke, a Fenwyke! A Bulmer, a Bulmer! or so otherwise as theyr captains names wear, never lic'de these troublous and dangerous noyses all the nyghte longe. They said, they did it to find their captain and fellows; but if the souldiers of our other countreys and sheres had used the same maner, in that case we should have oft times had the state of our canipe more like the outrage of a dissolute huutyng, than the quiet of a well ordered armye. It is a feat of war, in mine opinion, that might right well be left. I could reherse causes (but yf I take it, they are better unspoken than uttred, unless the fault were sure to be amended) that might shew thei move alweis more peral to our armie, but in their one nyght's so doynge, than they shew good service (as some sey) in a hooole vyage."—*Apud Dalzell's Fragments*, p. 75.

NOTE 3 W.

*To see how thou the chase could'st wind,
Cheer the dark blood-hound on his way,
And with the bugle rouse the fray.*—P. 36.

The pursuit of Border marauders was followed by the injured party and his friends with blood-hounds and bugle-horn, and was called the *hot-trod*. He was entitled, if his dog could trace the scent, to follow the invaders into the

opposite kingdom; a privilege which often occasioned bloodshed. In addition to what has been said of the blood-hound, I may add, that the breed was kept up by the Buccleuch family on their Border estates till within the 18th century. A person was alive in the memory of man, who remembered a blood-hound being kept at Eldinhope, in Etrick Forest, for whose maintenance the tenant had an allowance of meal. At that time the sheep were always watched at night. Upon one occasion, when the duty had fallen on the narrator, then a lad, he became exhausted with fatigue, and fell asleep upon a bank, near sun-rising. Suddenly he was awakened by the tread of horses, and saw five men, well mounted and armed, ride briskly over the edge of the hill. They stopped and looked at the flock; but the day was too far broken to admit the chance of their carrying any of them off. One of them, in spite, leaped from his horse, and coming to the shepherd, seized him by the belt he wore round his waist; and, setting his foot upon his body, pulled it till it broke, and carried it away with him. They rode off at the gallop; and, the shepherd giving the alarm, the blood-hound was turned loose, and the people in the neighbourhood alarmed. The marauders, however, escaped, notwithstanding a sharp pursuit. This circumstance serves to show how very long the license of the Borders continued in some degree to manifest itself.

NOTE 3 X.

She wrought not by forbidden spell.—P. 37.

Popular belief, though contrary to the doctrines of the Church, made a favourable distinction betwixt magicians and necromancers, or wizards; the former were supposed to command the evil spirits, and the latter to serve, or at least to be in league and compact with, these enemies of mankind. The arts of subjecting the demons were manifold; sometimes the fiends were actually swudled by the magicians, as in the case of the bargain betwixt one of their number and the poet Virgil. The classical reader will doubtless be curious to peruse this anecdote:—

"Virgilius was at scule at Tolenton, where he studyed dyligently, for he was of great understandynge. Upon a tyme, the scoiers had lycense to go to play and sprote them in the fyldes, after the usance of the old tyme. And there was also Virgilius therbye, also walkynge among the hylles alle about. It fortuned he spyed a great hole in the syde of a great hyll, wherein he went so depe, that he culd not see no more lyght; and than he went a lytell farther therein, and than he saw some lyght egayne, and than he went fourth streyghte, and within a lytell wyle after he harde a voyce that called 'Virgilius! Virgilius!' and looked aboute, and he colde nat see no body. Than sayd he, (i. e. the voyce,) 'Virgilius, see ye not the lytvll borde lying besyde you there marked with that word?' Than answered Virgilius, 'I see that borde well enough.' The voyce said, 'Doo awaye that borde, and lette me out there utte.' Than answered Virgilius to the voyce that was under the lytell borde, and sayd, 'Who art thou that

callest me so?' Than answered the devyll, 'I am a devyll conjured out of the bodye of a certeyne man, and banysshed here tyll the day of judgment, without that I be delyvered by the handes of men. Thus, Virgilius, I pray the, delyver me out of this payn, and I shall shewe unto the many bokes of uegrumancye, and how thou shalt come by it lightly, and know the practyse therein, that no man in the scyence of negromancye shall passe the. And moreover, I shall shewe and enforme the so, that thou shalt have alle thy desyre, whereby methinke it is a great gyfte for so lytyll a doying. For ye may also thus all your power frendly helpe, and make ryche your enenies.' Thorough that great promyse was Virgilius tempted: he hadde the fynd show the bokes to hym, that he might have and occupy them at his wyll; and so the fynde shewed him. And than Virgilius pulled open a borde, and there was a lytell hole, and thereat wrang the devyll out like a yell, and cam and stode before Virgilius lyke a bygge man; whereof Virgilius was astonied and marveyled greatly thereof, that so great a man myght come out at so lytyll a hole. Than sayd Virgilius, 'Shulde ye well passe into the hole that ye cam out of?'—'Yea, I shall well,' said the devyl.—'I holde the best plegge that I have, that ye shall not do it.'—'Well,' said the devyll, 'thereto I consent.' And than the devyll wrauge himselfe into the lytyll hole agene; and as he was therein, Virgilius kyvered the hole ageyne with the borde close, and so was the devyll begyled, and myght nat there come out agen, but abydeh shytted styll therein. Than called the devyll dredefully to Virgilius, and said, 'What have ye done, Virgilius?'—Virgilius answered, 'Abyde there styll to your day appointed; and for thens forth abydeh he there. And so Virgilius became very connyng in the practyse of the black scyence."

This story may remind the reader of the Arabian tale of the Fisherman and the imprisoned Genie; and it is more than probable, that many of the marvels narrated in the life of Virgil, ure of Oriental extraction. Among such I am disposed to reckon the following whimsical account of the foundation of Naples, containing a curious theory concerning the origin of the earthquakes with which it is afflicted. Virgil, who was a person of gallantry, had, it seems, carried off the daughter of a certain Soldau, and was anxious to secure his prize.

"Than he thought in his mynde how he myghte marye hyr, and thought in his mynde to founde in the middes of the see a fuyr towne, with great landes belongynge to it; and so he did by his connyng, and called it Napells. And the fandacyon of it was of egges, and in that town of Napells he made a tower with iii corners, and in the toppe he set an apell upon an yron yarde, and no man culde pull away that apell without he brake it; and thourge that yren set he a bolte, and in that bolte set he a egge. And he henge the apell by the stauke upon a cheyne, and so hangeth it still. And when the egge styrreth, so shulde the towne of Napells quake; and whan the egge brake, then shulde the towne sinke. Whan he had made an ende, he lette call it Napells." This appears to have been an article of current belief during the middle ages, as

appears from the statutes of the order *Du Saint Esprit au droit desir*, instituted in 1552. A chapter of the knights is appointed to be held annually at the Castle of the Enchanted Egg, near the grotto of Virgil. — Muntfaucou, vol. ii. p. 329.

NOTE 3 Y.

*A merlin sat upon her wrist,
Held by a leash of silken twist. — P. 37.*

A merlin, or sparrow-hawk, was actually carried by ladies of rank, as a falcon was, in time of peace, the constant attendant of a knight or baron. See Latham on *Falconry*.—Godscroft relates, that when Mary of Lorraine was regent, she pressed the Earl of Angus to admit a royal garrison into his Castle of Tantallon. To this he returned no direct answer; but, as if apostrophizing a goss-hawk, which sat on his wrist, and which he was feeding during the Queen's speech, he exclaimed, "The devil's in this greedy glede, she will never be full."—Hume's *History of the House of Douglas*, 1743, vol. ii. p. 131. Barclay complains of the common and indecent practice of bringing hawks and hounds into churches.

NOTE 3 Z.

*And princely peacock's gilded train,
And o'er the boar-head garnished brave. — P. 37.*

The peacock, it is well known, was considered, during the times of chivalry, not merely as an exquisite delicacy, but as a dish of peculiar solemnity. After being roasted, it was again decorated with its plumage, and a sponge, dipped in lighted spirits of wine, was placed in its bill. When it was introduced on days of grand festival, it was the signal for the adventurous knights to take upon them vows to do some deed of chivalry, "before the peacock and the ladies."

The boar's head was also a usual dish of feudal splendour. In Scotland it was sometimes surrounded with little banners, displaying the colours and achievements of the baron at whose board it was served. — Pinkerton's *History*, vol. i. p. 432.

NOTE 4 A.

Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Hunthill. — P. 38.

The Rutherfords of Hunthill were an ancient race of Border Lairds, whose names occur in history, sometimes as defending the frontier against the English, sometimes as disturbing the peace of their own country. Dickon Draw-the-sword was son to the ancient warrior, called in tradition the Cock of Hunthill, remarkable for leading into battle nine sous, gallant warriors, all sons of the aged champion. Mr. Rutherford, late of New York, in a letter to the editor, soon after these songs were first published, quoted, when upwards of eighty years old, a ballad apparently the same with the *Raid of the Reidsquare*, but which apparently is lost, except the following lines:—

"Bauld Rutherford he was fu' stout,
With all his nine sons him about,
He brought the lads of Jedburgh out,
And baukily fought that day."

NOTE 4 B.

—bit his glove.—P. 38.

To bite the thumb, or the glove, seems not to have been considered, upon the Border, as a gesture of contempt, though so used by Shakspeare, but as a pledge of mortal revenge. It is yet remembered, that a young gentleman of Teviotdale, on the morning after a hard drinking-bout, observed that he had bitten his glove. He instantly demanded of his companion, with whom he had quarreled? And, learning that he had had words with one of the party, insisted on instant satisfaction, asserting, that though he remembered nothing of the dispute, he was sure he never would have hit his glove unless he had received some unpardonable insult. He fell in the duel, which was fought near Selkirk, in 1721.

NOTE 4 C.

Since old Buccleuch the name did gain,
When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en.—P. 38.

A tradition preserved by Scott of Satchells, who published, in 1688, *A true History of the Right Honourable name of Scott*, gives the following romantic origin of that name. Two brethren, natives of Galloway, having been banished from that country for a riot or insurrection, came to Rangleburn, in Etrick Forest, where the keeper, whose name was Brydous, received them joyfully, on account of their skill in winding the horn, and in the other mysteries of the chase. Kenneth MacAlpin, then King of Scotland, came soon after to hunt in the royal forest, and pursued a buck from Etrick-heugh to the glen now called Buccleuch, about two miles above the junction of Rangleburn with the river Etrick. Here the stag stood at bay; and the King and his attendants, who followed on horseback, were thrown out by the steepness of the hill and the morass. John, one of the brethren from Galloway, had followed the chase on foot; and, now coming in, seized the buck by the horns, and, being a man of great strength and activity, threw him on his back, and ran with his burden about a mile up the steep hill, to a place called Cracra-Cross, where Kenneth had halted, and laid the buck at the sovereign's feet.¹

¹ Froissart relates, that a knight of the household of the Comte de Foix exhibited a similar feat of strength. The hall-fire had waxed low, and wood was wanted to mend it. The knight went down to the court-yard, where stood an ass laden with faggots, seized on the animal and burden, and, carrying him up to the hall on his shoulders, tumbled him into the chimney with his heels uppermost; a humane pleasantry, much applauded by the Count and all the spectators.

² "Minions of the moon," as Falstaff would have said. The restless pursued by our ancient Borderers may be justified on the authority of the most polished of the ancient nations: "For the Grecians in old time, and such barbarians as in the continent lived neere onto the sea, or else inhabited the islands, after once they began to crosse over one to another in ships, became thieves, and went abroad under the conduct of their more puissant men, both to ru-

"The deer being cured in that place,
At his Majesty's demand,
Then John of Galloway ran apace,
And fetched water to his haud.
The King did wash into a dish,
And Galloway John he wot;
He said, 'Thy name now after this
Shall ever be called John Scott.

"The forest and the deer therein,
We commit to thy hand;
For thou shalt sure the rager be,
If thou obey command;
And for the buck thou stoutly brought
To us up that steep heuch,
Thy designation evr shall
Be John Scott in Buccleuch."

* * * * *

"In Scotland no Buccleuch was then,
Before the buck in the cleuch was slain;
Night's man 't at first they did appear,
Because moon and stars to their arms they bear.
Their crest, supporters, and hunting-horn,
Show their beginning from hunting came;
Their name, and style, the book doth say,
John gained them both into one day."

Watt's *Boltonden*.

The Buccleuch arms have been altered, and now allude less pointedly to this hunting, whether real or fabulous. The family now bear *Or*, upon a bend azure, a mullet betwixt two crescents of the field; in addition to which, they formerly bore in the field a hunting-horn. The supporters, now two ladies, were formerly a hound and buck, or, according to the old terms, a *hart of leash* and a *hart of greece*. The family of Scott of Howpassey and Thirlestaine long retained the hugh-horn; they also carried a bent bow and arrow in the sinister cantle, perhaps as a difference. It is said the motto was — *Best riding by moonlight*, in allusion to the crescents on the shield, and perhaps to the habits of those who bore it. The motto now given is *Amo*, applying to the female supporters.

NOTE 4 D.

—old Albert Græme,
The Minstrel of that ancient name.—P. 38.

"John Græme, second son of *Malice*, Earl of *Monteith*, commonly surnamed *John with the Bright Sword*, upon some displeasure risen against him at court, retired with many of his clan and kindred into the English Borders, in the reign of King Henry the Fourth, where they seated themselves; and many of their posterity have continued there ever since. Mr. Sandford, speaking of them, says, (which indeed was applicable to most of the Borderers

rich themselves, and to fetch in maintenance for the weak; and falling upon towns unfortified, or watterly inhabited, rifled them, and made this the best means of their living; being a matter at that time no where in disgrace, but rather carrying with it something of glory. This is manifest by some that dwell upon the continent, amongst whom, so it be performed nobly, it is still esteemed as an ornament. The same is also proved by some of the ancient poets, who introduced men questioning of such as sail by, on all coasts alike, whether they be thieves or not; as a thynge neither scorned by such as were asked, nor upbraided by those that were desirous to know. They also robbed one another, within the main land; and much of Greece useth that old custome, as the *Locrians*, the *Acar-nians*, and those of the continent in that quarter, unto this day. Moreover, the fashion of wearing iron remaineth yet with the people of that continent, from their old trade of thieving."—Hobbes' *Thucydides*, p. 4. Lond.

on both sides,) 'They were all stark moss-troopers, and arrant thieves: Both to England and Scotland outlawed; yet sometimes connived at, because they gave intelligence forth of Scotland, and would raise 400 horse at any time upon a raid of the English into Scotland. A saying is recorded of a mother to her son, (which is now become proverbial,) *Ride, Rowley, lough's t' the pot*: that is, the last piece of beef was in the pot, and therefore it was high time for him to go and fetch more." — *Introduction to the History of Cumberland*.

The residence of the Grames being chiefly in the Debateable Land, so called because it was claimed by both kingdoms, their depredations extended both to England and Scotland, with impunity; for as both wardens accounted them the proper subjects of their own prince, neither inclined to demand reparation for their excesses from the opposite officers, which would have been an acknowledgment of his jurisdiction over them — See a long correspondence on this subject betwixt Lord Dacre and the English Privy Council, in *Introduction to History of Cumberland*. The Debateable Land was finally divided betwixt England and Scotland, by commissioners appointed by both nations.¹

NOTE 4 E.

The sun shines fair on Cartisle wall. — P. 38.

This burden is adopted, with some alteration, from an old Scottish song, beginning thus: —

She lean'd her back against a thorn,
The sun shines fair on Cartisle wa';
And there she has her young babe born,
And the lyon shall be lord of a."

NOTE 4 F.

Who has not heard of Surrey's fame? — P. 38.

The gallant and unfortunate Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was unquestionably the most accomplished cavalier of his time; and his sonnets display beauties which would do honour to a more polished age. He was beheaded on Tower-hill in 1546: a victim to the mean jealousy of Henry VIII., who could not bear so brilliant a character near his throne.

The song of the supposed bard is founded on an incident said to have happened to the Earl in his travels. Cornelius Agrippa, the celebrated alchemist, showed him, in a looking-glass, the lovely Geraldine, to whose service he had devoted his pen and his sword. The vision represented her as indisposed, and reclining upon a couch, reading her lover's verses by the light of a waxen taper.

¹ See various notes in the *Minstrelsy*.

² The tomb of Sir William St. Clair, on which he appears sculptured in armour, with a greyhound at his feet, is still to be seen in Roslin chapel. The person who shows it always tells the story of his hunting-match, with some addition to Mr. Hay's account; as that the Knight of Rosline's fright made him poetical, and that, in the last emergency, he shouted,

NOTE 4 G.

— *The storm-swept Orcaides;*

*Where erst St. Clairs held princely sway,
O'er isle and islet, strait and bay.* — P. 39.

The St. Clairs are of Norman extraction, being descended from William de St. Clair, second son of Walderne Compte de St. Clair, and Margaret, daughter to Richard Duke of Normandy. He was called, for his fair deportment, the Seemly St. Clair; and, settling in Scotland during the reign of Malcolm Canmore, obtained large grants of land in Mid-Lothian. — These domains were increased by the liberality of succeeding monarchs to the descendants of the family, and comprehended the baronies of Rosline, Pentland, Cowsland, Cardaine, and several others. It is said a large addition was obtained from Robert Bruce, on the following occasion: — The King, in following the chase upon Pentland-hills, had often started a "white faunch deer," which had always escaped from his hounds; and he asked the nobles, who were assembled around him, whether any of them had dogs, which they thought might be more successful. No courtier would affirm that his hounds were fleetier than those of the king, until Sir William St. Clair of Rosline unceremoniously said, he would wager his head that his two favourite dogs, *Help* and *Hold*, would kill the deer before she could cross the March-burn. The King instantly caught at his unwary offer, and betted the forest of Pentland-moor against the life of Sir William St. Clair. All the hounds were tied up, except a few ratches, or slow-hounds, to put up the deer; while Sir William St. Clair, posting himself in the best situation for slipping his dogs, prayed devoutly to Christ, the blessed Virgin, and St. Katherine. The deer was shortly after roused, and the hounds slipped; Sir William following on a gallant steed, to cheer his dogs. The hind, however reached the middle of the brook; upon which the hunter threw himself from his horse in despair. At this critical moment, however, *Hold* stopped her in the brook; and *Help*, coming up, turned her back, and killed her on Sir William's side. The King descended from the hill, embraced Sir William, and bestowed on him the lands of Kirkton, Logan-house, Earneraig, &c, in free forestric. Sir William, in acknowledgment of St. Katherine's intercession, built the chapel of St. Katherine in the Hopes, the churchyard of which is still to be seen. The hill, from which Robert Bruce beheld this memorable chase, is still called the King's Hill; and the place where Sir William hunted, is called the Knight's Field.² — *MS. History of the Family of St. Clair*, by Richard Augustin Hay. *Canon of St. Genevieve*.

This adventurous huntsman married Elizabeth, daughter of Malice Spar, Earl of Orkney and Stratherne, in whose right their son Henry

"Help, Hold, as ye may,

Or Roslin will lose his head this day."

If this couplet does him no great honour as a poet, the conclusion of the story does him still less credit. He set his foot on the dog, says the narrator, and killed him on the spot, saying, he would never again put his neck in such a rack. As Mr. Hay does not mention this circumstance, I hope it is only founded on the couchant posture of the hound on the monument.

was, in 1379, created Earl of Orkney, by Haco, king of Norway. His title was recognized by the Kings of Scotland, and remained with his successors until it was annexed to the crown, in 1471, by act of Parliament. In exchange for this earldom, the castle and domains of Raveusraig, or Ravensleuch, were conferred on William Saintclair, Earl of Caithness.

NOTE 4 H.

*Still nods their palace to its fall,
Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall.*—P. 39.

The Castle of Kirkwall was built by the St. Clairs, while Earls of Orkney. It was dismantled by the Earl of Caithness about 1615, having been garrisoned against the government by Robert Stewart, natural son to the Earl of Orkney.

Its ruins afforded a sad subject of contemplation to John, Master of St. Clair, who, flying from his native country, on account of his share in the insurrection of 1715, made some stay at Kirkwall.

I had occasion to entertain myself at Kirkwall with the melancholy prospect of the ruins of an old castle, the seat of the old Earls of Orkney, my ancestors; and of a more melancholy reflection, of so great and noble an estate as the Orkney and Shetland Isles being taken from one of them by James the Third, for faultrie, after his brother Alexander, Duke of Albany, had married a daughter of my family, and for protecting and defending the said Alexander against the King, who wished to kill him, as he had done his youngest brother, the Earl of Mar; and for which, after the faultrie, he *gratefully* divorced my forfaulted ancestor's sister; though I cannot persuade myself that he had any misalliance to plead against a familie in whose veins the blood of Robert Bruce ran as fresh as in his own; for their title to the crowne was by a daughter of David Bruce, son to Robert; and our alliance was by marrying a grandchild of the same Robert Bruce, and daughter to the sister of the same David, out of the familie of Douglass, which at that time did not much sullie the blood, more than my ancestor's having not long before had the honour of marrying a daughter of the King of Denmark's, who was named Florentine, and has left in the town of Kirkwall a noble monument of the grandeur of the times, the finest church ever I saw entire in Scotland. I then had no small reason to think, in that unhappy state, on the many not inconsiderable services rendered since to the royal familie, for these many years bygone; on all occasions, when they stood most in need of friends, which they have thought themselves very often obliged to acknowledge by letters yet extant, and in a style more like friends than souveraigns; our attachment to them, without any other thanks, having brought upon us considerable losses, and among others, that of our all in Cromwell's time; and left in that condition without the least relief except what we found in our own virtue. My father was the only man of the Scots nation who had courage enough to protest in Parliament against King William's title to the throne,

which was lost, God knows how; and this at a time when the losses in the cause of the royall familie, and their usual gratitude, had scarce left him bread to maintain a numerous familie of eleven children, who had soon after sprung up on him, in spite of all which, he had honourably persisted in his principle. I say, these things considered, and after being treated as I was, and in that unlucky state, when objects appear to men in their true light, as at the hour of death, could I be blamed for making some bitter reflections to myself, and laughing at the extravagance and unaccountable humour of men, and the singularity of my own case, (an exile for the cause of the Stuart family,) when I ought to have known, that the greatest crime I, or my family, could have committed, was persevering, to my own destruction, in serving the royal family faithfully, though obstinately, after so great a share of depression, and after they had been pleased to doom me and my familie to starve.—MS. *Memoirs of John, Master of St. Clair.*

NOTE 4 I.

*Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous curl'd,
Whose monstrous circle guards the world.*—P. 39.

The *formjungandr*, or Snake of the Ocean, whose folds surround the earth, is one of the wildest fictions of the Edda. It was very nearly caught by the god Thor, who went to fish for it with a hook baited with a bull's head. In the battle betwixt the evil demons and the divinities of Odin, which is to precede the *Ragnarock*, or Twilight of the Gods, this Snake is to act a conspicuous part.

NOTE 4 K.

Of those dread Maids, whose hideous yell.—P. 39.

These were the *Valcyriur*, or Selectors of the Slain, despatched by Odin from Valhalla, to choose those who were to die, and to distribute the contest. They were well known to the English reader as Gray's Fatal Sisters.

NOTE 4 L.

*Of Chiefs, who, guided through the gloom
By the pale death-lights of the tomb,
Ransuck'd the graves of warriors old,
Their fatchions wrench'd from corpses' hold.*—P. 40.

The northern warriors were usually entombed with their arms, and their other treasures. Thus, Angantyr, before commencing the duel in which he was slain, stipulated, that if he fell, his sword Tyrfing should be buried with him. His daughter, Hervor, afterwards took it from his tomb. The dialogue which passed betwixt her and Angantyr's spirit on this occasion has been often translated. The whole history may be found in the *Hervarar-Saga*. Indeed, the ghosts of the northern warriors were not wont tamely to suffer their tombs to be plundered; and hence

the mortal heroes had an additional temptation to attempt such adventures; for they held nothing more worthy of their valour than to encounter supernatural beings.—*Bartholinus De causis contemptæ a Danis mortis*, lib. i. cap. 2, 9, 10, 13.

NOTE 4 M.

Castle Rrovensheuch.—P. 40.

A large and strong castle, now ruinous, situated betwixt Kirkcaldy and Dysart, on a steep crag, washed by the Frith of Forth. It was conferred on Sir William St. Clair as a slight compensation for the earldom of Orkney, by a charter of King James III. dated in 1471, and is now the property of Sir James St. Clair Erskioe, (now Earl of Rosslyn,) representative of the family. It was long a principal residence of the Barons of Roslin.

NOTE 4 N.

*Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacrists and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.*—P. 40.

The beautiful chapel of Roslin is still in tolerable preservation. It was founded in 1446, by William St. Clair, Prince of Orkney, Duke of Oldenburgh, Earl of Caithness and Strathern, Lord St. Clair, Lord Niddesdale, Lord Admiral of the Scottish Seas, Lord Chief Justice of Scotland, Lord Warden of the three Marches, Baron of Roslin, Pentland, Pentland-moor, &c., Knight of the Cockle, and of the Garter, (as is affirmed,) High Chancellor, Chamberlain, and Lieutenant of Scotland. This lofty person, whose titles, says Godscroft, might weary a Spaniard, built the castle of Roslin, where he resided in princely splendour, and founded the chapel, which is in the most rich and florid style of Gothic architecture. Among the profuse carving on the pillars and buttresses, the rose is frequently introduced, in allusion to the name, with which, however, the flower has no connection; the etymology being Roslinnhe, the promontory of the lion, or water-fall. The chapel is said to appear on fire previous to the death of any of his descendants. This superstition, noticed by Slezzer, in his *Theatrum Scotiæ*, and alluded to in the text, is probably of Norwegian derivation, and may have been imported by the Earls of Orkney into their Lothian dominions. The tomb-fires of the north are mentioned in most of the Sagas.

The Barons of Roslin were buried in a vault beneath the chapel floor. The manner of their interment is thus described by Father Hay, in the MS. history already quoted.

“Sir William Sinclair, the father, was a leud man. He kept a miller's daughter, with whom, it is alleged, he went to Ireland; yet I think the cause of his retreat was rather occasioned by the Presbyterians, who vexed him sadly, because, of his religion being Roman Catholic. His son, Sir William died during the troubles, and was interred in the chapel of Roslin the very same day that the battle of

Dunbar was fought. When my good-father was buried, his (i. e. Sir William's) corpse seemed to be entire at the opening of the cave; but when they came to touch his body, it fell into dust. He was laying in his armour, with a red velvet cap on his head, on a flat stone; nothing was spoiled except a piece of the white furring that went round the cap, and answered to the hinder part of the head. All his predecessors were buried after the same manner, in their armour: late Rosline, my good father, was the first that was buried in a coffin, against the sentiments of King James the Seventh, who was then in Scotland, and several other persons well versed in antiquity, to whom my mother would not hearken, thinking it beggarly to be buried after that manner. The great expenses she was at in burying her husband, occasioned the sumptuary acts which were made in the following parliament.”

NOTE 4 O.

*For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
Like him of whom the story ran,
Who spoke the spectre-hound in Man.*—P. 41.

The ancient castle of Peel-town, in the Isle of Man, is surrounded by four churches, now ruinous. Through one of these chapels there was formerly a passage from the guard-room of the garrison. This was closed, it is said, upon the following occasion: “They say, that an apparition, called, in the Mankish language, the *Mauthe Doo*, in the shape of a large black spaniel, with curled shaggy hair, was used to haunt Peel-castle; and has been frequently seen in every room, but particularly in the guard-chamber, where, as soon as candles were lighted, it came and lay down before the fire, in presence of all the soldiers, who, at length, by being so much accustomed to the sight of it, lost great part of the terror they were seized with at its first appearance. They still, however, retained a certain awe, as believing it was an evil spirit, which only waited permission to do them hurt; and, for that reason forebore swearing, and all profane discourse, while in its company. But though they endured the shock of such a guest when altogether in a body, none cared to be left alone with it. It being the custom, therefore, for one of the soldiers to lock the gates of the castle at a certain hour, and carry the keys to the captain, to whose apartment, as I said before, the way led through the church, they agreed among themselves, that whoever was to succeed the ensuing night his fellow in this errand, should accompany him that went first, and by this means no man would be exposed singly to the danger; for I forgot to mention, that the *Mauthe Doo* was always seen to come out from that passage at the close of the day, and return to it again as soon as the morning dawned; which made them look on this place as its peculiar residence.

“One night a fellow being drunk, and by the strength of his liquor rendered more daring than ordinarily, laughed at the simplicity of his companions, and, though it was not his turn to go with the keys, would needs take that office upon him, to testify his courage. All the soldiers endeavoured to dissuade him;

but the more they said, the more resolute he seemed, and swore that he desired nothing more than that the *Mauthe Doog* would follow him, as it had done the others: for he would try if it were dog or devil. After having talked in a very reprobate manner for some time, he snatched up the keys, and went out of the guard-room. In some time after his departure, a great noise was heard, but nobody had the boldness to see what occasioned it, till the adventurer returning, they demanded the knowledge of him; but as loud and noisy as he had been at leaving them, he was now become sober and silent enough; for he was never heard to speak more; and though all the time he lived, which was three days, he was entertained by all who came near him, either to speak, or, if he could not do that, to make some signs, by which they might understand what had happened to him, yet nothing intelligible could be got from him, only that, by the distortion of his limbs and features, it might be guessed that he died in agonies more than is common in a natural death.

"The *Mauthe Doog* was, however, never after seen in the castle, nor would any one attempt to go through that passage; for which reason it was closed up, and another way

made. This accident happened about three score years since; and I heard it attested by several, but especially by an old soldier, who assured me he had seen it oftener than he had then hairs on his head."—Waldron's *Description of the Isle of Man*, p. 107.

NOTE 4 P.

— *St. Bride of Douglas*. — P. 41.

This was a favourite saint of the house of Douglas, and of the Earl of Angus in particular, as we learn from the following passage:—"The Queen-regent had proposed to raise a rival noble to the ducal dignity: and discouraging of her purpose with Angus, he answered, 'Why not, madam! we are happy that have such a princess, that can know and will acknowledge men's services, and is willing to recompense it; but, by the might of God,' (this was his oath when he was serious and in anger; at other times, it was by *St. Bryde of Douglas*.) 'if he be a Duke, I will be a Drake!'—So she desisted from prosecuting of that purpose."—Godscroft, vol. ii. p. 131.

Marmion:

A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD.¹
IN SIX CANTOS.

~~~~~  
Alas! that Scottish maid should sing  
The combat where her lover fell!  
That Scottish Bard should wake the string,  
The triumph of our foes to tell!

Leyden.

## NOTICE TO EDITION 1833.

SOME alterations in the text of the Introduction to Marmion, and of the Poem itself, as well as various additions to the Author's Notes, will be observed in this Edition. We have followed Sir Walter Scott's interleaved copy, as finally revised by him: in the summer of 1831.

The preservation of the original MS. of the Poem has enriched this volume with numerous various readings, which will be found curious and interesting.

## INTRODUCTION TO EDITION 1830.

WHAT I have to say respecting this Poem may be briefly told. In the Introduction to the "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*," I have mentioned the circumstances, so far as my literary life is concerned, which induced me to resign the active pursuit of an honourable profession, for the more precarious resources of literature.

My appointment to the Sheriffdom of Selkirk called for a change of residence. I left, therefore, the pleasant cottage I had upon the side of the Esk, for the "pleasanter banks of the Tweed," in order to comply with the law, which requires that the Sheriff shall be resident, at least during a certain number of months, within his jurisdiction. We found a delightful retirement, by my becoming the tenant of my intimate friend and cousin-german, Colonel Russell,<sup>2</sup> in his mansion of Ashetiel, which was unoccupied, during his absence on military service in India. The house was adequate to our accommodation, and the exercise of a limited hospitality. The situation is uncommonly beautiful, by the side of a fine river, whose streams are there very favourable for angling, surrounded by the remains of natural woods, and by hills abounding in game. In point of society, according to the heartfelt phrase of Scripture, we dwell "amongst our own people;" and as the distance from the metropolis was only thirty miles, we were not out of reach of our Edin-

<sup>1</sup> Published, in 4to, 1L. 11s. 6d., February 1808.

<sup>2</sup> Now Major-General Sir James Russell, K. C. B.—See *Life of Scott*, vol. viii. pp. 133, 318.



burgh friends, in which city we spent the terms of the summer and winter Sessions of the Court, that is, five or six months in the year.

An important circumstance had, about the same time, taken place in my life. Hopes had been held out to me from an influential quarter, of a nature to relieve me from the anxiety which I must have otherwise felt, as one upon the precarious tenure of whose own life rested the principal prospects of his family, and especially as one who had necessarily some dependence upon the favour of the public, which is proverbially capricious; though it is but justice to add, that, in my own case, I have not found it so. Mr. Pitt had expressed a wish to my personal friend, the Right Honourable William Dundas, now Lord Clerk Register of Scotland, that some fitting opportunity should be taken to be of service to me; and as my views and wishes pointed to a future rather than an immediate provision, an opportunity of accomplishing this was soon found. One of the Principal Clerks of Session, as they are called, (official persons who occupy an important and responsible situation, and enjoy a considerable income,) who had served upwards of thirty years, felt himself, from age, and the infirmity of deafness with which it was accompanied, desirous of retiring from his official situation. As the law then stood, such official persons were entitled to bargain with their successors, either for a sum of money, which was usually a considerable one, or for an interest in the emoluments of the office during their life. My predecessor, whose services had been unusually meritorious, stipulated for the emoluments of his office during his life, while I should enjoy the survivorship, on the condition that I discharged the duties of the office in the meantime. Mr. Pitt, however, having died in the interval, his administration was dissolved, and was succeeded by that known by the name of the Fox and Grenville Ministry. My affair was so far completed, that my commission lay in the office subscribed by his Majesty; but, from hurry or mistake, the interest of my predecessor was not expressed in it, as had been usual in such cases. Although, therefore, it only required payment of the fees, I could not in honour take out the commission in the present state, since, in the event of my dying before him, the gentleman whom I succeeded must have lost the vested interest which he had stipulated to retain. I had the honour of an interview with Earl Spencer on the subject, and he, in the most handsome manner, gave directions that the commission should issue as originally intended; adding, that the matter having received the royal assent, he regarded only as a claim of justice what he would have willingly done as an act of favour. I never saw Mr. Fox on this, or on any other occasion, and never made any application to him, conceiving that in doing so I might have been supposed to express political opinions contrary to those which I had always

professed. In his private capacity, there is no man to whom I would have been more proud to owe an obligation, had I been so distinguished.

By this arrangement I obtained the survivorship of an office, the emoluments of which were fully adequate to my wishes; and as the law respecting the mode of providing for superannuated officers was, about five or six years after, altered from that which admitted the arrangement of assistant and successor, my colleague very handsomely took the opportunity of the alteration, to accept of the retiring annuity provided in such cases, and admitted me to the full benefit of the office.

But although the certainty of succeeding to a considerable income, at the time I obtained it, seemed to assure me of a quiet harbour in my old age, I did not escape my share of inconvenience from the contrary tides and currents by which we are so often encountered in our journey through life. Indeed, the publication of my next poetical attempt was prematurely accelerated, from one of those unpleasant accidents which can neither be foreseen nor avoided.

I had formed the prudent resolution to endeavour to bestow a little more labour than I had yet done on my productions, and to be in no hurry again to announce myself as a candidate for literary fame. Accordingly, particular passages of a poem, which was finally called "Marrion," were laboured with a good deal of care, by one by whom much care was seldom bestowed. Whether the work was worth the labour or not, I am no competent judge; but I may be permitted to say, that the period of its composition was a very happy one, in my life; so much so, that I remember with pleasure, at this moment, some of the spots in which particular passages were composed. It is probably owing to this, that the Introductions to the several Cantos assumed the form of familiar epistles to my intimate friends, in which I alluded, perhaps more than was necessary or graceful, to my domestic occupations and amusements—a loquacity which may be excused by those who remember, that I was still young, light-headed, and happy, and that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

The misfortunes of a near relation and friend, which happened at this time, led me to alter my prudent determination, which had been, to use great precaution in sending this poem into the world; and made it convenient at least, if not absolutely necessary, to hasten its publication. The publishers of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," emboldened by the success of that poem, willingly offered a thousand pounds for "Marrion."<sup>1</sup> The transaction being no secret, afforded Lord Byron, who was then at general war with all who blacked paper, an apology for including me in his satire, entitled "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."<sup>2</sup> I never could conceive how an arrangement

<sup>1</sup> See *Life*, vol. iii. p. 4.

<sup>2</sup> Next view to state, proud prancing on his roan,  
The golden-crested haughty Marrion,  
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,  
Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,  
The gibbet or the field prepared to grace;  
A mighty mixture of the great and base.

And think'st thou, Scott! by vain conceit perchance,  
On public taste to feast thy state romance,  
Though Murray with his Miller may combine  
To yield thy muse just half-a-crown per line?  
No! when the soul of song descends to trade,  
Their bays are near, their former laurels fade.  
Let such forgo the poet's sacred name,  
Who seek their brains for lucre, not for fame;

between an author and his publishers: if satisfactory to the persons concerned, could afford matter of censure to any third party. I had taken no unusual or ungenerous means of enhancing the value of my merchandise—I had never higgled a moment about the bargain, but accepted at once what I considered the handsome offer of my publishers. These gentlemen, at least, were not of opinion that they had been taken advantage of in the transaction, which indeed was one of their own framing; on the contrary, the sale of the Poem was so far beyond their expectation, as to induce them to supply the Author's cellars with what is always an acceptable present to a young Scottish housekeeper, namely, a hogshhead of excellent claret.

The Poem was finished in too much haste, to allow me an opportunity of softening down, if not removing, some of its most prominent defects. The nature of Marmion's guilt, although similar instances were found, and might be quoted, as existing in feudal times, was nevertheless not sufficiently peculiar to be indicative of the character of the period, forgery being the crime of a commercial, rather than a proud and warlike age. This gross defect ought to have been remedied or palliated. Yet I suffered the tree to lie as it had fallen. I remember my friend, Dr. Leyden, then in the East, wrote me a furious renou-

strance on the subject. I have, nevertheless, always been of opinion, that corrections, however in themselves judicious, have a bad effect—after publication. An author is never so decidedly condemned as on his own confession, and may long find apologists and partisans, until he gives up his own cause: I was not, therefore, inclined to afford matter for censure out of my own admissions; and, by good fortune, the novelty of the subject, and, if I may say so, some force and vivacity of description, were allowed to atone for many imperfections. Thus the second experiment on the public patience, generally the most perilous,—for the public are then most apt to judge with rigour, what in the first instance they had received, perhaps, with imprudent generosity,—was in my case decidedly successful. I had the good fortune to pass this ordeal favourably, and the return of sales before me makes the copies amount to thirty-six thousand printed between 1808 and 1825, besides a considerable sale since that period.<sup>1</sup> I shall here pause upon the subject of "Marmion," and, in a few prefatory words to "The Lady of the Lake," the last poem of mine which obtained eminent success, I will continue the task which I have imposed on myself respecting the origin of my productions.

Abbotsford, April, 1830.

## Marmion.

TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY LORD MONTAGU,<sup>2</sup>

Esq. Esq. Esq.

THIS ROMANCE IS INSCRIBED BY  
THE AUTHOR.

### ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

*It is hardly to be expected, that an Author whom the Public have honoured with some degree of applause, should not be again a trespasser on their kindness. Yet the Author of Marmion must be supposed to feel some anxiety concerning its success, since he is sensible that he hazards, by this second intrusion, any reputation which his first Poem may have procured him. The present story*

Still for atern Mammon may they toll in vain!  
And sadly gaze on gold they cannot gain!  
Such be their meed, such aill the just reward  
Of prostituted muse and hireling bard!  
For this we spare Apollo's venal son,  
And bid a long Good-night to Marmion."<sup>1</sup>  
*Byron's Works, vol. vii. p. 255-6.*

On first reading this satire, 1809, Scott says, "It is funny enough to see a whelp of a young Lord Byron abusing me, of whose circumstances he knows nothing, for endeavouring to scratch out a living with my pen. God help the hear, if, having little else to eat, he must not even suck his own paws. I can assure the noble imp of fame it is not my fault that I was not born to a park and 5000 pounds a year, as it is not his lordship's merit, although it may be his great good fortune, that he was not born to live by his literary talents or success."<sup>2</sup>—*Life, vol. iii. p. 195.*—See also Correspondence with Lord Byron, *Ibid.* pp. 395, 398.

<sup>1</sup> "Marmion was first printed in a splendid quarto, price one guinea and a half. The 2000 copies of this edition were all disposed of in less than a month, when a second

of 3000 copies, in 8vo, was sent to press. There followed a third and a fourth edition, each of 3000, in 1809; a fifth of 2000, early in 1810; and a sixth of 3000, in two volumes, crown 8vo, with twelve designs by Singleton, before the end of that year; a seventh of 4000, and an eighth of 5000 copies 8vo, in 1811; a ninth of 3000 in 1815; a tenth of 500, in 1820; and eleventh of 500, and a twelfth of 2000 copies, in foolscap, both in 1825. The legitimate sale in this country, therefore, down to the time of its being included in the first collective edition of his poetical works, amounted to 31,000; and the aggregate of that sale, down to the period at which I am writing (May 1836), may be stated at 50,000 copies. I presume it is right for me to facilitate the task of future historians of our literature by preserving these details as often as I can. Such particulars respecting many of the great works even of the last century, are already sought for with vain regret; and I anticipate no day when the student of English civilization will pass without curiosity the contemporary reception of the Tale of Flodden Field."<sup>2</sup>—*Lockhart, Life of Scott, vol. iii. p. 68.*

<sup>2</sup> Lord Montagu was the second son of Henry Duke of Buccleuch, by the only daughter of John last Duke of Montagu.

turns upon the private adventures of a fictitious character; but is called a *Tate of Flodden Field*, because the hero's fate is connected with that memorable defeat, and the causes which led to it. The design of the Author was, if possible, to apprise his readers, at the outset, of the date of his Story, and to prepare them for the manners of the Age in which it is laid. Any Historical Narrative, far more an attempt at Epic composition, exceeded his plan of a Romantic Tale; yet he may be permitted to hope, from the popularity of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, that an attempt to paint the manners of the feudal times, upon a broader scale, and in the course of a more interesting story, will not be unacceptable to the Public.

The Poem opens about the commencement of August, and concludes with the defeat of Flodden, 9th September, 1513.

Ashestiel, 1808.

## Marmion.

### INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIRST.

TO

WILLIAM STEWART ROSE, ESQ.<sup>1</sup>

*Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest.*

November's sky is chill and drear,  
November's leaf is red and sear;  
Late, gazing down the steepy linn,  
That hems our little garden in,  
Low in its dark and narrow glen,  
You scarce the rivulet might ken,  
So thick the tangled greenwood grew,  
So feeble trill'd the streamlet through:  
Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen  
Through bush and brier, no longer green,  
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,  
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,  
And, foaming brown with doubled speed,  
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

No longer Autumn's glowing red  
Upon our Forest hills is shed;  
No more, beneath the evening beam,  
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam;  
Away hath pass'd the heather-bell  
That bloom'd so rich on Needpath-fell;  
Sallow his brow, and russet bare  
Are now the sister-heights of Yair  
The sheep, before the pinching heaven,  
To shelter'd dale and down are driven,  
Where yet some faded herbage pines,  
And yet a watery sunbeam shines:  
In meek despondency they eye  
The wither'd sward and wintry sky,  
And far beneath their summer hill,  
Stray sadly by Glenkinnou's rill:  
The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,  
And wraps him closer from the cold;  
His dogs, no merry circles wheel,  
But, shivering, follow at his heel;  
A cowering glauce they often cast,  
As deeper moans the gathering blast.

My imps, though hardy, bold, and wild,  
As best befits the mountain child,  
Feel the sad influence of the hour,  
And wail the daisy's vanished flower;  
Their summer gambols tell, and mourn,  
And anxious ask,—Will spring return,  
And birds and lambs again be gay,  
And blossoms clothe the hawthorn apray?

Yes, prattlers, yes. The daisy's flower  
Again shall paint your summer bower;  
Again the hawthorn shall supply  
The garlands you delight to tie;  
The lambs upon the lea shall bound,  
The wild birds carol to the round,  
And while you frolic light as they,  
Too short shall seem the summer day.

To mute and to material things  
New life revolving summer brings;  
The genial call dead Nature hears,  
And in her glory reappears.  
But oh! my country's wintry state  
What second spring shall renovate?  
What powerful call shall bid arise  
The buried warlike and the wise;  
The mind that thought for Britain's weal,  
The hand that grasp'd the victor steel!  
The vernal sun new life bestows  
Even on the meanest flower that blows;  
But vainly, vainly may he shine,  
Where glory weeps o'er Nelson's shrine;  
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,  
That shrouds, O Pitt, thy hallowed tomb!

Deep grav'd in every British heart,  
O never let those names depart!  
Say to your sons.—Lo, here his grave,  
Who victor died on Gadite wave;<sup>2</sup>  
To him, as to the burning levin,  
Short, bright, resistless course was given.  
Where'er his country's foes were found,  
Was heard the fated thunder's sound,  
Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,  
Roll'd, blazed, destroy'd,—and was no more.

Nor mourn ye less his perish'd worth,  
Who bade the conqueror go forth,  
And launch'd that thunderbolt of war  
On Egypt, Hafnia,<sup>3</sup> Trafalgar;  
Who, born to guide such high empire,  
For Britain's weal was early wise;  
Alas! to whom the Almighty gave,  
For Britain's sins, an early grave!  
His worth, who, in his mightiest hour,  
A hauble held the pride of power,  
Spurn'd at the sordid lust of self,  
And served his Albion for herself;  
Who, when the frantic crowd amain  
Strain'd at subjection's bursting rein,  
O'er their wild mood full conquest gain'd,  
The pride, he would not crush, restrain'd,  
Show'd their fierce zeal a worthier cause,  
And brought the freeman's arm, to aid the free-  
man's laws.

<sup>1</sup> For the origin and progress of Scott's acquaintance with Mr. Rose, see *Life*, vols. ii. lii. lv. vi. Part of *Marmion* was composed at Mr. Rose's seat in the New Forest, *Ibid.* vol. iii. p. 10.

<sup>2</sup> Nelson.

<sup>3</sup> Copenhagen.



Had'st thou but lived, though stripp'd of  
power,

A watchman on the lonely tower,  
Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,  
When fraud or danger were at hand;  
By thee, as by the beacon-light,  
Our pilots had kept course aright;  
As some proud column, though alone,  
Thy strength had propp'd the tottering throne:  
Now is the stately column broke,  
The beacon-light is quench'd in smoke,  
The trumpet's silver sound is still,  
The warder silent on the hill!

Oh think, how to his latest day,  
When Death, just hovering, claim'd his prey,  
With Palinure's unalter'd mood,  
Firm at his dangerous post he stood;  
Each call for needful rest repell'd,  
With dying hand the rudder held,  
Till, in his fall, with fateful sway,  
The steerage of the realm gave way!  
Thieu, while on Britain's thousand plains,  
One unpolluted church remains,  
Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around  
The bloody tocsin's maddening sound,  
But still, upon the hallow'd day,  
Convoke the swains to praise and pray;  
While faith and civil peace are dear,  
Grace this cold marble with a tear,—  
He, who preserved them, Pitt, lies here!

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,  
Because his rival slumbers high;  
Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb,  
Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb.<sup>1</sup>  
For talents mourn, untimely lost,  
When best employ'd, and wanted most  
Mourn genius high, and lore profound,  
And wit that loved to play, not wound;  
And all the reasoning powers divine,  
'To penetrate, resolve, combine;  
And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—  
They sleep with him who sleeps below:  
And, if thou mourn'st they could not save  
From error him who owns this grave,  
Be every harsher thought suppress'd,  
And sacred be the last long rest.  
*Here*, where the end of earthly things  
Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings;  
Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue,  
Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung:

<sup>1</sup> In place of this couplet, and the ten lines which follow it, the original MS. of *Marmion* has only the following:—

"If genius high and judgment sound,  
And wit that loved to play, not wound,  
And all the reasoning powers divine,  
To penetrate, resolve, combine,  
Could save one mortal of the herd  
From error—Fox had never err'd."

"While Scott was correcting a second proof of the passage where Pitt and Fox are mentioned together, at Stanmore Priory, in April 1807, Lord Abercorn suggested that the compliment to the Whig statesman ought to be still further heightened, and several lines—

"For talents mourn untimely lost,  
When best employed, and wanted most, &c.—

were added accordingly. I have heard, indeed, that they came from the Marquis's own pen. Ballantyne, however, from some inadvertence, had put the sheet to press before the *revisé*, as it is called, arrived in Edinburgh, and some few copies got abroad in which the additional couplets were omitted. A London Journal (the *Morning Chronicle*) was

*Here*, where the fretted aisles prolong  
The distant notes of holy song,  
As if some angel spoke agen,  
"All peace on earth, good-will to men;"  
If ever from an English heart,  
O, *here* let prejudice depart,  
And, partial feeling cast aside,  
Record, that Fox a Briton died!  
When Europe crouch'd to France's yoke,  
And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,  
And the firm Russian's purpose brave,  
Was barter'd by a timorous slave,  
Even then dishonour's peace he spurn'd,  
The sullied olive-branch return'd,  
Stood for his country's glory fast,  
And nail'd her colours to the mast!  
Heaven, to reward his firmness gave  
A portion in this honour'd grave,  
And ne'er held marble in its trust  
Of two such wondrous men the dust.

With more than mortal power endow'd,  
How high they soar'd above the crowd!  
Theirs was no common party race,  
Jostling by dark intrigue for place;  
Like fabled Gods, their mighty war  
Shook realms and nations in its jar;  
Beneath each banner proud to stand,  
Look'd up the noblest of the land,  
'Till through the British world were known  
The names of Pitt and Fox alone.  
Spells of such force no wizard grave  
E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,  
Though his could drain the ocean dry,  
And force the planets from the sky.  
These spells are spent, and, spent with  
these,

The wine of life is on the lees,  
Genius, and taste, and talent gone,  
For ever tomh'd beneath the stone,  
Where—taming thought to human pride!—  
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.<sup>2</sup>  
Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,  
'Twill trickle to his rival's hier:  
O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,  
And Fox's shall the notes rebound.  
The solemn echo seems to cry,—  
"Here let their discord with them die.  
Speak not for those a separate doom,  
Whom Fate made Brothers in the tomb;  
But search the land of living men,  
Where wilt thou find their like agen?"

stupid and malignant enough to insinuate that the author had his presentation copies struck off with or without them, according as they were for Whig or Tory hauds. I mention the circumstance now only because I see by a letter of Heber's that Scott had thought it worth his while to contradict the absurd charge in the newspapers of the day.—Lockhart, *Life of Scott*, vol. iii. p. 61.

<sup>2</sup> "Reader! remember when thou wert a lad,  
Then Pitt was all; or, if not all, so much,  
His very rival almost deem'd him such.  
We, we have seen the intellectual race  
Of giants stand, like Titans, face to face;  
Athos and Ida, with a dashing sea  
Of eloquence between, which flow'd all frae,  
As the deep billows of the Aegean roar  
Betwixt the Hellenic and the Phrygian shore.  
But where are they—the rivals!—a few feet  
Of sullen earth divide each winding-shelf.  
How peaceful and how powerful is the grave  
Which hushes all! a calm unstormy wave  
Which overweeps the world. The theme is old  
Of 'dust to dust;' but half its tale untold;  
Time tempers not its terrors."—

Rest, ardent Spirits! till the cries  
Of dying Nature bid you rise:  
Not even your Britain's groans can pierce  
The leaden silence of your hearse;  
Then, O, how impotent and vain  
Thus grateful tributary strain!  
Though not unmark'd from northern clime,  
Ye heard the Border Minstrel's rhyme:  
His Gothic harp has o'er you rung;  
The Bard you deign'd to praise, your deathless  
names has sung.

Stay yet, illusion, stay a while,  
My wilder'd fancy still beguile!  
From this high theme how can I part,  
Ere half unloaded is my heart!  
For all the tears e'er sorrow drew,  
And all the raptures fancy knew,  
And all the keener rush of blood,  
That throbs through bard in bard-like mood,  
Were here a tribute mean and low,  
Though all their mingled streams could  
flow—

Woe, wonder, and sensation high,  
In one spring-tide of ecstasy!—  
It will not be—it may not last—  
The vision of enchantment's past;  
Like frostwork in the morning ray,  
The fancied fabric melts away;<sup>1</sup>  
Each Gothic arch, memorial stone,  
And long, dim, lofty aisle, are gone;  
And, lingering last, deception dear,  
The choir's high sounds die on my ear.  
Now slow return the lonely down,  
The silent pastures bleak and brown,  
The farm begirt with copsewood wild,  
The gambols of each frolic child,  
Mixing their shrill cries with the tone  
Of Tweed's dark waters rushing on.

Prompt on unequal tasks to run,  
Thus Nature disciplines her son:  
Meeter, she says, for me to stray,  
And waste the solitary day,  
In plucking from yon fen the reed,  
And watch it floating down the Tweed;  
Or idly list the shrilling lay,  
With which the milkmaid cheers her way,  
Marking its cadence rise and fall,  
As from the field, beneath her pail,  
She trips it down the uneven dale:  
Meeter for me, by yonder cairn,  
The ancient shepherd's tale to learn,  
Though oft he stop in rustic fear,  
Tost his old legends tire the ear  
Of one, who, in his simple mind,  
May boast of book-learn'd taste refined.

But thou, my friend, can'st fitly tell,  
(For few have read romance so well.)  
How still the legendary lay  
O'er poet's bosom holds its sway;  
How on the ancient minstrel strain  
Time lays his palsied hand in vain;  
And how our hearts at doughty deeds,  
By warriors wrought in steely weeds,  
Still throb for fear and pity's sake:  
As when the Champion of the Lake

Enters Morgana's faded house,  
Or in the Chapel Perilous,  
Despising spells and demons' force  
Holds converse with the unburied corpse;<sup>2</sup>  
Or when, Dame Ganore's grace to move,  
(Alas, that lawless was their love!)  
He sought proud Tarquin in his den,  
And freed full sixty knights; or when,  
A sinful man, and unconfess'd,  
He took the Sangreal's holy quest,  
And, slumbering, saw the vision high,  
He might not view with waking eye.<sup>3</sup>

The mightiest chiefs of British song  
Scorn'd not such legends to prolong:  
They gleam through Spenser's elfin dream,  
And mix in Milton's heavenly theme;  
And Dryden, in immortal strain,  
Had raised the Table Round again,<sup>4</sup>  
But that a ribald King and Court  
Bade him tell on, to make them sport;  
Denauded for their niggard pay,  
Fit for their souls, a hooser lay,  
Licentious satire, song, and play;  
The world defrauded of the high design,  
Profaned the God-given strength, and marr'd  
the lofty line.

Warm'd by such names, well may we then,  
Though dwindled sons of little men,  
Essay to break a feeble lance  
In the fair fields of old romance;  
Or seek the moated castle's cell,  
Where long through talisman and spell,  
While tyrants ruled, and damsels wept,  
Thy Genius, Chivalry, hath slept:  
There sound the harpings of the North,  
Till he awake and sally forth,  
On venturous quest to prick again,  
In all his arms, with all his train,  
Shield, lance, and brand, and plume, and  
scarf,

Fny, giant, dragon, squire, and dwarf,  
And wizard with his wand of night,  
And errant maid on palfrey white.  
Around the Genius weave their spells,  
Pure Love, who scarce his passion tells;  
Mystery, half veil'd and half reveal'd;  
And Honour, with his spotless shield;  
Attention, with fix'd eye; and Fear,  
That loves the tale she shrinks to hear;  
And gentle Courtesy; and Faith,  
Unchanged by sufferings, time, or death;  
And Valour, lion-mettled lord,  
Leaning upon his own good sword.

Well has thy fair achievement shown,  
A worthy meed may thus be won:  
Ytene's<sup>5</sup> oaks—beneath whose shade  
Their theme the merry minstrels made,  
Of Ascapart, and Bevis bold,<sup>6</sup>  
And that Red King,<sup>7</sup> who, while of old,  
Through Boldrewood the chase he led,  
By his loved huntsman's arrow bled—  
Ytene's oaks have heard again  
Renew'd such legendary strain;  
For thou hast sung, how He of Gaul,  
That Amadis so famed in hall,

1 "If but a beam of sober reason play,  
Lo! Fancy's fairy frostwork melts away."  
*Rogers' Pleasures of Memory.*

2 See Appendix, Note A.

3 See Appendix, Note B.

4 See Appendix, Note C.

5 The New Forest in Hampshire, anciently so called.

6 See Appendix, Note D.

7 William Rufus.

For Oriana, foil'd in fight  
The Necromancer's lejon might;  
And well in modern verse hast wove  
Partenopex's mystic love:<sup>1</sup>  
Hear, then, attentive to my lay,  
A knightly tale of Albion's elder day.

~~~~~

Marmion.

CANTO FIRST.

THE CASTLE.

I.

Day set on Norham's castled steep,²
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone:
The battled towers, the donjon keep,³
The loophole grates, where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.
The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seem'd forms of giant height:
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flash'd back again the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling light.

II.

Saint George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the fading ray
Less bright, and less, was flung:
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the Donjon Tower,
So heavily it hung.
The scouts had parted on their search,
The Castle gates were barr'd;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
The Warder kept his guard;
Low humming, as he paced along,
Some ancient Burder gathering song.

III.

A distant trampling sound he hears;
He looks abroad, and soon appears,
O'er Horncliff-hill a plump⁴ of spears,
Beneath a pennon gay;
A horseman, darting from the crowd,
Like lightning from a summer cloud,
Spurs on his mettled courser proud,
Before the dark array.
Beneath the sable palisade,
That closed the Castle barricade,
His bugle horn he blew;
The warder hasted from the wall,
And warn'd the Captain in the hall,
For well the blast he knew;
And joyfully that knight did call,
To sewer, squire, and seneschal.

IV.

"Now broach ye a pipe of Malvoisie,
Bring pasties of the doe,

And quickly make the entrance free,
And bid my heralds ready be,
And every minstrel sound his glee,
And all our trumpets blow;
And, from the platform, spare ye not
To fire a noble salvo-shot;
Lord Marmion waits below!"
Then to the Castle's lower ward
Sped forty yeomen tall,
The iron-studded gates unbarr'd,
Raised the portcullis' ponderous guard,
The lofty palisade unsparr'd
And let the drawbridge fall.

V.

Along the bridge Lord Marmion rode,
Proudly his red-roan charger trode,
His helm hung at the saddlebow;
Well by his visage you might know
He was a stalworth knight, and keen,
And had in many a battle been;
The scar on his brown cheek reveal'd
A token true of Bosworth field;
His eyebrow dark, and eye of fire,
Show'd spirit proud, and prompt to ire;
Yet lines of thought upon his cheek
Did deep design and counsel speak.
His forehead, by his casque worn bare,
His thick mustache, and curly hair,
Coal-black, and grizzled here and there,
But more through toil than age;
His square-tur'd joints, and strength of limb,
Show'd him no carpet knight so trim,
But in close fight a champion grim,
In camps a leader sage.

VI.

Well was he arm'd from head to heel,
In mail and plate of Milan steel;⁵
But his strong helm, of mighty cost,
Was all with burnish'd gold emboss'd;
Amid the plumage of the crest,
A falcon hover'd on her nest,
With wings outspread, and forward breast;
E'en such a falcon, on his shield,
Soar'd sable in an azure field:
The golden legend bore aright,
Who checks at me, to death is dight.⁶
Blue was the charger's broider'd rein;
Blue ribbons deck'd his arching mane;
The knightly housing's ample fold
Was velvet blue, and trapp'd with gold.

VII.

Behind him rode two gallant squires,
Of noble name, and knightly sires;
They burn'd the gilded spurs to claim;
For well could each a war-horse tame,
Could draw the bow, the sword could away,
And lightly bear the ring away;
Nor less with courteous precepts stored,
Could dance in hall, and carve at board,
And frame love-ditties passing rare,
And sing them to a lady fair.

VIII.

Four men-at-arms came at their backs,
With halbert, bill, and battle-axe:

¹ *Partenopex de Blois*, a poem, by W. S. Rose, Esq., was published in 1808.--Ed.

² See Appendix, Note E.

³ *Ibid.*, Note F.

⁴ This word properly applies to a flight of water-fowl; but is applied, by analogy, to a body of horse.

"There is a knight of the North Country,
Which leads a lusty plump of spears"

Flodden Field.

⁵ See Appendix, Note G.

⁶ See Appendix, Note H.

They bore Lord Marmion's lance so strong,
 And led his sumpter-mules along,
 And ambling palfrey, when at need
 Him listed ease his battle-steed.
 The last and truest of the four,
 On high his forky pennon bore :
 Like swallow's tail, in shape and hue,
 Flutter'd the streamer glossy blue,
 Where, blazon'd sable, as before,
 The towering falcon seem'd to soar.
 Last, twenty yeomen, two and two,
 In hosen black, and jerkins blue.
 With falcons broider'd on each breast,
 Attended on their lord's behest.
 Each, chosen for an archer good,
 Knew hunting-craft by lake or wood ;
 Each one a six-foot bow could bend,
 And far a cloth-yard shaft could send ;
 Each held a boar-spear tough and strong,
 And at their belts their quivers rung.
 Their dusty palfreys, and array,
 Show'd they had march'd a weary way.

IX.

'Tis meet that I should tell you now,
 How fairly arm'd, and order'd how,
 The soldiers of the guard,
 With musket, pike, and morion,
 To welcome noble Marmion,
 Stood in the Castle-yard ;
 Minstrels and trumpeters were there,
 The gunner held his linstock yare,
 For welcome-shot prepared :
 Enter'd the train, and such a clang,
 As then through all his turrets rang,
 Old Norman never heard.

X.

The guards their morrice pikes advanced,
 The trumpets flourish'd brave,
 The cannon from the ramparts glanced,
 And thundering welcome gave.
 A blithe salute, in martial sort,
 The minstrels well might sound,
 For, as Lord Marmion cross'd the court,
 He scatter'd angels round.
 "Welcome to Norham, Marmion !
 Stout heart, and open hand !
 Well dost thou brook thy gallant roan,
 Thou flower of English land !"

XI.

Two pursuivants, whom tabarts deck,
 With silver scutcheon round their neck,
 Stood on the steps of stone,
 By which you reach the donjon gate.
 And there, with herald pomp and state,
 They hail'd Lord Marmion :
 They hail'd him Lord of Fontenaye,
 Of Lutterward, and Scivelbaye,
 Of Tamworth tower and town ;¹
 And he, their courtesy to requite,
 Gave them a chain of twelve marks' weight,
 All as he lighted down.
 "Now, largesse, largesse,² Lord Marmion,
 Knight of the crest of gold !
 A blazon'd shield, in battle won,
 Ne'er guarded heart so bold."

XII.

Theymarshall'd him to the Castle-hall,
 Where the guests stood all aside,

And loudly flourish'd the trumpet-call,
 And the heralds loudly cried,
 — "Room, lordings, room for Lord Marmion,
 With the crest and helm of gold !
 Full well we know the trophies won
 In the lists at Cottiswold :
 There, vainly Ralph de Wilton strove
 'Gainst Marmion's force to stand ;
 To him he lost his lady-love,
 And to the King his land.
 Ourselves beheld the listed field,
 A sight both sad and fair :
 We saw Lord Marmion pierce his shield,
 And saw his saddle bare ;
 We saw the victor win the crest
 He wears with worthy pride ;
 And on the gibbet-tree, reversed,
 His foe-man's scutcheon tied.
 Place, nobles, for the Falcon-Knight !
 Room, room, ye gentles gay,
 For him who conquer'd in the right,
 Marmion of Fontenaye !"

XIII.

Then stepp'd to meet that noble Lord,
 Sir Hugh the Heron bold,
 Baron of Twisell, and of Ford,
 And Captain of the Hold,³
 He led Lord Marmion to the deas,
 Raised o'er the pavement high,
 And placed him in the upper place—
 They feasted full and high :
 The whiles a Northern harper rude
 Chanted a rhyme of deadly feud,
 "How the fierce Thirwalls, and Kidleys all,⁴
 Stout Willimoniswick,
 And Hardriding Dick,
 And Hughie of Hawdon, and Will o' the Wall,
 Have set on Sir Albany Featherstonbaugh,
 And taken his life at the Deadman's-shaw."
 Scantly Lord Marmion's ear could brook
 The harper's barbarous lay ;
 Yet much he praised the pains he took,
 And well those pains did pay :
 For lady's suit and minstrel's strain,
 By knight should ne'er be heard in vain.

XIV.

"Now, good Lord Marmion," Heron says,
 "Of your fair courtesy,
 I pray you hide some little space
 In this poor tower with me.
 Here may you keep your arms from rust,
 May breathe your war-horse well ;
 Seldom hath pass'd a week but giust
 Or feat of arms befell :
 The Scots can rein a mettled steed ;
 And love to couch a spear :—
 Saint George ! n stirring life they lead,
 That have such neighbours near.
 Then stay with us a little space,
 Our northern wars to learn ;
 I pray you, for your lady's grace !"
 Lord Marmion's brow grew stern.

XV.

The Captain mark'd his alter'd look,
 And gave a squire the sign :
 A mighty wassal-bowl he took,
 And crown'd it high in wine.
 "Now pledge me here, Lord Marmion :
 But first I pray thee fair,

¹ See Appendix, Note L.² Ibid, Note K.³ See Appendix, Note L.⁴ Ibid, Note M.

Where hast thou left that page of thine,
That used to serve thy cup of wine,
Whose beauty was so rare?
When last in Raby towers we met,
The boy I closely eyed,
And often mark'd his cheeks were wet,
With tears he fain would hide:
His was no rugged horse-boy's hand,
To burnish shield or sharpen braid,
Or saddle battle-steed:
But meeter seem'd for lady fair,
To fan her cheek, or curl her hair,
Or through embroidery, rich and rare,
The slender silk to lead:
His skin was fair, his ringlets gold,
His bosom—when he sigh'd,
The russet doublet's rugged fold
Could scarce repel its pride!
Say, hast thou given that lovely youth
To serve in lady's bower?
Or was the gentle page, in sooth,
A gentle paramour?¹

XVI.

Lord Marmion ill could brook such jest;
He roll'd his kindling eye,
With pain his rising wrath suppress'd,
Yet made a calm reply:
"That boy thou thought'st so goodly fair,
He might not brook the northern air.
More of his fate if thou wouldst learn,
I left him sick in Lindisfarne:
Enough of him.—But, Heron, say,
Why does thy lovely lady gae
Disdain to grace the hall to-day?
Or has that dame, so fair and sage,
Gone on some pious pilgrimage?"
He spoke in covert scorn, for fame
Whisper'd light tales of Heron's dame.

XVII.

Unmark'd, at least unreck'd, the taunt,
Careless the Knight replied,
"No bird, whose feathers gaily flaunt,
Delights in cage to bide:
Norham is grim and grated close,
Hemmi'd in by battlement and fosse,
And many a darksome tower;
And better loves my lady bright
To sit in liberty and light,
In fair Queen Margaret's bower.
We hold our greyhound in our hand,
Our falcon on our glove;
But where shall we find lash or band,
For dame that loves to rove?
Let the wild falcon soar her swing,
She'll stoop when she has tired her wing."²

XVIII.

"Nay, if with Royal James's bride
The lovely Lady Heron bide,
Behold me here a messenger,
Your tender greetings prompt to bear;
For, to the Scottish court address'd,
I journey at our King's behest,
And pray you, of your grace, provide
For me, and mine, a trusty guide.
I have not ridden in Scotland since
James back'd the cause of that mock prince,
Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit,
Who on the gibbet paid the cheat.

Then did I march with Surrey's power,
What time we razed old Ayton tower."³

XIX.

"For such-like need, my lord, I trow,
Norham can find you guides enow;
For here be some have prick'd as far,
On Scottish ground, as to Dunbar,
Have drunk the monks of St. Bothan's ale,
And driven the beeves of Lauderdale;
Harried the wives of Greenlaw's goods,
And given them light to set their hoods."⁴

XX.

"Now, in good sooth," Lord Marnion cried,
"Were I in warlike wise to ride,
A better guard I would not lack,
Than your stout forayers at my back;
But, as in form of peace I go,
A friendly messenger, to know,
Why through all Scotland, near and far,
Their King is mustering troops for war,
The sight of plundering Border spears
Might justify suspicious fears,
And deadly feud, or thirst of spoil,
Break out in some unseemly broil:
A herald were my fitting guide;
Or friar, sworn in peace to bide;
Or pardoner, or travelling priest,
Or strolling pilgrim, at the least."

XXI.

The Captain mused a little space,
And pass'd his hand across his face.
—"Fain would I find the guide you want,
But ill may spare a pursuivant,
The only men that safe can ride
Mine errands on the Scottish side:
And though a bishop built this fort,
Few holy brethren here resort;
Even our good chaplain, as I ween,
Since our last siege, we have not seen:
The mass he might not sing or say,
Upon one stinted meal a day:
So, safe he sat in Durham aisle,
And pray'd for our success the while.
Our Norham vicar, woe betide,
Is all too well in case to ride;
The priest of Shoreswood⁵—he could rein
The wildest war-horse in your train;
But then, no spearman in the hall
Will sooner swear, or stab, or brawl.
Friar John of Tillmouth were the man:
A blithesome brother at the can.
A welcome guest in hall and bower,
He knows each castle, town, and tower,
In which the wine and ale is good,
"Twixt Newcastle and Holy-Rood.
But that good man, as ill befalls,
Hath seldom left our castle walls,
Since, on the vigil of St. Bede,
In evil hour, he cross'd the Tweed,
To teach Dame Alison her creed.
Old Bughrig found him with his wife;
And John, an enemy to strife,
Sans frock and hood, fled for his life.
The jealous churl hath deeply sworn,
That, if again he venture o'er,
He shall shrieve penitent no more.
Little he loves such risks, I know;
Yet, in your guard, perchance will go."

¹ See Note 2 B, canto ii, stanza 1.
² See Appendix, Note N.

³ See Appendix, Note O.
⁴ See Appendix, Note P.

XXII.

Young Selby, at the fair hall-board,
Carved to his uncle and that lord,
And reverently took up the word.
"Kind uncle, woe were we each one,
If harm should hap to brotlier John.
He is a man of mirthful speech.
Can many a game and gambol teach:
Full well at tables can he play,
And sweep at bowls the stake away.
None can a lustier carol bawl,
The needfullest among us all,
When time hangs heavy in the hall,
And snow comes thick at Christmas tide,
And we can neither hunt, nor ride
A foray on the Scottish side.
The vow'd revenge of Bughrig rude,
May end in worse than loss of hood.
Let Friar John, in safety, still
In chimney-corner soore his fill,
Roast hissing crabs, or flagons swill:
Last night, to Norham there came one,
Will better guide Lord Marmion."¹—
"Nephew," quoth Heron, "by my fay,
Well hast thou spoke; say forth thy say."²—

XXIII.

"Here is a holy Palmer come,
From Salem first, and last from Rome;
One, that hath kiss'd the blessed tomb,
And visited each holy shrine,
In Araby and Palestine;
On hills of Armenie hath been,
Where Noah's ark may yet be seen:
By that Red Sea, too, hath he trod,
Which parted at the prophet's rod;
In Sinai's wilderness he saw
The Mount, where Israel heard the law,
'Mid thunder-dint, and flashing levin,
And shadows, mists, and darkness, given.
He shows Saint James's cockle-shell,
Of fair Montserrat, too, can tell;
And of that Grot where Olives nod,
Where, darling of each heart and eye,
From all the youth of Sicily,
Saint Rosalie retired to God."¹

XXIV.

"To stont Saint George of Norwich merry,
Saint Thomas, too, of Canterbury,
Cuthbert of Durham and Saint Bede,
For his sins' pardon hath he pray'd.
He knows the passes of the North,
And seeks far shrines beyond the Forth;
Little he eats, and long will wake,
And drinks but of the stream or lake.
This was a guide o'er moor and dale;
But, when our John hath quaff'd his ale,
As little as the wind that blows,
And warms itself against his nose,
Keus he, or cares, which way he goes."²—

XXV.

"Gramercy!" quoth Lord Marmion,
"Full loth were I, that Friar John,
That venerable man, for me,
Were placed in fear or jeopardy
If this same Palmer will me lead
From hence to Holy-Rood,

Like his good saint, I'll pay his meed,
Instead of cockle-shell, or bead,
With angels fair and good.
I love such holy ramblers; still
They know to charm a weary hill,
With song, romance, or lay:
Some jovial tale, or glee, or jest,
Some lying legend, at the least,
They bring to cheer the way."³—

XXVI.

"Ah! noble sir" young Selby said,
And finger on his lip he laid,
"This man knows much, perchance e'en more
Than he could learn by holy lore.
Still to himself he's muttering,
And shrinks as at some unseen thing.
Last night we listen'd at his cell;
Strange sounds we heard, and, sooth to tell,
He murmur'd on till morn, howe'er
No living mortal could be near.
Sometimes I thought I heard it plain,
As other voices spoke again.
I cannot tell—I like it not—
Friar John hath told us it is wrote,
No conscience clear, and void of wrong,
Can rest awake, and pray so long.
Himself still sleeps before his beads
Have mark'd ten aves, and two creeds."³

XXVII.

—"Let pass," quoth Marmion: "by my fay,
This man shall guide me on my way,
Although the great arch-fiend and he
Had sworn themselves of company.
So please you, gentle youth, to call
This Palmer³ to the Castle-hall."²
The summon'd Palmer came in place;
His sable cowl o'erhurling his face;
In his black mantle was he clad,
With Peter's keys, in cloth of red,
On his broad shoulders wrought;
The scallop shell his cap did deck;
The crucifix around his neck
Was from Loretto brought,
His sandals were with travel sore,
Staff, budget, bottle, scrip, he wore;
The faded palm-brunch in his hand
Show'd pilgrim from the Holy Land.

XXVIII.

When as the Palmer came in hall,
Nor lord, nor knight, was there more tall,
Or had a statelier step withal,
Or look'd more high and keen;
For no saluting did he wait,
But strode across the hall of state,
And fronted Marmion where he sat,
As he his peer had been
But his gaunt frame was worn with toil;
His cheek was sunk, alas the while!
And when he struggled at a smile,
His eye look'd baggard wild:
Poor wretch! the mother that him bare,
If she had been in presence there,
In his wan face, and sun-burn'd hair,
She had not known her child.
Danger, long travel, want, or woe,
Soon change the form that best we know—
For deadly fear can time outgo,
And blanch at once the hair;

¹ See Appendix, Note Q.² See Appendix, Note R.³ See Appendix, Note S.

Hard toil can roughen form and face,
And want can quench the eye's bright
Nor does old age a wrinkle trace
More deeply than despair.
Happy whom none of these befall,
But this poor Palmer new them all.

XXIX.

Lord Marmion then his boon did ask ;
The Palmer took on him the task,
So he would march with morning tide,
To Scottish court to be his guide.
"But I have solemn vows to pay,
And may not linger by the way,
To fair St. Andrews bound,
Within the ocean cave to pray,
Where good Saint Rule his holy lay
From midnight to the dawn of day,
Sung to the billows' sound ;¹
Thence to Saint Fillan's blessed well,
Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel,
And the crazed brain restore ;²
Saint Mary grant, that cave or spring
Could back to peace my bosom bring,
Or bid it throb no more !"³

XXX.

And now the midnight draught of sleep,
Where wine and spices richly steep,
In massive bowl of silver deep,
The page presents on knee.
Lord Marmion drank a fair good rest,
The Captain pledged his noble guest,
The cup went through among the rest,
Who drain'd it merrily ;
Alone the Palmer pass'd it by,
Though Selby press'd him courteously.
This was a sign the feast was o'er ;
It hush'd the merry wassel roar.
The minstrels ceased to sound.
Soon in the castle nought was heard,
But the slow footstep of the guard,
Pacing his sober round.

XXXI.

With early dawn Lord Marmion rose :
And first the chapel doors unclose ;
Then, after morning rites were done,
(A hasty mass from Friar John,³)
And knight and squire had broke their fast,
On rich substantial repast,
Lord Marmion's bugles blew to horse :
Then came the stirrup-cup in course :
Between the Baron and his host,
No point of courtesy was lost ;
High thanks were by Lord Marmion paid,
Solemn excuse the Captain made,
Till, filing from the gate, had pass'd
That noble train, their Lord the last.
Then loudly rung the trumpet call ;
Thunder'd the cannon from the wall,
And slook the Scottish shore ;
Around the castle eddied slow,
Volumes of smoke as white as snow,
And hid its turrets hoar ;
Till they roll'd forth upon the air,
And met the river breezes there,
Which gave again the prospect fair.

¹ See Appendix, Note T.

² See Appendix, Note U.

³ "In Catholic countries, in order to reconcile the pleasures of the great with the observances of religion, it was common, when a party was bent for the chase, to celebrate mass, abridged and maimed of its rites, called a hunting-

Marmion.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SECOND.

TO THE

REV. JOHN MARRIOTT, A. M.

Ashetie, Ettrick Forest.

The scenes are desert now, and bare,
Where flourish'd once a forest fair,⁴
When these waste glens with copse were
lined,

And peopled with the hart and hind.
Yon Thorn—perchance whose prickly spears
Have fenced him for three hundred years,
While fell around his green compeers—
You lonely Thorn, would he could tell
The changes of his parent dell,
Since he, so grey and stubborn now,
Waved in each breeze a sapling bough ;
Would he could tell how deep the shade
A thousand mingled branches made ;
How broad the shadows of the oak,
How clung the rowan to the rock,
And through the foliage show'd his head,
With narrow leaves and berries red ;
What pines on every mountain sprung,
O'er every dell what birches hung,
In every breeze what aspens shook,
What alders shaded every brook !

"Here, in my shade," methinks he'd say,
"The mighty stag at noon-tide lay :
The wolf I've seen, a fiercer game,
(The neighbouring dingle bears his name,)
With leaping step around me prowling,
And stop, against the moon to howl ;
The mountain-boar, on battle set,
His tusks upon my stem would whet ;
While doe, and roe, and red-deer good,
Have bounded by, through gay green-wood.
Then oft, from Newark's⁶ riven tower,
Sallied a Scottish monarch's power :
A thousand vassals mustered round,
With horse, and hawk, and horn, and hound ;
And I might see the youth intent,
Guard every pass with crossbow bent ;
And through the brake the rangers stalk,
And falcners hold the ready hawk ;
And foresters, in green-wood trim,
Lead in the leash the gazehounds grim,
Attentive, as the bratchet's⁷ bay
From the dark covert drove the prey,
To slip them as he broke away.
The startled quarry bounds amain,
As fast the gullant greyhounds strain ;
Whistles the arrow from the bow,
Answers the harquebuss below ;
While all the rocking hills reply,
To hoof-clang, hound, and hunters' cry,
And bugles ringing lightsomely."

mass, the brevity of which was designed to correspond with the impatience of the audience."⁵—*Note to "The Abbot."*
New Edit.

⁴ See Appendix, Note V.

⁶ Mountain-ash.

⁶ See Notes to the Lay of the Last Minstrel.

⁷ Slowhound.

Of such proud huntings, many tales
Yet linger in our lonely dales,
Up pathless Ettrick and on Yarrow,
Where erst the outlaw drew his arrow.¹
But not more blithe than silvan court,
Than we have been at lumber sport;
Though small our pomp, and mean our
game,

Our mirth, dear Marriott, was the same.
Remember'st thou my greybounds true?
O'erholt or hill there never flew,
From slip or leash there never sprang,
More fleet of foot, or sure of fang.
Nor dull, between each merry chase
Pass'd by the intermitted space;
For we had fair resource in store,
In Classic and in Gothic lore:
We mark'd each memorable scene,
And held poetic talk between;
Nor hill, nor brook, we paced along,
But had its legend or its song.

All silent now—for now are still
Thy bowers, untenanted Bowhill!²
No longer, from thy mountains dun,
The yeoman hears the well-known gun,
And while his honest heart glows warm,
At thought of his paternal farn,
Round to his mates a brimful fills,
And drinks, "The Chieftain of the Hills!"³
No fairy forms, in Yarrow's bowers,
Trip o'er the walks, or tend the flowers,
Fair as the elves whom Junet saw
By moonlight dance on Caterhaugh;
No youthful Baron's left to grace
The Forest-Sheriff's lonely chase,
And aye, in manly step and tone,
The majesty of Oberon:³
And she is gone, whose lovely face
Is but her least and lowest grace;
Though if to Sylphid Queen 'twere given,
To show our earth the charms of Heaven,
She could not glide along the air,
With form more light, or face more fair.
No more the widow's deafen'd ear
Grows quick that lady's step to hear:
At noontide she expects her not,
Nor busies her to trim the cot;
Peevish she turns her humming wheel,
Or peevish cooks her orphans' meal;
Yet blesses, ere she deals their bread,
The gentle hand by which they're fed.

From Yair,—which hills so closely bind,
Scarce can the Tweed his passage find,
Though much he fret, and chafe, and toil,
Till all his eddying currents boil,—
Her long-descended lord⁴ is gone,
And left us by the stream alone.
And much I miss those sportive boys,⁵
Companions of my mountain joys,
Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth.
Close to my side, with what delight
They press'd to hear of Wallace wight,

When, pointing to his airy mound,
I call'd his ramparts holy ground!⁶
Kindled their brows to hear me speak;
And I have smiled, to feel my cheek;
Despite the difference of our years,
Return again the glow of theirs.
Ah, happy boys! such feelings pure,
They will not, cannot, long endure;
Condemn'd to stem the world's rude tide,
You may not linger by the side:
For Fate shall thrust you from the shore,
And Passion ply the sail and oar.
Yet cherish the remembrance still,
Of the lone mountain, and the rill;
For trust, dear boys, the time will come,
When fiercer transport shall be dumb,
And you will think right frequently,
But, well I hope, without a sigh,
On the free hours that we have spent
Together, on the brown hill's bent.

When, musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone,
Something, my friend, we yet may gain;
There is a pleasure in this pain:
It soothes the love of lonely rest,
Deep in each gentler heart impress'd.
'Tis sweet amid worldly toils,
And stifled soon by mental broils:
But, in a bosom thus prepared,
Its still small voice is often heard,
Whispering a mingled sentiment,
'Twixt resignation and content.
Oft in my mind such thoughts awake,
By lone Saint Mary's silent lake:⁷
Thou know'st it well,—nor fen, nor sedge,
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge;
Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake, is there,
Save where, of land, yon slender line
Bears thwart the lake the scatter'd pine.
Yet even this nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour:
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
Where living thing conceal'd might lie;
Nor point, retiring, hides a dell,
Where swam, or woodman lone, might dwell;
'There's nothing left to fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness:
And silence aids—though the steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills;
In summer tide, so soft they weep,
'The sound but lulls the ear asleep;
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stilly is the solitude.

Nought living meets the eye or ear,
But well I ween the dead are near;

¹ The Tale of the Outlaw Murray, who held out Newark Castle and Ettrick Forest against the King, may be found in the Border Minstrelsy, vol. i. In the Macfarlane MS., among other causes of James the Fifth's charter to the burgh of Selkirk, is mentioned, that the citizens assisted him to suppress this dangerous outlaw.

² A seat of the Duke of Buccleuch on the Yarrow, in Ettrick Forest. See Notes to the Lay of the Last Minstrel.

³ Mr. Marriott was governor to the young nobleman here alluded to, George Henry, Lord Scott, son to Charles, Earl

of Dalkeith, (afterwards Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry,) and who died early in 1808.—See *Life of Scott*, vol. iii. pp. 59-61.

⁴ The late Alexander Pringle, Esq., of Whybank—whose beautiful seat of the Yair stands on the Tweed, about two miles below Ashetel, the then residence of the poet.

⁵ The sons of Mr. Pringle of Whybank.

⁶ There is, on a high mountainous ridge above the farm of Ashetel, a fosse called Wallace's Trench.

⁷ See Appendix, Note W.

For though, in feudal strife, a foe¹
Hath laid Our Lady's chapel low,
Yet still, beneath the hallow'd soil,
The peasant rests him from his toid.
And, dying, bids his bones be laid,
Where erst his simple fathers pray'd.

If age had tamed the passions' strife,
And fate had cut my ties to life,
Here, have I thought, 'twere sweet to dwell,
And rear again the chaplain's cell,
Like that same peaceful hermitage;
Where Milton longed to spend his age.²
'Twere sweet to mark the setting day,
On Bourhope's lonely top decay;
And, as it faint and feeble died
On the broad lake, and mountain's side,
To say, "Thus pleasures fade away;
Youth, talents, beauty, thus decay,
And leave us dark, forlorn, and grey;"
Then gaze on Dryhope's ruin'd tower,
And think on Yarrow's faded Flower:
And when that mountain-sound I heard,
Which bids us be for storm prepared,
The distant rustling of his wings,
As up his force the Tempest brings,
'Twere sweet, ere yet his terrors rave,
To sit upon the Wizard's grave;
That Wizard Priest's, whose bones are thrust
From company of holy dust;³
On which no sunbeam ever shines—
(So superstition's creed divines)—
Thence view the lake, with sullen roar,
Heave her broad billows to the shore;
And mark the wild-swans mount the gale,
Spread wide through mist their snowy sail,
And ever stoop again, to lave
Their bosoms on the surging wave:
Then, when against the driving hail
No longer might my plaid avail,
Back to my lonely home retire,
And light my lamp, and trim my fire;
There ponder o'er some mystic lay,
Till the wild tale had all its way,
And, in the bittern's distant shriek,
I heard unearthly voices speak:
And thought the Wizard Priest was come,
To clam again his ancient home!
And bade my busy fancy range,
To frame him fitting shape and strange,
'Till from the task my brow I clear'd,
And smiled to think that I had fear'd.

But chief, 'twere sweet to think such life,
(Though but escape from fortune's strife),
Something most matchless good and wise,
A great and grateful sacrifice;
And deem each hour to musing given,
A step upon the road to heaven.

Yet him, whose heart is ill at ease,
Such peaceful solitudes displease:
He loves to drown his bosom's jar
Amid the elemental war:

And my black Palmer's choice had been
Some ruder and more savage scene,
Like that which frowns round dark Loch-
skene.⁴

There eagles scream from rock to shore;
Down all the rocks the torrents roar;
O'er the black waves incessant driven,
Dark mists infect the summer heaven;
Through the rude barriers of the lake,
Away its hurrying waters break,
Faster and whiter dash and curl,
Till down you dark abyss they hurl.
Rises the fog-smoke white as snow,
Thunders the viewless stream below,
Diving, as if condemned to lave
Some demon's subterranean cave.
Who, prision'd by enchanter's spell,
Shakes the dark rock with groan and yell.
And well that Palmer's form and mien
Had suited with the stormy scene,
Just on the edge, straining his ken
'To view the bottom of the den,
Where, deep deep down, and far within,
Toils with the rocks the roaring lin;
Then, issuing forth one foamy wave,
And wheeling round the Giant's Grave,
White as the snowy charger's tail,
Drives down the pass of Moffatdale.

Marriott, thy harp, on Isis strung,
To many a Border theme has rung;⁵
Then list to me, and thou shalt know
Of this mysterious Man of Woe.

Marmion.

CANTO SECOND.

THE CONVENT.

L

The breeze, which swept away the smoke,
Round Norham Castle roll'd,
When all the loud artillery spoke,
With lightning-flash, and thunder-stroke,
As Marmion left the Hold.
It curl'd not 'Tweed alone that breeze,
For, far upon Northumbrian seas,
It freshly blew, and s'rong,
Where, from high Whitby's cloistered pile,⁶
Bound to St. Cuthbert's Holy Isle,⁷
It bore a bark along.
Upon the gale she stoop'd her side,
And bounded o'er the swelling tide,
As she were dancing home;
The merry seamen laughed, to see
Their gallant ship so lustily
Furrow the green sea-foam.

Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.⁸

Il Penseroso.

¹ See Appendix, Note Y.

⁴ *Ibid.*, Note Z.

² And may at last my weary age

Find out the peaceful hermitage,

The hairy gown and mossy cell,

Where I may sit and rightly spell

Of every star that heaven doth show,

And every herb that sips the dew;

³ See Appendix, Note Y. ⁵ See various ballads by Mr. Marriott, in the 4th vol. of the Border Minstrelsy.

⁶ See Appendix, Note 2 A.

⁷ *Ibid.*, Note 2 B.

Much joy'd they in their honour'd freight;
 For, on the deck, in chair of state,
 The Abbess of Saint Hilda placed,
 With five fair nuns, the galley graced.

II.

'Twas sweet to see these holy maids,
 Like birds escaped to green-wood shades,
 Their first flight from the cage,
 How timid, and how curious too,
 For all to them was strange and new,
 And all the common sights they view,
 Their wonderment engage.
 One eyed the shrouds and swelling sail,
 With many a benedicate;
 One at the rippling surge grew pale,
 Aod would for terror pray;
 Then shriek'd, because the sea-dog, nigh,
 His round black head, and sparkling eye,
 Rear'd o'er the foaming spray;
 And one would still adjust her veil,
 Disordered by the summer gale,
 Perchance lest some more worldly eye
 Her dedicated charms might spy;
 Perchance, because such action graced
 Her fair turn'd arm and slender waist.
 Light was each simple bosom there,
 Save two, who ill might pleasure share,—
 The Abbess, and the Novice Clare.

III.

The Abbess was of noble blood,
 But early took the veil and hood,
 Ere upon life she cast a look,
 Or knew the world that she forsook.
 Fair too she was, and kind had been
 As she was fair, but ne'er had seen
 For her a timid lover sigh,
 Nor knew the influence of her eye.
 Love, to her ear, was but a name,
 Combined with vanity and shame;
 Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all
 Bounded within the cloister wall.
 The deadliest sin her mind could reach,
 Was of monastic rule the breach;
 And her ambition's highest aim
 To emulate Saint Hilda's fame.
 For this she gave her ample dower,
 To raise the convent's eastern tower;
 For this, with carving rare and quaint,
 She deck'd the chapel of the saint,
 And gave the relic shrine of cost,
 With ivory and gems emboss'd.
 The poor her Convent's bounty blest,
 The pilgrim in its halls found rest.

IV.

Black was her garb, her rigid rule
 Reform'd on Benedictine school;
 Her cheek was pale, her form was spare;
 Vigils, and penitence austere,
 Had early quench'd the light of youth,
 But gentle was the dame, in sooth;
 Though vain of her religious sway,
 She loved to see her maids obey,
 Yet nothing stern was she in cell,
 And the nuns love their Abbess well.
 Sad was this voyage to the dame;
 Summon'd to Lidisfurne, she came,
 There, with Saint Cuthbert's Abbot old,
 And Tynemouth's Prioress, to hold
 A chapter of Saint Benedict,
 For inquisition stern and strict,

On two apostates from the faith,
 And, if need were, to doom to death.

V.

Nought say I here of Sister Clare,
 Save this, that she was young and fair;
 As yet a novice unprofess'd,
 Lovely and gentle, but distress'd.
 She was betroth'd to one now dead,
 Or worse, who had dishonour'd fled.
 Her kinsmen bade her give her hand
 To one, who loved her for her land:
 Herself, almost heart-broken now,
 Was bent to take the vestal vow,
 And shroud, within Saint Hilda's gloom,
 Her blasted hopes and wither'd bloom.

VI.

She sate upon the galley's prow,
 And seem'd to mark the waves below;
 Nay, seem'd, so fix'd her look and eye,
 To count them as they glided by.
 She saw them not—'twas seeming all—
 Far other scene her thoughts recall,—
 A sun-scorch'd desert, waste and bare,
 Nor waves, nor breezes, murmur'd there;
 There saw she, where some careless hand
 O'er a dead corpse had heap'd the sand,
 To hide it till the jackals come,
 To tear it from the scanty tomb.—
 See what a woful look was given,
 As she raised up her eyes to heaven!

VII.

Lovely, and gentle, and distress'd—
 These charms might tame the fiercest breast:
 Harpers have sung, and poets told,
 That he, in fury uncontrol'd,
 The shaggy monarch of the wood,
 Before a virgin fair and good,
 Hath pacified his savage mood.
 But passions in the human frame,
 Oft put the lion's rage to shame:
 And jealousy, by dark intrigue,
 With sordid avarice in league,
 Had practis'd with their bowl and knife,
 Against the mourner's harmless life.
 'Tis his crime was charg'd 'gainst those who lay
 Prison'd in Cuthbert's islet grey.

VIII.

And now the vessel skirts the strand
 Of mountainous Northumberland;
 Towns, towers, and halls, successive rise,
 And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.
 Monk-Wearmouth soon behind them lay,
 And Tynemouth's priory and bay;
 They mark'd, amid her trees, the hall
 Of lofty Seaton-Delaval;
 They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods
 Rush to the sea through sounding woods;
 They pass'd the tower of Widderington,¹
 Mother of many a valiant son;
 At Coquet-isle their beads they tell
 To the good Saint who own'd the cell;
 Then did the Aline attention claim,
 And Warkworth proud of Percy's name;
 And next, they cross'd themselves, to hear
 The whitening breakers sound so near,
 Where, boiling through the rocks they roar,
 On Dunstauborough's cavern'd shore;

¹ See the notes on Chevy Chase.—Percy's *Reliques*.

Thy tower, proud Bamborough, mark'd they
there,

King Ida's castle, huge and square,
From its tall rock look grimly down,
And on the swelling ocean frown :
Then from the coast they bore away,
And reach'd the Holy Island's bay.

IX.

The tide did now its flood-mark gain,
And girdled in the Saint's domain :
For, with the flow and ebb, its style
Varies from continent to isle ;
Dry-shod, o'er sands, twice every day,
The pilgrims to the shrine find way ;
Twice every day, the waves efface
Of staves and sandal'd feet the trace.
As to the port the galleys flew,
Higher and higher rose to view
The Castle with its battled walls,
The ancient Monastery's halls,
A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile
Placed on the margin of the isle.

X.

In Saxon strength that Abbey frown'd,
With massive arches broad and round,
That rose alternate, row and row,
On ponderous columns, short and low,
Built ere the art was known,
By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk,
The arcades of an alley'd walk
To emulate in stone.

On the deep walls, the heathen Dane
Had pour'd his impious rage in vain ;
And needful was such strength to these,
Exposed to the tempestuous seas,
Scourged by the wind's eternal sway.
Open to rovers fierce as they,
Which could twelve hundred years withstand
Winds, waves, and northern pirates' hand.
Not hut that portions of the pile,
Rebuilt in a later style,
Show'd where the spoiler's hand had been ;
Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen
Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,
And moulder'd in his niche the saint,
And rounded, with consuming power,
The pointed angles of each tower ;
Yet still entire the Abbey stood,
Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued.

XI.

Soon as they near'd his turrets strong,
The maidens raised Saint Hilda's song,
And with the sea-wave and the wind,
Their voices, sweetly shrill, combined,
And made harmonious close ;
Then, answering from the sandy shore,
Half-drown'd amid the breakers' roar,
According chorus rose :
Down to the haven of the Isle,
The monks and nuns in order file,
From Cuthbert's cloisters grim ;
Banner, and cross, and relics there,
To meet Saint Hilda's maids, they bare ;
And, as they caught the sounds on air,
They echoed back the hymn.
The islanders, in joyous mood,
Rush'd emulously through the flood,
To hale the bark to land ;

Conspicuous by her veil and hood,
Signing the cross, the Abbess stood,
And bless'd them with her hand.

XII.

Suppose we now the welcome said,
Suppose the Convent banquet made :
All through the holy dome,
Through cloister, aisle, and gallery,
Wherever vestal maid might pry,
Nor risk to meet unhallow'd eye,
The stranger sisters roam :
Till fell the evening damp with dew,
And the sharp sea-breeze coldly blew,
For there, even summer night is chill.
Then, having stray'd and gazed their fill,
They closed around the fire ;
And all, in turn, essay'd to paint
The rival merits of their saint,
A theme that ne'er can tire
A holy maid ; for, be it known,
That their saint's honour is their own.

XIII.

Then Whitby's nuns exulting told,
How to their house three Barons bold
Must menial service do ;
While horns blow out a note of shame,
And monks cry " Eye upon your name !
In wrath, for loss of silvan game,
Saint Hilda's priest ye slew."
" This, on Ascension-day, each year,
While labouring on our harbour pier,
Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear."—
They told, how in their convent-cell
A Saxon princess once did dwell,
The lovely Edeflid ;²
And how, of thousand snakes, each one
Was changed into a coil of stone,
When holy Hilda pray'd ;
Themselves, within their holy bound
Their stony folds had often found.
They told, how sea-fowls' pinions fail,
As over Whitby's towers they sail,³
And, sinking down, with flutterings faint,
They do their homage to the saint.

XIV.

Nor did Saint Cuthbert's daughter's fail,
To vie with these in holy tale ;
His body's resting-place, of old,
How oft their patrol changed, they told :⁴
How, when the rude Dane burn'd their pile,
The monks fled forth from Holy Isle :
O'er northern mountain, marsh, and moor,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Seven years Saint Cuthbert's corpse they bore.
They rested them in fair Melrose :
But though, alive, he loved it well,
Not there his relics might repose ;
For, wondrous tale to tell !
In his stone-coffin forth he rides,
A ponderous bark for river tides,
Yet light as gossamer it glides,
Downward to Tilmouth cell.
Nor long was his abiding there,
For southward did the saint repair ;
Chester-le-Street, and Rippon, saw
His holy corpse, ere Wardilaw
Hail'd him with joy and fear ;
And, after many wanderings past,

1 See Appendix, Note 2 C.

2 Ibid, Note 2 D.

3 See Appendix, Note 2 E.

4 Ibid, Note 2 F.

He chose his lordly seat at last,
Where his cathedral, huge and vast,
Looks down upon the Wear:
There, deep in Durham's Gothic shade,
His relics are in secret laid;
But none may know the place,
Save of his holiest servants three,
Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,
Who share that wondrous grace.

XV.

Who may his miracles declare!
Even Scotland's dauntless king, and heir,
(Although with them they led
Galwegians, wild as ocean's gale,
And London's knights, all sheathed in mail,
And the bold men of Teviotdale.)
Before his standard fled.¹

'Twas he, to vindicate his reign,
Edged Alfred's falchion on the Dane,
And turn'd the Conqueror back again,²
When, with his Norman bowyer band,
He came to waste Northumberland.

XVI.

But fain Saint Hilda's nuns would learn
If, on a rock, by Lindisfarne,
Saint Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame
The sea-born beads that bear his name:³
Such tales bad Whitley's fishers told,
And said they might his shape behold,
And hear his anvil sound;
A deaden'd clang,—a huge dim form,
Seen but, and heard, when gathering storm
And night were closing round.
But this, as tale of idle fame,
The nuns of Lindisfarne disclaim.

XVII.

While round the fire such legends go,
Far different was the scene of woe,
Where, in a secret aisle beneath,
Council was held of life and death.
It was more dark and lovel that vault,
Than the worst dungeon cell:
Old Colwulf⁴ built it, for his fault,
In penitence to dwell,
When he, for cowl and beads, laid down
The Saxon battle-axe and crown.
This den, which, chilling every sense
Of feeling, hearing, sight,
Was call'd the Vault of Penitence,
Excluding air and light,
Was, by the prelate Sexhelm, made
A place of burial for such dead,
As, having died in mortal sin,
Might not be laid the church within.
'Twas now a place of punishment;
Whence if so loud a shriek were sent,
As reach'd the upper air,
The hearers bless'd themselves, and said,
The spirits of the sinful dead
Benom'd their torments there.

XVIII.

But though, in the monastic pile,
Did of this penitential aisle
Some vague tradition go,
Few only, save the Abbot, knew
Where the place lay: and still more few

Were those, who had from him the clew
To that dread vault to go.
Victim and executioner
Were blindfold when transported there.
In low dark rounds the arches hung,
From the rude rock the side-walls sprung;
The grave-stones, rudely sculptured o'er,
Half sunk in earth, by time half wore,
Were all the pavement of the floor;
The mildew-drops fell one by one,
With tinkling plash, upon the stone.
A cresset,⁵ in an iron chain,
Which served to light this drear domain,
With damp and darkness seem'd to strive,
As if it scarce might keep alive;
And yet it dimly served to show
The awful conclave met below.

XIX.

There, met to doom in secrecy,
Were placed the heads of convents three:
All servants of Saint Benedict,
The statutes of whose order strict
On iron table lay;
In long black dress, on seats of stone,
Behind were these three judges shown
By the pale cresset's ray:
The Abbeus of Saint Hilda's, there,
Sat for a space with visage bare,
Until, to hide her bosom's swell,
And tear-drops that for pity fell,
She closely drew her veil:
Yon shrouded figure, as I guess,
By her proud men and flowing dress,
Is Tynemouth's haughty Prioresse,⁶
And she with awe looks pale:
And he, that Ancient Man, whose sight
Has long been quench'd by age's night,
Upon whose wrinkled brow alone,
Nor ruth, nor mercy's trace, is shown,
Whose look is hard and stern,—
Saint Cuthbert's Abbot is his style;
For sanctity call'd, through the isle,
The Saint of Lindisfarne.

XX.

Before them stood a guilty pair;
But, though an equal fate they share,
Yet one alone deserves our cure.
Her sex a page's dress belied;
The cloak and doublet, loosely tied,
Obscured her charms, but could not hide.
Her cap down o'er her face she drew;
And, on her doublet breast,
She tried to hide the badge of blue,
Lord Marmion's falcon crest.
But, at the Prioresse's command,
A Monk undid the silken band,
That tied her tresses far,
And raised the bonnet from her head,
And down her slender form they spread,
In ringlets rich and rare.
Constance de Beverley they know,
Sister profess'd of Fontevraud,
Whom the church number'd with the dead,
For broken vows, and convent fled.

XXI.

When thus her face was given to view,
(Although so pallid was her hue,

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 G.

² See Appendix, Note 2 H.

³ See Appendix, Note 2 I.

⁴ See Appendix, Note 2 K.

⁵ Antique chandelier.

⁶ See Appendix, Note 2 L.

It did a ghastly contrast bear
 'To those bright ringlets glistening fair,)
 Her look composed, and steady eye,
 Bespoke a matchless constancy;
 And there she stood so calm and pale,
 That, but her breathing did not fail,
 And motion slight of eye and head,
 And of her bosom, warranted
 'That ne'er her sense nor pulse she lacks,
 You might have thought a form of wax,
 Wrough; to the very life, was there;
 So still she was, so pale, so fair.

XXII.

Her comrade was a sordid soul,
 Such as does murder for a meed;
 Who, but of fear, knows no control,
 Because his conscience, sear'd and foul,
 Feels not the import of his deed:
 One, whose brute-feeling ne'er aspires
 Beyond his own more brute desires.
 Such tools the Tempter ever needs,
 To do the savagest of deeds:
 For them no vision'd terrors daunt,
 Their nights no fancied spectres haunt,
 One fear with them, of all most base,
 The fear of death,—alone finds place.
 This wretch was clad in frock and cowl,
 And shamed not loud to moan and howl,
 His body on the floor to dash,
 And crouch, like hound beneath the lash;
 While his mute partner, standing near,
 Waited her doom without a tear.

XXIII.

Yet well the luckless wretch might shriek,
 Well might her paleness terror speak!
 For there were seen in that dark wall,
 Two niches, narrow, deep and tall;—
 Who enters at such grisly door,
 Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more.
 In each a slender meal was laid,
 Of roots, of water, and of bread:
 By each, in Benedictine dress,
 Two haggard monks stood motionless:
 Who, holding high a blazing torch,
 Show'd the grim entrance of the porch:
 Reflecting back the smoky beam,
 The dark-red walls and arches gleam.
 Hewn stones and cement were display'd,
 And building tools in order laid.

XXIV.

These executioners were chose,
 As men who were with mankind foes,
 And with despite and envy fired,
 Into the cloister had retired:
 Or who, in desperate doubt of grace,
 Strove, by deep penance, to efface
 Of some foul crime the stain;
 For, as the vassals of her will,
 Such men the Church selected still,
 As either joy'd in doing ill,
 Or thought more grace to gain,
 If, in her cause, they wrestled down
 Feelings their nature strove to own.
 By strange device were they brought there,
 They knew not how, nor knew not where.

XXV.

And now that blind old Abbot rose,
 To speak the Chapter's doom,

On those the wall was to enclose,
 Alive, within the tomb;¹
 But stopp'd, because that woful Maid,
 Gathering her powers, to speak essay'd.
 Twice she essay'd, and twice in vain;
 Her accents might no utterance gain;
 Nought but imperfect murmurs slip
 From her convulsed and quivering lip;
 'I wixt each attempt all was so still,
 You seem'd to hear a distant rill—
 'Twas ocean's swells and falls;
 For though this vanit of sin and fear
 Was to the sounding surge so near,
 A tempest there you scarce could hear,
 So massive were the walls.

XXVI.

At length, an effort sent apart
 The blood that curdled to her heart,
 And light came to her eye,
 And colour dawn'd upon her cheek,
 A hectic and a flutter'd streak.
 Like that left on the Cheviot peak,
 By Autumn's stormy sky;
 And when her silence broke at length,
 Still as she spoke she gather'd strength,
 And arm'd herself to bear.
 It was a fearful sight to see
 Such high resolve and constancy,
 In form so soft and fair.

XXVII.

"I speak not to implore your grace,
 Well know I, for one minute's space
 Successful might I sue:
 Nor do I speak your prayers to gain;
 For if a death of lingering pain,
 To cleanse my sins, be penance vain,
 Vain are your masses too.—
 I listen'd to a traitor's tale,
 I left the convent and the veil;
 For three long years I bow'd my pride,
 A horse-boy in his train to ride;
 And well my folly's meed he gave,
 Who forfeited, to be his slave,
 All here, and all beyond the grave.—
 He saw young Clara's face more fair,
 He knew her of broad lands the heir,
 Forgot his vows, his faith foreswore,
 And Constance was beloved no more.—
 'Tis an old tale, and often told;
 But did my fate and wish agree,
 Ne'er had been read, in story old,
 Of maiden true betray'd for gold,
 That loved, or was avenged, like me!

XXVIII.

"The King approved his favourite's aim;
 In vain a rival barr'd his claim,
 Whose fate with Clare's was plight,
 For he attaints that rival's fame
 With treason's charge—and on they came,
 In mortal lists to fight.
 Their ouths are said,
 Their prayers are pray'd,
 Their lances in the rest are laid,
 They meet in mortal shock:
 And, hark! the throng, with thundering cry,
 Shout 'Marmion, Marmion! to the sky,
 De Wilton to the block!'

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 M.

Say ye, who preach Heaven shall decide
When in the lists two champions ride,

Say, was Heaven's justice here?
When, loyal in his love and faith,
Wilton found overthrow or death,
Beneath a traitor's spear?
How false the charge, how true he fell,
This guilty packet best can tell."—
Then drew a packet from her breast,
Paused, gather'd voice, and spoke the rest.

XXIX.

"Still was false Marmion's bridal staid;
To Whitby's convent fled the maid,
The hated match to shun.
'Ho! shifts she thus?' King Henry cried,
'Sir Marmion, she shall be thy bride,
If she were sworn a nun.'
One way remain'd—the King's command
Sent Marmion to the Scottish land:
I linger'd here, and rescue plann'd
For Clara and for me:
This crafty Monk, for gold, did swear,
He would to Whitby's shrine repair,
And, by his drugs, my rival fair
A saint in heaven should be.
But ill the dastard kept his oath,
Whose cowardice has undone us both.

XXX.

"And now my tongue the secret tells,
Not that remorse my bosom swells,
But to assure my soul that none
Shall ever wed with Marmion.
Had fortune my last hope betray'd,
This packet, to the King convey'd,
Had given him to the headsman's stroke,
Although my heart that instant broke.—
Now, men of death, work forth your will,
For I can suffer, and be still;
And come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but Death who comes at last.

XXXI.

"Yet dread me, from my living tomb,
Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome!
If Marmion's late remorse should wake,
Full soon such vengeance will he take,
That you shall wish the fiery Dane
Had rather been your guest again.
Behind, a darker hour awaits!
The altars quake, the crosier bends,
The ire of a despotic King
Rides forth upon destruction's wing:
Then shall these vaults, so strong and deep
Burst open to the sea-winds' sweep;
Some traveller then shall find my bones
Whitening amid disjointed stones,
And, ignorant of priests' cruelty,
Marvel such relics here should be."

XXXII.

Fix'd was her look, and stern her air:
Back from her shoulders stream'd her hair;
The locks, that wont her brow to shade,
Stared up erectly from her head;
Her figure seem'd to rise more high;
Her voice, despair's wild energy
Had given a tone of prophecy.

1 See Note 2 M on Stanza xxv. *ante*, p. 89.

2 William Erskine, Esq., advocate, Sheriff-depute of the Orkneys, became a Judge of the Court of Session by the title of Lord Kinnedder, and died at Edinburgh in August

Appall'd the astonish'd conclave sate;
With stupid eyes, the men of fate
Gazed on the light inspired form,
And listen'd for the avenging storm;
The judges felt the victim's dread;
No hand was moved, no word was said,
Till thus the Abbot's doom was given,
Raising his sightless balls to heaven:—
"Sister, let thy sorrows cease;
Sinful brother, part in peace!"¹

From that dire dungeon, place of doom,
Of execution too, and tomb,
Paced forth the judges three;
Sorrow it were, and shame, to tell
The butcher-work that there befell,
When they had glided from the cell
Of sin and misery.

XXXIII.

An hundred winding steps convey
That conclave to the upper day;
But, ere they breathed the fresher air,
They heard the shriekings of despair,
And many a stifled groan:
With speed their upward way they take,
(Such speed as age and fear can make,)
And cross'd themselves for terror's sake,
As hurrying, tottering on:
Even in the vesper's heavenly tone,
They seem'd to hear a dying groan,
And bade the passing knell to toll
For welfare of a parting soul.
Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,
Northumbrian rocks in answer rung;
To Warkworth cell the echoes rung'd,
His beads the wakeful hermit told,
The Bamborough peasant raised his head,
But slept ere half a prayer he said;
So far was heard the mighty knell,
The stag sprang up on Cheviot Fell,
Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
Listed before, aside, behind,
Then couch'd him down beside the hind,
And quaked among the mountain fern,
To hear that sound so dull and stern.

Marmion.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THIRD.

TO

WILLIAM ERSKINE, Esq.²*Ashiestiel, Ellrick Forest.*

Like April morning clouds, that pass,
With varying shadow, o'er the grass,
And imitate, on field and furrow,
Life's chequer'd scene of joy and sorrow;
Like streamlet of the mountain north,
Now in a torrent racing forth,
Now winding slow its silver train,
And almost slumbering on the plain;

1822. He had been from early youth the most intimate of the Poet's friends, and his chief confidant and adviser as to all literary matters. See a notice of his life and character by the late Mr. Hay Donaldson, to which Sir Walter Scott contributed several paragraphs.—*Ed.*

Lake breezes of the autumn day,
Whose voice inconstant dies away,
And ever swells again as fast,
When the ear deems its murmur past;
Thus various, my romantic theme
Flits, winds, or sinks, a morning dream.
Yet pleased, our eye pursues the trace
Of Light and Shade's inconstant race:
Pleased, views the rivulet afar,
Weaving its maze irregular;
And pleased, we listen as the breeze
Heaves its wild sigh through Autumn trees;
Then, wild as cloud, or stream, or gale,
Flow on, flow unconfined, my Tale!

Need I to thee, dear Erskine, tell
I love the license all too well.
In sounds now lowly, and now strong,
To raise the desultory song!—
Oft, when 'mid such capricious chime,
Some transient fit of lofty rhyme
'To thy kind judgment seem'd excuse
For many an error of the muse,
Oft hast thou said, "If, still mis-spent,
'Thine hours to poetry are lent,
Go, and to tame thy wandering course,
Quaff from the fountain at the source;
Approach those masters, o'er whose tomb
Immortal laurels ever bloom:
Instructive of the feebler hard,
Still from the grave their voice is heard;
From them, and from the paths they show'd,
Choose honour'd guide and practised road;
Nor ramble on through brake and maze,
With harpers rude of barbarous days.

"Or deem'st thou not our later time
Yields topic meet for classic rhyme?
Hast thou no elegiac verse
For Brunswick's venerable bearse?
What! not a line, a tear, a sigh,
When valour bleeds for liberty?—
Oh, hero of that glorious time,
When, with unrival'd light sublime,—
Though martial Austria, and through all
The might of Russia, and the Gaul,
Though banded Europe stood her foes—
The star of Brandenburgh arose!
Thou couldst not live to see her beam
For ever quench'd in Jena's stream.
Lamented Chief!—it was not given
To thee to change the doom of Heaven,
And crush that dragon in its birth,
Predestined scourge of guilty earth.
Lamented Chief!—not thine the power,
To save in that presumptuous hour,
When Prussia hurried to the field,
And snatch'd the spear, but left the shield!
Valour and skill 'twas thine to try.
And, tried in vain, 'twas thine to die.
Ill had it seem'd thy silver hair
The last, the bitterest pang to share,

For princedoms rest, and scutcheons riven,
And birthrights to usurpers given;
Thy laud's, thy children's wrongs to feel,
And witness woes thou couldst not heal!
On thee relenting Heaven bestows
For honour'd life an honour'd close;
And when revolves, in time's sure change,
The hour of Germany's revenge,
When, breathing fury for her sake,
Some new Arminius shall awake,
Her champion, ere he strike, shall come
To whet his sword on Brunswick's tomb.¹

"Or of the Red-Cross hero² teach,
Dauntless in dungeon as on breach:
Alike to him the sea, the shore,
The brand, the bridle, or the oar:
Alike to him the war that calls
Its votaries to the shatter'd walls,
Which the grim Turk, besmear'd with blood,
Against the Invincible made good;
Or that, whose thundering voice could wake
The silence of the polar lake,
When stubborn Russ, and metal'd Swede,
On the warp'd wave their death-game play'd;
Or that, where Vengeance and Affright
Howl'd round the father of the fight,
Who snatch'd, on Alexandria's sand,
The conqueror's wreath with dying hand.³

"Or, if to touch such chord be thine,
Restore the ancient tragic line,
And emulate the notes that wrung
From the wild harp, which silent hung
By silver Avon's holy shore,
Till twice an hundred years roll'd o'er:
When she, the bold Enchantress,⁴ came,
With fearless hand and heart on flame!
From the pale willow snatch'd the treasure,
And swept it with a kindred measure,
Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove
With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,
Awakening at the inspired strain,
Deem'd their own Shakspeare lived again."

Thy friendship thus thy judgment wronging,
With praises not to me belonging,
In task more meet for mightiest powers,
Wouldst thou engage my thriftless hours.
But say, my Erskine, hast thou weigh'd
That secret power by all obey'd,
Which warps not less the passive mind,
Its source conceal'd or undefined;
Whether an impulse, that has birth
Soon as the infant wakes on earth,
One with our feelings and our powers,
And rather part of us than ours:
Or whether filtier tern'd the sway
Of habit, form'd in early day?
Howe'er derived, its force confest
Rules with despotic sway the breast,
And drags us on by viewless chain,
While taste and reason plead in vain.⁵

¹ Scott seems to have communicated fragments of the poem very freely during the whole of its progress. As early as the 22d February 1807, I find Mrs. Hayman acknowledging, in the name of the Princess of Wales, the receipt of a copy of the Introduction to *Canto III.*, in which occurs the tribute to her royal highness's heroic father, mortally wounded the year before at Jena—a tribute so grateful to her feelings that she herself shortly after sent the poet an elegant silver vase as a memorial of her thankfulness. And about the same time the Marchioness of Abercorn expresses the delight with which both she and her lord had read the

generous verses on Pitt and Fox in another of those epistles."—*Life of Scott*, vol. iii. p. 9.

² Sir Sidney Smith.

³ Sir Ralph Abercromby.

⁴ Joanna Baillie.

⁵ "As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength:

Look east, and ask the Belgian why,
Beneath Batavia's sultry sky.
He seeks not eager to inhale
The freshness of the mountain gale,
Content to rear his whiten'd wall
Beside the dank and dull canal?
He'll say, from youth he loved to see
The white sail gliding by the tree.
Or see yon weatherbeaten hind,
Whose sluggish herds before him wind,
Whose tatter'd plaid and rugged cheek
His northern clime and kindred speak;
Through England's laughing meads he goes,
And Englaund's wealth around him flows;
Ask, if it would content him well,
At ease in those gay plains to dwell,
Where hedge-rows spread a verdant screen,
And spires and forests intervene,
And the neat cottage peeps between?
No! not for these will he exchange
His dark Lochaber's boundless range:
Not for fair Devon's meads forsake
Bennevis grey, and Garry's lake.

Thus while I ape the measure wild
Of tales that charm'd me yet a child,
Rude though they be, still with the chime
Return the thoughts of early time;
And feelings, roused in life's first day,
Glow in the line, and prompt the lay.
Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,
Which charm'd my fancy's wakening hour,
Though no broad river swept along,
To claim, perchance, heroic song:
Though sigh'd no groves in summer gale,
To prompt of love a softer tale;
Though scarce a pony streamlet's speed
Claim'd homage from a shepherd's reed;
Yet was poetic impulse given,
By the green hill and clear blue heaven.
It was a barren scene, and wild.
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled;
But ever and anon between
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green;
And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,
And honey-suckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag and ruin'd wall.
I deem'd such nooks the sweetest shade
The sun in all its round survey'd:
And still I thought that shatter'd tower¹
The mightiest work of human power;
And marvell'd as the aged hind
With some strange tale bewitch'd my mind,
Of forayers, who, with headlong force,
Down from that strength had spurr'd their
horse,

Their southern rapine to renew,
Far in the distant Cheviots blue,
And, home returning, fill'd the hall
With revel, wassel-rout, and brawl.
Methought that still with trump and clang,
The gateway's broken arches rang;
Methought grim features, seam'd with scars,
Glared through the window's rusty bars,

So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The Mind's disease, its Ruling Passion came;
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination pines her dangerous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
* Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse;
Will, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse;

And ever, by the winter hearth,
Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,
Of lovers' slights, of ladies' charms,
Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms;
Of patriot battles, won of old
By Wallace wight and Bruce the bold;
Of later fields of feud and fight,
When, pouring from their Highland height,
The Scottish clans in headlong sway,
Had swept the scarlet ranks away.
While stretch'd at length upon the floor,
Again I fought each combat o'er,
Pebbles and shells, in order laid,
The mimic ranks of war display'd;
And onward still the Scottish Lion bore,
And still the scatter'd Southron fled before.²

Still, with vain fondness, could I trace,
Anew, each kind familiar face,
That brighten'd at our evening fire!
From the thatel'd mansion's grey-hair'd Sire,³
Wise without learning, plain and good,
And sprung of Scotland's gentler blood;
Whose eye, in age, quick, clear, and keen,
Show'd what in youth its glance had been;
Whose doom disordering neighbours sought,
Content with equity unbought;
To him the venerable Priest,
Our frequent and familiar guest,
Whose life and manners well could paint
Alike the student and the saint;
Alas! whose speech too oft I broke
With gambol rude and timeless joke:
For I was wayward, bold, and wild,
A self-will'd imp, a grandame's child;
But half a plague, and half a jest,
Was still endured, beloved, caress'd.

For me, thus nurtured, dost thou ask
The classic poet's well-conn'd task?
Nay, Erskine, nay—On the wild hill
Let the wild heath-bell flourish still;
Cherish the tulip, prune the vine,
But freely let the woodbine twine,
And leave, untrimm'd the eglantine:
Nay, my friend, nay—Since oft thy praise
Hath given fresh vigour to my lays:
Since oft thy judgment could refine
My flatten'd thought, or cumbrous line;
Still kind, as is thy wont, attend.
And in the minstrel spare the friend,
Though wild as cloud, as stream, as gale,
Flow forth, flow unrestrain'd, my Tale!

Marmion.

CANTO THIRD.

THE HOSTEL, OR INN.

The livelong day Lord Marmion rode:
The mountain path the Palmer show'd.

Reason itself but gives it edge and power;
As Heaven's blest beam tures vinegar more sour," &c.
Pope's *Essay on Man*.—Ed.

¹ Smallholm Tower, in Berwickshire, the scene of the Author's infancy, is situated about two miles from Dryburgh Abbey.

² See notes on *The Eve of St. John*.

³ Robert Scott of Sandyknows, the grandfather of the Poet.

By glen and streamlet winded still,
 Where stunted birches hid the rill.
 They might not choose the lowland road,
 For the Merse forayers were abroad,
 Who, fired with hate and thirst of prey,
 Had scarcely fail'd to bar their way.
 Oft on the tramping band, from crown
 Of some tall cliff, the deer look'd down;
 On wing of jet, from his repose
 In the deep heath, the black-cock rose:
 Sprung from the gorse the timid roe,
 Nor waited for the bending bow;
 And when the stony path began,
 By which the naked peak they wan,
 Up flew the snowy ptarmigan.
 The noon had long been pass'd before
 They gau'd the height of Lammermoor;¹
 Thence winding down the northern way,
 Before them, at the close of day,
 Old Gifford's towers and hamlet lay.²

II.

No summons calls them to the tower,
 To spend the hospitable hour,
 To Scotland's camp the Lord was gone;
 His cautious dame, in bower alone,
 Dreaded her castle to unclose,
 So late, to unknown friends or foes.
 On through the hamlet as they paced,
 Before a porch, whose front was graced
 With bush and flagon trimly placed,
 Lord Marmion drew his rein:
 The village inn seem'd large, though rude;³
 Its cheerful fire and hearty food
 Might well relieve his train.
 Down from their seats the horsemen sprung,
 With jingling spurs the court-yard rung;
 They bind their horses to the stall,
 For forage, food, and firing call,
 And various clamour fills the hall:
 Weighing the labour with the cost,
 Toils everywhere the bustling host.

III.

Soon, by the chimney's merry blaze,
 Through the rude hostel might you gaze:
 Might see, where, in dark nook aloof,
 The rafters of the sooty roof
 Bore wealth of winter cheer;
 Of sea-fowl dried, and solands store,
 And gammons of the tusky boar,
 And savoury haunch of deer.
 The chimney arch projected wide;
 Above, around it, and beside,
 Were tools for housewives' hand;
 Nor wanted, in that martial day,
 The implements of Scottish fray,
 The buckler, lance, and brand.
 Beneath its shade, the place of state,
 On oaken settle Marmion sat,
 And view'd around the blazing hearth,
 His followers mix in noisy mirth:
 Whom with brown ale, in jolly tide,
 From ancient vessels ranged aside,
 Full actively their host supplied.

IV.

Theirs was the glee of martial breast,
 And laughter theirs at little jest;

And oft Lord Marmion deign'd to aid,
 And mingle in the mirth they made;
 For though, with men of high degree,
 The proudest of the proud was he,
 Yet, train'd in camps, he knew the art
 To win the soldier's hardy heart.
 They love a captain to obey,
 Boisterous as March, yet fresh as May;
 With open hand, and brow as free,
 Lover of wine and minstrelsy;
 Ever the first to scale a tower,
 As venturesome in a lady's bower:—
 Such buxom chief shall lead his host
 From India's fires to Zembla's frost.

V.

Resting upon his pilgrim staff,
 Right opposite the Palmer stood;
 His thin dark visage seen but half,
 Half hidden by his hood.
 Still fix'd on Marmion was his look,
 Which he, who ill such gaze could brook,
 Strove by a frown to quell;
 But not for that, though more than once
 Foll met their stern encountering glance,
 The Palmer's visage fell.

VI.

By fits less frequent from the crowd
 Was heard the burst of laughter loud;
 For still, as squire and archer stared
 On that dark face and matted beard,
 Their glee and gigue declined.
 All gazed at length in silence drear,
 Unbroke, save when in comrade's ear
 Some yeoman, wondering in his fear,
 Thus whisper'd forth his mind:—
 "Saint Mary! saw'st thou e'er such sight?
 How pale his cheek, his eye how bright,
 Whene'er the firebrand's fickle light
 Glances beneath his cowl!
 Full on our Lord he sets his eye;
 For his best palfrey, would not I
 Endure that sullen scowl."

VII.

But Marmion, as to chase the awe
 Which thus had quell'd their hearts, who saw
 The ever-varying fire-light show
 That figure stern and face of woe,
 Now call'd upon a squire:—
 "Fitz-Eustace, know'st thou not some lay,
 To speed the lingering night away?
 We slumber by the fire."—

VIII.

"So please you," thus the youth rejoin'd,
 "Our choicest minstrel's left behind.
 Ill may we hope to please your ear,
 Accustom'd Constant's strains to hear.
 The harp full deftly can he strike,
 And wake the lover's lute alike;
 To dear Saint Valentine, no thrush
 Sings livelier from a spring-tide bush,
 No nightingale her love-lorn tune
 More sweetly warbles to the moon.
 Woe to the cause, whate'er it be,
 Detains from us his melody,
 Lavish'd on rocks, and billows stern,
 Or duller monks of Lindisfarne.

¹ See Notes to "The Bride of Lammermoor." Waverley Novels, vols. xiii. and xiv.

² The village of Gifford lies about four miles from Had-dington: close to it is Yester House, the seat of the Mar-

quis of Tweeddale, and a little farther up the stream, which descends from the hills of Lammermoor, are the remains of the old castle of the family.

³ See Appendix, Note 2 N.

Now must I venture, as I may,
To sing his favourite roundelay."

IX.

A mellow voice Fitz-Eustace had,
The air he chose was wild and sad;
Such have I heard, in Scottish land,
Rise from the busy harvest band,
When falls before the mountaineer,
On Lowland plains, the ripen'd ear.
Now one shrill voice the notes prolong,
Now a wild chorus swells the song:
Oft have I listen'd, and stood still,
As it came soften'd up the hill,
And deem'd it the lament of men
Who languish'd for their native glen;
And thought how sad would be such sound
On Susquehanna's swampy ground,
Keateky's wood-encumber'd brake,
Or wild Ontario's boundless lake,
Where heart-sick exiles, in the strain,
Recall'd fair Scotland's hills again!

X.

SONG.

Where shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast
Parted for ever!
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far hollow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, &c. Suft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving;
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving;
There, thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never!

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never!

XI.

Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her!
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, &c. There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonour sit
By his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it,—
Never, O never!

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never!

XII.

It ceased, the melancholy sound;
And silence sunk on all around.
The air was sad; but sadder still
It fell on Marmion's ear,
And plain'd as if disgrace and ill,
And shameful death, were near.
He drew his mantle past his face,
Between it and the band,
And rested with his head a space,
Reclining on his hand.
His thoughts I scan not; but I ween,
That, could their import have been seen,
The meanest groom in all the hall,
That e'er tied courser to a stall,
Would scarce have wish'd to be their prey,
For Lutterward and Fontenaye.

XIII.

High minds, of native pride and force,
Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse!
Fear, for their scourge, mean villains have,
Thou art the torturer of the brave!
Yet fatal strength they boast to steel
Their minds to bear the wounds they feel.
Even while they write beneath the smart
Of civil conflict in the heart.
For soon Lord Marmion raised his head,
And, smiling, to Fitz-Eustace said,—
"Is it not strange, that, as ye sung,
Seen'd in mine ear a death-peal rung,
Such as in nunneries they toll
For some departing sister's soul?
Say, what may this portend?"—
Then first the Palmer silence hroke,
("The livelong day he had not spoke,
"The death of a dear friend.")

XIV.

Marmion, whose steady heart and eye
Ne'er changed in worst extremity;
Marmion, whose soul could scantily brook,
Even from his King, a haughty look;
Whose accent of command controll'd,
In camps, the boldest of the bold—
Thought, look, and utterance fail'd him now,
Fall'n was his glance, and flush'd his brow:
For either in the tone,
Or something in the Palmer's look,
So full upon his conscience strook,
That answer he found none.
Thus oft it haps, that when within
They shrink at sense of secret sin,
A feather daunts the brave;
A fool's wild speech confounds the wise,
And proudest princes veil their eyes
Before their meanest slave.

XV.

Well might he falter!—By his aid
Was Constance Beverley betray'd.
Not that he augur'd of the doom,
Which on the living closed the tomb:
But, tired to hear the desperate maid
Threaten by turns, beseech, upbraid;
And wroth, because in wild despair,
She practis'd on the life of Clare;
Its fugitive the Church he gave,
Though not a victim, but a slave;

And deem'd restraint in convent strange
 Would hide her wrongs, and her revenge.
 Himself, proud Henry's favourite peer,
 Held Ronnsh thunders idle fear,
 Secure his pardon he might hold,
 For some slight mulet of penance-gold.
 Thus judging, he gave secret way,
 When the stern priests surprised their prey.
 His train but deem'd the favourite page
 Was left behind, to spare his age;
 Or other if they deem'd, none dared
 To mutter what he thought and heard:
 Woe to the vassal, who durst pry
 Into Lord Marmion's privacy!

XVI.

His conscience slept—he deem'd her well,
 And safe secured in distant cell;
 But, waken'd by her favourite lay,
 And that strange Palmer's boding say,
 That fell so ominous and drear,
 Full on the object of his fear,
 'To aid remorse's venom'd throes,
 Dark tales of convent-vengeance rose;
 And Constance, late betray'd and scorn'd,
 All lovely on his soul return'd;
 Lovely as when, at treacherous call,
 She left her convent's peaceful wall,
 Crimson'd with shame, with terror mute,
 Dreading alike escape, pursuit,
 Till love, victorious o'er alarms,
 Hid fears and blushes in his arms.

XVII.

"Alas!" he thought, "how changed that
 mien!
 How changed these timid looks have been,
 Since years of guilt, and of disguise,
 Have steel'd her brow, and arm'd her eyes!
 No more of virgin terror speaks
 The blood that mantles in her cheeks;
 Fierce, and unfeminine, are there,
 Frenzy for joy, for grief despair;
 And I the cause—for whom were given
 Her peace on earth, her hopes in heaven!
 Would," thought he, as the picture grows,
 "I on its stalk had left the rose!
 Oh, why should man's success remove
 The very charms that wake his love!
 Her convent's peaceful solitude
 Is now a prison harsh and rude;
 And, pent within the narrow cell,
 How will her spirit chafe and swell!
 How brook the stern monastic laws!
 The penance how—and I the cause!
 Vigil and scourge—perchance even worse!"
 And twice he rose to cry, "To horse!"
 And twice his Sovereign's mandate came,
 Like damp upon a kindling flame;
 And twice he thought, "Gave I not charge
 She should be safe, though not at large?
 They durst not, for their island, shred
 One golden ringlet from her head."

XVIII.

While thus in Marmion's bosom strove
 Repentance and reviving love,
 Like whirlwinds, whose contending sway
 I've seen Loch Vennachar obey,

1 See Appendix, Note 2 P.
 2 See Appendix, Note 2 Q.

Their Host the Palmer's speech had heard,
 And, talkative, took up the word:
 "Ay, reverend Pilgrim, yea, who stray
 From Scotland's simple laud away,
 To visit realms afar,
 Full often learn the art to know
 Of future weal, or future woe,
 By word, or sign, or star;
 Yet might a knight his fortune hear,
 If, knight-like, he despises fear,
 Not far from hence:—if fathers old
 Aright our haudlet legend told."
 These broken words the menials move,
 (For marvels still the vulgar love,)
 And, Marmion giving license cold,
 His tale the host thus gladly told:—

XIX.

THE HOST'S TALE.

"A Clerk could tell what years have flown
 Since Alexander fill'd our throne,
 ('Third monarch of that warlike name,)
 And eke the time when here he came
 To seek Sir Hugo, then our lord:
 A braver never drew a sword;
 A wiser never, at the hour
 Of midnight, spoke the word of power:
 The same, whom ancient records call
 The founder of the Goblin-Hall!
 I would, Sir Knight, your longer stay
 Gave you that cavern to survey.
 Of lofty roof, and ample size,
 Beneath the castle deep it lies:
 To hew the living rock profound,
 The floor to pave, the arch to round,
 There never toil'd a mortal arm,
 It all was wrought by word and charm;
 And I have heard my grandsire say,
 That the wild clamour and affray
 Of those dread artisans of hell,
 Who labour'd under Hugo's spell,
 Sounded as loud as ocean's war,
 Among the caverns of Dunbar.

XX.

"The King Lord Gifford's castle sought,
 Deep labouring with uncertain thought;
 Even then he muster'd all his host,
 To meet upon the western coast:
 For Norse and Danish galleys plied
 Their oars within the frith of Clyde.
 There floated Haco's banner trim,²
 Above Norway warriors grim,
 Savage of heart, and large of limb;
 Threatening both continent and isle,
 Bute, Arran, Cunningham, and Kyle.
 Lord Gifford, deep beneath the ground,
 Heard Alexander's bugle sound,
 And tarried not his garb to change,
 But, in his wizard habit strange,³
 Came forth,—a quaint and fearful sight;
 His mantle lined with fox-skins white;
 His high and wrinkled forehead bore
 A pointed cap, such as of yore
 Clerks say that Pharaoh's Magi wore:
 His shoes were mark'd with cross and spell,
 Upon his breast a pentacle;⁴
 His zone, of virgin parchment thin,
 Or, as some tell, of dead man's skin,

3 See Appendix, Note 2 R.
 4 See Appendix, Note 2 S.

Bore many a planetary sign,
 Combust, and retrograde, and trine;
 And in his hand he held prepared,
 A naked sword without a guard.

XXI.

"Dire dealing with the fiendish race
 Had mark'd strange lines upon his face;
 Vigil and fast had worn him grim,
 His eyesight dazzled seem'd and dim,
 As one unused to upper day;
 Even his own menials with dismay
 Beheld, Sir Knight, the grisly Sire,
 In his unwonted wild attire;
 Unwonted, for traditions run,
 He seldom thus beheld the sun.—
 'I know,' he said—his voice was hoarse,
 And broken seem'd its hollow force,—
 'I know the cause, although untold,
 Why the King seeks his vassal's hold:
 Vainly from me my liege would know
 His kingdom's future weal or woe;
 But yet, if strong his arm and heart,
 His courage may do more than art.

XXII.

"Of middle air the demons prond,
 Who ride upon the racking cloud,
 Can read, in fix'd or wandering star,
 The issue of events afar;
 But still their sullen aid withhold,
 Save when by mightier force controll'd.
 Such late I summon'd to my hall;
 And though so potent was the call,
 That scarce the deepest nook of hell
 I deem'd a refuge from the spell,
 Yet, obstinate in silence still,
 The haughty demon mocks my skill.
 But thou—who little know'st thy might,
 As born upon that blessed night!
 When yawning graves, and dying groan,
 Proclaim'd hell's empire overthrow,—
 With untaught valour shalt compel
 Response denied to magic spell.—
 'Gramercy,' quoth our Monarch free,
 'Place him but front to front with me,
 And, by this good and honour'd brand,
 The gift of Cœur-de-Lion's hand,
 Soothly I swear, that, tide what tide,
 The demon shall a buffet bide.'—
 His bearing bold the wizard view'd,
 And thus, well pleased, his speech renew'd:—
 'There spoke the blood of Malcolm!—mark:
 Forth pacing hence, at midnight dark,
 The rampart seek, whose circling crown
 Crests the ascent of yonder down:
 A southern entrance shalt thou find:
 There halt, and there thy bugle wind,
 And trust thine elfin foe to see,
 In guise of thy worst enemy:
 Couch then thy lance, and spur thy steed—
 Upon him I and Saint George to speed!
 If he go down, thou soon shalt know
 Whate'er these airy sprites can show;—
 If thy heart fail thee in the strife,
 I am no warrant for thy life.'

XXIII.

"Soon as the midnight bell did ring,
 Alone, and arm'd, forth rode the King

To that old camp's deserted round:
 Sir Knight, you well might mark the mound,
 Left hand the town,—the Pictish trace,
 The trench, long since, in blood did trace:
 The moor around is brown and bare,
 The space within is green and fair.
 The spot our village children know,
 For there the earliest wild-flowers grow;
 But woe betide the wandering wight,
 That treads its circle in the night!
 The breadth across, a bowshot clear,
 Gives ample space for full career:
 Oppos'd to the four points of heaven,
 By four deep gaps are entrance given.
 The southernmost our Monarch past,
 Halted, and blew a gallant blast;
 And on the north, within the ring,
 Appear'd the form of England's King,
 Who then, a thousand leagues afar,
 In Palestine waged holy war:
 Yet arms like England's did he wield,
 Alike the leopards in the shield,
 Alike his Syrian courser's frame,
 The rider's length of limb the same:
 Long afterwards did Scotland know,
 Fell Edward² was her deadliest foe.

XXIV.

"The vision made our Monarch start,
 But soon he mann'd his noble heart,
 And in the first career they ran,
 The Elfin Knight fell, horse and man;
 Yet did a splinter of his lance
 Through Alexander's visor glance,
 And razed the skin—a pony wound.
 The King, light leaping to the ground,
 With naked blade his phantom foe
 Compell'd the future war to show.
 Of Lars he saw the glorious plain,
 Where still gigantic bones remain.
 Memorial of the Danish war;
 Himself he saw, amid the field,
 On high his brandish'd war-axe wield,
 And strike proud Haco from his car,
 While all around the shadowy Kings
 Deumark's grim ravens cower'd their wings.
 'Tis said, that, in that awful night,
 Remoter visions met his sight,
 Foreshowing future conquests far,
 When our sons' sous wage northern war;
 A royal city, tower and spire,
 Redden'd the midnight sky with fire,
 And shouting crews her navy bore,
 Triumphant, to the victor shore.³
 Such signs may learned clerks explain,
 They pass the wit of simple swain.

XXV.

"The joyful King turn'd home again,
 Headed his host, and quell'd the Dane;
 But yearly, when return'd the night
 Of his strange combat with the sprite,
 His wound must bleed and smart;
 Lord Gifford then would gibing say,
 'Bold as ye were, my liege, ye pay
 The penance of your start.'
 Long since, beneath Dunfermline's nave,
 King Alexander fills his grave,
 Our Lady give him rest!

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 T.

² Edward I., surnamed Longshanks.

³ For an account of the expedition to Copenhagen in 1601, see Southey's *Life of Nelson*, chap. vii.

Yet still the knightly spear and shield
The Elfin Warrior doth wield,
Upon the brown hill's breast:¹
And many a knight hath proved his chance,
In the charm'd ring to break a lance,
But all have foully se'd;
Save two, as legends tell, and they
Were Wallace wight, and Gilbert Hay.—
Gentles, my tale is said."

XXVI.

The quaighs² were deep, the liquor strong,
And on the tale the yeoman throng
Had made a comment sage and long,
But Marmion gave a sign:
And, with their lord, the squires retire;
The rest, around the hostel fire,
Their drowsy limbs recline;
For pillow, underneath each head,
The quiver and the targe were laid.
Deep slumbering on the hostel floor,
Oppress'd with toil and ale, they snore:
The dying flame, in fitful change,
Threw on the group its shadows strange.

XXVII.

Apart, and nestling in the hay
Of a waste loft, Fitz-Eustace lay;
Scarce, by the pale moonlight, were seen
The foldings of his mantle green:
Lightly he dreamt, as youth will dream,
Of sport by thicket, or by stream.
Of hawk or hound, of ring or glove.
Or, lighter yet, of lady's love.
A cautious tread his slumber broke,
And, close beside him, when he woke,
In moonbeam half, and half in gloom,
Stood a tall form, with nodding plume;
But, ere his dagger Eustace drew,
His master Marmion's voice he knew.

XXVIII.

—"Fitz-Eustace! rise, I cannot rest;
Yon churl's wild legend haunts my breast.
And graver thoughts have chafed my mood:
The air must cool my feverish blood;
And fain would I ride forth, to see
The scene of elfin chivalry.
Arise, and saddle me my steed;
And, gentle Eustace, take good heed
Thou dost not rouse these drowsy slaves;
I would not, that the prating knives
Had cause for saying, o'er their ale,
That I could credit such a tale."—
Then softly down the steps they slid,
Eustace the stable door undid,
And, darkling, Marmion's steed array'd,
While, whispering, thus the Baron said:—

XXIX.

"Did'st never, good my youth, hear tell,
That on the hour when I was born,
Saint George, who graced my sire's chapelle,
Down from his steed of marble fell,
A weary wight forlorn?
The flattering chaplains all agree,
The champion left his steed to me.
I would, the omen's truth to show,
That I could meet this Elfin Foe!

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 U.

² A wooden cup, composed of staves hooped together.

³ Yode, used by old poets for want.

Blithe would I battle, for the right
To ask one question at the sprite:—
Vain thought! for elves, if elves there be,
An empty race, by fount or sea,
To dashing waters dance and sing,
Or round the green oak wheel their ring."
Thus speaking, he his steed hestode,
And from the hostel slowly rode.

XXX.

Fitz-Eustace followed him abroad,
And mark'd him pace the village road,
And listen'd to his horse's tramp,
Till, by the lessening sound,
He judg'd that of the Pictish camp
Lord Marmion sought the round.
Wonder it seem'd, in the squire's eyes,
That one, so wary held, and wise,—
Of whom 'twas said, he scarce received
For gospel, what the church believed,—
Should, stirr'd by idle tale,
Ride forth in silence of the night,
As hoping half to meet a sprite,
Array'd in plate and mail.
For little did Fitz-Eustace know,
That passions, in contending flow,
Unfix the strongest mind:
Wearied from doubt to doubt to flee,
We welcome fond credulity,
Guide confident, though blind.

XXXI.

Little for this Fitz-Eustace cared,
But, patient, waited till he heard,
At distance, prick'd to utmost speed,
The foot-tramp of a flying steed,
Come town-ward rushing on;
First, dead, as if on turf it trode,
Then, clattering on the village road,—
In other pace than forth he yode,³
Return'd Lord Marmion.
Down hastily he sprung from selle,
And, in his haste, wellnigh he fell;
To the squire's hand the rein he threw,
And spoke no word as he withdrew:
But yet the moonlight did betray,
The falcon-crest was soil'd with clay;
And plainly might Fitz-Eustace see,
By stains upon the charger's knee,
And his left side, that on the moor
He had not kept his footing sure.
Long musing on these wondrous signs,
At length to rest the squire reclines,
Broken and short; for still, between
Would dreams of terror intervene:
Eustace did ne'er so blithely mark
The first notes of the morning lark.

Marmion.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FOURTH.

TO

JAMES SKENE, Esq.⁴*Ashiestiel, Eltrick Forest.*

An ancient Minstrel sagely said,
"Where is the life which late we led?"

⁴ James Skene, Esq., of Rubislaw, Aberdeenshire, was Cornet in the Royal Edinburgh Light Horse Volunteers; and Sir Walter Scott was Quartermaster of the same corps.

That motley clown in Arden wood,
Whom humorous Jacques with envy view'd,
Not even that clown could amplify,
On this trite text, so long as I.
Eleven years we now may tell,
Since we have known each other well;
Since, riding side by side, our hand
First drew the voluntary brand;
And sure, through many a varied scene,
Unkindness never came between.
Away these winged years have flown,
To join the mass of ages gone;
And though deep mark'd, like all below,
With chequer'd shades of joy and woe;
Though thou o'er realms and seas hast ranged,
Mark'd cities lost, and empires changed,
While here, at home, my narrower ken
Somewhat of manners saw, and men;
Though varying wishes, hopes, and fears,
Fever'd the progress of these years,
Yet now, days, weeks, and months, but seem
The recollection of a dream,
So still we glide down to the sea
Of fathomless eternity.

Even now it scarcely seems a day,
Since first I tuned this idle lay;
A task so often thrown aside,
When leisure graver cares denied,
That now, November's dreary gale,
Whose voice inspir'd my opening tale,
That same November gale once more
Whirls the dry leaves on Yarrow shore.
Their vex'd boughs streaming to the sky,
Once more our naked birches sigh,
And Blackhouse heights, and Ettrick Pen,
Have donn'd their wintry shrouds again:
And mountain dark, and flooded mead,
Bid us forsake the banks of 'l'weed.
Earlier than wont along the sky,
Mix'd with the rack, the snow mists fly;
The shepherd, who in summer sun,
Had something of our envy won,
As thou with pencil, I with pen,
The features traced of hill and glen:—
He who, outstretch'd the livelong day,
At ease among the heath-flowers lay,
View'd the light clouds with vacant look,
Or slumber'd o'er his tatter'd book,
Or idly busied him to guide
His angle o'er the lessen'd tide:—
At midnight now, the snowy plain
Finds sterner labour for the swain.

When red hath set the beamless sun,
Through heavy vapours dark and dun;
When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,
Hears, half asleep, the rising storm
Hurling the hail, and sleeted rain,
Against the casement's tinkling pane:
The sounds that drive wild deer, and fox,
To shelter in the brake and rocks,
Are warnings which the shepherd ask
To dismal and to dangerous task.
Of he looks forth, and hopes, in vain.
The blast may sink in mellowing rain;
Till, dark above, and white below,
Decided drives the flaky snow,
And forth the hardy swain must go.

Long, with dejected look and whine,
'To leave the hearth his dogs repine;
Whistling and cheering them to aid,
Around his back he wreathes the plaid:
His flock he gathers, and he guides,
To open downs, and mountain-sides,
Where fiercest though the tempest blow,
Least deeply lies the drift below.
The blast, that whistles o'er the fells,
Stiffens his locks to icicles;
Of he looks back, while streaming far,
His cottage window seems a star,—
Loses its feeble gleam,—and then
Turns patient to the blast again,
And, facing to the tempest's sweep,
Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep.
If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,
Benumbing death is in the gale:
His paths, his landmarks, all unknown,
Close to the hut, no more his own,
Close to the aid he sought in vain,
The morn may find the stiffen'd swain:²
The widow sees, at dawning pale,
His orphans raise their weebly wail;
And, close beside him, in the snow,
Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,
Couches upon his master's breast,
And licks his cheek to break his rest.

Who envies now the shepherd's lot,
His healthy fare, his rural cot,
His summer couch by greenwood tree,
His rustic kirk's³ loud revelry,
His native hill-notes, toned on high,
To Marion of the blithesome eye:
His crook, his scrip, his oaten reed,
And all Arcadia's golden creed?

Changes not so with us, my Skene,
Of human life the varying scene I
Our youthful summer oft we see
Dance by on wings of game and glee,
While the dark storm reserves its rage,
Against the winter of our age:
As he, the ancient Chief of Troy,
His manhood spent in peace and joy;
But Grecian fires, and loud alarms,
Call'd ancient Priam forth to arms.
Then happy those, since each must drain
His share of pleasure, share of pain,—
Then happy those, beloved of Heaven,
To whom the mingled cup is given;
Whose lenient sorrows find relief,
Whose joys are chasten'd by their grief.
And such a lot, my Skene, was thine,
When thou of late, wert doom'd to twine,—
Just when thy bridal hour was by,—
The cypress with the myrtle tie.
Just on thy bride her Sire had smiled,
And bless'd the union of his child,
When love must change its joyous cheer,
And wide affection's filial tear.
Nor did the actions next his end,
Speak more the father than the friend:
Scarce had lamented Forbes⁴ paid
The tribute to his Minstrel's shade;
The tale of friendship scarce was told,
Ere the narrator's heart was cold—

¹ Various illustrations of the Poetry and Novels of Sir Walter Scott from designs by Mr. Skene, have since been published.

² Compare the celebrated description of a man perishing

in the snow, in Thomson's *Winter*.—See Appendix, Note 2 V.

³ The Scottish Harvest-home.

⁴ See Appendix, Note 2 W.

Far may we search before we find
 A heart so manly and so kind!
 But not around his honour'd urn,
 Shall friends alone and kindred mourn;
 The thousand eyes his care had dried,
 Pour at his name a bitter tide;
 And frequent falls the grateful dew,
 For benefits the world ne'er knew.
 If mortal charity dare claim
 The Almighty's attributed name,
 Inscribe above his mouldering clay,
 "The widow's shield, the orphan's stay."
 Nor, though it wake thy sorrow, deem
 My verse intrudes on this sad theme;
 For sacred was the pen that wrote,
 "Thy father's friend forget thou not;"
 And grateful till he may I plead,
 For many a kindly word and deed,
 To bring my tribute to his grave:—
 'Tis little—but 'tis all I have.

To thee, perchance, this rambling strain
 Recalls our summer walks again;
 When, doing nought,—and, to speak true,
 Not anxious to find ought to do,—
 The wild unbounded hills we ranged,
 While oft our talk its topic changed,
 And, desultory as our way,
 Ranged, unconfined, from grave to gay.
 Even when it flagg'd, as oft will chance,
 No effort made to break its trance,
 We could right pleasantly pursue
 Our sports in social silence too:
 Thou gravely labouring to portray
 The lighted oak's fantastic spray;
 I speaking o'er, with much delight,
 The legend of that antique knight,
 Tyrante by name, yclep'd the White.
 At either's feet a trusty squire,
 Pandour and Camp,¹ with eyes of fire,
 Jealous, each other's motions view'd,
 And scarce suppress'd their ancient feud.
 The laverock whistled from the cloud;
 The stream was lively, but not loud;
 From the white thorn the May-flower shed
 Its dewy fragrance round our head:
 Not Ariel lived more merrily
 Under the blossom'd bough, than we

And blithesome nights, too, have been ours,
 When Winter stript the summer's bowers.
 Careless we heard, what now I hear,
 The wild blast sighing deep and drear,
 When fires were bright, and lamps beam'd gay,
 And ladies tuned the lovely lay;
 And he was held a laggard soul,
 Who shunn'd to quaff the sparkling bowl.
 Then he, whose absence we deplore,²
 Who breathes the gales of Devon's shore,
 The longer miss'd bewail'd the more;
 And thou, an I, and dear-loved R—,³
 And one whose name I may not say,⁴—
 For not Mimosæ's tender tree
 Shrinks sooner from the touch than he,—

In merry chorus well combined,
 With laughter drown'd the whistling wind.
 Mirth was within; and Care without
 Might gnaw her nails to hear our shout.
 Not but amid the buxom scene
 Some grave discourse might intervene—
 Of the good horse that bore him best,
 His shoulder, hoof, and arcing crest:
 For, like mid Tom's,⁵ our chiefest care,
 Was horse to ride, and weapon wear
 Such nights we've had; and, though the game
 Of manhood be more sober tame,
 And though the field-day, or the drill,
 Seem less important now—yet still
 Such may we hope to share again.
 The sprightly thought inspires my strain!
 And mark, how, like a horseman true,
 Lord Marmion's march I thus renew.

Marmion.

CANTO FOURTH.

THE CAMP.

I.

Eustace, I said, did blithely mark
 The first notes of the merry lark.
 The lark sang shrill, the cock he crew,
 And loudly Marmion's bugles blew,
 And with their light and lively call,
 Brought groom and yeoman to the stall.
 Whistling they came, and free of heart,
 But soon their mood was changed;
 Complaint was heard on every part,
 Of something disarranged.
 Some clamour'd loud for armour lost;
 Some brawl'd and wrangled with the host;
 "By Becket's bones," cried one, "I fear,
 That some false Scot has stolen my spear!"—
 Young Blount, Lord Marmion's second squire,
 Found his steed wet with sweat and mire;
 Although the rated horse-boy sware,
 Last night he dress'd him sleek and fair.
 While chafed the impatient squire like thunder,
 Old Hubert shouts, in fear and wonder,—
 "Help, gentle Blount! help, comrades all!
 Bevis lies dying in his stall:
 To Marmion who the plight dare tell,
 Of the good steed he loves so well?"
 Gaping for fear and ruth, they saw
 The charger panting on his straw;
 Till one, who would seem wisest, cried,—
 "What else but evil could betide,
 With that cursed Palmer for our guide!
 Better we had through mire and bush
 Been lantern-led by Friar Rusi."⁶

¹ Camp was a favourite dog of the Poet's, a bull-terrier of extraordinary sagacity. He is introduced in Raeburn's portrait of Sir Walter Scott, now at Dalkeith Palace.—Ed.

² Colin Mackenzie, Esq. of Portmore, one of the Principal Clerks of Session at Edinburgh, and through life an intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott, died on 10th September, 1830.—Ed.

³ Sir William Erie of St. Catharine's, Bart., subsequently Lord Advocate of Scotland, was a distinguished member of the volunteer corps to which Sir Walter Scott belonged: and he, the Poet, Mr. Skene, Mr. Mackenzie, and

a few other friends, had formed themselves into a little semi-military club, the meetings of which were held at their family supper-tables in rotation.—Ed.

⁴ The gentleman whose name the Poet "might not say," was the late Sir William Forbes of Pitligo, Bart., son of the author of the *Life of Beattie*, and brother-in-law of Mr. Skene, through life an intimate, and latterly a generous friend of Sir Walter Scott—died 21th October, 1827.—Ed.

⁵ See *King Lear*.

⁶ See Appendix, Note 2.

II.

Fitz-Eustace, who the cause but guess'd,
 Nor wholly understood,
 His comrades' clamorous plaints suppress'd ;
 He knew Lord Marmion's mood.
 Him, ere he issued forth, he sought,
 And found deep plunged in gloomy thought,
 And did his tale display
 Simply as if he knew of nought
 To cause such disarray.
 Lord Marmion gave attention cold,
 Nor marvell'd at the wonders told,—
 Pass'd them as accidents of course,
 And bade his clarions sound to horse.

III.

Young Henry Blount, meanwhile, the cost
 Had reckon'd with their Scottish host ;
 And, as the charge he cast and paid,
 " Ill thou deserv'st thy hire," he said ;
 " Dost see, thou knave, my horse's plight ?
 Fairies have ridden him all the night,
 And left him in a foam !
 I trust that soon a conjuring band,
 With English cross, and blazing brand,
 Shall drive the devils from this land,
 To their infernal home :
 For in this haunted den, I trow,
 All night they trample to and fro."—
 The laughing host look'd on the hire,—
 " Gramercy, gentle southern squire,
 And if thou comest among the rest,
 With Scottish broadsword to be blest,
 Sharp be the brand, and sure the blow,
 And short the pang to undergo."
 Here stay'd their talk,—for Marmion
 Gave now the signal to set on.
 The Palmer showing forth the way
 They journey'd all the morning day.

IV.

The green-sward way was smooth and good,
 Through Humber's and through Saitoum's
 wood ;
 A forest glade, which, varying still,
 Here gave a view of dale and hill,
 There narrower closed, till over head
 A vaulted screen the branches made.
 " A pleasant path," Fitz-Eustace said ;
 " Such as where errant-knights might see
 Adventures of high chivalry ;
 Might meet some damsel flying fast,
 With hair unbound, and looks agast ;
 And smooth and level course were here,
 In her defence to break a spear.
 Here, too, are twilight nooks and dells :
 And oft, in such, the story tells,
 The damsel kind, from danger freed,
 Did grateful pay her champion's meed."
 He spoke to cheer Lord Marmion's mind :
 Perchance to show his lore design'd ;
 For Eustace much had poured
 Upon a huge romantic tone,
 In the hall window of his home,
 Imprinted at the antique dome
 Of Caxton, or De Worde.¹
 Therefore he spoke,—but spoke in vain,
 For Marmion answer'd nought again.

V.

Now sudden, distant trumpets shrill,
 In notes prolong'd by wood and hill,
 Were heard to echo far ;
 Each ready archer grasp'd his bow,
 But by the flourish soon they know,
 They breathed no point of war.
 Yet cautious, as in foeman's land,
 Lord Marmion's order speeds the band,
 Some opener ground to gain ;
 And scarce a furlong had they rode,
 When thinner trees, receding, show'd
 A little woodland plain.
 Just in that advantageous glade,
 The halting troop a line had made,
 As forth from the opposing shade
 Issued a gallant train.

VI.

First came the trumpets, at whose clang
 So late the forest echoes rang ;
 On prancing steeds they forward press'd,
 With scarlet mantle, azure vest :
 Each at his trumpet a banner wore,
 Which Scotland's royal scutcheon bore :
 Heralds and pursuivants, by name
 Bute, Islay, Marchmont, Rothsay, came,
 In painted tabards, proudly showing
 Gules, Argent, Or, and Azure glowing,
 Attendant on a King-at-arms,
 Whose hand the armorial truncheon held,
 That feudal strife had often quell'd,
 When wildest its alarms.

VII

He was a man of middle age ;
 In aspect manly, grave and sage,
 As on King's errand come ;
 But in the glances of his eye,
 A penetrating, keen, and sly
 Expression found its home ;
 The flash of that satiric rage,
 Which, bursting on the early stage,
 Branded the vices of the age,
 And broke the keys of Rome.
 On milk white palfrey forth he paced ;
 His cap of maintenance was graced
 With the proud heron-plume.
 From his steed's shoulder, loin, and breast,
 Silk housings swept the ground,
 With Scotland's arms, device, and crest,
 Embroider'd round and round.
 The double treasure might you see,
 First by Achais borne,
 The thistle and the fleur-de-lis,
 And gallant unicorn.
 So bright the King's armorial coat,
 That scarce the dazzled eye could note,
 In living colours, blazon'd brave,
 The Lion, which his title gave,
 A train, which well besem'd his state,
 But all unarm'd, around him wait.
 Still is thy name in high account,
 And still thy verse has charms,
 Sir David Lindsay of the Mount,
 Lord Lion King-at-arms!²

¹ William Caxton, the earliest English printer, was born in Kent, A. D. 1412, and died 1491. Wynken de Worde was his next successor in the production of books.

² " Rare volumes, dark with tarnish'd gold," which are now the delight of bibliomanacs.

³ See Appendix, Note 2 Y.

VIII.

Down from his horse did Marmion spring,
 Soon as he saw the Lion-King;
 For well the stately Barou knew
 To him such courtesy was due,
 Whom royal James him-self had crown'd,
 And on his temples placed the round
 Of Scotland's ancient diadem:
 And wet his brow with hallow'd wine,
 And on his finger given to shine
 The emblematic gem.
 Their mutual greetings duly made,
 The Lion thus his message said:—
 "Though Scotland's King hath deeply swore
 Ne'er to knit faith with Henry more,
 And strictly hath forbid resort
 From England to his royal court;
 Yet, for he knows Lord Marmion's name,
 And honours much his warlike fame,
 My liege hath deem'd it shame, and lack
 Of courtesy, to turn him back;
 And, by his order, I, your guide,
 Must lodging fit and fair provide,
 Till finds King James meet time to see
 The flower of English chivalry."

IX.

Though inly chafed at his delay,
 Lord Marmion hears it as he may,
 The Palmer, his mysterious guide,
 Beholding thus his place supplied,
 Sought to take leave in vain:
 Strict was the Lion-King's command,
 That none, who rode in Marmion's band,
 Should sever from the train:
 "England has here enow of spies
 In Lady Heron's witching eyes:"
 To Marchmount thus, apart, he said,
 But fair pretext to Marmion made.
 The right hand path they now decline,
 And trace against the stream the Tyne.

X.

At length up that wild dale they wind,
 Where Crichton Castle¹ crowns the bank:
 For there the Lion's care assigned
 A lodging meet for Marmion's rank.
 That Castle rises on the steep
 Of the green vale of Tyne:
 And far beneath, where slow they creep,
 From pool to eddy, dark and deep,
 Where alders moist, and willows weep,
 You hear her streams repine.
 The towers in different ages rose:
 Their various architecture shows
 The builders' various hands:
 A mighty mass, that could oppose,
 When deadliest hatred fired its foes,
 The vengeful Douglas bands.

XI.

Crichtoun! though now thy miry court
 But pens the lazy steer and sheep,
 Thy turrets rude, and totter'd Keep,
 Have been the minstrel's loved resort.
 Oft have I traced, withiu thy fort,
 Of mouldering shields the mystic sense,
 Scutcheons of honour, or pretence,
 Quarter'd in old armorial sort,
 Remains of rude magnificence.

Nor wholly yet had time defaced
 Thy lordly gallery fair;
 Nor yet the stony card unbraced,
 Whose twisted knots, with roses laced,
 Adorn thy ruin'd stair.
 Still rises unimpair'd below,
 The court-yard's graceful portico;
 Above its cornice, row and row
 Of fair hewn facets richly show
 Their pointed diamond form,
 Though there but houseless cattle go,
 To shield them from the storm.
 And, shuddering, still may we explore,
 Where oft whilom were captives pent,
 The darkness of thy Mussy More;²
 Or, from thy grass-grown battlement,
 May trace, in undulating line,
 The sluggish mazes of the Tyne.

XII.

Another aspect Crichtoun show'd,
 As through its portal Marmion rode;
 But yet 'twas melancholy state
 Received him at the outer gate;
 For none were in the Castle then,
 But women, boys, or aged men.
 With eyes scarce dried, the sorrowing dame,
 To welcome noble Marmion, came;
 Her son, a stripling twelve years old,
 Proffer'd the Baron's rein to hold:
 For each man that could draw a sword
 Had march'd that morning with their lord,
 Earl Adam Hepburn,—he who died
 On Flodden, by his sovereign's side,³
 Long may his Lady look in vain!
 She ne'er shall see his gallant train,
 Come sweeping back through Crichtoun-
 Dean.

'Twas a brave race, before the name
 Of hated Bothwell stain'd their fame.

XIII.

And here two days did Marmion rest,
 With every rite that honour claims,
 Attended as the King's own guest:—
 Such the command of Royal James,
 Who marshall'd then his land's array,
 Upon the Borough-moor that lay,
 Perchance he would not foeman's eye
 Upon his gathering host should pry.
 'Till full prepared was every hand
 To march against the English land.
 Here while they dwelt, did Lindsay's wit
 Oft cheer the Baron's moodier fit;
 And, in his turn, he knew to prize
 Lord Marmion's powerful mind, and wise,—
 Train'd in the lore of Rome and Greece,
 And policies of war and peace.

XIV.

It chanced, as fell the second night,
 That on the battlements they walk'd,
 And, by the slowly fading light,
 Of varying topics talk'd;
 And, unaware, the Herald-hard
 Said, Marmion might his toil have spared,
 In travelling so far;
 For that a messenger from heaven
 In vain to James had counsel given
 Against the English war;⁴

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 Z: and, for a fuller description of Crichton Castle, see Sir Walter Scott's Miscellaneous Prose Works, vol. vii. p. 157.

² The pit, or prison vault.—See Appendix, Note 2 Z.

³ See Appendix, Note 3 A.

⁴ See Appendix, Note 3 B.

And, closer question'd, thus he told
A tale, which chronicles of old
In Scottish story have enroll'd :—

XV.

SIR DAVID LINDESAY'S TALE.

"Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling,
In Scotland, far beyond compare
Linthgow is excelling;¹
And in its park in jovial June,
How sweet the merry linnet's tune,
How blithe the blackbird's lay!
The wild-buck-bells² from ferny brake,
The coot dives merry on the lake.
The saddest heart might pleasure take
To see all nature gay.
But June is to our sovereign dear
The heaviest month in all the year:
Too well his cause of grief you know,
June saw his father's overthrow.³
Woe to the traitors, who could bring
The princely boy against his King!
Still in his conscience burns the sting.
In offices as strict as Lent,
King James's June is ever spent.

XVI.

"When last this ruthless month was come,
And in Linlithgow's holy dome
The King, as wont, was praying;
While, for his royal father's soul,
The chanters sung, the bells did toll,
The Bishop mass was saying—
For now the year brought round again
The day the luckless king was slain—
In Katharine's aisle the Monarch knelt,
With sackcloth-shirt, and iron belt,
And eyes with sorrow streaming;
Around him in their stalls of state,
The Thistle's Knight-Companions sate,
Their banners o'er them beaming.
I too was there, and, sooth to tell,
Bedeafen'd with the jangling knell,
Was watching where the sunbeams fell,
Through the stain'd casement gleaming;
But, while I mark'd what next befell,
It seem'd as I were dreaming.
Stepp'd from the crowd a ghostly wight,
In azure gown, with cincture white;
His forehead bald, his head was bare,
Down hung at length his yellow hair—
Now, mock me not, when, good my Lord,
I pledge to you my knightly word,
That, when I saw his placid grace,
His simple majesty of face,
His solemn bearing, and his pace

¹ In Scotland there are about twenty palaces, castles, and remains, or sites of such.

² Where *Scotia's* kings of other years?"

had their royal home.

³ Linlithgow, distinguished by the combined strength and beauty of its situation, must have been early selected as a royal residence. David, who bought the title of saint by his liberality to the Church, refers several of his charters to his town of Linlithgow; and in that of Holyrood expressly bestows on the new monastery all the stiles of the rams, ewes, and lambs, belonging to his castle of Liohtic, which shall die during the year. . . . The convenience afforded for the sport of falconry, which was so great a favourite during the feudal ages, was probably one cause of the attachment of the ancient Scottish monarchs to Linlithgow and its fee lake. The sport of hunting was also followed with success to the neighbourhood, from which

So stately gliding on,—
Seem'd to me ne'er did limner paint
So just an image of the Saint,
Who propp'd the Virgin in her faint,—
The loved Apostle John!

XVII.

"He stepp'd before the Monarch's chair,
And stood with rustic plainness there,
And little reverence made:
Nor head, nor body, bow'd nor bent,
But on the desk his arm he leant.
And words like these he said,
In a low voice, but never tone,
So thrill'd through vein, and nerve, and
bone :—
'My mother sent me from afar,
Sir King, to warn thee not to war,—
Woe waits on thine array;
If war thou wilt, of woman fair,
Her witching wiles and wanton snare,
James Stuart, doubly warn'd, beware:
God keep thee as he may!'—

The wondering Monarch seem'd to seek
For answer, and found none:
And when he raised his head to speak,
The monitor was gone.
The Marshal and myself had cast
To stop him as he outward pass'd;
But, lighter than the whirlwind's blast,
He vanish'd from our eyes,
Like sunbeam on the billow cast,
That glances but, and dies."

XVIII.

While Lindesay told his marvel strange,
The twilight was so pale,
He mark'd not Marmion's colour change,
While listening to the tale;
But, after a suspended pause,
The Baron spoke :—"Of Nature's laws
So strong I held the force.
That never superhuman cause
Could e'er control their course.
And, three days since, had judg'd your aim
Was hut to make your guest your game.
But I have seen, since past the Tweed,
What much has changed my sceptic creed,
And mude me credit aught."—He staid,
And seem'd to wish his words unsaid:
But, by that strong emotion press'd,
Which prompts us to unload our breast,
Even when discovery's a pain,
To Lindesay did at length unfold
The tale his village host had told,
At Gifford, to his train.
Nought of the Palmer says he there,
And nought of Constance, or of Clare;

circumstance it probably arises that the ancient arms of the city represent a black greyhound bitch tied to a tree. . . . The situation of Linlithgow Palace is eminently beautiful. It stands on a promontory of some elevation, which advances almost into the midst of the lake. The form is that of a square court, composed of buildings of four stories high, with towers at the angles. The fronts within the square, and the windows, are highly ornamented, and the site of the rooms, as well as the width and character of the staircases, are upon a magnificent scale. One banquet-room is ninety-four feet long, thirty feet wide, and thirty-three feet high, with a gallery for music. The king's wardrobe or dressing-room, looking to the west, projects over the walk, so as to have a delicious prospect on three sides, and is one of the most enviable boudoirs we have ever seen. — Sir Walter Scott's *Miscellaneous Prose Works*, vol. vii. p. 382, &c.

² See Appendix, Note 3 C.

³ *Ibid.* Note 3 D.

The thoughts, which broke his sleep, he seems
To mention but as feverish dreams.

XIX.

"In vain," said he, "to rest I spread
My burning limbs, and couch'd my head :
Fantastic thoughts return'd ;
And, by their wild dominion led,
My heart within me burn'd.
So sore was the delirious goad,
I took my steed, and forth I rode,
And, as the moon shone bright and cold,
Soon reach'd the camp upon the wold.
The southern entrance I pass'd through,
And halted, and my bugle blew.
Methought an answer met my ear,—
Yet was the blast so low and drear,
So hollow, and so faintly blown,
It might be echo of my own.

XX.

"Thus judging, for a little space
I listen'd, ere I left the place ;
But scarce could trust my eyes,
Nor yet can think they served me true,
When sudden in the ring I view,
In form distinct of shape and hue,
A mounted champion rise.—
I've fought, Lord-Lion, many a day.
In single fight, and mix'd affray,
And ever, I myself may say,
Have borne me as a knight ;
But when this unexpected foe
Seem'd starting from the gulf below,—
I care not though the truth I show,—
I trembled with affright :
And as I placed in rest my spear,
My hand so shook for very fear,
I scarce could couch it right.

XXI.

"Why need my tongue the issue tell ?
We ran our course,—my charger fell ;—
What could he 'gainst the shock of hell !—
I roll'd upon the plain.
High o'er my head, with threatening hand,
The spectre shook his naked brand,—
Yet did the worst remain :
My dazzled eyes I upward cast,—
Not opening hell itself could blast
Their sight, like what I saw !
Full on his face the moonbeam strook,—
A face could never be mistook !
I knew the stern vindictive look,
And held my breath for awe.
I saw the face of one who, fled
To foreign climes, has long been dead,—
I well believe the last ;
For ne'er, from vizzor raised, did stare
A human warrior, with a glare
So grimly and so ghast.
Thrice o'er my head he shook the blade ;
But when to good Saint George I pray'd,
(The first time ere I ask'd his aid,)
He plunged it in the sheath ;
And, on his courser mounting light,
He seem'd to vanish from my sight :
The moonbeam droop'd, and deepest night
Sunk down upon the heath.—
'Twere long to tell what cause I have
To know his face, that met me there,
Call'd by his hatred from the grave,
To cumber upper air :

Dead or alive, good cause had he
To be my mortal enemy."

XXII.

Marvell'd Sir David of the Mount ;
Then, learn'd in story, 'gan recount
Such chance had happ'd of old.
When once, near Norham, there did fight
A spectre fell of feudish might,
In likeness of a Scottish knight,
With Briau Bulmer bold.
And train'd him nigh to disallow
The aid of his baptismal vow.
"And such a phantom, too, 'tis said,
With Highland broadsword, targe, and plaid,
And fingers, red with gore.
Is seen in Rothiemurcs glade,
Or where the sable pine-trees shade
Dark Tomantoul, and Auchnaslad,
Dromouchty, or Glenmore.)
And yet, whate'er such legends say,
Of warlike demon, ghost, or fay,
On mountain, moor, or plain,
Spotless in faith, in bosom bold,
True son of chivalry should hold,
These midnight terrors vain ;
For seldom have such spirits power
To harm, save in the evil hour.
When guilt we meditate within,
Or harbour unrepent sin."—
Lord Marmion turn'd him half aside,
And twice to clear his voice he tried.
Then press'd Sir David's hand.—
But nought, at length, in answer said ;
And here their farther converse staid,
Each ordering that his band
Should bowne them with the rising day,
To Scotland's camp to take their way.—
Such was the King's command.

XXIII.

Early they took Dun-Edin's road,
And I could trace each step they trode :
Hill, brook, nor dell, nor rook, nor stous
Lies on the path to me unknowa.
Much might it boast of storied lore ;
But, passing such digression o'er,
Suffice it that the route was laid
Across the furzy hills of Braid.
They pass'd the glen and scanty rill,
And climb'd the opposing bank, until
They gain'd the top of Blackford Hill.

XXIV.

Blackford ! on whose uncultured breast,
Among the broom, and thorn, and whin,
A truant-boy, I sought the nest,
Or listed, as I lay at rest,
While rose, on breezes thin,
The murmur of the city crowd,
And, from his steeple jangling loud,
Saint Giles's mingling din.
Now, from the summit to the plain,
Waves all the hill with yellow grain ;
And o'er the landscape as I look,
Nought do I see unchanged remain.
Save the rude cliffs and chiming brook.
To me they make a heavy moan,
Of early friendships past and gone.

I See the traditions concerning Bolmer, and the spectre called *Lammergeiss*, or *Bloody-hand*, in a note on canto iii. Appendix, Note 2 U.

XXV.

But different far the change has been,
 Since Marmion, from the crown
 Of Blackford, saw that martial scene
 Upon the bent so brown :
 Thousand pavilions, white as snow,
 Spread all the Borough-moor below,¹
 Uplaud, and dale, and down :—
 A thousand did I say ? I ween,
 Thousands on thousands there were seen,
 That chequer'd all the heath between
 The streamlet and the town ;
 In crossing ranks extending far,
 Forming a camp irregular ;
 Oft giving way, where still there strōd
 Some relics of the old oak wood,
 That darkly huge did intervene,
 And tamed the glaring white with green :
 In these extended lines there lay
 A martial kingdom's vast array.

XXVI.

For from Hebudes, dark with rain,
 To eastern Lodon's fertile plain,
 And from the southern Redwire edge,
 To farthest Rosse's rocky ledge ;
 From west to east, from south to north,
 Scotland sent all her warriors forth.
 Marmion might hear the mingled hum
 Of myriads up the mountain come ;
 The horses' tramp, and tingling clank,
 Where chiefs review'd their vassal rank,
 And charger's shrilling neigh ;
 And see the shifting lines advance,
 While frequent flash'd, from shield and lance,
 The sun's reflected ray.

XXVII.

Thin curling in the morning air,
 The wreaths of failing smoke declare
 To embers now the brands decay'd,
 Where the night-watch their fires had made.
 They saw, slow rolling on the plain,
 Full many a baggage-cart and wain,
 And dire artillery's clumsy car,
 By sluggish oxen tugg'd to war :
 And there were Borthwick's Sisters Seven,²
 And culverins which France had given.
 Ill-omen'd gift ! the guns remain
 The conqueror's spoil on Flodden plain.

XXVIII.

Nor mark'd they less, where in the air
 A thousand streamers flaunted fair ;
 Various in shape, device, and hue,
 Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue,
 Broad, narrow, swallow-tail'd, and square,
 Scroll, pennon, pencil, bandrol,³ there
 O'er the pavilions flow.⁴
 Highest and midmost, was descried
 The royal banner floating wide ;
 The staff, a pine-tree, strong and straight,
 Pitch'd deeply in a massive stone,
 Which still in memory is shown.
 Yet bent beneath the standard's weight
 When'er the western wind unroll'd,
 With toil, the bugle and cumbrous fold,

And gave to view the dazzling field,
 Where, in proud Scotland's royal shield,
 The ruddy lion ramp'd in gold.⁵

XXIX.

Lord Marmion view'd the landscape bright,—
 He view'd it with a chief's delight.—
 Until within him burn'd his heart,
 And lightning from his eye did part,
 As on the battle-day :
 Such glance did falcon never dart,
 When stopping on his prey.
 "Oh ! well, Lord-Lion, hast thou said,
 Thy King from warfare to dissuade
 Were but a vain essay :
 For, by St. George, were that host mine,
 Not power infernal nor divine,
 Should once to peace my soul incline,
 Till I had dimm'd their armour's shine
 In glorious battle-fray !"
 Answer'd the Bard, of milder mood :
 "Fair is the sight,—and yet 'twere good,
 That kings would think withal,
 When peace and wealth their land has bless'd,
 'Tis better to sit still at rest,
 Than rise, perchance to fall."

XXX.

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd,
 For fairer scene he ne'er survey'd.
 When sat'd with the martial show
 That peopled all the plain below,
 The wandering eye could o'er it go,
 And mark the distant city glow
 With gloomy splendour red ;
 For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,
 That round her sable turrets flow,
 The morning beams were shed,
 And tinged them with a lustre proud,
 Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.
 Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
 Where the huge Castle holds its state,
 And all the steep slope down,
 Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
 Piled deep and massy, close and high,
 Mine own romantic town !
 But northward far, with purer blaze,
 On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
 And as each heathy top they kissed,
 It gleam'd a purple amethyst.
 Yonder the shores of Fife you saw :
 Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law :
 And, broad between them roll'd,
 The gallant Frith the eye might note,
 Whose islands on its bosom float,
 Like emeralds chased in gold.
 Fitz-Eustace's heart felt closely pent ;
 As if to give his rapture vent,
 The spur he to his charger lent,
 And raised his bridle hand.
 And, making demi-volte in air,
 Cried, "Where's the coward that would not
 dare
 To fight for such a lan !"
 The Lindsay smiled his joy to see ;
 Nor Marmion's frown repress'd his glee.

XXXI.

Thus while they look'd, a flourish proud,
 Where mingled trump, and clarion loud,

¹ See Appendix, Note 3 E.

² Seven culverins so called, east by one Borthwick.

³ Each of these feudal ensigns intimated the different rank of those entitled to display them.

⁴ See Appendix, Note 3 F.

⁵ Ibid. Note 3 G.

And fife, and kettle-drum,
And sackbut deep, and psaltery,
And war-pipe with discordant cry,
And cyrbal clattering to the sky,
Making wild music bold and high,
Did up the mountain come;
The whist the bells, with distant chime,
Merrily toll'd the hour of prime,
And thus the Lindsay spoke:
"Thus clamour still the war-notes when
The king to mass his way has ta'en,
Or to St. Katharine's of Sienne,
Or Chapel of Saint Rocque.
To you they speak of martial fame;
But ne remind of peaceful game,
When blither was their cheer,
Thrilling in Falkland-woods the air,
In signal none his steed should spare,
But strive which foremost might repair
To the downfall of the deer.

XXXII.

"Nor less," he said,— "when looking forth,
I view you Empress of the North
Sit on her hilly throne;
Her palace's imperial bowers,
Her castle, proof to hostile powers,
Her stately halls and holy towers—
Nor less," he said, "I mean,
To think what woe mischance may bring,
And how these merry bells may ring
The death-dirge of our gallant king;
Or with the larum call
The burghers forth to watch and ward,
'Gainst southern sack and fires to guard
Dun-Edin's leaguer'd wall.—
But not for my presaging thought,
Dream conquest sure, or cheaply bought!
Lord Marmion, I say nay:
God is the guider of the field,
He breaks the champion's spear and shield,—
But thou thyself shalt say.
When joins yon host in deadly stowre,
That England's dames must weep in bowers,
Her monks the death-mass sing;
For never saw'st thou such a power
Led on by such a King."
And now, dewa winding to the plain,
The barriers of the camp they gain,
And there they made a stay.—
There stays the Minstrel, till he fling
His hand o'er every Border string,
And fit his harp the pomp to sing,
Of Scotland's ancient Court and King,
In the succeeding lay.

Marmion.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIFTH.

TO

GEORGE ELLIS, Esq.¹

Edinburgh.

When dark December glooms the day,
And takes our autumn joys away;
When short and scant the sunbeam throws,
Upon the weary waste of snows,

A cold and profitless regard,
Like patron on a needy bard;
When silvau occupation's done,
And o'er the chimney rests the gun,
And hang, in idle trophy, near,
The game-pouch, fishing-rod, and spear;
When wiry terrier, rough and grim,
And greyhound, with his length of limb,
And pointer, now employ'd no more,
Cumber our parlour's narrow floor:
When in his stall the impatient steed
Is long condemn'd to rest and feed;
When from our snow-encircled home,
Scarce cares the hardest step to roam,
Since path is none, save that to bring
The needful water from the spring;
When wrinkled news-page, thrice count'd o'er,
Beguiles the dreary hour no more,
And darkling politician, cross'd,
Inveighs against the lingering post,
And answering housewife sore complains
Of carriers' snow-impeded wains;
When such the country cheer, I come,
Well pleased, to seek our city home;
For converse, and for books, to change
The Forest's melancholy range.
And welcome, with renew'd delight,
The busy day and social night.

Not here need my desponding rhyme
Lament the ravages of time,
As erst by Newark's riven towers,
And Estrick stripp'd of forest bowers,²
True,—Caledonia's Queen is changed,³
Since on her dusky summit ranged,
Within its steepy limits pent,
By bulwark, line, and battlement,
And flanking towers, and laky flood,
Guarded and garrison'd she stood,
Denying entrance or resort,
Save at each tall embattled port;
Above whose arch, suspended, hung
Portcullis spiked with iron prong,
That long is gone,—but not so long,
Since, early closed, and opening late,
Jealous revolved the studded gate,
Whose task, from eve to morning tide,
A wicket churlishly supplied,
Stern then, and steel-girt was thy brow,
Dun-Edin! O, how alter'd now.
When safe amid thy mountain court
Thou sit'st, like Empress at her sport,
And liberal, unconfined, and free,
Flaging thy white arms to the sea,⁴
For thy dark cloud, with umber'd lower,
That hung o'er cliff, and lake, and tower,
Thou gleam'st against the western ray
Ten thousand lines of brighter day.

¹ This accomplished gentleman, the well-known conductor of Mr. Canvau and Mr. Frere in the "Antijacobin," and editor of "Specimens of Ancient English Romances," &c., died 10th April 1815, aged 70 years; being succeeded in his estates by his brother, Charles Ellis, Esq., created, in 1827, Lord Seaford.—Ed.

² See introduction to canto ii.

³ See Appendix, Note 3 H.

⁴ Since writing this line, I find I have inadvertently borrowed it almost verbatim, though with somewhat a different meaning, from a chorus in "Cæcæliae!"—

"Britann heard the descent bold,
She flung her white arms o'er the sea,
Proud in her leafy bosom to unfold
The freight of harmony."

Not she, the Championess of old,
 In Spenser's magic tale enroll'd,
 She for the charmed spear renown'd,
 Which forced each knight to kiss the ground;
 Not she more changed, when, placed at rest,
 What time she was Malbecco's guest,¹
 She gave to flow her maiden vest;
 When from the corslet's grasp relieved,
 Free to the sight her bosom heaved:
 Sweet was her blue eye's modest smile,
 Erst hidden by the aventail;
 And down her shoulders graceful roll'd
 Her locks profuse, of paly gold.
 They who whilom, in midnight fight,
 Had marvel'd at her matchless might,
 No less her maiden charms approved,
 But looking liked, and liking loved.²
 The sight could jealous pangs beguile,
 And charm Malbecco's cares a while:
 And he, the wandering Squire of Dames,
 Forgot his Columbella's claims,
 And passion, erst unknown, could gain
 The breast of blunt Sir Saytrane:
 Nor durst light Paridel advance,
 Bold as he was, a looser glance.
 She charm'd, at once, and tamed the heart.
 Incomparable Britomarte!

So thou, fair City! disarray'd
 Of battled wall, and rampart's aid,
 As stately seem'st, but lovelier far
 Than in that panoply of war.
 Nor deem that from thy fenceless throne
 Strength and security are flown:
 Still, as of yore, Queen of the North I
 Still caust thou send thy children forth.
 Ne'er readier at alarm-bell's call
 Thy burghers rose to man thy wall,
 Than now, in danger, shall be thine,
 Thy dauntless voluntary line;
 For fosse and turret proud to stand,
 Their breasts the bulwarks of the land,
 Thy thousands, train'd to martial toil,
 Full red would stain their native soil.
 Ere from thy mural crown there fell
 The slightest knosp, or pinnacle.
 And if it come,—as come it may,
 Dun-Edin! that eventful day,
 Renown'd for hospitable deed,
 That virtue much with Heaven may plead,
 In patriarchal times whose care
 Descending angels deign'd to share:
 That claim may wrestle blessings down
 On those who fight for The Good Town,
 Destined in every age to be
 Refuge of injured royalty;
 Since first, when conquering York arose,
 To Henry meek she gave repose,³
 Till late, with wonder, grief, and awe,
 Great Bourbon's relics, sad she saw.⁴

Truce to these thoughts!—for, as they rise,
 How gladly I avert mine eyes.

1 See "The Fairy Queen," book iii. canto ix.

2 "For every one her liked, and every one her loved."
Spenser, as above.

3 See Appendix, Note 3 I.

4 In January 1796, the exiled Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles X. of France, took up his residence in Holyrood, where he remained until August 1799. When again driven from his country by the Revolution of July 1830, the same

Bodings, or true or false, to change,
 For Fiction's fair romantic range,
 Or for tradition's dubious light,
 That hovers 'twixt the day and night:
 Dazzling alternately and dim,
 Her wavering lamp I'd rather trim,
 Knights, squires, and lovely dames to see,
 Creation of my fantasy,
 Than gaze abroad on reeky fen,
 And make of mists invading men.
 Who loves not more the night of June
 Than dull December's gloomy noon?
 The moonlight than the fog of frost?
 And can we say, which cheats the most?

But who shall teach my harp to gain
 A sound of the romantic strain,
 Whose Anglo-Norman tones whilere
 Could win the royal Henry's ear.⁵
 Famed Beauclerc call'd, for that he loved
 The minstrel, and his lay approved?
 Who shall these ingering notes redeem,
 Decaying on Oblivion's stream;
 Such notes as from the Breton tongue
 Marie translated, Blondel sung?—
 O! horri, Time's ravage to repair,
 And make the dying Muse thy care;
 Who, when his scythe her hoary foe
 Was poising for the final blow,
 The weapon from his hand could wring,
 And break his glass, and shear his wing,
 And bid, reviving in his strain,
 The gentle poet live again:
 Thou, who canst give to lightest lay
 An unpedantic moral gay,
 Nor less the dullest theme hid fit
 On wings of unexpected wit;
 In letters as in life approved,
 Example honour'd, and beloved,—
 Dear Ellis! to the bard impart
 A lesson of thy magic art,
 To win at once the head and heart,—
 At once to charm, instruct and mend,
 My guide, my pattern, and my friend!⁶

Such minstrel lesson to bestow
 Be long thy pleasing task,—but, O!
 No more by thy example teach,
 —What few can practise, all can preach,—
 With even patience to endure
 Lingered disease, and painful cure,
 And boast affliction's pangs subdued
 By mild and manly fortitude.
 Enough, the lesson has been given:
 Forbid the repetition, Heaven!

Come listen, then! for thou hast known,
 And loved the Minstrel's varying tone,
 Who, like his Border sires of old,
 Waked a wild measure rude and bold,
 Till Windsor's oaks, and Ascot plain,
 With wonder heard the northern strain?

unfortunate Prince, with all the immediate members of his family, sought refuge once more in the ancient palace of the Stuarts, and remained there until 16th September 1852.

⁵ See Appendix, Note 3 K.

⁶ "Come then, my friend, my genius, come along.

Oh! master of the poet and the song!"

Pope to Beilingsbroke.

⁷ At Sunning-hill, Mr. Ellis's seat, near Windsor, part of the first two cantos of *Marmion* were written.

Come listen! bold in thy applause,
The Bard shall scorn pedantic laws;
And, as the ancient art could stain
Achievements on the storied pane,
Irregularly traced and plann'd,
But yet so glowing and so grand,—
So shall he strive, in changeful hue,
Field, feast, and combat, to renew,
And loves, and arms, and hurpers' glee,
And all the pomp of chivalry.

~~~~~

## Marmion.

### CANTO FIFTH.

#### THE COURT.

##### I.

The train has left the hills of Braid,  
The barrier guard have open made  
(So Lindesay bade) the palisade,  
That closed the tented ground;  
Their men the warders backward drew,  
And carried pikes as they rode through,  
Into its ample bound.  
Fast ran the Scottish warriors there,  
Upon the Southern band to stare.  
And envy with their wonder rose,  
To see such well-appointed foes;  
Such length of shafts, such mighty bows,  
So huge, that many simply thought,  
But for a vaunt such weapons wrought;  
And little deem'd their force to feel,  
Through links of mail, and plates of steel,  
Whea rattling upon Flodden vale,  
The cloth-yard arrows flew like hail.<sup>1</sup>

##### II.

Nar less did Marmion's skilful view  
Glance every line and squadron through;  
Aod much be marvell'd one small laud  
Could marshal forth such various band:  
For men-at-arms were here,  
Heavily sheathed in mail and plate,  
Like iron towers for strength and weight,  
On Flemish steeds of hunc and height,  
With battle-axe and spear.  
Young knights and squires, a lighter train,  
Practised their chargers on the plain,  
By aid of leg, of hand, and rein,  
Each warlike feat to show.  
To pass, to wheel, the croupe to gain,  
And high curvett, that not in vain  
The sword sway might descend amain  
On foeman's ensque below.<sup>2</sup>  
He saw the hardy burghers there  
March arm'd, on foot, with faces bare,<sup>3</sup>  
For vizor they wore none,  
Nor waving plume, nor crest of knight;  
But burnished were their corslets bright,  
Their brigantines, and gorgets light,  
Like very silver shone.

Long pikes they had for standing fight,  
Two-handed swords they wore,  
And many wielded mace of weight,  
And bucklers bright they bore.

##### III.

On foot the yeoman too, but dress'd  
In his steel-jack, a swarthy vest,  
With iron quilted well;  
Each at his back (a slender store)  
His forty days' provision bore,  
As feudal statutes tell.  
His arms were halbert, axe, or spear,<sup>4</sup>  
A crossbow there, a hagbut here,  
A dagger-knife, and brand.  
Sober he seem'd, and sad of cheer,  
As loth to leave his cottage dear,  
And march to foreign straud;  
Or musing, who would guide his steer,  
To till the fallow land.  
Yet deem not in his thoughtful eye  
Did aught of dastard terror lie;  
More dreadful far his ire,  
Than theirs, who, scorning danger's name,  
In eager mood to battle came,  
Their valour like light straw on flame,  
A fierce but fading fire.

##### IV.

Not so the Borderer:—bred to war,  
He knew the battle's din afar,  
And joy'd to hear it swell.  
His peaceful day was slothful ease:  
Nor harp, nor pipe, his ear could please  
Like the loud slugan yell.  
On active steed, with lance and blade,  
The light-arm'd pricker plied his trade,—  
Let nobles fight for fame;  
Let vassals follow where they lead.  
Burghers to guard their townships bleed,  
But war's the Borderer's game.  
Their gam, their glory, their delight,  
To sleep the day, maraud the night,  
O'er mountain, moss, and moor;  
Joyful to fight they took their way,  
Scarce caring who might win the day,  
Their booty was secure.  
These, as Lord Maramion's train pass'd by,  
Look'd on at first with careless eye,  
Nor marvell'd aught, well taught to know  
The form and force of English bow.  
But when they saw the Lord array'd  
In splendid arms and rich brocade,  
Each Borderer to his kinsman said,—  
"Hist, Ringan! see'st thou there!  
Canst guess which road they'll homeward  
ride?<sup>—</sup>  
OI could we but on Border side,  
By Eusdale glen, or Liddell's tide,  
Beset a prize so fair!  
That fangless Lion, too, their guide,  
Might chance to lose his glistening hide;  
Brown Maudlin, of that doublet pied,  
Could make a kirtle rare."

##### V.

Next, Marmion mark'd the Celtic race,  
Of different language, form, and face,  
A various race of man;  
Just then the Chiefs their tribes array'd.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 3 L.

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix, Note 3 M.

<sup>3</sup> See Appendix, Note 3 N.

<sup>4</sup> See Appendix, Note 3 O.

And wild and garish semblance made,  
The chequer'd trews, and belted plaid,  
And varying notes the war-pipes bray'd,  
To every varying clau;  
Wild through their red or sable hair  
Look'd out their eyes with savage stare,  
On Marmion as he pass'd;  
Their legs above the knee were bare:  
Their frame was sinewy, short, and spare,  
And harden'd to the blast;  
Of taller race, the chiefs they own  
Were by the eagle's plume known.  
The hunted red-deer's undress'd hide  
Their hairy huskins well supplied;  
The graceful bonnet deck'd their head:  
Back from their shoulders hung the plaid;  
A broadsword of unwieldy length,  
A dagger proved for edge and strength,  
A studded targe they wore,  
And quivers, bows, and shafts,—but, O!  
Short was the shaft, and weak the bow,  
To that which England bore.  
The Isles-men carried at their backs  
The ancient Danish battle-axe.  
They raised a wild and wondering cry,  
As with his guide rode Marmion by.  
Loud were their clamouring tongues, as when  
The clanging sea-fowl leave the fen.  
And, with their cries discordant mix'd,  
Grumbled and yell'd the pipes betwixt.

## VI.

Thus through the Scottish camp they pass'd,  
And reach'd the City gate at last,  
Where all around, a wakeful guard,  
Arm'd burghers kept their watch and ward.  
Well had they cause of jealous fear.  
When lay encamp'd, in field so near,  
The Borderer and the Mountaineer.  
As through the bustling streets they go,  
All was alive with martial show:  
At every turn, with dinning clang,  
The armourer's anvil clash'd and rang;  
Or toil'd the swarthy smith, to wheel  
The bar that arms the charger's heel;  
Of axe, or falchion, to the side  
Of jarring grindstone was applied.  
Page, groom, and squire, with hurrying pace,  
Through street, and lane, and market-place,  
Bore lance, or casque, or sword;  
While burghers, with important face,  
Described each new-come lord.  
Discuss'd his lineage, told his name,  
His following,<sup>1</sup> and his warlike fame.  
The Lion led to lodging meet,  
Which high o'erlook'd the crowded street;  
There must the Baron rest,  
Till past the hour of vesper tide,  
And then to Holy-Rood must ride,—  
Such was the King's behest.  
Meanwhile the Lion's care assigns  
A banquet rich, and costly wines,  
To Marmion and his train:<sup>2</sup>  
And when the appointed hour succeeds,  
The Baron dons his peaceful weeds,  
And following Lindsay as he leads  
The palace-halls they gain.

## VII.

Old Holy-Rood rung merrily.  
That night, with wassell, nurth, and glee:

<sup>1</sup> Following—Feudal retainers.—This word, by the way, has been, since the Author of Marmion used it, and thought it called for explanation, completely adopted into

King James within her princely bower,  
Feasted the Chiefs of Scotland's power,  
Summon'd to speed the parting hour;  
For he had charged, that his array  
Should southward march by break of day.  
Well loved that splendid monarch eye  
The banquet and the song,  
By day the tourney, and by night  
The merry dance, traced fast and light,  
The maskers quaint, the pageant bright,  
The revel loud and long.  
This feast outshone his banquets past,  
It was his lihtest—and his last.  
The dazzling lamps, from gallery gay,  
Cast on the Court a dancing ray;  
Here to the harp did minstrels sing;  
Their ladies touch'd a softer string:  
With long-ear'd cap, and motley vest,  
The licensed fool retail'd his jest;  
His magic tricks the juggler plied;  
At dice and draughts the gallants vied;  
While some, in close recess apart,  
Court'd the ladies of their heart,  
Nor courted them in vain;  
Nor often, in the parting hour,  
Victorious Love asserts his power  
O'er coldness and disdain;  
And flinty is her heart, can view  
To battle march a lover true—  
Can hear, perchance, his last adieu,  
Nor own her share of pain.

## VIII.

Through this mix'd crowd of glee and game,  
The King to greet Lord Marmion came,  
While, reverent, all made room.  
An easy task it was, I trow,  
King James's manly form to know.  
Although, his courtesy to show,  
He doff'd, to Marmion bending low,  
His broader'd cap and plume.  
For royal was his garb and mien.  
His cloak, of crimson velvet piled,  
Trimm'd with the fur of martin wild;  
His vest of changeful satin sheen,  
The dazzled eye beguiled;  
His gorgeous collar hung adown,  
Wrought with the badge of Scotland's crown,  
The thistle brave, of old renown:  
His trusty blade, Toledo right,  
Descended from a baldric bright;  
White were his buskins, on the heel  
His spurs inlaid of gold and steel;  
His bonnet, all of crimson fair,  
Was button'd with a ruby rare:  
And Marmion deem'd he ne'er had seen  
A prince of such a noble mien.

## IX.

The Monarch's form was middle size:  
For feat of strength, or exercise,  
Shaped in proportion fair;  
And hazel was his eagle eye,  
And auburn of the darkest dye,  
His short curl'd beard and hair.  
Light was his footstep in the dance,  
And firm his stirrup in the lists;  
And, oh! he had that merry glance,  
That seldom lady's heart resists.  
Lightly from fair to fair he flew,  
And loved to plead, lament, and sue:—

English, and especially into Parliamentary parlance.—Ed.

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix, Note 3 P.

Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,  
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.

I said he joy'd in banquet bower;  
But, 'mid his mirth, 'twas often strange,  
How suddenly his cheer would change,

His look o'ercast and lower,  
If, in a sudden turn, he felt  
The pressure of his iron belt,  
That bound his breast in penance pain,  
In memory of his father slain.<sup>1</sup>

Even so 'twas strange how, evermore,  
Soon as the passing pang was o'er  
Forward he rush'd, with double glee,  
Into the stream of revelry:

Thus, dim-seen object of affright  
Startles the courser in his flight,  
And half he halts, half springs aside;  
But feels the quickening spur apphed,  
And, straining on the tighten'd rein,  
Scours doubly swift o'er lull and plain.

## X.

O'er James's heart, the courtiers say,  
Sir Hugh the Heron's wife held sway:<sup>2</sup>  
To Scotland's Court she came,

To be a hostage for her lord,  
Who Cessford's gallant heart had gored,  
And with the King to make accord,  
Had sent his lovely dame.

Nor to that lady free alone  
Did the gay King allegiance own;  
For the fair Queen of France  
Sent him a turquois ring and glove,  
And charged him, as her knight and love,  
For her to break a lance;  
And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,<sup>3</sup>  
And march three miles on Southern land,  
And bid the banners of his band  
To English breezes dance.

And thus, for France's Queen he drest  
His manly limbs in mailed vest;  
And thus admitted English fair  
His inmost counsels still to share;  
And thus, for both, he madly plann'd  
The ruin of himself and land!

And yet, the sooth to tell,  
Nor England's fair, nor France's Queen,  
Were worth one pear-drop, bright and sheen,  
From Margaret's eyes that fell,—  
His own Queen Margaret, who, in Lithgow's  
bower,

All lovely sat, and wept the weary hour.

## XL

The Queen sits lone in Lithgow pile,

And weeps the weary day,  
'The war against her native soil,  
Her Monarch's risk in battle broil:—  
And in gay Holy-Rood, the while,  
Dame Heron rises with a smile  
Upon the harp to play.

Fair was her rounded arm, as o'er  
The strings her fingers flew:  
And as she touch'd and tuned them all,  
Ever her bosom's rise and fall  
Was plainer given to view;

For, all for heat, was laid aside  
Her wimple, and her hood untied

And first she pitch'd her voice to sing,  
Then glanced her dark eye on the King,  
And then around the silent ring:  
And laugh'd, and blush'd, and oft did say  
Her pretty oath, by Yea, and Nay.  
She could not, would not, durst not play!  
At length, upon the harp, with glee,  
Mingled with arch simplicity,  
A soft, yet lively, air she rung,  
While thus the wily lady sung:—

## XXII.

LOCHINVAR.<sup>4</sup>

## LADY HERON'S SONG.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
Through all the wide Border his steed was the  
best:

And save his good broadsword he weapons  
had none.

He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.  
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
There never was knight like the young Lo-  
chinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for  
stone,

He swam the Eske river where ford there was  
none;

But ere he lighted at Netherby gate,  
The bride had consented, the gallant came  
late:

For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,  
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and bro-  
thers, and all:

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his  
sword,  
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a  
word.)

"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochin-  
var!"—

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you de-  
nied:—

Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its  
tide—<sup>5</sup>

And now am I come, with this lost love of  
mine,

To lead but one measure, drink one cup of  
wine.

There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by  
far.

That would gladly be bride to the young Lo-  
chinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight took  
it up,

He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down  
the cup.

She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up  
to sigh,

With a snuffle on her lips, and a tear in her  
eye.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 3 Q.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid. Note 3 R.

<sup>3</sup> See Appendix, Note 3 S.

<sup>4</sup> The ballad of Lochinvar is in a very slight degree  
founded on a ballad called "Katharine Janfarie," which

may be found in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,"  
vol. iii.

<sup>5</sup> See the novel of Redgauntlet, for a detailed picture of  
some of the extraordinary phenomena of the spring-tides in  
the Solway Frith.



He took her soft hand, ere her mother could  
bar,—  
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lo-  
chinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;  
While her mother did fret, and her father did  
fume,  
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet  
and plume ;  
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "'Twere  
better by far,  
To have match'd our fair cousin with young  
Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her  
ear,  
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the  
charger stood near ;  
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,  
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !  
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush,  
and scaur ;  
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth  
young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the  
Netherby clan ;  
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode  
and they ran :  
There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie  
Lee,  
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they  
see.  
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lo-  
chinvar ?

## XIII.

The Monarch o'er the siren hung  
And beat the measure as she sung ;  
And, pressing closer, and more near,  
He whisper'd praises in her ear.  
In loud applause the courtiers vied ;  
And ladies wink'd, and spoke aside.  
The witching dame to Marmion threw  
A glance, where seem'd to reign  
The pride that claims applauses due,  
And of her royal conquest too,  
A real or feign'd disdain :  
Familiar was the look, and told,  
Marmion and she were friends of old.  
The King observed their meeting eyes,  
With something like displeas'd surprise ;  
For monarchs ill can rivals brook,  
Even in a word, or smile, or look.  
Straight took he forth the parchment broad,  
Which Marmion's high commission show'd :  
"Our Borders suck'd by many a raid,  
Our peaceful liege-men robb'd," he said :  
"On day of truce our Warden slain,  
Stout Barton kill'd, his vassals ta'en—  
Unworthy were we here to reign,  
Should these for vengeance cry in vain ;  
Our full defiance, hate, and scorn,  
Our herald has to Henry borne."

## XIV.

He paused, and led where Douglas stood,  
And with stern eye the pageant view'd :

I mean that Douglas, sixth of yore,  
Who coronet of Angus bore,  
And, when his blood and heart were high,  
Did the third James in camp defy,  
And all his minions led to die  
On Lauder's dreary flat :  
Princes and favourites long grew lame  
And trembled at the homely name  
Of Archibald Bell-the-Cat ;<sup>1</sup>  
The same who left the dusky vale  
Of Hermitage in Liddisdale,  
Its dungeons, and its towers,  
Where Bothwell's turrets brave the air,  
And Bothwell bank is blooming fair,  
To fix his princely bowers.  
Though now, in age, he had laid down  
His armour for the peaceful gown,  
And for a staff his brand,  
Yet often would flash forth the fire,  
That could, in youth, a monarch's ire  
And minion's pride withstand ;  
And even that day, at council board,  
Upapt to soothe his sovereign's mood,  
Against the war had Angus stood,  
And chafed his royal lord.<sup>2</sup>

## XV.

His giant-form, like ruin'd tower,  
Though fall'n its muscles brawny vaunt,  
Huge-boned, and tall, and grim, and gaunt,  
Seem'd o'er the gaudy scene to lower :  
His locks and beard in silver grew ;  
His eyebrows kept their sable hue.  
Near Douglas when the Monarch stood,  
His bitter speech he thus pursued :  
"Lord Marmion, since these letters say  
That in the North you needs must stay,  
While slightest hopes of peace remain,  
Uncourteous speech it were, and stern,  
To say—Return to Lindsafne,  
Until my herald come again.—  
Then rest you in Tantallon Hold ;<sup>3</sup>  
Your lost shall be the Douglas bold,—  
A chief unlike his sires of old.  
He wears their motto on his blade,<sup>4</sup>  
Their blazon o'er his towers display'd ;  
Yet loves his sovereign to oppose,  
More than to face his country's foes.  
And, I beflink me, by St. Stephen,  
But e'en this morn to me was given  
A prize, the first fruits of the war,  
Ta'en by a galley from Dunbar,  
A bevy of the maids of Heaven.  
Under your guard, these holy maids  
Shall safe return to cloister shades,  
And, while they at Tantallon stay,  
Requiem for Cochran's soul may say."  
And, with the slaughter'd favourite's name,  
Across the Monarch's brow there came  
A cloud of ire, remorse and shame.

## XVI.

In answer nought could Angus speak ;  
His proud heart swell'd wellnigh to break :  
He turn'd aside, and down his cheek  
A burning tear there stole.  
His hand the Monarch sudden took,  
That sight his kind heart could not brook :  
"Now, by the Bruce's soul,  
Angus, my hasty speech forgive !  
For sure as doth his spirit live,

<sup>1</sup> Bell-the-Cat, see Appendix, Note 3 T.

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix, Note 3 U.

<sup>3</sup> See Appendix, Note 3 V.

<sup>4</sup> See Appendix, Note 3 W.

As he said of the Douglas old,  
 I well may say of you,—  
 That never king did subject hold,  
 In speech more free, in war more bold,  
 More tender and more true :<sup>1</sup>  
 Forgive me, Douglas, once again.”—  
 And, while the King his hand did strain,  
 The old man's tears fell down like rain.  
 To seize the moment Marmion tried,  
 And whisper'd to the King aside :  
 “ Oh ! let such tears unwonted plead  
 For respite short from dubious deed !  
 A child will weep a bramble's smart,  
 A maid to see her sparrow part,  
 A stripling for a woman's heart :  
 But woe awaits a country, when  
 She sees the tears of bearded men.  
 Then, oh ! what omen, dark and high,  
 When Douglas wets his manly eye !”

## XVII.

Displeas'd was James, that stranger view'd  
 And tamper'd with his changing mood.  
 “ Laugh those that can, weep those that  
 may.”

Thus did the fiery Monarch say,  
 “ Southward I march by break of day ;  
 And if within Tantallon stroug,  
 The good Lord Marnion carries long,  
 Perchance our meeting next may fall  
 At Tamworth, in his castle-hall.”—  
 The haughty Marmion felt the taunt,  
 And answer'd, grave, the royal vaunt :  
 “ Much honour'd were my humble home,  
 If in its halls King James should come ;  
 But Nottingham has archers good,  
 And Yorkshire men are stern of mood ;  
 Northumbrian prickers wild and rude.  
 On Derby Hills the paths are steep ;  
 In Ouse and Tyne the fords are deep ;  
 And many a banner will be torn,  
 And many a knight to earth be burne,  
 And many a sheaf of arrows spent,  
 Ere Scotland's King shall cross the Trent :  
 Yet pause, brave Prince, while yet you  
 may !”—

The Monarch lightly turn'd away,  
 And to his nobles loud did call,—  
 “ Lords, to the dance.—a hall ! a ball !”<sup>2</sup>  
 Himself his cloak and sword flung by,  
 And led Dame Heron gallantly ;  
 And minstrels, at the royal order,  
 Rung out—“ Blue Bonnets o'er the Border.”

## XVIII.

Leave we these revels now, to tell  
 What to Saint Hilda's maids befell,  
 Whose galley, as they sail'd again  
 To Whitby, by a Scot was ta'en.  
 Now at Dun-Edin did they bide,  
 Till James should of their fate decide ;  
 And soon, by his command,  
 Were gently summon'd to prepare  
 To journey under Marnion's care,  
 As escort honour'd, safe, and fair,  
 Again to English land.  
 The Abbess told her chaplet o'er,  
 Nor knew which saint she should implore ;  
 For, when she thought of Constance, sore

She fear'd Lord Marmion's mood.  
 And judge what Clara must have felt !  
 The sword, that hung in Marmion's belt,  
 Had drunk De Wilton's blood.  
 Unwittingly, King James had given,  
 As guard to Whitby's shades,  
 The man most dreaded under Heaven  
 By these defenceless maids :  
 Yet what petition could avail,  
 Or who would listen to the tale  
 Of woman, prisoner, and nun,  
 'Mid bustle of a war begun ?  
 They deem'd it hopeless to avoid  
 The convoy of their dangerous guide.

## XIX.

Their lodging, so the King assign'd.  
 To Marmion's, as their guardian, join'd ;  
 And thus it fell, that, passing night,  
 The Palmer caught the Abbess' eye,  
 Who warn'd him by a scroil,  
 She had a secret to reveal.  
 That much concern'd the Church's weal,  
 And health of sinner's soul :  
 And, with deep charge of secrecy,  
 She named a place to meet,  
 Within an open balcony,  
 That hung from dizzy pitch, and high,  
 Above the stately street ;  
 To which, as common to each home,  
 At night they might in secret come.

## XX.

At night, in secret, there they came,  
 The Palmer and the holy Dame.  
 The noon among the clouds rose high,  
 And all the city hum was by.  
 Upon the street, where late before  
 Did din of war and warriors roar.  
 You might have heard a pebble fall,  
 A beetle hum, a cricket sing,  
 An owlet flap his boding wing  
 On Giles's steeple tall  
 The antique buildings, climbing high,  
 Whose Gothic frontlets sought the sky,  
 Were here wrapt deep in shade :  
 There on their brows the moon-beam broke,  
 Through the faint wreaths of silvery smoke,  
 And on the casements play'd.  
 And other light was none to see,  
 Save torches gliding far,  
 Before some chieftain of degree,  
 Who left the royal revelry  
 To bowne him for the war.—  
 A solemn scene the Abbess chose ;  
 A solemn hour, her secret to disclose.

## XXI.

“ O, holy Palmer !” she began,—  
 “ For sure he must be sainted man,  
 Whose blessed feet have trod the ground  
 Where the Redeemer's tomb is found,—  
 For His dear Church's sake, my tale  
 Attend, nor deem of light avail,  
 Though I must speak of worldly love,—  
 How vain to those who wed above !—  
 De Wilton and Lord Marmion wood'd  
 Clara de Clare, of Gloster's blood ;  
 (Idle it were of Whitby's dame,  
 To say of that same blood I came ;)  
 And once, when jealous rage was high,  
 Lord Marmion said despiteously,

<sup>1</sup> “ O, Douglas ! Douglas !  
 Tendir and trew.”

*The Houlats.*

<sup>2</sup> The ancient cry to make room for a dance, or pageant.

Wilton was traitor in his heart,  
 Aod had made league with Martin Swart,<sup>1</sup>  
 When he came here an Simeal's part :  
 And only cowardice did restrain  
 His rebel aid on Stokefield's plain,—  
 And down he threw his glove :—the thing  
 Was tried, as wont, before the king ;  
 Where frankly did De Wilton own,  
 That Swart in Gueldres he had known :  
 And that between them then there went  
 Some scroll of courteous compliment.  
 For this he to his castle sent ;  
 But when his messenger return'd,  
 Judge how de Wilton's fury burn'd !  
 For in his packet there was laid  
 Letters that claim'd disloyal aid,  
 And proved King Henry's cause betray'd.  
 His fame, thus blighted, in the field  
 He strove to clear, by spear and shield ;—  
 To clear his fame in vain he strove,  
 For wondrous are His ways above !  
 Perchance some form was unobserved ;  
 Perchance in prayer, or faith, he swerved ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Else how could guiltless champion quail,  
 Or how the blessed ordeal fail ?

## XXII.

" His squire, who now De Wilton saw  
 As recant doom'd to suffer law,  
 Repentant, own'd in vain,  
 That, while he had the scrolls in care,  
 A stranger maiden, passing fair,  
 Had drench'd him with a beverage rare ;  
 His words no faith could gain.  
 With Clare alone he credence won,  
 Who, rather than wed Marmion,  
 Did to Saint Hilda's shrine repair,  
 To give our house her livings fair  
 And die a vestal vot'ress there.  
 The impulse from the earth was given,  
 But bent her to the paths of heaven.  
 A purer heart, a lovelier maid,  
 Ne'er shelter'd her in Whitby's shade,  
 No, not since Saxon Edelfeld ;  
 Only one trace of earthly strain,  
 That for her lover's loss  
 She cherishes a sorrow vain,  
 And murmurs at the cross.—  
 And then her heritage :—it goes  
 Along the banks of Tame ;  
 Deep fields of grain the reaper mows,  
 In meadows rich the heifer lows,  
 The falconer and huntsman knows  
 Its woodlands for the game.  
 Shame were it to Saint Hilda dear,  
 And I, her humble vot'ress here,  
 Should do a deadly sin,  
 Her temple spoil'd before mine eyes,  
 If this false Marmion such a prize  
 By my consent should win ;  
 Yet hath our boisterous monarch sworn  
 That Clare shall from our house be torn ;  
 And grievous cause have I to fear,  
 Such mandate doth Lord Marmion bear.

## XXIII.

" Now, prisoner, helpless, and betray'd  
 To evil power, I claim thine aid,  
 By every step that thou hast trod  
 To holy shrine and grotto dim,

By every martyr's tortured limb,  
 By angel, saint, and seraphim,  
 And by the Church of God !  
 For mark :—When Wilton was betray'd,  
 And with his squire forged letters laid,  
 She was, alas ! that sinful maid,  
 By whom the deed was done.—  
 O ! shame and horror to be said !—  
 She was a perjured nun !  
 No clerk in all the land, like her,  
 Traced quaint and varying character.  
 Perchance you may a marvel deem,  
 That Marmion's paramour  
 (For such vile thing she was) should scheme  
 Her lover's nuptial hour ;  
 But o'er him thus she hoped to gain,  
 As privy to his honour's stain,  
 Illimitable power :  
 For this she secretly retain'd  
 Each proof that might the plot reveal,  
 Instructions with his hand and seal ;  
 And thus Saint Hilda deign'd,  
 Through sinner's perfidy impure,  
 Her house's glory to secure,  
 And Clare's immortal weal.

## XXIV.

" Twere long, and needless, here to tell,  
 How to my hand these papers fell ;  
 With me they must not stay.  
 Saint Hilda keep her Abbess true !  
 Who knows what outrage he might do,  
 While journeying by the way !—  
 O, blessed Saint, if e'er again  
 I venturous leave thy calm domain,  
 To travel or by land or main,  
 Deep penance may I pay !—  
 Now, saintly Palmer, mark my prayer :  
 I give this packet to thy care.  
 For thee to stop they will not dare ;  
 And O ! with cautious speed,  
 To Wolsey's hand the papers bring,  
 That he may show them to the King :  
 And, for thy well-earn'd meed,  
 Thou holy man, at Whitby's shrine  
 A weekly mass shall still be thine,  
 While priests can sing and read.—  
 What ail'st thou ?—Speak !"—For as he took  
 The charge, a strong emotion shook  
 His frame ; and, ere reply,  
 They heard a faint, yet shrilly tone,  
 Like distant clarion feebly blown,  
 That on the breeze did die :  
 And loud the Abbess shriek'd in fear,  
 " Saint Withold, save us !—What is here !  
 Look at von City Cross ?  
 See on its battled tower appear  
 Phantoms, that scutechous seem to rear,  
 And blazon'd banners toss !"—

## XXV.

Duo-Edin's Cross, a pillar'd stone,  
 Rose on a turret octagon ;  
 (But now is razed that monument,  
 Whence royal edict rang,  
 And voice of Scotland's law was sent  
 In glorious trumpet-clang.  
 O ! be his tomb's sin lead to lead,  
 Upon its dull destroyer's head !—  
 A minstrel's malison<sup>3</sup> is said.<sup>4</sup>—

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 3 X.

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix, Note 3 Y.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. Curse.

<sup>4</sup> See Appendix, Note 3 Z.



Then on its battlements they saw  
 A vision, passing Nature's law,  
 Strange, wild, and dimly seen;  
 Figures that seem'd to rise and die,  
 Gibber and sign, advance and fly,  
 While nought confirm'd could ear or eye  
 Discern of sound or mien  
 Yet darkly did it seem, as there  
 Heralds and Pursuivant's prepare,  
 With trumpet sound and blazon fair,  
 A summons to proclaim;  
 But indistinct the pageant proud,  
 As fancy forms of midnight cloud,  
 When flings the moon upon her shroud  
 A wavering tinge of flame;  
 It flits, expands, and shuts, till loud,  
 From midmost of the spectre crowd,  
 This awful summons came:—1

## XXVI.

“Prince, prelate, potentate, and peer,  
 Whose names I now shall call,  
 Scottish, or foreigner, give ear:  
 Subjects of him who sent me here,  
 At his tribunal to appear,  
 I summon one and all:  
 I cite you by each deadly sin,  
 That e'er hath soil'd your hearts within:  
 I cite you by each brutal lust,  
 That e'er defiled your earthly dust,—  
 By wrath, by pride, by fear,  
 By each o'er-mastering passion's tone,  
 By the dark grave, and dying groan!  
 When forty days are pass'd and gone,  
 I cite you, at your Monarch's throne,  
 To answer and appear.”  
 Then thunder'd forth a roll of names:  
 The first was thine, unhappy James!  
 Then all thy nobles came;  
 Crawford, Glencairn, Montrose, Argyle,  
 Ross, Bothwell, Forbes, Lennox, Lyle,—  
 Why should I tell their separate style;  
 Each chief of birth and fame,  
 Of Lowland, Highland, Border, Isle,  
 Fore-doom'd to Flodden's carnage pile,  
 Was cited there by name:  
 And Marmion, Lord of Fontenaye,  
 Of Lutterward, and Scriverbaye;  
 De Wilton, erst of Aberley,  
 The self same thundering voice did say,—  
 But then another spoke:  
 “Thy fatal summons I deny,  
 And thine infernal Lord defy,  
 Appealing me to Him on High,  
 Who burst the sinner's yoke.”  
 At that dread accent, with a scream,  
 Parted the pageant like a dream,  
 'The summoner was gone.  
 Prone on her face the Abbess fell,  
 And fast, and fast, her beads did tell;  
 Her nuns came, startled by the yell,  
 And found her there alone.  
 She mark'd not, at the scene aghast,  
 What time, or how, the Palmer pass'd.

## XXVII.

Shift we the scene.—The camp doth move,  
 Dun-Edin's streets are empty now,  
 Save when, for woe of those they love,  
 'To pray the prayer, and vow the vow,

The tottering child, the anxious fair,  
 The grey-hair'd sire, with pious care,  
 To chapels and to shrines repair—  
 Where is the Palmer now? and where  
 The Abbess, Marmion, and Clare?—  
 Bold Douglas! to Tantallon fair  
 They journey in thy charge:  
 Lord Marmion rode on his right hand,  
 The Palmer still was with the band;  
 Angus, like Lindesay, did command,  
 'That none should roam at large.  
 But in that Palmer's alter'd mien  
 A wondrous change might now be seen,  
 Freely he spoke of war,  
 Of marvels wrought by single hand,  
 When lifted for a native land;  
 And still look'd high, as if he plann'd  
 Some desperate deed afar.  
 His courser would he feed and stroke,  
 And, tucking up his sable frocke,  
 Would first his mettle bold provoke,  
 Then soothe or quell his pride.  
 Old Hubert said, that never one  
 He saw, except Lord Marmion,  
 A steed so fairly ride.

## XXVIII.

Some half-hour's march behind, there came,  
 By Eustace govern'd fair,  
 A troop escorting Hilda's Dame,  
 With all her nuns, and Clare.  
 No audience had Lord Marmion sought;  
 Ever he fear'd to aggravate  
 Clara de Clare's suspicious hate;  
 And safer 'twas, he thought,  
 To wait till, from the nuns removed,  
 The influence of kinsmen loved,  
 And suit by Henry's self approved,  
 Her slow consent had wrought.  
 His was no flickering flame, that dies  
 Unless when fann'd by looks and sighs,  
 And lighted oft at lady's eyes;  
 He long'd to stretch his wide command  
 O'er luckless Clara's ample land:  
 Besides, when Wilton with him vied,  
 Although the pang of humbled pride  
 The place of jealousy supplied,  
 Yet conquest by that meanness won  
 He almost loath'd to think upon,  
 Led him at times, to hate the cause,  
 Which made him burst through honour's  
 laws.  
 If e'er he lov'd, 'twas her alone,  
 Who died within that vault of stone.

## XXIX.

And now, when close at hand they saw  
 North Berwick's town, and lofty Law,  
 Fitz-Eustace bade them pause a while,  
 Before a venerable pile,<sup>2</sup>  
 Whose turrets view'd afar,  
 The lofty Bass, the Lambie Isle,  
 The ocean's peace or war.  
 At tolling of a bell, forth came  
 The convent's venerable Dame,  
 And pray'd Saint Hilda's Abbess rest  
 With her, a loved and honour'd guest,  
 Till Douglas should a bark prepare  
 To waft her back to Wharby fair.

1 See Appendix, Note 4 A.

2 The convent alluded to is a foundation of Cistercians, nuns, near North Berwick, of which there are still some remains. It was founded by Duncan, Earl of Fife, in 1216.

Glad was the Abbess, you may guess,  
 And thank'd the Scottish Prioress;  
 And tedious were to tell, I ween.  
 The courteous speech that pass'd between.  
 O'erjoy'd the nuns their palfreys leave;  
 But when fair Clara did intend,  
 Like them, from horseback to descend,  
 Fitz-Eustace said,—“I grieve,  
 Fair lady, grieve e'en from my heart,  
 Such gentle company to part;—  
 Think not discourtesy,  
 But lords' commands must be obey'd;  
 And Marmion and the Douglas said,  
 'That you must wend with me.  
 Lord Marmion hath a letter broad,  
 Which to the Scottish Earl he show'd,  
 Commanding, that, beneath his care,  
 Without delay, you shall repair  
 To your good kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.”

## XXX.

The startled Abbess loud exclaim'd;  
 But she, at whom the blow was aim'd,  
 Grew pale as death, and cold as lead,—  
 She deem'd she heard her death-doom read.  
 “Cheer thee, my child!” the Abbess said,  
 “They dare not tear thee from my hand,  
 To ride alone with armed band.”—  
 “Nay, holy mother, nay,”  
 Fitz-Eustace said, “the lovely Clare  
 Will be in Lady Angus' care,  
 In Scotland while we stay;  
 And, when we move, an easy ride  
 Will bring us to the English side,  
 Female attendance to provide  
 Befitting Gloster's heir:  
 Nor thinks nor dreams my noble lord,  
 By slightest look, or act, or word,  
 To harass Lady Clare.  
 Her faithful guardian he will be,  
 Nor sue for slightest courtesy  
 That e'en to stranger falls,  
 Till he shall place her, safe and free,  
 Within her kinsman's halls.”  
 He spoke, and blush'd with earnest grace;  
 His faith was painted on his face,  
 And Clare's worst fear relieved.  
 The Lady Abbess loud exclaim'd  
 On Henry, and the Douglas blamed,  
 Entreated, threaten'd, grieved;  
 To martyr, saint, and prophet pray'd,  
 Against Lord Marmion inveigh'd,  
 And call'd the Prioress to aid,  
 To curse with candle, bell, and book.  
 Her head the grave Cistercian shook:  
 “The Douglas, and the King,” she said,  
 “In their commands will be obey'd;  
 Grieve not, nor dream that harm can fall  
 The maiden in Tantallou hall.”

## XXXI.

The Abbess, seeing strife was vain,  
 Assumed her wonted state again,—  
 For much of state she had,—  
 Composed her veil, and raised her head,  
 And—“Eid,” in solemn voice she said,  
 “Thy master, bold and bad.  
 The records of his house turn o'er,  
 And, when he shall there written see,  
 That one of his own ancestry

1 See Appendix, Note 4 B.

Drove the Monks forth of Coventry,<sup>1</sup>  
 Bid him his fate explore!  
 Prancing in pride of earthly trust,  
 His charger hurl'd him to the dust,  
 And, by a base plebeian thrust,  
 He died his hand before.  
 God judge 'twixt Marmion and me;  
 He is a Chief of high degree,  
 And I a poor recluse:  
 Yet oft, in holy writ, we see  
 Even such weak minister as me  
 May the oppressor bruise:  
 For thus, inspired, did Judith slay  
 “The mighty in his sin,  
 And Jael thus, and Deborah”——  
 Here hasty Blount broke in:  
 “Fitz-Eustace, we must march our band:  
 St. Anton' fire thee! wilt thou stand  
 All day, with bonnet in thy hand,  
 To hear the Lady preach?  
 By this good light! if thus we stay,  
 Lord Marmion, for our foud delay,  
 Will sharper sermon teach.  
 Come, d'on thy cap, and mount thy horse;  
 The Dame must patience take perforce.”—

## XXXII.

“Submit we then to force,” said Clare,  
 “But let this barbarous lord despair  
 His purposed aim to win:  
 Let him take living, land, and life;  
 But to be Marmion's wedded wife  
 In me were deadly sin:  
 And if it be the King's decree,  
 That I must find no sanctuary,  
 In that inviolable dome,  
 Where even a homicide might come,  
 And safely rest his head,  
 Though at its open portals stood,  
 Thirsting to pour forth blood for blood,  
 The kinsmen of the dead;  
 Yet one asylum is my own  
 Against the dreaded hour;  
 A low, a silent, and a lone,  
 Where kings have little power.  
 One victim is before me there—  
 Mother, your blessing, and in prayer  
 Remember your unhappy Clare!”<sup>2</sup>  
 Loud weeps the Abbess, and bestows  
 Kind blessings many a one:  
 Weeping and wailing loud arose,  
 Round patient Clare, the clamorous woes  
 Of every simple nun.  
 His eyes the gentle Eustace dried,  
 And scarce rude Blount the sight could bide.  
 Then took the squire her rein,  
 And gently led away her steed,  
 And, by each courteous word and deed,  
 To cheer her strove in vain.

## XXXIII.

But scant three miles the band had rode  
 When o'er a height they pass'd,  
 And, sudden, close before them show'd  
 His towers, Tantallou vast;<sup>2</sup>  
 Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,  
 And held impregnable in war.  
 On a projecting rock they rose,  
 And round three sides the ocean flows,  
 The fourth did battled walls enclose,

2 For the origin of Marmion's visit to Tantallou Castle, to the Poem, see *Life of Scott*, vol. iii. p. 17.

And double mound and fosse.<sup>1</sup>  
 By narrow drawbridge, outworks strong,  
 Through studded gates, an entrance long,  
 To the main court they cross.  
 It was a wide and stately square :  
 Around were lodgings, fit and fair,  
 And towers of various form,  
 Which on the court projected far,  
 And broke its lines quadrangular.  
 Here was square keep, there turret high,  
 Or pinnacle that sought the sky.  
 Whence oft the Warder could descry  
 The gathering ocean-storm.

## XXXIV.

Here did they rest.—The princely care  
 Of Douglas, why should I declare,  
 Or say they met reception fair ?  
 Or why the tidings say,  
 Which, varying, to Tantallon came,  
 By hurrying posts or fleetest fame,  
 With ever varying day ?  
 And, first they heard King James had won  
 Etall, and Wark, and Ford ; and then,  
 That Norham Castle strong was ta'en.  
 At that sore marvell'd Marmion ;—  
 And Douglas hoped his Monarch's hand  
 Would soon subdue Northumberland :  
 But whisper'd news there came,  
 That, while his host inactive lay,  
 And melted by degrees away,  
 King James was dallying off the day  
 With Heron's wily dame —  
 Such acts to chronicles I yield ;  
 Go seek them there, and see :  
 Mine is a tale of Flookden Field,  
 And not a history.—  
 At length they heard the Scottish host  
 On that high ridge had made their post,  
 Which frowns o'er Millfield Plain :  
 And that brave Surrey many a hand  
 Had gather'd in the Southern land,  
 And march'd into Northumberland,  
 And camp at Wooler ta'en.  
 Marmion, like charger in the stall,  
 That hears, without, the trumpet-call,  
 Began to chafe, and swear :—  
 " A sorry thing to hide my head  
 In castle, like a fearful maid,  
 When such a field is near !  
 Needs must I see this battle-day :  
 Death to my fame if such a fray  
 Were fought, and Marmion away !  
 The Douglas, too, I wot not why,  
 Hath 'bated of his courtesy :  
 No longer in his hands I'll stay."  
 Then bade his hand they should array  
 For march against the dawning day.

1 " During the regency (subsequent to the death of James V.) the Dowager Queen Regent, Mary of Guise, became desirous of putting a French garrison into Tantallon, as she had into Dunbar and Incheith, in order the better to bridle the lords and barons, who inclined to the reformed faith, and to secure by citadels the sea-coast of the Firth of Forth. For this purpose, the Regent, to use the phrase of the time, 'dealed with' the (then) Earl of Angus for his consent to the proposed measure. He occupied himself, while she was speaking, in feeding a falcon which sat upon his wrist, and only replied by addressing the bird, but leaving the Queen to make the application. 'The devil is in this greedy glee—she will never be fou.' But when the Queen, without appearing to notice this hint, continued to press her obnoxious

## Marmion.

## INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SIXTH.

TO

RICHARD HEBER, Esq.

*Mertoun-House,<sup>2</sup> Christmas.*

Heap on more wood !—the wind is chill ;  
 But let it whistle as it will,  
 We'll keep our Christmas merry still.  
 Each age has deem'd the new-born year  
 The fittest time for festal cheer :  
 Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane  
 At Iol more deep the mead did drain ;<sup>3</sup>  
 High on the beach his galleys drew,  
 And feasted all his pirate crew ;  
 Then in his low and pine-built hall,  
 Where shields and axes deck'd the wall ;  
 They gorged upon the half-dress'd steer ;  
 Caroused in seas of sable beer ;  
 While round, in brutal jest, were thrown  
 The half-gnaw'd rib, and marrow-bone :  
 Or listen'd all, in grim delight,  
 While Scalds yell'd out the joys of fight.  
 Then forth, in frenzy, would they hie,  
 While wildly-louse their red locks fly,  
 And dancing round the blazing pile,  
 They make such barbarous mirth the while,  
 As best might to the mind recall  
 The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of old  
 Loved when the year its course had roll'd,  
 And brought blithe Christmas back again,  
 With all his hospitable train.  
 Domestic and religious rite  
 Gave honour to the holy night ;  
 On Christmas eve the bells were rung ;  
 On Christmas eve the mass was sung :  
 That only night in all the year,  
 Saw the stole'd priest the chalice rear.<sup>4</sup>  
 The damsel dono'd her kirtle seen ;  
 The hall was dress'd with holy green ;  
 Forth to the wood did merry-men go,  
 To gather in the misletoe.  
 Then open'd wide the Baron's hall  
 To vassal, tenant, serf, and all ;  
 Power laid his rod of rule aside,  
 And Ceremany doff'd his pride.  
 The heir, with roses in his shoes,  
 That night night village partner choose ;  
 The Lord, underogating, share  
 The vulgar game of " post and pair."

request. Angus replied, in the true spirit of a feudal noble, 'Yes, Madam, the castle is yours: God forbid else. But by the might of God, Madam' such was his usual oath, 'I must be your Captain and Keeper for you, and I will keep it as well as any you can place there.'—Sir Walter Scott's *Miscellaneous Prose Works*, vol. vii. p. 436.

2 Mertoun-House, the seat of Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden, is beautifully situated on the Tweed, about two miles below Dryburgh Abbey.

3 See Appendix, Note 4 C.

4 See Appendix, Note 4 D.



All hail'd, with uncontrol'd delight,  
And general voice, the happy night,  
That to the cottage, as the crown,  
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,  
Went roaring up the chimney wide;  
The huge hall-table's oaken face,  
Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to grace,  
Bore then upon its massive board  
No mark to part the squire and lord.  
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,  
By old blue-coated serving-man;  
Then the grim boar's head frown'd on high,  
Crested with bays and rosemary.  
Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell,  
How, when, and where, the monster fell;  
What dogs before his death he tore,  
And all the baiting of the boar.  
The wassel round, in good brown bowls,  
Garnish'd with ribbons, blithely trowls,  
There the huge sirloin reek'd; hard by  
Pump-porridge stood, and Christmas pie;  
Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce.  
At such high tide, her savoury goose.  
Then came the merry maskers in,  
And carols roar'd with blithesome din;  
If unmelodious was the song,  
It was a hearty note, and strong.  
Who lists may in their mumming see  
Traces of ancient mystery;<sup>1</sup>  
White shirts supplied the masquerade,  
And smutted cheeks the visors made;  
But, O! what maskers, richly dight,  
Can boast of bosoms half so light!  
England was merry England, when  
Old Christmas brought his sports again.  
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;  
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;  
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer  
The poor man's heart through half the year.

Still linger, in our northern clime,  
Some remnants of the good old time;  
And still, within our valleys here,  
We hold the kindred title dear,  
Even when, perchance, its far-fetch'd claim  
To Southron ear sounds empty name;  
For course of blood, our proverbs deem,  
Is warmer than the mountain-stream.<sup>2</sup>  
And thus, my Christmas still I hold  
Where my great-grand sire came of old,  
With amber beard, and flaxen hair,<sup>3</sup>  
And reverend apostolic air—  
The feast and holy-tide to share,  
And mix sobriety with wine,  
And honest mirth with thoughts divine:  
Small thought was his, in after time  
E'er to be hitch'd into a rhyme.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 4 E.

<sup>2</sup> "Blood is warmer than water,"—a proverb meant to vindicate our family predilections.

<sup>3</sup> See Appendix, Note 4 F.

<sup>4</sup> A lady of noble German descent, born Countess Harriet Bruhl of Martlaskirchen, married to H. Scott, Esq. of Hardeco, (now Lord Polwarth), the author's relative and much valued friend almost from infancy.—*Border Minstrelsy*, vol. iv. p. 50.

<sup>5</sup> Hannibal was a pretty fellow, sir—a very pretty fellow in his day.—*Old Bachelor*.

<sup>6</sup> John Leyden, M. D., who had been of great service to Sir Walter Scott in the preparation of the *Border Min-*

The simple sire could only boast,  
That he was loyal to his cost;  
The banish'd race of kings revered,  
And lost his land,—but kept his beard.

In these dear halls, where welcome kind  
Is with fair liberty combined;  
Where cordial friendship gives the hand,  
And flies constraint the magic wand  
Of the fair dame that rules the land;<sup>4</sup>  
Little we heed the tempest drear,  
While music, mirth, and social cheer,  
Speed on their wings the passing year.  
And Mertoun's halls are fair e'en now,  
When not a leaf is on the bough.  
Tweed loves them well, and turns again,  
As loath to leave the sweet domain,  
And holds his mirror to her face,  
And clips her with a close embrace:—  
Gladly as he, we seek the dome,  
And as reluctant turn us home.

How just that, at this time of glee,  
My thoughts should, Heber, turn to thee!  
For many a merry hour we've known,  
And heard the chimes of midnight's tone.  
Cease, then, my friend! a moment cease,  
And leave these classic tomes in peace!  
Of Roman and of Grecian lore,  
Sure mortal brain can hold no more.  
These ancients, as Noll Bluff might say,  
"Were pretty fellows in their day;"<sup>5</sup>  
But time and tide o'er all prevail—  
On Christmas eve a Christmas tale—  
Of wonder and of war—"Profane!  
What! leave the lofty Latian strain,  
Her stately prose, her verse's charms,  
To hear the clash of rusty arms;  
In Fairy Land or Limbo lost,  
To jostle conjurer ad ghost,  
Goblin and witch!"—Nay, Heber, dear,  
Before you touch my charter, hear:  
Though Leyden<sup>6</sup> aids, alas! no more,  
My cause with many-languaged lore,  
This may I say:—in realms of death  
Ulysses meets Alcides' wraith;  
Æneas, upon Thracia's shore,  
The ghost of murder'd Polydore;  
For omens, we in Livy cross,  
At every turn, *locutus Bos*.  
As grave and duly speaks that ox,  
As if he told the price of stocks;  
Or held, in Rome republican,  
The place of common-councilman.

All nations have their omens drear,  
Their legends wild of woe and fear.  
To Cambria look—the peasant see,  
Bethink him of Glendowerly,  
And shun "the spirit's Blasted Tree."<sup>7</sup>

atrelay, sailed for India in April 1803, and died at Java in August 1811, before completing his 36th year.

"Scenes sung by him who sings no more!

His brief and bright career is o'er,

And mate his tuneful strains;

Quench'd is his lamp of varied lore,

That loved the light of song to pour:

A distant and a deadly shore

Has Leyden's cold remains!"

*Lord of the Isles, Canto IV. post.*

See a notice of his life in the Author's *Miscellaneous Prose Works*.

<sup>7</sup> See Appendix, Note 4 G.

The Highlander, whose red claymore  
The battle turn'd on Maida's shore,  
Will, on a Friday morn, look pale,  
If ask'd to tell a fury tale:<sup>1</sup>  
He fears the vengeful Elfin King,  
Who leaves that day his grassy ring:  
Invisible to human ken,  
He walks among the sons of men.

Did'st e'er, dear Heber, pass along  
Beneath the towers of Franchémont,  
Which, like an eagle's nest in air,  
Hang o'er the streams and hamlet fair?  
Deep in their vaults, the peasants say,  
A mighty treasure buried lay,  
Amass'd through rapine and through wrong  
By the last Lord of Franchémont.<sup>2</sup>  
The iron chest is bolted hard,  
A huntsman sits, its constant guard;  
Around his neck his horn is hung,  
His hanger in his belt is slung;  
Before his feet his bloodhounds lie:  
An 'twere not for his gloomy eye,  
Whose withering glance no heart can brook,  
As true a huntsman doth he look,  
As hagle e'er in brake did sound,  
Or ever lollo'd to a hound,  
To chase the fiend, and win the prize,  
In that same dungeon ever tries  
An aged necromantic priest;  
It is an hundred years at least,  
Since 'twixt them first the strife begun,  
And neither yet has lost nor won.  
And oft the Conjuror's words will make  
The stubborn Demon groan and quake;  
And oft the bands of iron break,  
Or bursts one lock, that still remain,  
Fast as 'tis open'd, shuts again.  
That magic strife within the tomb  
May last until the day of doom,  
Unless the adept shall learn to tell  
The very words that clench'd the spell,  
When Franch'mont lock'd the treasure cell.  
An hundred years are pass'd and gone,  
And scarce three letters has he won.

Such general superstition may  
Excuse for old Piscottie say;  
Whose gossip history has given  
My song the messenger from Heaven.<sup>3</sup>  
That warn'd, in Lithgow, Scotland's King,  
Nor less the infernal summoning;<sup>4</sup>  
May pass the Monk of Durham's tale,  
Whose demon fought in Gothic mail;  
May pardon plead for Furdou grave,  
Who told of Gifford's Goblin-Cave.  
But why such instances to you,  
Who, in an instant, can renew  
Your treasured hoards of various lore,  
And furnish twenty thousand more!  
Hoards, not like theirs whose volumes rest  
Like treasures in the Franch'mont chest,  
While gripple owners still refuse  
To others what they cannot use;  
Give them the priest's whole century.  
They shall not spell you letters three;  
Their pleasure in the books the same  
The magpie takes in pilfer'd gem.  
Thy volumes, open as thy heart,  
Delight, amusement, science, art,  
To every ear and eye impart;

Yet who of all who thus employ them,  
Can like the owner's self enjoy them?—  
But, hark! I hear the distant drum!  
The day of Flodden Field is come.—  
Adieu, dear Heber! life and health,  
And store of literary wealth.

## Marmion.

### CANTO SIXTH.

#### THE BATTLE.

##### I.

While great events were on the gale,  
And each hour brought a varying tale,  
And the demeanour, changed and cold,  
Of Douglas, fretted Marmion bold;  
And, like the impatient steed of war,  
He snuff'd the battle from afar:  
And hopes were none, that back again  
Herald should come from Terouenne,  
Where England's King in leaguer lay,  
Before decisive battle-day:  
Whilst these things were, the mournful Clare  
Did in the Dame's devotions share:  
For the good Countess ceaseless pray'd  
To Heaven and Saints, her sons to aid,  
And, with short interval, did pass  
From prayer to book, from book to mass,  
And all in high Baronial pride,—  
A life both dull and dignified:—  
Yet as Lord Marmion nothing press'd  
Upon her intervals of rest,  
Dejected Clara well could bear  
The formal state, the lengthen'd prayer,  
Though dearest to her wounded heart  
The hours that she might spend apart.

##### II.

I said, Tantallon's dizzy steep  
Hung o'er the margin of the deep.  
Many a rude tower and rampart there  
Repell'd the insult of the air,  
Which, when the tempest vex'd the sky,  
Half breeze, half spray, came whistling by.  
Above the rest, a turret square  
Did o'er its Gothic entrance bear,  
Of sculpture rude, a stony shield:  
The Bloody Heart was in the Field,  
And in the chief three mullets stood,  
The cognizance of Douglas blood.  
The turret held a narrow stair,  
Which, mounted, gave you access where  
A parapet's embattled row  
Did seaward round the castle go.  
Sometimes in dizzy steeps descending,  
Sometimes in narrow circuit bending,  
Sometimes in platform broad extending,  
Its varying circle did combine  
Bulwark, and bartizan, and line,  
And bastion, tower, and vantage-coign;  
Above the booming ocean leant  
The far-projecting element;

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 4 H.

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix, Note 4 L.

<sup>3</sup> See Appendix, Note 3 B.

<sup>4</sup> See Appendix, Note 4 A.

The hillows burst, in ceaseless flow,  
 Upon the precipice below.  
 Where'er Tantallon faced the land,  
 Gate-works, and walls, were strongly mann'd;  
 No need upon the sea-girt side:  
 The steepy rock, and frantic tide,  
 Approach of human step denied;  
 And thus these lines and ramparts rude  
 Were left in deepest solitude.

## III.

And, for they were so lonely, Clare  
 Would to these battlements repair,  
 And muse upon her sorrows there,  
 And list the sea-hird's cry;  
 Or slow, like noontide ghost, would glide  
 Along the dark-grey bulwarks' side,  
 And ever on the heaving tide  
 Look down with weary eye.  
 Oft did the cliff and swelling main,  
 Recall the thoughts of Whitby's fane,—  
 A home she ne'er might see again;  
 For she had laid adown.  
 So Douglass bade, the hood and veil,  
 And frontlet of the cloister pale,  
 And Benedictine gown:  
 It were unseemly sight, he said,  
 A novice out of convent shade.—  
 Now her bright locks, with sunny glow,  
 Again adorn'd her brow of snow;  
 Her mantle rich, whose borders, round,  
 A deep and fretted broiery bound,  
 In golden foldings sought the ground;  
 Of holy ornament, alone  
 Remain'd a cross with ruby stone;  
 And often did she look  
 On that which in her hand she bore,  
 With velvet bound, and broider'd o'er—  
 Her breviary book.  
 In such a place, so lone, so grim,  
 At dawning pale, or twilight dim,  
 It fearful would have been  
 To meet a form so richly dress'd,  
 With book in hand, and cross on breast,  
 And such a woeful mien.  
 Fitz-Eustace, loitering with his bow,  
 To practise on the gull and crow,  
 Saw her, at distance, gliding slow,  
 And did by Mary swear,—  
 Some love-lorn Fay she might have been,  
 Or, in Romance, some spell-bound Queen;  
 For ne'er, in work-day world, was seen  
 A form so witching fair.

## IV.

Once walking thus, at evening tide,  
 It chanced a gliding sail she spied,  
 And, sighing, thought—"The Abbess, there,  
 Perchance, does to her home repair;  
 Her peaceful rule, where Duty, free,  
 Walks hand in hand with Charity;  
 Where oft Devotion's tranced glow  
 Can such a glimpse of heaven bestow,  
 That the enraptured sisters see  
 High vision and deep mystery;  
 The very form of Hilda fair,  
 Hovering upon the sunny air,  
 And smiling on her votaries' prayer.  
 O! therefore, to my duller eye,  
 Did still the Saint her form deny!  
 Was it, that, sear'd by sinful scorn,  
 My heart could neither melt nor burn?"

1 See Appendix, Note 4 K.

Or lie my warm affections low,  
 With him, that taught them first to glow?  
 Yet, gentle Abbess, well I knew  
 To pay thy kindness grateful due,  
 And well could brook the mild command,  
 That ruled thy simple maiden band.  
 How different now! condemn'd to hide  
 My doom from this dark tyrant's pride.—  
 But Marmion has to learn, ere long,  
 That constant mind, and hate of wrong,  
 Descended to a feeble girl,  
 From Red De Clare, stout Gloster's Earl:  
 Of such a stem, a sapling weak,  
 He ne'er shall bend, although he break.

## V.

"But see!—what makes this armour here?"—  
 For in her path there lay  
 Targe, corslet, helm;—she view'd them near—  
 "The breast-plate pierced!—Ay, much I fear,  
 Weak fence wert thou 'gainst foeman's spear,  
 That hath made fatal entrance here,  
 As these dark blood-gouts say.—  
 Thus Wilton!—Oh! not corslet's ward,  
 Not truth, as diamond pure and hard,  
 Could be thy manly bosom's guard,  
 On yon disastrous day!"—  
 She raised her eyes in mournful mood,—  
 Wilton himself before her stood!  
 It might have seem'd his passing ghost,  
 For every youthful grace was lost;  
 And joy unwonted, and surprise,  
 Gave their strange wildness to his eyes.—  
 Expect not, noble dames and lords,  
 That I can tell such scene in words:  
 What skilful limner e'er would choose  
 To paint the rainbow's varying hues,  
 Unless to mortal it were given  
 To dip his brush in dyes of heaven?  
 Far less can my weak line declare  
 Each changing passion's shade;  
 Brightening to rapture from despair,  
 Sorrow, surprise, and pity there,  
 And joy, with her angelic air,  
 And hope, that paints the future fair,  
 Their varying hues display'd:  
 Each o'er its rival's ground extending,  
 Alternate conquering, shifting, blending,  
 Till all, fatigued, the conflict yield,  
 And mighty Love retains the field.  
 Shortly I tell what then he said,  
 By many a tender word delay'd,  
 And modest blush, and bursting sigh,  
 And question kind, and fond reply:—

## VI.

## DE WILTON'S HISTORY.

"Forget we that disastrous day,  
 When senseless in the lists I lay,  
 Thence dragg'd,—but how I cannot know,  
 For sense and recollection fled,—  
 I found me on a pallet low,  
 Within my ancient beadsman's shed.  
 Austin,—remember'st thou, my Clare,  
 How thou didst blush, when the old man,  
 When first our infant love began,  
 Said we would make a matchless pair?  
 Menials, and friends, and kinsmen fled,  
 From the degraded traitor's bed,—  
 He only held my burning head,



And tended me for many a day,  
While wounds and fever held their sway  
But far more needful was his care,  
When sense return'd to wake despair;  
For I did tear the closing wound,  
And dash me frantic on the ground,  
If e'er I heard the name of Clare.  
At length, to calmer reason brought,  
Much by his kind attendance wrought,  
With him I left my native strand,  
And, in a palmer's weeds array'd,  
My hated name and form to shade,  
I journey'd many a land;  
No more a lord of rank and birth,  
But mingled with the dregs of earth.  
Oft Austin for my reason fear'd,  
When I would sit, and deeply brood  
On dark revenge, and deeds of blood,  
Or wild mad schemes uprear'd.  
My friend at length fell sick, and said,  
God would remove him soon:  
And, while upon his dying bed,  
He begg'd of me a boon—  
If e'er my deadliest enemy  
Beneath my brand should conquer'd lie,  
Even then my mercy should awake,  
And spare his life for Austin's sake.

## VII.

"Still restless as a second Cain,  
To Scotland next my route was ta'en,  
Fnil well the paths I knew.  
Fame of my fate made various sound,  
That death in pilgrimage I found,  
That I had perished of my wound.—  
None cared which tale was true:  
And living eye could never guess  
De Wilton in his Palmer's dress;  
For now that sable slough is shed,  
And trimm'd my shaggy beard and head,  
I scarcely know me in the glass.  
A chance most wondrous did provide,  
That I should be that Baron's guide—  
I will not name his name!—  
Vengeance to God alone belongs;  
But, when I think on all my wrongs,  
My blood is liquid flame!  
And ne'er the time shall I forget,  
When, in a Scottish hostel set,  
Dark looks we did exchange:  
What were his thoughts I cannot tell;  
But in my bosom muster'd Hell  
Its plans of dark revenge.

## VIII.

"A word of vulgar augury,  
That broke from me, I scarce knew why,  
Brought on a village tale;  
Which wrought upon his moody sprite,  
And sent him armed forth by night.  
I borrow'd steel and mail,  
And weapons, from his sleeping band:  
And, passing from a postern door,  
We met, and 'counter'd hand to hand,—  
He fell on Gifford moor  
For the death-stroke my brand I drew,  
(O then my helmed head he knew,  
The Palmer's cowl was gone.)  
Then had three inches of my blade

The heavy debt of vengeance paid,—  
My hand the thought of Austin staid;  
I left him there alone.—  
O good old man! even from the grave  
Thy spirit could thy master save:  
If had slain my foeman, ne'er  
Had Whitby's Abbess, in her fear,  
Given to my hand this packet dear  
Of power to clear my injured fame,  
And vindicate De Wilton's name.—  
Perchance you heard the Abbess tell  
Of the strange pageantry of Hell,  
That broke our secret speech—  
It rose from the infernal shade,  
Or feately was some juggle play'd,  
A tale of peace to teach.  
Appeal to Heaven I judg'd was best,  
When my name came among the rest.

## IX.

"Now here, within Tantallon Hold,  
To Douglas late my tale I told,  
To whom my house was known of old.  
Won by my proofs, his falchion bright  
This eve anew shall dub me knight.  
These were the arms that once did turn  
The tide of fight on Otterburne,  
And Harry Hotspur forced to yield,  
When the Dead Douglas won the field.<sup>1</sup>  
These Angus gave—his armourer's care,  
Ere morn shall every breach repair;  
For nought, he said, was in his halls,  
But ancient armour on the walls,  
And aged chargers in the stalls,  
And women, priests, and grey-hair'd men;  
The rest were all in Twisel gleri.<sup>2</sup>  
And now I watch my armour here,  
By law of arms, till midnight's near;  
Then, once again n belted knight,  
Seek Surrey's camp with dawn of light.

## X.

"There soon again we meet, my Clare!  
This Baron means to guide thee there:  
Douglas reveres his King's command,  
Else would he take thee from his band.  
And there thy kinsman, Surrey, too  
Will give De Wilton justice due.  
Now meeter far for martial broil,  
Firmer my limbs, and strung by toil,  
Once more"—"O Wilton! must we then  
Risk new-found happiness again,  
Trust fate of arms once more?  
And is there not an humble glen,  
Where we, content and poor,  
Might build a cottage in the shade,  
A shepherd thou, and I to aid  
Thy task ou dale and moor?—  
That reddening brow!—too well I know,  
Not even thy Clare can peace bestow,  
While falsehood stains thy name:  
Go then to fight! Clare bids thee go!  
Clare can a warrior's feelings know,  
And weep a warrior's shame;  
Can Red Earl Gilbert's spirit feel,  
Buckle the spurs upon thy heel,  
And belt thee with thy brand of steel,  
And send thee forth to fame!"

<sup>1</sup> See the ballad of Otterbourne, in the Border Minstrelsy, vol. i. p. 345.

<sup>2</sup> Where James encamped before taking post on Flodden.

## XI.

That night, upon the rocks and bay,  
The midnight moon-beam slumbering lay,  
And pour'd its silver light, and pure,  
'Through loop-hole, and through embrasure,  
Upon Tautallon tower and hall;  
But chief where arched windows wide  
Illuminate the chapel's pride,  
The sober glauces fall.  
Much was there need; though seam'd with  
scars,

Two veterans of the Douglas' wars,  
Though two grey priests were there,  
And each a blazing torch held high,  
You could not by their blaze descrie  
The chapel's carving fair.  
Amid that dim and smoky light,  
Chequering the silver moon-shine bright,  
A bishop by the altar stood,<sup>1</sup>  
A noble lord of Douglas blood,  
With mitre sheen, and roquet white.  
Yet show'd his neek and thoughtful eye  
But little pride of prelacy:  
More pleased that, in a barbarous age,  
He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,  
Than that beneath his rule he held  
The bishopric of fair Dunkeld  
Beside him ancient Angus stood,  
Doff'd his furr'd gown, and sable hood:  
O'er his huge form and visage pale,  
He wore a cap and shirt of mail;  
And lean'd his large and wrinkled hand  
Upon the huge and sweeping brand  
Which wont of yore, in battle fray,  
His foeman's limbs to shred away,  
As wood-knife lops the sapling spray.<sup>2</sup>  
He seem'd as, from the tombs around  
Rising at judgment-day,  
Some giant Douglas may he found  
In all his old array;  
So pale his face, so huge his limb,  
So old his arms, his look so grim.

## XII.

Then at the altar Wilton kneels,  
And Clare the spurs bound on his heels;  
And think what next he must have felt,  
At buckling of the falchion belt!  
And judge how Clara changed her hue,  
While fastening to her lover's side  
A friend, which, though in danger tried,  
He once had found ontrue!  
Then Douglas struck him with his blade:  
"Saint Michael and Saint Andrew aid,  
I dub thee knight.  
Arise, Sir Ralph, De Wilton's heir!  
For King, for Church, for Lady fair,  
See that thou fight."  
And Bishop Gawain, as he rose,  
Said—"Wilton I grieve not for thy woes,  
Disgrace, and trouble;  
For He, who honour best bestows,  
May give thee double."  
De Wilton sobb'd, for sob he must—  
"Where'er I meet a Douglas, trust  
That Douglas is my brother!"  
"Nay, nay," old Angus said, "not so;  
To Surrey's camp thou now must go,  
Thy wrongs no longer smother.

I have two sons in yonder field;  
And, if thou meet'st them under shield,  
Upon them bravely—do thy worst;  
And foul fall him that blanches first!"

## XIII.

Not far advanced was morning day,  
When Marmion did his troop array  
To Surrey's camp to ride:  
He had safe conduct for his band,  
Beneath the royal seal and hand,  
And Douglas gave a guide:  
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,  
Would Clara on her palfrey place,  
And whisper'd in an under tone,  
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."  
The train from out the castle drew,  
But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu:—  
"Though something I might plain," he said,  
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,  
Sent hither by your King's behest.  
While in Tautallon's towers I staid;  
Part we in friendship from your land,  
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."  
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,  
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:—  
"My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still  
Be open, at my Sovereign's will,  
To each one whom he lists, howe'er  
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.  
My castles are my King's alone,  
From turret to foundation-stone—  
The hand of Douglas is his own;  
And never shall in friendly grasp  
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

## XIV.

Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,  
And shook his very frame for ire,  
And—"This to me!" he said,—  
"An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,  
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared  
To cleave the Douglas' head!  
And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,  
He, who does England's message here,  
Although the meanest in her state,  
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:  
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,  
Even in thy pitch of pride,  
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,  
(Nay, never look upon your lord,  
And lay your hands upon your sword,  
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!  
And if thou said'st I am not peer  
To any lord in Scotland here,  
Lowland or Highland, far or near,  
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"  
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage  
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:  
Fierce he broke forth,—"And darrest thou then  
To beard the lion in his den,  
The Douglas in his hall?  
Andapest thou hence unscathed to go?  
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!  
Up, drawbridge, grooms—what, Warder, ho!  
Let the portcullis fall!"  
Lord Marmion turn'd,—well was his need,  
And dash'd the rowels in his steed,  
Like arrow through the archway sprung,  
'The ponderous grate behind him rung:

<sup>1</sup> The well-known Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, son of Archibald Bell-the-Cat, Earl of Angus. He was author of a Scottish metrical version of the *Eneid*, and of

many other poetical pieces of great merit. He had not at this period attained the mitre.

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix, Note 4 L.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* Note 4 M.

To pass there was such scanty room,  
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

## XV.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,  
Just as it trembled on the rise:  
Nor lighter does the swallow skim  
Along the smooth lake's level brim:  
And when Lord Marmion reach'd his hand,  
He halts, and turns with clenched hand,  
And shout of loud defiance pours,  
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.  
"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and  
chase!"

But soon he rein'd his fury's pace:  
"A royal messenger he came,  
Though most unworthy of the name.—  
A letter forged! St. Jude to speed!  
Did ever knight so foul a deed!<sup>1</sup>  
At first in heart it liked me ill,  
When the king praised his clerly skill.  
Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,  
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line.  
So swore I, and I swear it still,  
Let my boy-bishop fret his fill.—  
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!  
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,  
I thought to slay him where he stood.  
"Tis pity of him too," he cried:  
"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride,  
I warrant him a warrior tried."  
With this his mandate he recalls,  
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

## XVI.

The day in Marmion's journey wore;  
Yet, ere his passion's gust was o'er,  
They cross'd the heights of Staurig-moor.  
His troop more closely there he scann'd,  
And miss'd the palmer from the band.—  
"Palmer or not," young Blount did say,  
"He parted at the peep of day:  
Good sooth, it was in strange array."—  
"In what array?" said Marmion, quick.  
"My lord, I ill can spell the trick;  
But all night long, with clink and bang,  
Close to my couch did hammers clang;  
At dawn the falling drawbridge rang,  
And from a loophole while I peep,  
Old Bell-the Cat came from the Keep,  
Wrapp'd in a gown of sables fair,  
As fearful of the morning air;  
Beneath, when that was blown aside,  
A rusty shirt of mail I spied,  
By Archibald won in bloody work,  
Against the Saracen and Turk:  
Last night it hung not in the hall;  
I thought some marvel would befall.  
And next I saw them saddled lead  
Old Cheviot forth, the Earl's best steed:  
A matchless horse, though something old,  
Prompt in his paces, cool and bold.  
I heard the Sheriff Sholto say,  
The Earl did much the Master<sup>2</sup> pray,  
To use him on the battle-day;  
But he prefer'd"—"Nay, Henry, cease!  
Thou sworn horse-courser, hold thy peace.—  
Eustace, thou bear'st a brain—I pray,  
What did Blount see at break of day?"—

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 4 N.

<sup>2</sup> His eldest son, the Master of Angus.

## XVII.

"In brief, my lord, we both descried  
(For then I stood by Henry's side)  
The palmer mount, and outwards ride,  
Upon the Earl's own favourite steed:  
All sheathed he was in armour bright,  
And much resembled that same knight,  
Subdued by you in Cotswold fight:  
Lord Angus wish'd him speed."—  
The instant that Fitz-Eustace spoke,  
A sudden light on Marmion broke;—  
"Ah! dastard fool, to reason lost!"  
He muttered; "Twas nor fay nor ghost  
I met upon the moonlight wold,  
But living man of earthly mould.—  
O dotage blind and gross!  
Had I but fought as wont, one thrust  
Had laid De Wilton in the dust,  
My path no more to cross.—  
How stand we now?—he told his tale  
To Douglas; and with some avail;  
"Twas therefore gloom'd his rugged brow.—  
Will Surrey dare to entertain,  
'Gainst Marmion, charge disproved and vain?  
Small risk of that, I trow.  
Yet Clare's sharp questions must I shun:  
Must separate Constance from the Nun—  
O, what a tangled web we weave,  
When first we practice to deceive!  
A Palmer too!—no wonder why  
I felt rebuked beneath his eye:  
I might have known there was but one,  
Whose look could quell Lord Marmion."

## XVIII.

Stung with these thoughts, he urged to speed  
His troop, and reach'd, at eve, the Tweed,  
Where Lennel's convent<sup>3</sup> closed their march;  
(There now is left but one frail arch,  
Yet mourn thou not its cells;  
Our time a fair exchange has made;  
Hard by, in hospitable shade,  
A reverend pilgrim dwells,  
Well worth the whole Bernardine brood,  
'That ere wore sandal, frock, or hood.)  
Yet did Saint Bernard's Abbot there  
Give Marmion entertainment fair,  
And lodging for his train and Clare.  
Next morn the Baron climb'd the tower,  
To view afar the Scottish power,  
Encamp'd on Flodden edge:  
The white pavilions made a show,  
Like remnants of the winter snow,  
Along the dusky ridge.  
Long Marmion look'd—at length his eye  
Unusual movement might descry  
Amid the shifting lines:  
The Scottish host drawn out appears,  
For, flashing on the hedge of spears  
The eastern sunbeam shines.  
Their front now deepening, now extending;  
Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending,  
Now drawing back, and now descending,  
The skilful Marmion well could know,  
They watched the motions of some foe,  
Who traversed on the plain below.

## XIX.

Even so it was. From Flodden ridge  
The Scots beheld the English host

<sup>3</sup> See Appendix, Note 4 O.



Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,  
And heedful watch'd them as they cross'd  
The Till by Twisel Bridge<sup>1</sup>

High sight it is, and haughty, while  
They dive into the deep defile;  
Beneath the cavern'd cliff they fall,  
Beneath the castle's airy wall.  
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn-tree.

Troop after troop are disappearing:  
Troop after troop their banners rearing,  
Upon the eastern bank you see.

Still pouring down the rocky den,  
Where flows the sullen Till,  
And rising from the dim-wood glen,  
Standards on standards, men on men,  
In slow succession still.

And, sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,  
And pressing on, in ceaseless march,  
To gain the opposing hill.

That morn, to many a trumpet clang,  
Twisel! thy rock's deep echo rang;  
And many a chief of birth and rank,  
Saint Helen! at thy fountain drank.  
Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see  
In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,  
Had then from many an axe its doom,  
To give the marching column room.

## XX.

And why stands Scotland idly now,  
Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,  
Since England gains the pass the while,  
And struggles through the deep defile?  
What checks the fiery soul of James?  
Why sits that champion of the dames  
Inactive on his steed,

And sees, between him and his land,  
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,  
His host Lord Surrey lead!

What 'vails the vain knight-errant's brand?  
—O, Douglas, for thy leading wand!  
Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!

O for one hour of Wallace wight,  
Or well-skill'd Bruce, to rule the fight,  
And cry—"Saint Andrew and our right!"

Another sight had seen that morn,  
From Fate's dark hook a leaf been torn,  
And Flodden had been Bannockboarne!—  
The precious hour has pass'd in vain,  
And England's host has gain'd the plain;  
Wheeling their march, and circling still,  
Around the base of Flodden Hill.

## XXI.

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,  
Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high,  
"Hark! hark! my lord, an English drum!  
And see ascending squadrons come  
Between Tweed's river and the hill,  
Foot, horse, and cannon:—hap what hap,  
My husnet to a prentice cap.

Lord Surrey's o'er the Till!—  
Yet more! yet more!—how far array'd  
They file from out the hawthorn shade,  
And sweep so gallant by!  
With all their banners bravely spread,  
And all their armour flashing high,  
Saint George might waken from the dead,  
To see fair England's standards fly."—

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 4 P.

"Stint in thy prate," quoth Blount, "thou'dst  
best,

And listen to our lord's behest."—  
With kiudling brow Lord Marmion said,—  
"This instant be our hand array'd;  
The river must be quickly cross'd,  
That we may join Lord Surrey's host.  
If fight King James,—as well I trust,  
That fight he will, and fight he must,—  
The Lady Clare behind our lines  
Shall tarry, while the battle joins."

## XXII.

Himself he swift on horseback threw,  
Scarce to the Abbot bade adieu;  
Far less would listen to his prayer,  
To leave behind the helpless Clare.  
Down to the Tweed his band he drew,  
And mutter'd as the fool they view,  
"The pheasant in the falcon's claw.  
He scarce will yield to please a daw:  
Lord Angus may the Abbot awe,  
So Clare shall hide with me."

Then on that dangerous ford, and deep,  
Where to the Tweed Leat's eddies creep,  
He ventured desperately:

And not a moment will he bide,  
Till squire, or groom, before him ride;  
Headmost of all he stems the tide,  
And stems it gallantly.

Eustace held Clare upon her horse,  
Old Hubert led her rein.  
Stoutly they braved the current's course,  
And, though far downward driven per force,

The southern bank they gain;  
Behind them straggling, came to shore,  
As best they might, the train:

Each o'er his head his yew-bow bore,  
A caution not in vain;  
Deep need that day that every string,  
By wet unarm'd, should sharply ring.  
A moment then Lord Marmion staid,  
And breathed his steed, his men array'd,

Then forward moved his band,  
Until, Lord Surrey's rear-gund won,  
He halted by a Cross of Stone,  
That, on a hillock standing lone,  
Did all the field command.

## XXIII.

Hence might they see the full array  
Of either host, for deadly fray;<sup>2</sup>  
Their marshall'd lines stretch'd east and west,  
And fronted north and south,  
And distant salutation pass'd

From the loud cannon mounth;  
Not in the close successive rattle,  
That breathes the voice of modern battle,

But slow and far between.—  
The hillock gain'd, Lord Marmion staid:  
"Here by this Cross," he gently said,  
"You well may view the scene.

Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare:  
O! think of Marmion in thy prayer!—  
Thou wilt not?—well, no less my care  
Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare.—  
You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,  
With ten pick'd archers of my train;  
With England if the day go hard,  
To Berwick speed amain.—

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix, Note 4 Q.

But if we conquer, cruel maid,  
My spoils shall at your feet be laid,  
When here we meet again."  
He waited not for answer there,  
And would not mark the maid's despair,  
Nor heed the discontented look  
From either squire; but spurr'd amain,  
And, dashing through the battle plain,  
His way to Surrey took.

## XXIV.

"—The good Lord Marmion, by my life!  
Welcome to danger's hour!—  
Short greeting serves in time of strife:—  
Thus have I ranged my power:  
Myself will rule this central host,  
Stout Stanley fronts their right,  
My sons command the vaward post,  
With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight;<sup>1</sup>  
Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,  
Shall be in rear-ward of the fight,  
And succour those that need it most.  
Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,  
Would gladly to the vanguard go;  
Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there,  
With thee their charge will blithely share:  
There fight thine own retainers too,  
Beneath De Burg, thy steward true."—  
"Thanks, noble Surrey!" Marmion said,  
Nor farther greeting there he paid;  
But, parting like a thunderbolt,  
First in the vanguard made a halt,  
Where such a shout there rose  
Of "Marmion! Marmion!" that the cry,  
Up Flodden mountain shrilling high,  
Startled the Scottish foes.

## XXV.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still  
With Lady Clare upon the hill  
On which, (for far the day was spent.)  
The western sunbeams now were bent.  
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,  
Could plain their distant comrades view:  
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,  
"Unworthy office here to stay!  
No hope of gilded spurs to-day—  
But see! look up—on Flodden bent  
The Scottish foe has fired his tent."  
And sudden, as he spoke,  
From the sharp ridges of the hill,  
All downward to the banks of Till,  
Was wreathed in sable smoke.  
Volumed and fast, and rolling far,  
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,  
As down the hill they broke;  
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,  
Announced their march; they tread alone,  
At times one warning trumpet blown,  
At times a stifled hum.  
Told England, from his mountain-throne  
King James did rushing come.—  
Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,  
Until at weapon-point they close.—  
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,  
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust;  
And such a yell was there,  
Of sudden and portentous birth,  
As if men fought upon the earth,  
And fiends in upper air;

O life and death were in the shout,  
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,  
And triumph and despair.  
Long look'd the anxious squires; their eye  
Could in the darkness nought descry.

## XXVI.

At length the freshening western blast  
Aside the shroud of battle cast;  
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears  
Above the brightening cloud appears;  
And in the smoke the pennons flew,  
As in the storm the white sea-mew.  
Then mark'd they, dashing broad and far,  
The broken billows of the war,  
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,  
Floating like foam upon the wave;  
But nought distinct they see:  
Wide raged the battle on the plain;  
Spears shook, and falchions flash'd amain;  
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;  
Crests rose, and stoop'd, and rose again,  
Wild and disorderly.  
Amid the scene of tumult, high  
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:  
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,  
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,  
Still bear them bravely in the fight:  
Although against them come,  
Of gallant Gordons many a one,  
And many a stubborn Badenoch-man,<sup>2</sup>  
And many a rugged Border clan,  
With Huntly, and with Home.

## XXVII.

Far on the left, unseen the while,  
Stanley broke Lennox and Arzyle;  
Though there the western mountaineer  
Rush'd with bare bosom on the spear,  
And flung the feeble target aside,  
And with both hands the broadsword plied.  
"I was vain;—but Fortune, on the right,  
With fickle smile cheer'd Scotland's fight.  
Then fell that spotless banner white.  
The Howard's lion fell:  
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew  
With wavering light, while fiercer grew  
Around the battle-yell  
The Border slogan rent the sky!  
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry:  
Loud were the clanging blows;  
Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,  
The pennon sunk and rose:  
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,  
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,  
It waver'd 'mid the foes.  
No longer Blount the view could bear:  
"By Heaven, and all its saints! I swear  
I will not see it lost!  
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare  
May bid your beads, and patter prayer,—  
I gallop to the host."  
And to the fray he rode amain,  
Follow'd by all the archer train.  
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,  
Made, for a space, an opening large,—  
The rescued banner rose,—  
But darkly closed the war around,  
Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,  
It sunk among the foes.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 4 E.

<sup>2</sup> In all former editions, *Highlandman*. *Badenoch* is the

correction of the author's interleaved copy of the edition of 1880.

Then Eustace mounted too:—yet staid  
As loath to leave the helpless maid,  
When, fast as shaft can fly,  
Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,  
The loose rein dangling from his head,  
Housing and saddle bloody red,  
Lord Marmion's steed rush'd by;  
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,  
A look and sign to Clara cast  
To mark he would return in haste,  
Then plunged into the fight.

## XXVIII.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,  
Left in that dreadful hour alone:  
Perchance her reason stoops, or reels;  
Perchance a courage, not her own,  
Braces her mind to desperate tone.—  
The scatter'd van of England wheels;—  
She only said, as loud in air  
The tumult roar'd, "Is Wilton there?"—  
They fly, or, madden'd by despair,  
Fight but to die,—"Is Wilton there?"  
With that, straight up the hill there rode  
Two horsemen drench'd with gore,  
And in their arms, a helpless load,  
A wounded knight they bore.  
His hand still strain'd the broken brand;  
His arms were smear'd with blood and sand:  
Dragg'd from among the horses' feet,  
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,  
The falcon-crest and plume gone,  
Can that be haughty Marmion! . . .  
Young Blount his armour did unlace,  
And, gazing on his ghastly face,  
Said—"By Saint George, he's gone!  
That spear-wound has our master sped,  
And see the deep cut on his head!  
Good-night to Marmion."  
"Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease:  
He opens his eyes," said Eustace: "peace!"

## XXIX.

When, doff'd his casque, he felt free air,  
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:—  
"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?  
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!  
Redeem my pennon,—charge again!  
Cry—Marmion to the rescue!"—Vain!  
Last of my race, on battle-plain  
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!  
Yet my last thought is England's—fly,  
To Dacre bear my signet-ring:  
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.—  
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie:  
Tunstall lies dead upon the field,  
His life blood stains the spotless shield:  
Edmund is down:—my life is left:  
The Admiral alone is left.  
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—  
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,  
Full upon Scotland's central host,  
Or victory and England's lost.—  
Must I bid twice!—hence, varlets! fly!  
Leave Marmion here alone—to die."  
They parted, and alone he lay:  
Clara drew her from the sight away,  
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,  
And half he murmur'd,—"Is there none,  
Of all my halls have nursed,  
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring  
Of blessed water from the spring,  
To slake my dying thirst!"

## XXX.

O, Woman! in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light quivering aspen made;  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou!—  
Scarce were the piteous accents said,  
When, with the Barou's casque, the maid  
To the high streamlet ran:  
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;  
The plaintive voice alone she hears,  
Sees but the dying man.  
She stoop'd her by the rannel's side,  
But in abhorrence backward drew;  
For, oozing from the mountain's side,  
Where razed the war, a dark-red tide  
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.  
Where shall she turn?—behold her mark  
A little fountain cell,  
Where water, clear as diamond-spark,  
In a stone basin fell.  
Above, some half-worn letters say,  
**Drink, weary pilgrim, drink, and pray.**  
**For the kind soul of Sybil Grey.**

**Who built this cross, and well.**

She fill'd the helm, and back she hied,  
And with surprise and joy espied  
A Monk supporting Marmion's head:  
A pious man, whom duty brought  
To dubious verge of battle fought,  
To shrive the dying, bless the dead.

## XXXI.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,  
And, as she stoop'd his brow to lave—  
"Is it the hand of Clare," he said,  
"Or injured Constance, bathes my head?"  
Then, as remembrance rose,—  
"Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!  
I must redress her woes.  
Short space, few words, are mine to spare;  
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!"—  
"Alas!" she said, "the while,—  
O, think of your immortal weal!  
In vain for Constance is your zeal:  
She—died at Holy Isle."  
Lord Marmion started from the ground,  
As light as if he felt no wound;  
Though in the action burst the tide,  
In torrents, from his wounded side,  
"Then it was truth,"—he said—"I knew  
That the dark presage must be true.—  
I would the Fiend, to whom belongs  
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,  
Would spare me but a day!  
For wasting fire, and dying groan,  
And priests slain on the altar stone,  
Might bribe him for delay.  
It may not be!—this dizzy trance—  
Curse on you base marauder's lance,  
And doubly cursed my failing brand!  
A sinful heart makes feeble hand."  
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,  
Supported by the trembling Monk.

## XXXII.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound,  
And strove to stanch the gushing wound:



The Monk, with unavailing cares,  
Exhausted all the Church's prayers.  
Ever, he said, that, close and near,  
A lady's voice was in his ear,  
And that the priest he could not hear;  
For that she ever sung,  
"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,  
Where ming'le war's rattle with groans of the  
dying!"

So the notes rung :—  
"Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,  
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—  
O, look, my son, upon yon sign  
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;  
O, think on faith and bliss!—  
By many a death-bed I have been,  
And many a sinner's parting seen,  
But never aught like this!"—  
The war, that for a space did fail,  
Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale,  
And—Stanley! was the cry:  
A light on Marmion's visage spread,  
And fired his glazing eye:  
With dying hand, above his head,  
He shook the fragment of his blade,  
And shouted "Victory!—  
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"  
Were the last words of Marmion.

## XXXIII.

By this, though deep the evening fell,  
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,  
For still the Scots, around their King,  
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.  
Where's now their victor vaward wing,  
Where Hantly, and where Home?—  
O, for a blast of that dread horn,  
On Fontarabian echoes borne,  
That to King Charles did come,  
When Rowland brave, and Olivier,  
And every paladin and peer,  
On Roncesvalles died!  
Such blast might warn them, not in vain,  
To quit the plunder of the slain,  
And turn the doubtful day again,  
While yet on Flodden side,  
Afar, the Royal Standard flies,  
And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies,  
Our Caledonian pride!  
In vain the wish—for far away,  
While spoil and havoc mark their way,  
Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray.—  
"O, Lady," cried the Monk, "away!"  
And placed her on her steed,  
And led her to the chapel fair,  
Of Tilmouth upon Tweed.  
There all the night they spent in prayer,  
And at the dawn of morning, there  
She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

## XXXIV.

But as they left the dark'ning heath,  
More desperate grew the strife of death.  
The English shafts in volleys hail'd,  
In headlong charge their horse assail'd;  
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep  
To break the Scottish circle deep,  
That fought around their King.  
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,  
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,

Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,  
Unbroken was the ring:  
The stubborn spear-men still made good  
Their dark impenetrable wood,  
Each stepping where his comrade stood,  
The instant that he fell.  
No thought was there of dastard flight;  
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,  
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,  
As fearlessly and well;  
Till utter darkness closed her wing  
O'er their thin host and wounded King.  
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands  
Led back from strife his shatter'd bands;  
And from the charge they drew,  
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,  
Sweep back to ocean blue.  
Then did their loss his foemen know:  
Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low,  
They melted from the field as snow,  
When streams are swoln and south winds  
blow,

Dissolves in silent dew.  
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,  
While many a broken band,  
Disorder'd, through her currents dash,  
To gain the Scottish land;  
To town and tower, to town and dale,  
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,  
And raise the universal wail,  
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,  
Shall many an age that wail prolong:  
Still from the sire the son shall hear  
Of her stern strife, and carnage drear,  
Of Flodden's fatal field,  
Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,  
And broken was her shield!

## XXXV.

Day dawns upon the mountain's side :—  
There, Scotland! lay thy bravest pride,  
Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one:  
The sad survivors all are gone.—  
View not that corpse mistrustfully,  
Defaced and mangled though it be;  
Nor to yon Border castle high,  
Look northward with upraising eye;  
Nor cherish hope in vain,  
That, journeying far on foreign strand,  
The Royal Pilgrim to his land  
May yet return again.  
He saw the wreck his rashness wrought:  
Reckless of life, he desperate fought,  
And fell on Flodden plain:  
And well in death his trusty brand,  
Firm clench'd within his manly hand,  
Beseeem'd the monarch slain.<sup>2</sup>  
But, O! how changed since yon blithe night!—  
Gladly I turn me from the sight,  
Unto my tale again.

## XXXVI.

Short is my tale :—Fitz-Eustace' care  
A pierced and mangled body bare  
To moated Lichfield's lofty pile;  
And there, beneath the southern aisle,  
A tomb, with Gothic sculpture fair,  
Did lung Lord Marmion's image bear.  
(Now vainly for its sight you look;  
<sup>1</sup> I was levell'd when fanatic Brook  
The fair cathedral storm'd and took;

<sup>1</sup> " Day glimmers on the dying and the dead,  
The cloven cuirass and the helmeted head, &c.

Byron's Lara.

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix, Note 4 S.

But, thanks to Heaven and good Saint Chad,  
 A guerdon meet the spoiler had!)  
 There erst was martial Marmion found,  
 His feet upon a couchant bound,  
 His hands to heaven upraised;  
 And all around, on scutcheon rich,  
 And tablet carved, and fretted niche,  
 His arms and feats were blazed.  
 And yet, though all was carved so fair,  
 And priest for Marmion breathed the prayer,  
 The last Lord Marmion lay not there.  
 From Ettrick woods a peasant swain  
 Follow'd his lord to Flodden plain,—  
 One of those flowers, whom plaintive lay  
 In Scotland mourns as "wede away:"  
 Sore wounded, Sybil's Cross he spied,  
 And dragg'd him to its foot, and died,  
 Close by the noble Marmion's side.  
 The spoilers stripp'd and gash'd the slain,  
 And thus their corpses were mista'en;  
 And thus, in the proud Baron's tomb,  
 The lowly woodsman took the room.

## XXXVII.

Less easy task it were, to show  
 Lord Marmion's nameless grave, and low.  
 They dug his grave e'en where he lay,  
 But every mark is gone;  
 Time's wasting hand has done away  
 The simple Cross of Sybil Grey,  
 And broke her font of stone:  
 But yet from out the little hill  
 Oozes the slender springlet still.  
 Oft halts the stranger there,  
 For thence may best his curious eye  
 The memorable field descry;  
 And shepherd boys repair  
 To seek the water-flag and rush,  
 And rest them by the hazel bush,  
 And plait their garlands fair;  
 Nor dream they sit upon the grave,  
 That holds the bones of Marmion brave.—  
 When thou shalt find the little hill,  
 With thy heart commune, and be still.  
 If ever, in temptation strong,  
 Thou left'st the right path for the wrong;  
 If every devious step, thus trod,  
 Still led thee farther from the road;  
 Dread then to speak presumptuous doom  
 On noble Marmion's lowly tomb;  
 But say, "He died a gallant knight,  
 With sword in hand, for England's right."

## XXXVIII.

I do not rhyme to that dull elf,  
 Who cannot image to himself,

That all through Flodden's dismal aight,  
 Wilton was foremost in the fight;  
 That, when brave Surrey's steed was slain,  
 'Twas Wilton mounted him again;  
 'Twas Wilton's brand that deepest hew'd,  
 Amid the spearmen's stubborn wood:  
 Unnaid by Hottished or Hall,  
 He was the living soul of all:  
 That, after fight, his faith made plain,  
 He won his rank and lands again:  
 And charged his old paternal shield  
 With bearings won on Flodden Field.  
 Nor sing I to that simple maid,  
 To whom it must in terms be said,  
 That King and kinsmen did agree,  
 To bless fair Clara's constancy;  
 Who cannot, unless I relate,  
 Paint to her mind the bridal's state;  
 That Wolsey's voice the blessing spoke,  
 More, Sands, and Denny, pass'd the joke:  
 That bluff King Hal the curtain drew,  
 And Catherine's hand the stocking threw;  
 And afterwards, for many a day,  
 That it was held enough to say,  
 In blessing to a wedded pair,  
 "Love they like Wilton and like Clare!"

## L' ENVOY.

## TO THE READER.

Why then a final note prolong,  
 Or lengthen out a closing song,  
 Unless to bid the gentles speed,  
 Who long have list'd to my rede? <sup>1</sup>  
 To Statesmen grave, if such may deign  
 To read the Minstrel's idle strain.  
 Sound head, clean hand, and piercing wit,  
 And patriotic heart—as Pitt!  
 A garland for the hero's crest,  
 And twined by her he loves the best;  
 To every lovely lady bright,  
 What can I wish but faithful knight!  
 To every faithful lover too,  
 What can I wish but lady true?  
 And knowledge to the studious sage;  
 And pillow to the head of age.  
 To thee, dear school-boy, whom my lay,  
 Has cheated of thy hour of play,  
 Light task, and merry holiday!  
 To all, to each, a fair good-night,  
 And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light!

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 4 T.

<sup>2</sup> Used generally for tale or discourse.

## APPENDIX.

## NOTE A.

*As when the Champion of the Lake  
 Enters Morgana's fated house,  
 Or in the Chapel Perilous.*

*Despising spells and demons' force,  
 Holds converse with the unburied corse.—P. 78.*

The romance of the Morte Arthur contains a sort of abridgement of the most celebrated adventures of the Round Table: and, being written in comparatively modern language, gives the general reader an excellent idea of what romances of chivalry actually were. It has also the merit of being written in pure old

English; and many of the wild adventures which it contains are told with a simplicity bordering upon the sublime. Several of these are referred to in the text; and I would have illustrated them by more full extracts, but as this curious work is about to be republished, I confine myself to the tale of the Chapel Perilous, and of the quest of Sir Launcelot after the Sangreal.

"Right so Sir Launcelot departed, and when he came to the Chapell Perilous, he alighted downe, and tied his horse to a little gate. And as soon as he was within the church-yard, he saw, on the front of the chappell, many faire rich shields turned upside downe; and many of the shields Sir Launcelot had seene knights have before; with that he saw stand by him thirtie great knights, more, by a yard, than any man that ever he had seene, and all those grimed and gnashed at Sir Launcelot; and when he saw their countenance, hee dread them sore, and so put his shield afore him, and tooke his sword in his hand, ready to doe battle; and they were all armed in black harness, ready, with their shields and swords drawn. And when Sir Launcelot would have gone through them, they scattered on every side of him, and gave him the way; and therewith he waxed all bold, and entered into the chappell, and then hee saw no light but a dimme lampe burning, and then was he ware of a corps covered with a cloath of silke; then Sir Launcelot stooped downe, and cut a piece of that cloath away, and then it fared under him as the earth had quaked a little, whereof he was afeard, and then hee saw a faire sword lye by the dead knight, and that he gat in his hand, and hied him out of the chappell. As soon as he was in the chappell-yeard, all the knights spoke to him with a grimly voice, and said, 'Knight, Sir Launcelot, lay that sword from thee, or else thou shalt die.'—'Whether I live or die,' said Sir Launcelot, 'with no great words get yee it againe, therefore fight for it and yee list.' Therewith he passed through them; and, beyond the chappell-yeard, there met him a faire damosell, and said, 'Sir Launcelot, leave that sword behind thee, or thou wilt die for it.'—'I will not leave it,' said Sir Launcelot, 'for no threats.'—'No?' said she: 'and ye did leave that sword, Queen Guenever should ye never see.'—'Then were I a fool and I would leave this sword,' said Sir Launcelot. 'Now, gentle knight,' said the damosell, 'I require thee to kiss me once.'—'Nay,' said Sir Launcelot, 'that God forbid!'—'Well, sir,' said she, 'and thou haddest kissed me thy life dayes had beene done; but now, alas!' said she, 'I have lost all my labour; for I ordeined this chappell for thy sake, and for Sir Gawaine; and once I had Sir Gawaine within it; and at that time he fought with that knight which there heth dead in yonder chappell. Sir Gilbert the bastard, and at that time hee smote off Sir Gilbert the bastard's left hand. And so, Sir Launcelot, now I tell thee, that I have loved thee this seaven years; but there may no woman have thy love but Queene Guenever; but sithen I may not rejoyce thee to have thy body alive, I had kept no more joy in this world but to have had thy dead body; and I would have balm'd it and served, and so have kept it in my life daies, and daily I should have clipped thee, and kissed thee, in the despite of Queen

Guenever.'—'Yee sny well,' said Sir Launcelot; 'Jesus preserve me from your subtil craft.' And therewith he took his horse, and departed from her.

## NOTE B.

*A sinful man, and unconfess'd,  
He took the Sangreal's holy quest,  
And, slumbering, saw the vision high,  
He might not view with waking eye.*—P. 78.

One day, when Arthur was holding a high feast with his Knights of the Round Table, the Sangreal, or vessel out of which the last pass-over was eaten, (a precious relic, which had long remained concealed from human eyes, because of the sins of the land,) suddenly appeared to him and all his chivalry. The consequence of this vision was, that all the knights took on them a solemn vow to seek the Sangreal. But, alas! it could only be revealed to a knight at once accomplished in earthly chivalry, and pure and guiltless of evd conversation. All Sir Launcelot's noble accomplishments were therefore rendered vain by his guilty intrigue with Queen Guenever, or Ganoore; and in his holy quest he encountered only such disgraceful disasters as that which follows:—

"But Sir Launcelot rode overthwart and endlong in a wild forest, and held no path but as wild adventure led him: and at the last, he came unto a stone crosse, which departed two wayes, in wast land; and, by the crosse, was a stone that was of marble; but it was so dark, that Sir Launcelot might not well know what it was. Then Sir Launcelot looked by him, and saw an old chappell, and there he went to have found people. And so Sir Launcelot tied his horse to a tree, and there he put off his shield, and hung it upon a tree, and then hee went unto the chappell doore, and found it wasted and broken. And within he found a faire altar, full richly arrayed with cloth of silk, and there stood a faire candlestick, which beare six great candles, and the candlestick was of silver. And when Sir Launcelot saw this light, hee had a great will for to enter into the chappell, but he could find no place where hee might enter. Then was hee passing heavie and dismaid. Then he returned, and came againe to his horse, and tooke off his saddle and his bridle, and let him pasture, and unlaced his helme, and ungerded his sword, and laid him downe to sleepe upon his shield, before the crosse.

"And so hee fell on sleepe; and, halfe waking and halfe sleeping, he saw comie by him two palfreys, both faire and white, the which beare a litter, therein lying a sicke knight. And when he was nigh the crosse, hee there abode still. All this Sir Launcelot saw and beheld, for hee slept not verily, and hee heard him say, 'O sweete Lord, when shall this sorrow leave me, and when shall the holy vessell comie by me, where through I shall be blessed, for I have endured thus long for little trespasse!' And thus a great while complained the knight, and allwaies Sir Launcelot heard it. With that Sir Launcelot saw the candlestick, with the fire tapers, come before the



cross; but he could see nobody that brought it. Also there came a table of silver, and the holy vessel of the Sangreall, the which Sir Launcelot had seen before that time in King Petchour's house. And therewithall the sicke knight set him upright, and held up both his hands, and said, 'Faire sweete Lord, which is here within the holy vessell, take heede to mee, that I may bee hole of this great malady!' And therewith upon his hands, and upon his knees, he went so nigh, that he touched the holy vessell, and kissed it: And anon he was hole, and then he said, 'Lord God, I thank thee, for I am healed of this malady.' So when the holy vessell had been there a great while, it went into the chappelle againe, with the candlestick and the light, so that Sir Launcelot wist not where it became, for he was overtaken with sinne, that he had no power to arise against the holy vessell, wherefore afterward many men said of him shame. But he tooke repentance afterward. Then the sicke knight dressed him upright, and kissed the crosse. Then anon his squire brought him his armes, and asked his lord how he did. 'Certainly,' said hee. 'I thank God right heartily, for through the holy vessell I am healed; But I have right great mervaille of this sleeping knight, which hath had neither grace nor power to awake during the time that this holy vessell hath bene here present.'—'I dare it right well say,' said the squire, 'that this same knight is defouled with some manner of deadly sinne, whereof he has never confessed.'—'By my faith,' said the knight, 'whatsoever he be, he is unhappie; for, as I deeme, hee is of the fellowship of the Round Table, the which is entered into the quest of the Sangreall.'—'Sir,' said the squire, 'here I have brought you all your armes, save your helme and your sword; and, therefore, by mine assent, now may ye take this knight's helme and his sword;' and so he did. And when he was cleane armed, he took Sir Launcelot's horse, for he was better than his owne, and so they departed from the crosse.

"Then anon Sir Launcelot awaked, and set himselfe upright, and he thought him what hee had there seene, and whether it were dreames or not; right so he heard a voice that said, 'Sir Launcelot, more hardy than is the stone, and more bitter than is the wood, and more naked and bare than is the life of the fig-tree, therefore go thou from hence, and withdraw thee from this holy place;' and when Sir Launcelot heard this, he was passing heavy, and wist not what to doe. And so he departed sore weeping, and cursed the time that he was borne; for then he deemed never to have had more worship; for the words went unto his heart, till that he knew wherefore that hee was so called."

## NOTE C.

*And Dryden, in immortal strain,  
Had raised the Table Round again.—P. 78.*

Dryden's melancholy account of his projected Epic Poem, blasted by the selfish and sordid patrimony of his patrons, is contained

in an "Essay on Satire," addressed to the Earl of Dorset, and prefixed to the Translation of Juvenal. After mentioning a plan of supplying machinery from the guardian angels of kingdoms, mentioned in the Book of Daniel, he adds,—

"Thus, my lord, I have, as briefly as I could, given your lordship, and by you the world, a rude draught of what I have been long labouring in my imagination, and what I had intended to have put in practice; (though far unable for the attempt of such a poem;) and to have left the stage, to which my genius never much inclined me, for a work which would have taken up my life in the performance of it. This, too, I had intended chiefly for the honour of my native country, to which a poet is particularly obliged. Of two subjects, both relating to it, I was doubtful whether I should choose that of King Arthur conquering the Saxons, which, being farther distant in time, gives the greater scope to my invention; or that of Edward the Black Prince, in subduing Spain, and restoring it to the lawful prince, through a great tyrant, Don Pedro the Cruel; which, for the compass of time, including only the expedition of one year, for the greatness of the action, and its answerable event, for the magnanimity of the English hero, opposed to the ingratitude of the person whom he restored, and for the many beautiful episodes which I had interwoven with the principal design, together with the characters of the chiefest English persons, (wherein, after Virgil and Spenser, I would have taken occasion to represent my living friends and patrons of the noblest families, and also shadowed the events of future ages in the succession of our imperial line.)—With these helps, and those of the machines which I have mentioned, I might perhaps have done as well as some of my predecessors, or at least chalked out a way for others to amend my errors in a like design; but being encouraged only with fair words by King Charles II., my little salary ill paid, and no prospect of a future subsistence, I was then discouraged in the beginning of my attempt; and now age has overtaken me, and want, a more insufferable evil, through the change of the times, has wholly disabled me."

## NOTE D.

*Their theme the merry minstrels made,  
Of Ascapart, and Bevis bold.—P. 78.*

The "History of Bevis of Hampton" is abridged by my friend Mr. George Ellis, with that liveliness which extracts amusement even out of the most rude and unpromising of our old tales of chivalry. Ascapart, a most important personage in the romance, is thus described in an extract:—

"This giant was mighty and strong,  
And full thirty feet was long,  
He was bristled like a sow;  
A foot he had between each brow;  
His lips were great, and hung aside,  
His eyes were hollow, his mouth was wide;  
And liker he was to look on than,  
And liker a devil than a man."

His staff was a young oak,  
Hard and heavy was his stroke."  
*Specimens of Metrical Romances*, vol. II. p. 136.

I am happy to say, that the memory of Sir Bevis is still fragrant in his town of Southampton; the gate of which is sentinelled by the effigies of that doughty knight-errant and his gigantic associate.

### NOTE E.

*Day set on Norham's castled steep,  
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep, &c.—  
P. 79.*

The ruinous castle of Norham (anciently called Ubbanfurd) is situated on the southern bank of the Tweed, about six miles above Berwick, and where that river is still the boundary between England and Scotland. The extent of its ruins, as well as its historical importance, shows it to have been a place of magnificence, as well as strength. Edward I. resided there when he was created umpire of the dispute concerning the Scottish succession. It was repeatedly taken and retaken during the wars between England and Scotland; and, indeed, scarce any happened, in which it had not a principal share. Norham Castle is situated on a steep bank, which overhangs the river. The repeated sieges which the castle had sustained, rendered frequent repairs necessary. In 1164, it was almost rebuilt by Hugh Pudsey, Bishop of Durham, who added a huge keep, or donjon; notwithstanding which, King Henry II., in 1174, took the castle from the bishop, and committed the keeping of it to William de Neville. After this period it seems to have been chiefly garrisoned by the King, and considered as a royal fortress. The Greys of Chillingham Castle were frequently the castellans, or captains of the garrison: Yet, as the castle was situated in the patrimony of St. Cuthbert, the property was in the see of Durham till the Reformation. After that period, it passed through various hands. At the union of the crowns, it was in the possession of Sir Robert Carey, (afterwards Earl of Monmouth) for his own life, and that of two of his sons. After King James's accession, Carey sold Norham Castle to George Home, Earl of Dunbar, for 6000*l.* See his curious Memoirs, published by Mr. Constable of Edinburgh.

According to Mr. Pinkerton, there is, in the British Museum, Cal. B. 6. 216, a curious memoir of the Dacres on the state of Norham Castle in 1522, not long after the battle of Flodden. The inner ward, or keep, is represented as impregnable:—"The provisions are three great vats of salt eels, forty-four kine, three hogheads of salted salmon, forty quarters of grain, besides many cows and four hundred sheep, lying under the castle-wall nightly; but a number of the arrows wanted feathers, and a good Fletcher (i. e. maker of arrows) was required."—*History of Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 201, note.

The ruins of the castle are at present considerable, as well as picturesque. They consist of a large shattered tower, with many vaults, and fragments of other edifices, enclosed within an outward wall of great circuit.

### NOTE F.

*The battled towers, the donjon keep.—P. 79.*

It is perhaps unnecessary to remind my readers, that the *donjon*, in its proper signification, means the strongest part of a feudal castle; a high square tower, with walls of tremendous thickness, situated in the centre of the other buildings, from which, however, it was usually detached. Here, in case of the outward defences being gained, the garrison retreated to make their last stand. The donjon contained the great hall, and principal rooms of state for solemn occasions, and also the prison of the fortress; from which last circumstance we derive the modern and restricted use of the word *duncheon*. Ducange (*voce* Dunjo) conjectures plausibly, that the name is derived from these keeps being usually built upon a hill, which in Celtic is called Dun. Borlase supposes the word came from the darkness of the apartments in these towers, which were thence figuratively called Dungeons; thus deriving the ancient word from the modern application of it.

### NOTE G.

*Well was he arm'd from head to heel,  
In mail and plate of Milan steel.—P. 79.*

The artists of Milan were famous in the middle ages for their skill in armoury, as appears from the following passage, in which Froissart gives an account of the preparations made by Henry, Earl of Hereford, afterwards Henry IV., and Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marischal, for their proposed combat in the lists at Coventry:—"These two lords made ample provision of all things necessary for the combat; and the Earl of Derby sent off messengers to Lombardy, to have armour from Sir Galeas, Duke of Milan. The Duke complied with joy, and gave the knight, called Sir Francis, who had brought the message, the choice of all his armour for the Earl of Derby. When he had selected what he wished for in plated and mail armour, the Lord of Milan, out of his abundant love for the Earl, ordered four of the best armourers of Milan to accompany the knight to England, that the Earl of Derby might be more completely armed."—*Johnes' Froissart*, vol. iv. p. 597.

### NOTE H.

*Who checks at me, to death is dight.—P. 79.*

The crest and motto of Marmion are borrowed from the following story:—Sir David De Lindsay, first Earl of Crauford, was, among other gentlemen of quality, attended, during a visit to London, in 1390, by Sir William Daltzell, who was, according to my authority, Bower, not only excelling in wisdom, but also of a lively wit. Chancing to be at the court, he there saw Sir Piers Courtenay, an English knight, famous for skill in tilting, and for the beauty of his person, parading the palace, ar-

rayed in a new mantle, bearing for device an embroidered falcon, with this rhyme,—

"I bear a falcon, fairest of flight,  
Whoso pinches at her, his death is dight  
In graith." 2

The Scottish knight, being a wag, appeared next day in a dress exactly similar to that of Courtenay, but bearing a muggie instead of the falcon, with a motto ingeniously contrived to rhyme to the vaunting inscription of Sir Piers:—

"I bear a pie picking at a piece,  
Whoso picks at her, I shall pick at his nose," 3  
In faith."

This affront could only be expiated by a just with sharp lances. In the course, Dalzell left his helmet unlaced, so that it gave way at the touch of his antagonist's lance, and he thus avoided the shock of the encounter. This happened twice:—in the third encounter, the handsome Courtenay lost two of his front teeth. As the Englishman complained bitterly of Dalzell's fraud in not fastening his helmet, the Scottishman agreed to run six courses more, each champion staking in the hand of the King two hundred pounds, to be forfeited, if, on entering the lists, any unequal advantage should be detected. This being agreed to, the wily Scot demanded that Sir Piers, in addition to the loss of his teeth, should consent to the extinction of one of his eyes, he himself having lost an eye in the fight of Otterburn. As Courtenay demurred to this equalization of optical powers, Dalzell demanded the forfeit; which, after much altercation, the King appointed to be paid to him, saying, he surpassed the English both in wit and valour. This must appear to the reader a singular specimen of the humour of that time. I suspect the Jockey Club would have given a different decision from Henry IV.

### NOTE I.

*They hail'd Lord Marmion;  
They hail'd him Lord of Fontenay,  
Of Lutterward, and Scriverlye,  
Of Tamworth tower and town.*—P. 80.

Lord Marmion, the principal character of the present romance, is entirely a fictitious personage. In earlier times, indeed, the family of Marmion, Lords of Fontenay, in Normandy, was highly distinguished. Robert de Marmion, Lord of Fontenay, a distinguished follower of the Conqueror, obtained a grant of the castle and town of Tamworth, and also of the manor of Scriverlye, in Lincolnshire. One, or both, of these noble possessions, was held by the honourable service of being the royal champion, as the ancestors of Marmion had formerly been to the Duke of Normandy. But after the castle and demesne of Tamworth had passed through four successive barons from Robert, the family became extinct in the person of Philip de Marmion, who died in 20th Edward I. without issue male. He was succeeded in his castle of Tamworth, by Alexan-

der de Freville, who married Mazera, his grand-daughter. Baldwin de Freville, Alexander's descendant, in the reign of Richard I., by the supposed tenure of his castle of Tamworth, claimed the office of royal champion, and to do the service appertaining; namely, on the day of coronation, to ride, completely armed, upon a barbed horse, into Westminster Hall, and there to challenge the combat against any who would gainsay the King's title. But this office was adjudged to Sir John Dymoke, to whom the manor of Scriverlye had descended by another of the co-heiresses of Robert de Marmion; and it remains in that family, whose representative is Hereditary Champion of England at the present day. The family and possessions of Freville have merged into the Earls of Ferrars. I have not, therefore, created a new family, but only revived the titles of an old one in an imaginary personage.

It was one of the Marmion family, who, in the reign of Edward II., performed that chivalrous feat before the very castle of Norham, which Bishop Percy has woven into his beautiful ballad, "The Hermit of Warkworth."—The story is thus told by Leland:—

"The Scottes cam yn to the marches of England, and destroyed the castles of Werk and Herbotel, and overran much of Northumberland marches.

"At this tyme, Thomas Gray and his friendes defended Norham from the Scottes.

"It were a wonderful processe to declare, what mischefes cam by hungre and asesges by the space of xi yeres in Northumberland; for the Scottes became so proude, after they had got Berwick, that they nothing esteemed the Englishmen.

"About this tyme there was a greate feste made yn Lincolnshir, to which came many gentlemen and ladies; and amonge them one lady brought a heaulme for a man of were, with a very riche creste of gold, to William Marmion, knight, with a letter of commandement of her lady, that he should go into the dangerest place in England, and thier to let the heaulme be seene and known as famous. So he went to Norham; whither, within 4 days of cumming, cam Philip Moubray, guardian of Berwicke, having yn his bande 40 men of armes, the very flour of men of the Scottish marches.

"Thomas Gray, capitayne of Norham, seynge this, brought his garison afore the barriers of the castel, behind whom cam William, richly arrayed, as al glittering in gold, and wearing the heaulme, his lady's present.

"Then said Thomas Gray to Marmion, 'Sir Knight, ye be cum hither to fame your helmet: mount up on your horse, and ride lyke a valiant man to your foes even here at hand, and I forsake God if I rescue not thy body deade or alyve, or I myself wyl dye for it.'

"Whereupon he took his cursere, and rode among the throng of enemyes; the which layed sore stripes on him, and pulled him at the last out of his sadel to the grounde.

"Then Thomas Gray, with al the hole garison, lette prick yn among the Scottes, and so wounded them and their horses, that they were overthrowen; and Marmion, sore beten, was horsid agayn, and, with Gray, persewed the



Scottes yn chase. There were taken 50 horse of price; and the women of Norham brought them to the foote men to follow the chase."

## NOTE K.

— *Largesse, largesse.*—P. 82.

This was the cry with which heralds and pursuivants were wont to acknowledge the bounty received from the knights. Stewart of Lorn distinguishes a ballad, in which he satirizes the narrowness of James V. and his courtiers, by the ironical burden—

"*Lerges, lerges, lerges, hoy,  
Lerges of this new-year day,  
First lerges of the King, my chief,  
Quhill come als quiet as a thief,  
And in my hand slid shilligins tway,<sup>1</sup>  
To put his lerges to the prief,<sup>2</sup>  
For lerges of this new-year day.*"

The heralds, like the minstrels, were a race allowed to have great claims upon the liberality of the knights, of whose feats they kept a record, and proclaimed them aloud, as in the text, upon suitable occasions.

At Berwick, Norham, and other Border fortresses of importance, pursuivants usually resided, whose inviolable character rendered them the only persons that could, with perfect assurance of safety, be sent on necessary embassies into Scotland. This is alluded to in stanza xxi. p. 81.

## NOTE L.

*Sir Hugh the Heron bold,  
Baron of Twissell and of Ford,  
And Captain of the Hold.*

Were accuracy of any consequence in a fictitious narrative, this castellan's name ought to have been William; for William Heron of Ford was husband to the famous Lady Ford, whose siren charms are said to have cost our James IV. so dear. Moreover, the said William Heron was, at the time supposed, a prisoner in Scotland, being surrendered by Henry VIII., on account of his share in the slaughter of Sir Robert Ker of Cessford. His wife, represented in the text as residing at the Court of Scotland, was, in fact, living in her own Castle at Ford.—See Sir Richard Heron's curious *Genealogy of the Heron Family*.

## NOTE M.

*The whiles a Northern harper rude  
Chanted a rhyme of deadly feud,—  
"How the fierce Thirwall's, and Ridleys all,"  
&c.—P. 80.*

1 Two. 2 Proof.  
3 See *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. II. p. 124.  
4 Pronounced *Aubony*.  
5 *Sheip* signifies *slap*, or rather is the same word which was originally spelled *schlap*.  
6 *Hold their jaw*, a vulgar expression still in use.  
7 Got at len, or, were plondered; a very likely termination of the fray.  
8 Neck. 9 Pauch. 10 Relly. 11 Bellowing.

This old Northumbrian ballad was taken down from the recitation of a woman eighty years of age, mother of one of the miners of Alston-moor, by an agent for the lead mines there, who communicated it to my friend and correspondent, R. Surtees, Esquire, of Mainsforth. She had not, she said, heard it for many years, but, when she was a girl, it used to be sung at the merry-makings "till the roof rung again." To preserve this curious, though rude rhyme, it is here inserted. The ludicrous turn given to the slaughter, marks that wild and disorderly state of society, in which a murder was not merely a casual circumstance, but, in some cases, an exceedingly good jest. The structure of the ballad resembles the "Fray of Suport,"<sup>3</sup> having the same irregular stanzas and wild chorus.

## I.

Hoot awa', lads, hoot awa',  
Ha' ye heard how the Ridleys, and Thirwalls, and a'  
Ha' set upon Albany 4 Featherstonhaugh,  
And taken his life at the Deadman-haugh?  
There was Willimoteswick,  
And Hardriding Dick,  
And Hughie of Hawden, and Will of the Wa'.  
I canno' tell a', I canno' tell a'.  
And mouy a mair that the deil may know,

## II.

The auld man went down, but Nicol, his son,  
Ran awa' afore the fight was begun;  
And he ran, and he ran,  
And afore they were done,  
There was many a Featherstonhaugh sit a stan,  
As never was seen since the world begun.

## III.

I canno' tell a', I canno' tell a';  
Some gat a skep,<sup>5</sup> and some gat a claw;  
But they gart the Featherstons hand their jaw,—8  
Nicol, and Alice, and a'.  
Some gat a hart, and some gat hane;  
Some had harness, and some gat sin'en.<sup>7</sup>

## IV.

Ane gat a twist o' the craig;<sup>8</sup>  
Ane gat a bunch o' the wame;<sup>10</sup>  
Smy Haw gat lamed of a leg,  
And syne ran wallowing li hame.

## V.

Hoot, hoot, the old man's slain outright!  
Lay him bow wi' his face down;—he's a sorrowful sight.  
Janet, thou donot,<sup>12</sup>  
I'll lay my best bonnet,  
Thou gets a new gude-man afore it be night.

## VI.

Hoo away, lad', hoo away,  
We's a' be haugid if we stay.  
Tak up the dead man, and lay him abint the biggin,  
Here's the Bailie o' Haltwhistle,<sup>13</sup>  
Wi' his great bull's pizzle,  
That sup'd up the broo,—and syne—in the piggin.<sup>14</sup>

In explanation of this ancient ditty, Mr. Surtees has furnished me with the following local memorandum:—Willimoteswick, the chief seat of the ancient family of Ridley, is situated two miles above the confluence of the Allon and Tyne. It was a house of strength, as ap-

12 *Silly sint*. The border hard calls her so, because she was weeping for her slain husband; a loss which he seems to think might be soon repaired.

13 The Bailie of Haltwhistle seems to have arrived when the fray was over. This supporter of social order is treated with characteristic irreverence by the most ironing poet.

14 An iron pot with two ears.

pears from one oblong tower, still in tolerable preservation.<sup>1</sup> It has been long in possession of the Blacket family. Hardriding Dick is not an epithet referring to horsemanship, but means Richard Ridley of Hardridding,<sup>2</sup> the seat of another family of that name, which, in the time of Charles I., was sold on account of expenses incurred by the loyalty of the proprietor, the immediate ancestor of Sir Matthew Ridley. Will of the Wa' seems to be William Ridley of Walltown, so called from its situation on the great Roman wall. Thirwall Castle, whence the clan of Thirwalls derived their name, is situated on the small river of Toppel, near the western boundary of Northumberland. It is near the wall, and takes its name from the rampart having been *thirled*, i. e. pierced, or breached, in its vicinity. Featherston Castle lies south of the Tyne, towards Alston-moor. Albany Featherstonhaugh, the chief of that ancient family, made a figure in the reign of Edward VI. A feud did certainly exist between the Riddles and Featherstons, productive of such consequences as the ballad narrates: 21 Oct. 22<sup>do</sup> Henrici 8vi. *Inquisitio capt. apud Hautwhistle, sup visum corpus Alexandri Featherston, Gen. apud Grensilvaugh felonice interfecti, 22 Oct. per Nicolaum Ridley de Unthonce, Gen. Hugon Ridle, Nicolaum Ridle, et alios ejusdem nominis.* Nor were the Featherstons without their revenge; for 36<sup>to</sup> Henrici 8vi, we have—*Ullagatio Nicolai Featherston, ac Thome Nyzson, &c. &c. pro homicidio Will. Ridle de Morute.*

## NOTE N.

*James back'd the cause of that mock prince,  
Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit,  
Who on the gibbet paid the cheat.  
Then did I march with Surrey's power,  
What time we razed old Ayton tower.—P. 81.*

The story of Perkin Warbeck, or Richard, Duke of York, is well known. In 1496, he was received honourably in Scotland: and James IV., after conferring upon him in marriage his own relation, the Lady Catherine Gordon, made war on England in behalf of his pretensions. To retaliate an invasion of England, Surrey advanced into Berwickshire at the head of considerable forces, but retreated, after taking the inconsiderable fortress of Ayton. Ford, in his Dramatic Chronicle of Perkin Warbeck, makes the most of this incident:

## "SURREY.

"Are all our braving enemies shrunk back,  
Hid in the fogs of their daintier'd climate,  
Not daring to behold our colours wave  
In sight of this infected ayre? Can they  
Look on the strength of Cundrestine defac'd;  
The glorie of Heydonhall devasted; that  
Of Edington cast downe; the pile of Fuldre  
Orethrowne: And thus the strongest of their fortis,  
Old Ayton Castle, yielded and demolished,  
And yet not peepe abroad? The Scots are bold,

<sup>1</sup> Willmotswick was, in prior editions, confounded with Ridley Hall, situated two miles lower, on the same side of the Tyne, the hereditary seat of William C. Lowes, Esq.

<sup>2</sup> Ridley, the bishop and martyr, was, according to some

Hardie in battayle, but it seems the cause,  
They undertake considered, appears  
Enjoyed in the frame on't."

## NOTE O.

—I trow,  
*Norham can find you guides enow;  
For here be some have prick'd as far,  
On Scottish ground, as to Dunbar;  
Have drunk the monks of St. Bothan's ale,  
And driven the beeves of Lauderdale;  
Harried the wives of Greenlaw's goods,  
And given them light to set their hoods.—P. 81.*

The garrisons of the English castles of Wark, Norham, and Berwick, were, as may be easily supposed, very troublesome neighbours to Scotland. Sir Richard Matland of Ledington wrote a poem, called "The Blind Baron's Comfort;" when his barony of Blythe, in Lauderdale, was *harried* by Rowland Foster, the English captain of Wark, with his company, to the number of 300 men. They spoiled the poetical knight of 5000 sheep, 200 milt, 30 horses and mares; the whole furniture of his house of Blythe, 100 pounds Scots. (8l. 6s. 8d.), and every thing else that was portable. "This spoil was committed the 16th day of May 1570. (and the said Sir Richard was threescore and fourteen years of age, and grown blind), in time of peace; when none of that country *lippeden* [expected] such a thing."—"The Blind Baron's Comfort" consists in a string of puns on the word *Blythe* the name of the lands thus despoiled. Like John Littlewill, he had "a conceit left in his misery—a miserable conceit."

The last line of the text contains a phrase, by which the Borderers jocularly intimated the burning a house. When the Maxwells, in 1685, burned the Castle of Lochwood, they said they did so to give the Lady Johnstone "light to set her hood." Nor was the phrase inapplicable; for, in a letter, to which I have mislaid the reference, the Earl of Northumberland writes to the King and Council, that he dressed himself at midnight, at Warkworth, by the blaze of the neighbouring villages burned by the Scottish marauders.

## NOTE P.

*The priest of Shoreswood—he could rein  
The wildest war-horse in your train.—P. 81.*

This churchman seems to have been akin to Welsh, the vicar of St. Thomas of Exeter, a leader among the Cornish insurgents in 1549. "This man," says Hollinshed, "had many good things in him. He was of no great stature, but well set, and mightie compact: He was a very good wrestler; shot well, both in the long-bow and also in the cross-bow; he handled his hand-gun and peece very well; he

authorities, born at Hardridding, where a chair was preserved, called the Bishop's Chair. Others, and particularly his biographer and namesake, Dr. Gloucester Ridley, assign the honour of the martyr's birth to Willmotswick.

was a very good woodman, and a hardie, and such a one as would not give his head for the polling or his beard for the washing. He was a companion in any exercise of activitie, and of a courteous and gentle behaviour. He descended of a good honest parentage, being borne at Peneverin in Cornwall; and yet, in this rebellion, an arch captain and a principal doer."—Vol. iv. p. 958, 4to. edition This model of clerical talents had the misfortune to be hanged upon the steeple of his own church.<sup>1</sup>

## NOTE Q.

—*that Grot where Olives nod,  
Where, darling of each heart and eye,  
From all the youth of Sicily,  
Saint Rosalie retired to God.*—P. 82.

"Saint Rosalie was of Palermo, and born of a very noble family, and, when very young, abhorred so much the vanities of this world, and avoided the converse of mankind, resolving to dedicate herself wholly to God Almighty, that she, by divine inspiration, forsook her father's house, and never was more heard of till her body was found in that cleft of a rock, on that almost inaccessible mountain, where now the chapel is built; and they affirm she was carried up there by the hands of angels; for that place was not formerly so accessible (as now it is) in the days of the Saint; and even now it is a very bad, and steep, and breakneck way. In this frightful place, this holy woman lived a great many years, feeding only on what she found growing on that barren mountain, and creeping into a narrow and dreadful cleft in a rock, which was always dropping wet, and was her place of retirement as well as prayer; having worn out even the rock with her knees in a certain place, which is now open'd on purpose to show it to those who come here. This chapel is very richly adorn'd; and on the spot where the Saint's dead body was discover'd, which is just beneath the hole in the rock, which is open'd on purpose, as I said, there is a very fine statue of marble, representing her in a lying posture, railed in all about with fine iron and brass work; and the altar, on which they say mass, is built just over it."—*Voyage to Sicily and Malta*, by Mr. John Dryden (son to the poet), p. 107.

## NOTE R.

*Friar John—  
Himself still sleeps before his beads  
Have mark'd ten aves and two creeds.*—P. 82.

Friar John understood the soporific virtue of his beads and breviary, as well as his name-sake in Rabelais. "But Gargantua could not sleep by any means, on which side soever he turned himself. Whereupon the monk said to him, 'I never sleep soundly but when I am at sermon or prayers: Let us therefore begin, you and I, the seven penitential psalms, to try whether you shall not quickly fall asleep.'

The conceit pleased Gargantua very well; and beginning the first of these psalms, as soon as they came to *Beati quorum*, they fell asleep, both the one and the other."

## NOTE S.

*The summon'd Palmer came in place.*—P. 82.

A *Palmer*, opposed to a *Pilgrim*, was one who made it his sole business to visit different holy shrines; travelling incessantly, and subsisting by charity: whereas the *Pilgrim* retired to his usual home and occupations, when he had paid his devotions at the particular spot which was the object of his pilgrimage. The *Palmer*s seem to have been the *Questionarii* of the ancient Scottish canons 1242 and 1296. There is in the Bannatyne MS. a burlesque account of two such persons, entitled, "Symmy and his brother." Their accoutrements are thus ludicrously described, (I discard the ancient spelling)—

"Syne shaped them up, to lemp on leas,  
Two tabards of the tartan;  
They count'd nought what their clouts were  
When sew'd them on, in certain.  
Syne clampit up St. Peter's keys,  
Made of an old red gartane;  
St. James's shells, on t'other side, shows  
As pretty as a parlane  
To,  
On Symmye sud his brother."

## NOTE T.

*To fair St. Andrews bound,  
Within the ocean-cove to pray,  
Where good Saint Rule his holy lay,  
From midnight to the dawn of day,  
Sung to the billows' sound.*—P. 83.

St. Regulus (*Scottice*, St. Rule), a monk of Patre, in Achaia, warned by a vision, is said, A. D. 370, to have sailed westward, until he landed at St. Andrews in Scotland, where he founded a chapel and tower. The latter is still standing; and, though we may doubt the precise date of its foundation, is certainly one of the most ancient edifices in Scotland. A cave, nearly fronting the ruinous castle of the Archbishops of St. Andrews, bears the name of this religious person. It is difficult of access; and the rock in which it is hewed is washed by the German Ocean. It is nearly round, about ten feet in diameter, and the same in height. On one side is a sort of stone altar; on the other an aperture into an inner den, where the miserable ascetic, who inhabited this dwelling, probably slept. At full tide, egress and regress are hardly practicable. As Regulus first colonized the metropolitan see of Scotland, and converted the inhabitants in the vicinity, he has some reason to complain, that the ancient name of Killrule (*Cella Rugini*) should have been superseded, even in favour of the tutelary saint of Scotland. The reason of the change was, that St. Rule is said to have brought to Scotland the relics of St. Andrew.

<sup>1</sup> The reader needs hardly to be reminded of Ivanhoe.



## NOTE U.

— *Saint Fillan's blessed well,  
Where spring can frenzied dreams dispel,  
And the crazed brain restore.*—P. 83.

Saint Fillan was a Scottish saint of some reputation. Although Popery is, with us, matter of abomination, yet the common people still retain some of the superstitions connected with it. There are in Perthshire several wells and springs dedicated to St. Fillan, which are still places of pilgrimage and offerings, even among the Protestants. They are held powerful in cases of madness; and, in some of very late occurrence, lunatics have been left all night bound to the holy stone, in confidence that the saint would cure and unloose them before morning.—[See various notes to the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*]

## NOTE V.

*The scenes are desert now, and bare,  
Where flourish'd once a forest fair.*—P. 83.

EttRick Forest, now a range of mountainous sheep-walks, was anciently reserved for the pleasure of the royal chase. Since it was disparked, the wood has been, by degrees, almost totally destroyed, although, wherever protected from the sheep, copses soon arise without any planting. When the king hunted there, he often summoned the array of the country to meet and assist his sport. Thus, in 1528, James V. "made proclamation to all lords, barons, gentlemen, landward-men, and freeholders, that they should compear at Edinburgh, with a month's victuals, to pass with the King where he pleased, to danton the thieves of Tiviotdale, Annandale, Liddistale, and other parts of that country; and also warned all gentlemen that had good dogs to bring them, that he might hunt in the said country as he pleased: The whilk the Earl of Argyle, the Earl of Huntley, the Earl of Athole, and so all the rest of the gentlemen of the Highlaud, did, and brought their hounds with them in like manner, to hunt with the King, as he pleased.

"The second day of June the King past out of Edinburgh to the hunting, with many of the nobles and gentlemen of Scotland with him, to the number of twelve thousand men; and then past to Meggittland, and hounded and hawked all the country and bounds: that is to say, Crammat, Pappert-law, St. Mary-laws, Carlavrick, Chapel, Ewindoores, and Longhope. I heard say, he slew, in these bounds, eighteen score of harts."<sup>1</sup>

These huntings had, of course, a military character, and attendance upon them was a part of the duty of a vassal. The act for abolishing ward or military tenures in Scotland, enumerates the services of hunting, bostling, watching, and warding, as those which were in future to be illegal.

Taylor, the water-poet, has given an account of the mode in which these huntings were conducted in the Highlands of Scotland, in the

seventeenth century, having been present at Bræmar upon such an occasion:—

"There did I find the truly noble and right honourable lords, John Erskine, Earl of Mar; James Stewart, Earl of Murray; George Gordon, Earl of Enzye, son and heir to the marquis of Huntley; James Erskine, Earl of Buchan; and John, Lord Erskine, son and heir to the Earl of Mar, and their Countesses, with my much honoured, and my last assured and approved friend, Sir William Murray, knight of Abercarney, and hundreds of others, knights, esquires, and their followers; all and every man, in general, in one habit, as if Lycurgus had been there, and made laws of equality; for once in the year, which is the whole month of August, and sometimes part of September, many of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom (for their pleasure) do come into these Highland countries to hunt: where they do conform themselves to the habit of the Highlanders, who, for the most part, speak nothing but Irish; and, in former time, were those people which were called the *Red-shanks*. Their habit is—shoes, with but one sole apiece; stockings (which they call short hose,) made of a warm stuff of diverse colours, which they call tartan; as for breeches, many of them, nor their forefathers, never wore any, but a jerkia of the same stuff that their hose is of; their garters being bands or wreaths of hay or straw; with a plaid about their shoulders; which is a mantle of diverse colours, much finer and lighter stuff than their hose; with blue flat caps on their heads; a handkerchief, knit with two knots, about their necks; and thus are they attired. Now their weapons are—long bowes and forked arrows, swords and targets, harquebusses, muskets, durks, and Lochaber axes. With these arms I found many of them armed for the hunting. As for their attire, any man, of what degree soever, that comes amongst them, must not disdain to wear it; for, if they do, then they will disdain to hunt, or willingly to bring in their dogs; but if men be kind unto them, and be in their habit, then are they conquered with kindness, and the sport will be plentiful. This was the reason that I found so many noblemen and gentlemen in those shapes. But to proceed to the hunting:—

"My good Lord of Marr having put me into that shape, I rode with him from his house, where I saw the ruins of an old castle, called the Castle of Kindroghit. It was built by King Malcolm Canmore (for a hunting-house,) who reigned in Scotland, when Edward the Confessor, Harold, and Norman William, reigned in England. I speak of it, because it was the last house I saw in those parts; for I was the space of twelve days after, before I saw either house, corn-field, or habitation for any creature, but deer, wild horses, wolves, and such like creatures,—which made me doubt that I should never have seen a house again.

"Thus, the first day, we travelled eight miles, where there were small cottages, built on purpose to lodge in, which they call Longquhards. I thank my good Lord Erskine, he commanded that I should always be lodged in his lodging: the kitchen being always on the side of a bank: many kettles and pots boiling, and many spits turning and winding, with great variety of cheer,—as venison baked;

<sup>1</sup> *Piscottie's History of Scotland*, folio edition, p. 143.

sodden, rost, and stewed beef; mutton, goats, kid, hares, fresh salmon, pigeons, hens, capons, chickens, partridges, snipe-coots, heath-cocks, caper-kellies, and termogants; good ale, sacke, white and claret, teut (or allegant), with most potent aquavite.

"All these, and more than these, we had continually in superfluous abundance, caught by falconers, fowlers, fishers, and brought by my lord's tenants and purveyors to victual our camp, which consisteth of fourteen or fifteen hundred men and horses. The manner of the hunting is this: Five or six hundred men do rise early in the morning, and they do disperse themselves divers ways, and seven, eight, or ten miles compass, they do bring, or chase in, the deer in many herds (two, three, or four hundred in a herd,) to such or such a place, as the noblemen shall appoint them; then, when day is come, the lords and gentlemen of their companies do ride or go to the said places, sometimes wading up to the middles, through burnes and rivers; and then, they being come to the place, do lie down on the ground, till those foresaid scotts, which are called the Tinkhell, do bring down the deer; but, as the proverb says of the bad cook, so these tinkhell men do lick their own fingers; for, besides their bows and arrows, which they carry with them, we can hear, now and then, a harquebuss or a musket go off, which they do seldom discharge in vain. Then, after we had staid there three hours, or thereabouts, we might perceive the deer appear on the hills round about us (their heads making a show like a wood,) which, being followed close by the tinkhell, are chased down into the valley where we lay; then all the valley, on each side, being way-laid with a hundred couple of strong Irish greyhounds, they are all let loose, as occasion serves, upon the herd of deer, that with dogs, guns, arrows, dunks, and daggers, in the space of two hours, fourscore fat deer were slain; which after are disposed of, some one way, and some another, twenty and thirty niles, and more than enough left for us, to make merry withal, at our rendezvous."

### NOTE W.

*By lone Saint Mary's silent lake.—P. 84.*

This beautiful sheet of water forms the reservoir from which the Yarrow takes its source. It is connected with a smaller lake, called the Loch of Lowes, and surrounded by mountains. In the winter, it is still frequented by flights of wild swans; hence my friend Mr. Wordsworth's lines:—

"The swan on sweet St. Mary's lake  
Floats double, swan and shadow."

Near the lower extremity of the lake, are the ruins of Dryhope tower, the birth-place of Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, and famous by the traditional name of the Flower of Yarrow. She was married to Walter Scott of Harden, no less renowned for his depredations, than his bride for her beauty. Her romantic appellation was, in later days, with equal justice, conferred on Miss Mary Lillias Scott, the last of the elder branch of the

Harden family. The author well remembers the talent and spirit of the latter Flower of Yarrow, though age had then injured the charms which procured her the name. The words usually sung to the air of "Tweedside," beginning, "What beauties does Flora disclose," were composed in her honour.

### NOTE X.

*— in feudal strife, a foe,  
Hath laid Our Lady's chapel low.—P. 85.*

The chapel of St. Mary of the Lowes (*de lacuons*) was situated on the eastern side of the lake, to which it gives name. It was injured by the clan of Scott, in a feud with the Cranstouns; but continued to be a place of worship during the seventeenth century. The vestiges of the building can now scarcely be traced; but the burial ground is still used as a cemetery. A funeral, in a spot so very retired, has an uncommonly striking effect. The vestiges of the chaplain's house are yet visible. Being in a high situation, it commanded a full view of the lake, with the opposite mountain of Bourhope, belonging, with the lake itself, to Lord Napier. On the left hand is the tower of Dryhope, mentioned in a preceding note.

### NOTE Y.

*— the Wizard's grave;  
That Wizard Priest's, whose bones are thrust  
From company of holy dust.—P. 85.*

At one corner of the burial ground of the demolished chapel, but without its precincts, is a small mound, called *Binram's Corse*, where tradition deposits the remains of a necromantic priest, the former tenant of the chaplainry. His story much resembles that of Ambrosio in "The Monk," and has been made the theme of a ballad, by my friend Mr. James Hogg, more poetically designed the *Eltrick Shepherd*. To his volume, entitled "The Mountain Bard," which contains this, and many other legendary stories and ballads of great merit, I refer the curious reader.

### NOTE Z.

*Some ruder and more savage scene,  
Like that which frowns round dark Loch-skene.—  
P. 85.*

Loch-skene is a mountain lake, of considerable size, at the head of the Moffat-water. The character of the scenery is uncommonly savage; and the earn, or Scottish eagle, has, for many ages, built its nest yearly upon an islet in the lake. Loch-skene discharges itself into a brook, which, after a short and precipitate course, falls from a cataract of immense height, and gloomy grandeur, called, from its appearance, the "Grey Mare's Tail." The "Giant's Grave," afterwards mentioned, is a sort of trench, which bears that name, a little way

from the foot of the cataract. It has the appearance of a battery, designed to command the pass.

### NOTE 2 A.

—high *Whitby's cloister'd pile*.—P. 85.

The Abbey of Whitby, in the Archdeaconry of Cleaveland, on the coast of Yorkshire, was founded A. D. 657, in consequence of a vow of Oswy, King of Northumberland. It contained both monks and nuns of the Benedictine order; but, contrary to what was usual in such establishments, the abbess was superior to the abbot. The monastery was afterwards ruined by the Danes, and rebuilt by William Percy, in the reign of the Conqueror. There were no nuns there in Henry the Eighth's time, nor long before it. The ruins of Whitby Abbey are very magnificent.

### NOTE 2 B.

—*St. Cuthbert's Holy Isle*.—P. 85.

Lindisfarne, an isle on the coast of Northumberland, was called Holy Island, from the sanctity of its ancient monastery, and from its having been the episcopal seat of the see of Durham during the early ages of British Christianity. A succession of holy men held that office; but their merits were allowed up in the superior fame of St. Cuthbert, who was sixth Bishop of Durham, and who bestowed the name of his "patrimony" upon the extensive property of the see. The ruins of the monastery upon Holy Island betoken great antiquity. The arches are, in general, strictly Saxon; and the pillars which support them, short, strong, and massy. In some places, however, there are pointed windows, which indicate that the building has been repaired at a period long subsequent to the original foundation. The exterior ornaments of the building, being of a light sandy stone, have been wasted, as described in the text. Lindisfarne is not properly an island, but rather, as the venerable Bede has termed it, a semi-isle; for, although surrounded by the sea at full tide, the ebb leaves the sands dry between it and the opposite coast of Northumberland, from which it is about three miles distant.

### NOTE 2 C.

*Then Whitby's nuns exulting told  
How to their house three Barons hold  
Must menial service do.*—P. 87.

The popular account of this curious service, which was probably considerably exaggerated, is thus given in "A True Account," printed and circulated at Whitby: "In the fifth year of the reign of Henry II., after the conquest of England by William, Duke of Normandy, the Lord of Uglebarnby, then called William de Bruce; the Lord of Smeaton, called Ralph de Percy; with a gentleman and freeholder

called Allatson, did, on the 16th of October, 1159, appoint to meet and hunt the wild-boar, in a certain wood, or desert place, belonging to the Abbot of Whitby; the place's name was Eskdale-side; and the abbot's name was Sedman. Then, these young gentlemen being met, with their hounds and boar-staves, in the place before mentioned, and there having found a great wild-boar, the hounds ran him well near about the chapel and hermitage of Eskdale-side, where was a monk of Whitby, who was an hermit. The boar, being very sorely pursued, and dead-run, took in at the chapel-door, there laid him down, and presently died. The hermit shut the hounds out of the chapel, and kept himself within at his meditations and prayers, the hounds standing at bay without. The gentlemen, in the thick of the wood, being just behind their game, followed the cry of their hounds, and so came to the hermitage, calling on the hermit, who opened the door and came forth: and within they found the boar lying dead: for which, the gentlemen, in a very great fury, because the hounds were put from their game, did most violently and cruelly run at the hermit with their boar-staves, whereby he soon after died. Thereupon the gentlemen, perceiving and knowing that they were in peril of death, took sanctuary at Scarborough: But at that time the abbot being in very great favour with the King, removed them out of the sanctuary: whereby they came in danger of the law, and not to be privileged, but likely to have the severity of the law, which was death for death. But the hermit, being a holy and devout man, and at the point of death, sent for the abbot, and desired him to send for the gentlemen who had wounded him. The abbot so doing, the gentlemen came; and the hermit, being very sick and weak, said unto them, 'I am sure to die of those wounds you have given me.'—The abbot answered, 'They shall as surely die for the same.'—But the hermit answered, 'Not so, for I will freely forgive them my death, if they will be content to be enjoined the penance I shall lay on them for the safeguard of their souls.' The gentlemen being present, bade him save their lives. Then said the hermit, 'You and yours shall hold your lands of the Abbot of Whitby, and his successors, in this manner: That, upon Ascension-day, you, or some of you, shall come to the wood of the Stray-heads, which is in Eskdale-side, the same day at sun-rising, and there shall the abbot's officer blow his horn, to the intent that you may know where to find him; and he shall deliver unto you, William de Bruce, ten stakes, eleven strout stowers, and eleven yethers, to be cut by you, or some of you, with a knife of one penny price: and you, Ralph de Percy, shall take twenty-one of each sort, to be cut in the same manner; and you, Allatson, shall take nine of each sort, to be cut as aforesaid, and to be taken on your backs and carried to the town of Whitby, and to be there before nine of the clock the same day before mentioned. At the same hour of nine of the clock, if it be full sea, your labour and service shall cease; and if low water, each of you shall set your stakes to the brim, each stake one yard from the other, and so yether them on each side with your yethers; and so stake on each side with your strout stowers,



that they may stand three tides without removing by the force thereof. Each of you shall do, make, and execute the said service, at that very hour, every year, except it be full sea at that hour; but when it shall so fall out, this service shall cease. You shall faithfully do this, in remembrance that you did most cruelly slay me; and that you may the better call to God for mercy, repent unfeignedly of your sins, and do good words. The officer of Eskdale-side shall blow, *Out on you!* *Out on you!* for this heinous crime. If you, or your successors, shall refuse this service, so long as it shall not be full sea at the aforesaid hour, you or yours, shall forfeit your lands to the Abbot of Whitby, or his successors. This I entreat, and earnestly beg, that you may have lives and goods preserved for this service: and I request of you to promise, by your parts in Heaven, that it shall be done by you and your successors, as is aforesaid requested, and I will confirm it by the faith of an honest man.'—Then the hermit said, 'My soul longeth for the Lord: and I do as freely forgive these men my death as Christ forgave the thieves on the cross.' And, in the presence of the abbot and the rest, he said moreover these words: '*In manus tuos, Domine, commendo spiritum meum, a vinculis enim mortis redemisti me, Domine veritatis. Amen.*'—So he yielded up the ghost the eighth day of December, anno Domini 1159, whose soul God have mercy upon. Amen.

"This service," it is added, "still continues to be performed with the prescribed ceremonies, though not by the proprietors in person. Part of the lands charged therewith are now held by a gentleman of the name of Herbert."

## NOTE 2 D.

— *in their convent cell*  
A Saxon princess once did dwell,  
The lovely Edelfleda.—P. 87.

She was the daughter of King Oswy, who, in gratitude to Heaven for the great victory which he won in 655, against Penda, the Pagan King of Mercia, dedicated Edelfleda, then but a year old, to the service of God, in the monastery of Whitby, of which St. Hilda was then abbess. She afterwards adorned the place of her education with great magnificence.

## NOTE 2 E.

— *of thousand snakes, each one*  
Was changed into a coil of stone,  
When holy Hilda pray'd;  
They told, how sea-fowls' pinions fail,  
As over Whitby's towers they sail.—P. 87.

These two miracles are much insisted upon by all ancient writers who have occasion to mention either Whitby or St. Hilda. The relics of the snakes which infested the precincts of the convent, and were, at the abbess's prayer, not only beheaded, but petrified, are

still found about the rocks, and are termed by Protestant fossilists, *Ammonites*.

The other miracle is thus mentioned by Camden: "It is also ascribed to the power of her sanctity, that these wild geese, which, in the winter, fly in great flocks to the lakes and rivers unfrozen in the southern parts, to the great amazement of every one, fall down suddenly upon the ground, when they are in their flight over certain neighbouring fields hereabouts: a relation I should not have made, if I had not received it from several credible men. But those who are less inclined to heed superstition, attribute it to some occult quality in the ground, and to somewhat of antipathy between it and the geese, such as they say is betwixt wolves and scyllaroots: For that such hidden tendencies and aversions, as we call sympathies and antipathies, are implanted in many things by provident Nature for the preservation of them, is a thing so evident that every body grants it." Mr. Charlton, in his History of Whitby, points out the true origin of the fable, from the number of sea-gulls that, when flying from a storm, often alight near Whitby; and from the woodcocks, and other birds of passage, who do the same upon their arrival on shore, after a long flight.

## NOTE 2 F.

*His body's resting-place, of old,*  
*How oft their Patron changed, they told.*—P. 87.

St. Cuthbert was, in the choice of his sepulchre, one of the most mutable and unreasonable saints in the Calendar. He died A. D. 688, in a hermitage upon the Farne Islands, having resigned the bishopric of Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, about two years before.<sup>1</sup> His body was brought to Lindisfarne, where it remained until a descent of the Danes, about 793, when the monastery was nearly destroyed. The monks fled to Scotland with what they deemed their chief treasure, the relics of St. Cuthbert. The Saint was, however, a most capricious fellow-traveller; which was the more intolerable, as, like Simbad's Old Man of the Sea, he journeyed upon the shoulders of his companions. They paraded him through Scotland for several years, and came as far west as Whithern, in Galloway, whence they attempted to sail for Ireland, but were driven back by tempests. He at length made a halt at Norham; from thence he went to Melrose, where he remained stationary for a short time, and then caused himself to be launched upon the Tweed in a stone coffin, which landed him at Tilmouth, in Northumberland. This boat is finely shaped, ten feet long, three feet and a half in diameter, and only four inches thick; so that, with very little assistance, it might certainly have swam: it still lies, or at least did so a few years ago, in two pieces, beside the ruined chapel of Tilmouth. From Tilmouth, Cuthbert wandered into Yorkshire; and at length made a long stay at Chester-le-street, to which the bishop's see was transferred. At length, the Danes,

<sup>1</sup> He resumed the bishopric of Lindisfarne, which, owing to bad health, he again relinquished within less than three months before his death.—Raine's *St. Cuthbert*.

continuing to infest the country, the monks removed to Rippon for a season; and it was in return from thence to Chester-le-street, that passing through a forest called Dunholme, the Saint and his carriage became immovable at a place called Wardlaw, or Wardilaw. Here the Saint chose his place of residence; and all who have seen Durham must admit, that, if difficult in his choice, he evinced taste in at length fixing it. It is said that the Northumbrian Catholics still keep secret the precise spot of the Saint's sepulture, which is only entrusted to three persons at a time. When one dies, the survivors associate to them, in his room, a person judged fit to be the depository of so valuable a secret.

[The resting-place of the remains of this Saint is not now matter of uncertainty. So recently as 17th May 1827, 1139 years after his death, their discovery and disinterment were effected. Under a blue stone, in the middle of the shrine of St. Cuthbert, at the eastern extremity of the choir of Durham Cathedral, there was then found a walled grave, containing the coffins of the Saint. The first, or outer one, was ascertained to be that of 1511, the second of 1041; the third, or inner one, answering in every particular to the description of that of 698, was found to contain, not indeed; as had been averred then, and even until 1539, the incorruptible body, but the entire skeleton of the Saint: the bottom of the grave being perfectly dry, free from offensive smell, and without the slightest symptom that a human body had ever undergone decomposition within its walls. The skeleton was found swathed in five silk robes of emblematical embroidery, the ornamental parts laid with gold leaf, and these again covered with a robe of linen. Beside the skeleton were also deposited several gold and silver *insignia*, and other relics of the Saint.

The Roman Catholics now allow that the coffin was that of St. Cuthbert.

The bones of the Saint were again restored to the grave in a new coffin, amid the fragments of the former ones. Those portions of the inner coffin which could be preserved, including one of its rings, with the silver altar, golden cross, stole, comb, two maniples, bracelets, girdle, gold wire of the skeleton, and fragments of the five silk robes, and some of the rings of the outer coffin made in 1541, were deposited in the library of the Dean and Chapter, where they are now preserved.

For ample details of the life of St. Cuthbert, — his coffin-journeys, — an account of the opening of his tomb, and a description of the silk robes and other relics found in it, the reader interested in such matters is referred to a work entitled "Saint Cuthbert, by James Raine, M. A." (4to, Durham, 1828,) where he will find much of antiquarian history, ceremonies, and superstitions, to gratify his curiosity.] — Ed.

### NOTE 2 G.

*Even Scotland's dauntless king, and heir, &c.  
Before his standard led.* — P. 88.

Every one has heard, that when David I., with his son Henry, invaded Northumberland

in 1136, the English host marched against them under the holy banner of St. Cuthbert; to the efficacy of which was imputed the great victory which they obtained in the bloody battle of Northallerton, or Cutonmoor. The conquerors were at least as much indebted to the jealousy and intractability of the different tribes who composed David's army: among whom, as mentioned in the text, were the Galwegians, the Britons of Strath-Clyde, the men of Teviotdale and Lothian, with many Norman and German warriors, who asserted the cause of the Empress Maud. See Chalmers' *Caledonia*, vol. i. p. 622; a most laborious, curious, and interesting publication, from which considerable defects of style and manner ought not to turn aside the Scottish antiquary.

### NOTE 2 H.

*'Twas he, to vindicate his reign,  
Edged Alfred's falchion on the Done,  
And turn the Conqueror back again.* — P. 88.

Cuthbert, we have seen, had no great reason to spare the Danes, when opportunity offered. Accordingly, I find, in Simeon of Durham, that the Saint appeared in a vision to Alfred, when lurking in the marshes of Glastonbury, and promised him assistance and victory over his heathen enemies; a consolation, which, as was reasonable, Alfred, after the victory of Ashedown, rewarded, by a royal offering at the shrine of the Saint. As to William the Conqueror, the terror spread before his army, when he marched to punish the revolt of the Northumbrians, in 1066, had forced the monks to fly once more to Holy Island with the body of the Saint. It was, however, replaced before William left the north; and, to balance accounts, the Conqueror having intimated an indiscreet curiosity to view the Saint's body, he was, while in the act of commanding the shrine to be opened, seized with heat and sickness, accompanied with such a panic terror, that, notwithstanding there was a sumptuous dinner prepared for him, he fled without eating a morsel, (which the monkish historian seems to have thought no small part both of the miracle and the penance), and never drew his bridle till he got to the river Tees.

### NOTE 2 I.

*Saint Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame  
The sea-born beads that bear his name.* — P. 88.

Although we do not learn that Cuthbert was, during his life, such an artificer as Dunstan, his brother in sanctity, yet, since his death, he has acquired the reputation of forging those *Entrochi* which are found among the rocks of Holy Island, and pass there by the name of St. Cuthbert's Beads. While at this task, he is supposed to sit during the night upon a certain rock, and use another as his anvil. This story was perhaps credited in former days; at least the Saint's legend contains some not more probable.

## NOTE 2 K.

*Old Colwulf.*—P. 88.

Ceolwulf, or Colwulf, King of Northumberland, flourished in the eighth century. He was a man of some learning: for the venerable Bede dedicates to him his "Ecclesiastical History." He abdicated the throne about 738, and retired to Holy Island, where he died in the odour of sanctity. Saint as Colwulf was, however, I fear the foundation of the penance vault does not correspond with his character: for it is recorded among his *memorabilia*, that, finding the air of the island raw and cold, he indulged the monks, whose rule had hitherto confined them to milk or water, with the comfortable privilege of using wine or ale. If any rigid antiquary insists on this objection, he is welcome to suppose the penance-vault was intended, by the founder, for the more genial purposes of a cellar.

These penitential vaults were the *Geisselgewölbe* of German convents. In the earlier and more rigid times of monastic discipline, they were sometimes used as a cemetery for the lay benefactors of the convent, whose unsanctified corpses were then seldom permitted to pollute the choir. They also served as places of meeting for the chapter, when measures of uncommon severity were to be adopted. But their most frequent use, as implied by the name, was as places for performing penances, or undergoing punishment.

## NOTE 2 L.

*Tynemouth's haughty Prioress.*—P. 83.

That there was an ancient priory at Tynemouth is certain. Its ruins are situated on a high rocky point; and, doubtless, many a vow was made to the shrine by the distressed mariners who drove towards the iron-bound coast of Northumberland in stormy weather. It was anciently a nunnery; for Virca, abbess of Tyuenmouth, presented St. Cuthbert (yet alive) with a rare winding-sheet, in emulation of a holy lady called Tuda, who had sent him a coffin: But, as in the case of Whitby, and of Holy Island, the introduction of nuns at Tynemouth in the reign of Henry VIII. is an anachronism. The nunnery at Holy Island is altogether fictitious. Indeed, St. Cuthbert was unlikely to permit such an establishment; for, notwithstanding his accepting the mortuary gifts above-mentioned, and his carrying on a visiting acquaintance with the Abbess of Coldingham, he certainly hated the whole female sex; and, in revenge of a slippery trick played to him by an Irish princess, he, after death, inflicted severe penances on such as presumed to approach within a certain distance of his shrine.

## NOTE 2 M.

*On those the wall was to enclose,  
Alive, within the tomb.*—P. 89.

It is well known, that the religious, who broke their vows of chastity, were subjected to

the same penalty as the Roman vestals in a similar case. A small niche, sufficient to enclose their bodies, was made in the massive wall of the convent; a slender pittance of food and water was deposited in it, and the awful words, *Vade in Pace*, were the signal for immuring the criminal. It is not likely that, in latter times, this punishment was often resorted to; but, among the ruins of the Abbey of Coldingham, were some years ago discovered the remains of a female skeleton, which, from the shape of the niche, and position of the figure, seemed to be that of an immured nun.

[The Edinburgh Reviewer, on st. xxxii. *post*, suggests that the proper reading of the sentence is *vade in pacem*—not *part in peace*, but *go into peace*, or into eternal rest, a pretty intelligible mittimus to another world.]

## NOTE 2 N.

*The village inn.*—P. 93.

The accommodations of a Scottish hostelry, or inn, in the sixteenth century, may be collected from Dunbar's admirable tale of "The Friars of Berwick." Simon Lawder, "the gay ostler," seems to have lived very comfortably; and his wife decorated her person with a scarlet kirtle, and a belt of silk and silver, and rings upon her fingers; and feasted her paramour with rabbits, capons, partridges, and Bordeaux wine. At least, if the Scottish inns were not good, it was not for want of encouragement from the legislature; who, so early as the reign of James I., not only enacted, that in all boroughs and fairs there be hosteltries, having stables and chambers, and provision for man and horse, but by another statute, ordained that no man, travelling on horse or foot, should presume to lodge any where except in these hosteltries; and that no person, save innkeepers, should receive such travellers, under the penalty of forty shillings, for exercising such hospitality.<sup>1</sup> But, in spite of these provident enactments, the Scottish hostels are but indifferent, and strangers continue to find reception in the houses of individuals.

## NOTE 2 O.

*The death of a dear friend.*—P. 94.

Among other omens to which faithful credit is given among the Scottish peasantry, is what is called the "dead-bell," explained by my friend James Hogg, to be that tinkling in the ears which the country people regard as the secret intelligence of some friend's decease. He tells a story to the purpose in the "Mountain Bard," p. 26.

"O truly, 'tis dark, an' I heard the dead-bell!  
An' I darena gae yonder for gowd nor fee."

"By the dead-bell is meant a tinkling in the ears, which our peasantry in the country regard as a secret intelligence of some friend's decease. Thus this natural occurrence strikes

<sup>1</sup> James I. Parliament I. cap. 24; Parliament III. cap. 50.



many with a superstitious awe. This reminds me of a trifling anecdote, which I will here relate as an instance:—Our two servant-girls agreed to go an errand of their own, one night after supper, to a considerable distance, from which I strove to persuade them, but could not prevail. So, after going to the apartment where I slept, I took a drinking-glass, and, coming close to the back of the door, made two or three sweeps round the lips of the glass with my finger, which caused a loud shrill sound. I then overheard the following dialogue:—*B.* Ah, mercy! the dead-bell went through my head just now with such a knell as I never heard.—*I.* I heard it too.—*B.* Did you indeed? That is remarkable. I never knew of two hearing it at the same time before.—*I.* We will not go to Midgehope tonight.—*B.* I would not go for all the world! I shall warrant it is my poor brother Wat; who knows what these wild Irishes may have done to him?—*Hogg's Mountain Bard*, 3d Edit. p. 31-2.]

### NOTE 2 P.

*The Goblin-Hall.*—P. 95.

A vaulted hall under the ancient castle of Gifford or Yester, (for it bears either name indifferently,) the construction of which has from a very remote period been ascribed to magic. The statistical Account of the Parish of Garvald and Baro gives the following account of the present state of this castle and apartment:—“Upon a peninsula, formed by the water of Hopes on the east, and a large rivulet on the west, stands the ancient castle of Yester. Sir David Dalrymple, in his Annals, relates, that ‘Hugh Gifford de Yester died in 1267; that in his castle there was a capacious cavern, formed by magical art, and called in the country Bo-Hall, i. e. Hogoblin Hall.’ A stair of twenty-four steps led down to this apartment, which is a large and spacious hall, with an arched roof; and though it hath stood for so many centuries, and been exposed to the external air for a period of fifty or sixty years, it is still as firm and entire as if it had only stood a few years. From the floor of this hall, another stair of thirty-six steps leads down to a pit which hath a communication with Hopeswater. A great part of the walls of this large and ancient castle are still standing. There is a tradition, that the castle of Yester was the last fortification, in this country, that surrendered to General Gray, sent into Scotland by Protector Somerset.” *Statistical Account*, vol. xiii.—I have only to add, that, in 1737, the Goblin Hall was tenanted by the Marquis of Tweeddale's falconer, as I learn from a poem by Boyse, entitled “Retirement,” written upon visiting Yester. It is now rendered inaccessible by the fall of the stair.

Sir David Dalrymple's authority for the anecdote is in Fordun, whose words are,—“A. D. MCCLXVII. *Hugo Giffard de Yester moritur; cujus castrum, vel saltem caveam, et dongionem, arte dæmonica antiquæ relationes ferunt fabricatus: nam inde habetur mirabilis specus subterraneus, opere mirifico constructus, inagno terrarum spatio protelatus, qui communiter Bo-Hall appellatus est.*” Lib. X. cap. 21.—Sir David con-

jectures, that Hugh de Gifford must either have been a very wise man, or a great oppressor.

### NOTE 2 Q.

*There floated Haco's banner trim  
Above the Norwegian warriors grim.*—P. 95.

In 1263, Haco, King of Norway, came into the Frith of Clyde with a powerful armament, and made a descent at Largs, in Ayrshire. Here he was encountered and defeated, on the 2d of October, by Alexander III. Haco retreated to Orkney, where he died soon after this disgrace to his arms. There are still existing, near the place of battle, many barrows, some of which, having been opened, were found, as usual, to contain bones and urns.

### NOTE 2 R.

*The wizard habit strange.*—P. 95.

“Magicians, as is well known, were very curious in the choice and form of their vestments. Their caps are oval, or like pyramids, with lappets on each side, and fur within. Their gowms are long, and furred with foxskins, under which they have a linen garment reaching to the knee. Their girdles are three inches broad, and have many cabalistical names, with crosses, trines, and circles inscribed on them. Their shoes should be of new russet leather, with a cross cut upon them. Their knives are dagger-fashion; and their swords have neither guard nor scabbard.”—See these, and many other particulars, in the Discourse concerning Devils and Spirits, annexed to Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, edition 1665.

### NOTE 2 S.

*Upon his breast a pentacle.*—P. 95.

“A pentacle is a piece of fine linen, folded with five corners, according to the five senses, and suitably inscribed with characters. This the magician extends towards the spirits which he invokes, when they are stubborn and rebellious, and refuse to be conformable unto the ceremonies and rites of magic.”—See the Discourses, &c. above mentioned, p. 66.

### NOTE 2 T.

*As born upon that blessed night,  
When yawning graves and dying groan  
Proclaimed Hell's empire overthrow.*—P. 96.

It is a popular article of faith, that those who are born on Christmas or Good Friday, have the power of seeing spirits, and even of commanding them. The Spaniards imputed the haggard and downcast looks of their Philip II to the disagreeable visions to which this privilege subjected him.

## NOTE 2 U.

*Yet still the knightly spear and shield,  
The Elfin warrior doth wield  
Upon the brown hill's breast.*—P. 97.

The following extract from the Essay upon the Fairy Superstitions, in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," vol. ii., will show whence many of the particulars of the combat between Alexander III. and the Gohlin Knight are derived:—

Gervase of Tilbury *Otia Imperial op. Script. rer. Brunsvic*, (vol. i. p. 797) relates the following popular story concerning a fairy knight: "Osbert, a bold and powerful baron, visited a noble family in the vicinity of Wandlebury, in the bishopric of Ely. Among other stories related in the social circle of his friends, who, according to custom, amused each other by repeating ancient tales and traditions, he was informed, that if any knight, unattended, entered an adjacent plain by moonlight, and challenged an adversary to appear, he would be immediately encountered by a spirit in the form of a knight. Osbert resolved to make the experiment, and set out, attended by a single squire, whom he ordered to remain without the limits of the plain, which was surrounded by an ancient intrenchment. On repeating the challenge, he was instantly assailed by an adversary, whom he quickly unhorsed, and seized the reins of his steed. During this operation, his ghostly opponent sprung up, and darting his spear, like a javelin, at Osbert, wounded him in the thigh. Osbert returned in triumph with the horse, which he committed to the care of his servants. The horse was of a sable colour, as well as his whole accoutrements, and apparently of great beauty and vigour. He remained with his keeper till cock-crowing, when, with eyes flashing fire, he reared, spurred the ground, and vanished. On disarming himself, Osbert perceived that he was wounded, and that one of his steel boots was full of blood." Gervase adds, that, "as long as he lived, the scar of his wound opened afresh on the anniversary of the eve on which he encountered the spirit." Less fortunate was the gallant Bohemian knight, who, travelling by night with a single companion, "came in sight of a fairy host, arrayed under displayed banners. Despising the remonstrances of his friend, the knight pricked forward to break a lance with a champion, who advanced from the ranks apparently in defiance. His companion beheld the Bohemian overthrown, horse and man, by his aerial adversary; and returning to the spot next morning, he found the mangled corpses of the knight and steed."—*Hierarchy of Blessed Angels*, p. 554.

Besides these instances of Elfin chivalry above quoted, many others might be alleged in support of employing fairy machinery in this manner. The forest of Gleomore, in the North Highlands, is believed to be haunted by a spirit called *Lham-dearg*, in the array of an ancient warrior, having a bloody hand, from which he takes his name. He insists upon those with whom he meets doing battle with him; and the clergyman, who makes up an account of the district, extant in the Macfar-

lane MS. in the Advocates' Library, gravely assures us, that, in his time, *Lham-dearg* fought with three brothers whom he met in his walk, none of whom long survived the ghostly conflict. Barclay, in his "Euphionion," gives a singular account of an officer who had ventured, with his servant, rather to intrude upon a haunted house in a town in Flanders, than to put up with worse quarters elsewhere. After taking the usual precautions of providing fires, lights, and arms, they watched till midnight, when behold! the severed arm of a man dropped from the ceiling; this was followed by the legs, the other arm, the trunk, and the head of the body, all separately. The members rolled together, united themselves in the presence of the astonished soldiers, and formed a gigantic warrior, who defied them both to combat. Their blows, although they penetrated the body and amputated the limbs of their strange antagonist, had, as the reader may easily believe, little effect on an enemy who possessed such powers of self-union; nor did his efforts make more effectual impression upon them. How the combat terminated I do not exactly remember, and have not the book by me; but I think the spirit made to the intruders on his mansion the usual proposal, that they should renounce their redemption; which being declined, he was obliged to retract.

The most singular tale of the kind is contained in an extract communicated to me by my friend Mr. Surtees of Mansforth, in the Bishopric, who copied it from a MS. note in a copy of Burchogge. "On the Nature of Spirits, 8vo, 1691," which had been the property of the late Mr. Gill, attorney-general to Eger-ton, Bishop of Durham. "It was not," says my obliging correspondent, "in Mr. Gill's own hand, but probably an hundred years older, and was said to be, *E libro Convent. Dunelm. per T. C. extract.*, whom I believe to have been Thomas Cradocke, Esq. barrister, who held several offices under the See of Durham a hundred years ago. Mr. Gill was possessed of most of his manuscripts." The extract, which, in fact, suggested the introduction of the tale into the present poem, runs thus:—

*Rem miram hujusmodi que nostris temporibus evenit, teste viro nobili ac fide dignissimo, enarrare haud pigebit. Radulphus Bulmer, cum e castris, quae tunc temporis prope Norham posita erant, oblectationis causa, exisset, ac in ulteriori Tweed ripa praedam cum canibus leporum insequeretur, forte cum Scoto quodam nobilitate, sibi antehac, ut videbatur, familiariter cognito, congressus est; ac, ut fas erat inter inimicos, flagrante bello, brevissima interrogationis mora interposita, alter utros, invicem incitato cursu infestis armis petere. Noster, primo occursum, equo praecerrimo hostis impetu labante, in terram eversus pectore et capite laeso, sanguinem, mortuo similis, evomebat. Quem ut se aere habentem comiter allocutus est alter, pollicitusque, modo auxilium non obnegaret, montisque obtinens ob omni rerum sacrarum cogitatione abstineret, nec Deo, Deiparæ Virginis, Sanctoque illo, precibus aut vota efferret vel inter sese conciperet, se brevi eum sanum undique restitutum esse. Prae angore oblato conditio accepta est; ac velenter ille nescio quid obsceni murmuris insusurrans, prehensa manu, dextro citius in pedes sanum ut onca sublevarit. Noster autem,*

*maxima præ rei inaudita novitate formidine percussus, Mi Jesu! exclamat, vel quid simile; ac subito respiciens nec hostem nec ullum abum conspicit, equum solum gravissimo nuper casu afflictum, per summam pacem in rivo fluvii poscentem. Ad castra itaque mirabundus revertens, fidei dubius, rem primo occultavit, dein, confecto bello, Confessori suo totam asseruit. Delusoria procul dubio res tata, ac mala veteratoris illius aperitur fraus, qua hominem Christianum ad vetitum tale auxilium pelliceret. Nomen ulcunæ illius (nobilis alias ac clari) reticendum duco, cum haud dubium sit quin Diabolus, Deo permittente, formam quam libuerit, immo angelî lucis, sacro oculo, Dei teste, posse assumere." The MS. chronicle, from which Mr. Cradocke took this curious extract, cannot now be found in the Chapter Library of Durham, or, at least, has hitherto escaped the researches of my friendly correspondent.*

Lindesay is made to allude to this adventure of Ralph Bulmer, as a well-known story, in the 4th Canto, Stanza xxii. p. 103.

The northern champions of old were accustomed peculiarly to search for, and delight in, encounters with such military spectres. See a whole chapter on the subject, in Bartholinus, *De Causis contemplæ Mortis a Danis*, p. 253.

## NOTE 2 V.

*Close to the hut, no more his own,  
Close to the aid he sought in vain,  
The morn may find the stiffen'd swain.*—P. 98.

I cannot help here mentioning, that, on the night in which these lines were written, suggested, as they were, by a sudden fall of snow, beginning after sunset, an unfortunate man perished exactly in the manner here described, and his body was next morning found close to his own house. The accident happened within five miles of the farm of Ashestiel.

## NOTE 2 W.

————— *Forbes.*—P. 98.

Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, Baronet; unequalled, perhaps, in the degree of individual affection entertained for him by his friends, as well as in the general respect and esteem of Scotland at large. His "Life of Beattie," whom he befriended and patronised in life, as well as celebrated after his decease, was not long published, before the benevolent and affectionate biographer was called to follow the subject of his narrative. This melan-

I beg leave to quote a single instance from a very interesting passage. Sir David, recounting his attention to King James V. in his infancy, is made, by the learned editor's punctuation, to say,—

"The first syllabis, that thou didt mite,  
Was pa, da, lyn, upon the late;  
Then played I twenty springis perquier,  
Quhilk was great plesoor for to bear."  
Vol. i. p. 7. 257.

Mr. Chalmers does not inform us, by note or glossary, what is meant by the King "muring pa, da, lyn, upon the late;" but any old woman in Scotland will bear witness that pa, da, lyn' are the first efforts of a child to say,

choly event very shortly succeeded the marriage of the friend, to whom this introduction is addressed, with one of Sir William's daughters.

## NOTE 2 X.

*Friar Rush.*—P. 99.

*Alias*, "Will o' the Wisp." This personage is a strolling demon, or *esprit follet*, who, once upon a time, got admittance into a monastery as a scullion, and played the monks many pranks. He was also a sort of Robin Goodfellow, and Jack o' Lantern. It is in allusion to this mischievous demon that Milton's clown speaks,—

"She was pinched, and pulled, she said,  
And he by *Friar's lantern* led."

"The History of Friar Rush" is of extreme rarity, and, for some time, even the existence of such a book was doubted, although it is expressly alluded to by Reginald Scott, in his "Discovery of Witchcraft." I have perused a copy in the valuable library of my friend Mr. Heber; and I observe, from Mr. Beloe's "Anecdotes of Literature," that there is one in the excellent collection of the Marquis of Stafford.

## NOTE 2 Y.

*Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,  
Lord Lion King-at-arms.*—P. 100.

The late elaborate edition of Sir David Lindesay's Works, by Mr. George Chalmers, has probably introduced him to many of my readers. It is perhaps to be regretted, that the learned Editor had not bestowed more pains in elucidating his author, even although he should have omitted, or at least reserved, his disquisitions on the origin of the language used by the poet.<sup>1</sup> But, with all its faults, his work is an acceptable present to Scottish antiquaries. Sir David Lindesay was well known for his early efforts in favour of the Reformed doctrines; and, indeed, his play, coarse as it now seems, must have had a powerful effect upon the people of his age. I am uncertain if I abuse poetical licence, by introducing Sir David Lindesay in the character of Lion-Herald, sixteen years before he obtained that office. At any rate, I am not the first who has been guilty of the anachronism: for the author of "Flodden Field" despatches *Dallamoun*, which can mean nobody but Sir David de la Mont, to France, on the message of defiance from James IV. to Henry VIII. It was often

"*Where's David Lindesay?*"<sup>2</sup> and that the subsequent words begin another sentence—

"Upon the late  
Then played I twenty springis perquier," &c.

In another place, "jusing loomis," i. e. looms, or implements of tilting, is facetiously interpreted "playful limbs." Many such minute errors could be pointed out; but these are only mentioned incidentally, and not as diminishing the real merit of the edition.

<sup>2</sup> It is suggested by an ingenious correspondent, that *Pa, da, lyn*, ought rather to be interpreted, *play, Davy Tynedoun*.



an office imposed on the Lion King-at-arms, to receive foreign ambassadors; and Lindsay himself did this honour to Sir Ralph Sadler, in 1539-40. Indeed, the oath of the Lion, in its first article, bears reference to his frequent employment upon royal messages and embassies.

The office of heralds, in feudal times, being held of the utmost importance, the inauguration of the Kings-at-arms, who presided over their colleges, was proportionally solemn. In fact, it was the mimicry of a royal coronation, except that the unction was made with wine instead of oil. In Scotland, a namesake and kinsman of Sir David Lindsay, inaugurated in 1592, "was crowned by King James with the ancient crown of Scotland, which was used before the Scottish kings assumed a close crown;" and, on occasion of the same solemnity, dined at the King's table, wearing the crown. It is probable that the coronation of his predecessor was not less solemn. So sacred was the herald's office, that, in 1515, Lord Drummond was by Parliament declared guilty of treason, and his lands forfeited, because he had struck with his fist the Lion King-at-arms, when he reproved him for his follies.<sup>1</sup> Nor was he restored, but at the Lion's earnest solicitation.

## NOTE 2 Z.

*Crichton Castle.*—P. 101.

A large ruinous castle on the banks of the Tyne, about ten miles from Edinburgh. As indicated in the text, it was built at different times, and with a very differing regard to splendour and accommodation. The oldest part of the building is a narrow keep, or tower, which as formed the mansion of a lesser Scottish baron; but so many additions have been made to it, that there is now a large court-yard, surrounded by buildings of different ages. The eastern front of the court is raised above a portico, and decorated with entablatures, bearing anchors. All the stones of this front are cut into diamond facets, the angular projections of which have an uncommonly rich appearance. The inside of this part of the building appears to have contained a gallery of great length, and uncommon elegance. Access was given to it by a magnificent staircase, now quite destroyed. The soffits are ornamented with twining cordage and rosettes; and the whole seems to have been far more splendid than was usual in Scottish castles. The castle belonged originally to the Chancellor, Sir William Crichton, and probably owed to him its first enlargement, as well as its being taken by the Earl of Douglas, who imputed to Crichton's counsels the death of his predecessor, Earl William, beheaded in Edinburgh Castle, with his brother, in 1440. It is said to have been totally demolished on that occasion; but the present state of the ruin shows the contrary. In 1483, it was garrisoned by Lord Crichton, then its proprietor, against King James III., whose displeasure he had incurred

by seducing his sister Margaret, in revenge, it is said, for the Monarch having dishonoured his bed. From the Crichton family the castle passed to that of the Hepburns, Earls Bothwell; and when the forfeitures of Stewart, the last Earl Bothwell, were divided, the barony and castle of Crichton fell to the share of the Earl of Buccleuch. They were afterwards the property of the Pringles of Clifton, and are now that of Sir John Callender, Baronet. It were to be wished the proprietor would take a little pains to preserve these splendid remains of antiquity, which are at present used as a fold for sheep, and wintering cattle; although, perhaps, there are very few ruins in Scotland which display so well the style and beauty of ancient castle-architecture. The castle of Crichton has a dungeon vault, called the *Massy More*. The epithet, which is not uncommonly applied to the prisons of other old castles in Scotland, is of Sarcenic origin. It occurs twice in the "*Epistolæ Itinerariæ*" of Tullius. "*Carcer subterraneus, sive, ut Mauri appellant, Mazmorra.*" p. 147; and again, "*Coguntur omnes Captivi sub noctem in ergostula subterranea, quæ Turcæ Algezeranî vocant Mazmorras.*" p. 243. The same word applies to the dungeons of the ancient Moorish castles in Spain, and serves to show from what nation the Gothic style of castle-building was originally derived.

## NOTE 3 A.

*Earl Adam Hepburn.*—P. 101.

He was the second Earl of Bothwell, and fell in the field of Flodden, where, according to an ancient English poet, he distinguished himself by a furious attempt to retrieve the day:—

Then on the Scottish part, right proud,  
The Earl of Bothwell then out braist,  
And stepping forth, with stomach good,  
Into the enemies' through he thrast;  
And *Bothwell! Bothwell!* cried boik,  
To cause his souldiers to ensue,  
But there he caught a wellcome cold,  
The Englishmeo straight dowu him threw.  
Thus Haburn through his hardy heart  
His fatal fine in conflict found," &c.

*Flodden Field*, a Poem; edited by  
H. Weber. Edin. 1808.

Adam was grandfather to James, Earl of Bothwell, too well known in the history of Queen Mary.

## NOTE 3 B.

*For that a messenger from heaven,  
In vain to James had counsel given,  
Against the English war.*—P. 101.

This story is told by Piscottie with characteristic simplicity:—"The King, seeing that France could get no support of him for that time, made a proclamation, full hastily, through all the realm of Scotland, both east and west, south and north, as well in the isles as in the

*admonet.*" See Nisbet's *Hereditary*, Part iv. chap. xvi.; and Leslie's *Historia ad Annum 1515*.

<sup>1</sup> The record expresses, or rather is said to have expressed, the cause of forfeiture to be,—"Ed quot Leonem, armorum Regem pugno violasset dum cum de inepit suis

firm land, to all manner of men between sixty and sixteen years, that they should be ready, within twenty days, to pass with him, with forty days victual, and to meet at the Burrow-nuir of Edinburgh, and there to pass forward where he pleased. His proclamations were hastily obeyed, contrary the Council of Scotland's will; but every man loved his prince so well that they would on no ways disobey him; but every man caused make his proclamation so hastily, conform to the charge of the King's proclamation.

"The King came to Lithgow, where he happened to be for the time at the Council, very sad and dolorous, making his devotion to God, to send him good chance and fortune in his voyage. In this meantime there came a man, clad in a blue gown, in at the kirk door, and belted about him in a roll of linen cloth; a pair of brotikings<sup>1</sup> on his feet, to the great of his legs; with all other hose and clothes conform thereto; but he had nothing on his head, but syde<sup>2</sup> red yellow hair behind, and on his haffets,<sup>3</sup> which wan down to his shoulders; but his forehead was bald and bare. He seemed to be a man of two-and-fifty years, with a great pike-staff in his hand, and came first forward among the lords, crying and speiring<sup>4</sup> for the King, saying, he desired to speak with him. While, at the last, he came where the King was sitting in the desk at his prayers; but when he saw the King, he made him little reverence or salutation, but leaned down groffing on the desk before him, and said to him in this manner, as after follows: 'Sir King, my mother hath sent me to you, desiring you not to pass, at this time, where thou art purposed; for if thou does, thou wilt not fare well in thy journey, nor none that passeth with thee. Further, she bade thee niell<sup>5</sup> with no woman, nor use their counsel, nor let them touch thy body, nor thou theirs; for if thou do it, thou wilt be confounded and brought to shame.'

By this man had spoken thir words unto the King's grace, the evening-song was near done, and the King paused on thir words, studying to give him an answer; but, in the meantime, before the King's eyes, and in the presence of all the lords that were about him for the time, this man vanished away, and could no ways be seen or comprehended, but vanished away as he had been a bliuk of the sun, or a whip of the whirlwind, and could no more be seen. I heard say, Sir David Lindesay Lyon-herald, and John Inglis the marshal, who were, at that time, young men, and special servants to the King's grace, were standing presently beside the King, who thought to have laid hands on this man, that they might have speired further tidings at him: But all for nought; they could not touch him; for he vanished away betwixt them, and was no more seen."

Buchanan, in more elegant, though not more impressive language, tells the same story, and quotes the personal information of our Sir David Lindesay: "In iis, (i. e. qui propius astiterant) fuit David Lindesayus, Munitus, homo spectatae fidei et probitatis, nec a literarum studiis alienus, et cujus totius vite tenor longissime o mentiendo aberrat; a quo nisi ego hæc uti tradidi, pro certis accepissem, ut vulgatum vanis

*rumoribus fabulum, omisurus eram.*"—Lib. xiii. The King's throne, in St. Catherine's aisle, which he had constructed for himself, with twelve stalls for the Knights Companions of the Order of the Thistle, is still shown as the place where the apparition was seen. I know not by what means St. Andrew got the credit of having been the celebrated monitor of James IV.; for the expression in Lindesay's narrative, "My mother has sent me," could only be used by St. John, the adopted son of the Virgin Mary. The whole story is so well attested, that we have only the choice between a miracle or an imposture. Mr. Pinkerton plausibly argues, from the caution against incontinence, that the Queen was privy to the scheme of those who had recourse to this expedient to deter King James from his impolitic war.

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### NOTE 3 C.

*The wild-buck bells.* — P. 102.

I am glad of an opportunity to describe the cry of the deer by another word than *braying*, although the latter has been sanctified by the use of the Scottish metrical translation of the Psalms. *Bell* seems to be an abbreviation of *bellow*. This sylvan sound conveyed great delight to our ancestors, chiefly, I suppose, from association. A gentle knight in the reign of Henry VIII., Sir Thomas Wortley, built Wantley Lodge, in Wancliffe Forest, for the pleasure (as an ancient inscription testifies) of "listening to the hart's bell."

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### NOTE 3 D.

*June saw his father's overthrow.* — P. 102.

The rebellion against James III. was signalized by the cruel circumstance of his son's presence in the hostile army. When the King saw his own banner displayed against him, and his son in the faction of his enemies, he lost the little courage he had ever possessed, fled out of the field, fell from his horse as it started at a woman and water-picher, and was slain, it is not well understood by whom. James IV., after the battle, passed to Stirling, and hearing the monks of the chapel-royal deploring the death of his father, their founder, he was seized with deep remorse, which manifested itself in severe penances. See a following Note on stanza ix. of canto v. The battle of Sauchie-burn, in which James III. fell, was fought 18th June, 1488.

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### NOTE 3 E.

*The Borough-moor.* — P. 104.

The Borough, or Common Moor of Edinburgh, was of very great extent, reaching from the southern walls of the city to the bottom of Braid Hills. It was anciently a forest; and, in that state, was so great a nuisance,

<sup>1</sup> Buskina.

<sup>2</sup> Long.

<sup>3</sup> Cheeks.

<sup>4</sup> Asking.

<sup>5</sup> Neddle.

that the inhabitants of Edinburgh had permission granted to them of building wooden galleries, projecting over the street, in order to encourage them to consume the timber, which they seem to have done very effectually. When James IV. mustered the array of the kingdom there, in 1513, the Borough-moor was, according to Hawthornden, "a field spacious, and delightful by the shade of many stately and aged oaks." Upon that, and similar occasions, the royal standard is traditionally said to have been displayed from the Hare-Stane, a high stone, now built into the wall, on the left hand of the high-way leading towards Braid, not far from the head of Burnsfield Links. The Hare-Stane probably derives its name from the British word *Har*, signifying an army.

## NOTE 3 F.

*Pavilions.* — P. 104

I do not exactly know the Scottish mode of encampment in 1513, but Patten gives a curious description of that which he saw after the battle of Pinkey, in 1547:—"Here now, to say somewhat of the manner of their camp. As they had no pavilions, or round houses, of any commendable compass, so wear there few other tentes with posts, as the used manner of making is; and of these few also, none of above twenty foot length, but most far under; for the most part all very sumptuously beset, (after their fashion,) for the love of France, with fleur-de-lys, some of blue buckeram, some of black, and some of some other colours. These white ridges, as I call them, that, as we stood on Fauxsyde Bray, did make so great muster toward us, which I did take then to be a number of tentes, when we came we found it a linen drapery, of the coarser cambray in dede, for it was all of canvas sheets, and wear the tenticles, or rather cahyns and couches of their soldiers; the which (much after the common building of their country beside) had they framed of four sticks, about an ell long a piece, whereof two fastened together at one end aloft, and the two ends beneath stuck in the ground, an ell asunder, standing in fashion like the bowes of a sowes yoke; over two such howes (one, as it were, at their head, the other at their feet,) they stretched a sheet down on both sides, whereby their cabin became roofed like a ridge, but skant shut at both ends, and not very close beneath on the sides, unless their sticks were the shorter, or their wives the more liberal to lend them larger napery; howbeit, when they had lined them, and stuff'd them so thick with straw, with the weather as it was not very cold, when they wear ones couched, they were as warm as they had been wrapt in horses dung."—Patten's *Account of Somerset's Expedition*.

## NOTE 3 G.

— in proud Scotland's royal shield,  
*The ruddy lion ramp'd in gold.* — P. 104.

The well-known arms of Scotland. If you will believe Boethius and Buchannan, the dou-

ble tressure round the shield, mentioned, *counter fleur-de-lysed or lynced and armed azure*, was first assumed by Echais, King of Scotland, contemporary of Charlemagne, and founder of the celebrated League with France; but later antiquaries make poor Eochy, or Achy, little better than a sort of King of Brentford, whom old Grig (who has also swelled into Gregorius Magnus) associated with himself in the important duty of governing some part of the north-eastern coast of Scotland.

## NOTE 3 H.

— *Caledonia's Queen is changed.* — P. 105.

The Old Town of Edinburgh was secured on the north side by a lake, now drained, and on the south by a wall, which there was some attempt to make defensible even so late as 1745. The gates, and the greater part of the wall, have been pulled down, in the course of the late extensive and beautiful enlargement of the city. My ingenious and valued friend, Mr. Thomas Campbell, proposed to celebrate Edinburgh under the epithet here borrowed. But the "Queen of the North" has not been so fortunate as to receive from so eminent a pen the proposed distinction.

## NOTE 3 I.

*Since first, when conquering York arose,  
To Henry meek she gave repose.* — P. 106.

Henry VI., with his Queen, his heir, and the chiefs of his family, fled to Scotland after the fatal battle of Towton. In this note a doubt was formerly expressed, whether Henry VI. came to Edinburgh, though his Queen certainly did; Mr. Pinkerton inclining to believe that he remained at Kirkcudbright. But my noble friend, Lord Napier, has pointed out to me a grant by Henry, of an annuity of forty marks to his Lordship's ancestor, John Napier, subscribed by the King himself, at *Edinburgh*, the 23<sup>rd</sup> day of August, in the thirty-ninth year of his reign, which corresponds to the year of God, 1461. This grant, Douglas, with his usual neglect of accuracy, dates in 1368. But this error being corrected from the copy in Macfarlane's MSS., p. 119, 20, removes all scepticism on the subject of Henry VI. being really at Edinburgh. John Napier was son and heir of Sir Alexander Napier, and about this time was Provost of Edinburgh. The hospitable reception of the distressed monarch and his family, called forth on Scotland the encomium of Molinet, a contemporary poet. The English people, he says,—

*"Un nouveau roy croissant,  
Par despitous vouloir,  
Le viel en debouterent,  
Et son legitime heir,  
Qui fuystz alla prendre,  
D'Escosse le garand,  
De tous siecles le mendre,  
Et le plus tollerant."*

Recollection des Avantures.



## NOTE 3 K.

— *the romantic strain,  
Whose Anglo-Norman tones whilere  
Could win the royal Henry's ear.* — P. 106.

Mr. Ellis, in his valuable Introduction to the "Specimens of Romance," has proved, by the concurring testimony of La Ravallere, Tressan, but especially the Abbé de la Rue, that the courts of our Anglo-Norman Kings, rather than those of the French monarch, produced the birth of Romance literature. Marie, soon after mentioned, compiled from American originals, and translated into Norman-French, or romance language, the twelve curious Lays, of which Mr. Ellis has given us a *precis* in the Appendix to his Introduction. The story of Blondel, the famous and faithful minstrel of Richard I., needs no commentary.

## NOTE 3 L.

*The cloth-yard arrows.* — P. 107.

This is no poetical exaggeration. In some of the counties of England, distinguished for archery, shafts of this extraordinary length were actually used. Thus, at the battle of Blackheath, between the troops of Henry VII., and the Cornish insurgents, in 1496, the bridge of Dartford was defended by a picked band of archers from the rebel army, "whose arrows," says Hollinshed, "were in length a full cloth yard." The Scottish, according to Ascham, had a proverb, that every English archer carried under his belt twenty-four Scots, in allusion to his bundle of unerring shafts.

## NOTE 3 M.

*To pass, to wheel, the croupe to gain,  
And high curvett, that not in vain  
The sword soay might descend amain  
On foeman's casque below.* — P. 107.

"The most useful air, as the Frenchmen term it, is *terrèrr*; the *courbettes*, *cabrioles*, or *un pas et un sault*, being fitter for horses of parade and triumph than for soldiers; yet I cannot deny but a *dévolte* with *courbettes*, so that they be not too high, may be useful in a fight or *meslee*; for, as Labrone hath it, in his Book of Horsemanship, Monsieur de Montmorency having a horse that was excellent in performing the *dévolte*, did, with his sword, strike down two adversaries from their horses in a tourney, where divers of the prime gallants of France did meet; for, taking his time, when the horse was in the height of *courbette*, and discharging a blow then, his sword fell with such weight and force upon the two cavaliers, one after another, that he struck them from their horses to the ground." — *Lord Herbert of Cherbury's Life*, p. 48.

## NOTE 3 N.

*He saw the hardy burghers there  
March arm'd on foot with faces bare.* — P. 107.

The Scottish burghesses were, like yeomen, appointed to be armed with bows and sheaves, sword, buckler, knife, spear, or a good axe instead of a bow, if worth 100*l.*: their armour to be of white or bright harness. They wore *white hats*, i. e. bright steel caps, without crest or visor. By an act of James IV. their *weapon-schauings* are appointed to be held four times a-year, under the aldermen or bailiffs.

## NOTE 3 O.

*On foot the yeoman too —  
Each at his back (o slender store)  
His forty days' provision bore,  
His arms were halbert, axe, or spear.* — P. 107.

Bows and quivers were in vain recommended to the peasantry of Scotland, by repeated statutes; spears and axes seem universally to have been used instead of them. Their defensive armour was the plate-jack, hauberk, or brigantiae; and their missile weapons crossbows and culverins. All wore swords of excellent temper, according to Patten; and a voluminous handkerchief round their neck, "not for cold, but for cutting." The mace also was much used in the Scottish army: The old poem on the battle of Flodden mentions a band —

"Who manfully did meet their foes,  
With leaden mauls, and lances long."

When the feudal array of the kingdom was called forth, each man was obliged to appear with forty days' provision. When this was expended, which took place before the battle of Flodden, the army melted away of course. Almost all the Scottish forces, except a few knights, men-at-arms, and the Border-prickers, who formed excellent light-cavalry, acted upon foot.

## NOTE 3 P.

*A banquet rich, and costly wines.* — P. 108.

In all transactions of great or petty importance, and among whomsoever taking place, it would seem that a present of wine was a uniform and indispensable preliminary. It was not to Sir John Falstaff alone that such an introductory preface was necessary, however well judged and acceptable on the part of Mr. Brook; for Sir Ralph Sadler, while on an embassy to Scotland in 1539-40, mentions, with complacency, "the same night came Rothesay (the herald so called) to me again, and brought me wine from the King, both white and red." — *Clifford's Edition*, p. 39.

## NOTE 3 Q.

— *his iron-belt,  
That bound his breast in penance pain,  
In memory of his father slain.* — P. 109.

Few readers need to be reminded of this belt, to the weight of which James added certain ounces every year that he lived. Pits-

cottie founds his belief, that James was not slain in the battle of Flodden, because the English never had this token of the iron-belt to show to any Scottishman. The person and character of James are delineated according to our best historians. His romantic disposition, which led him highly to relish gaiety, approaching to license, was, at the same time, tinged with enthusiastic devotion. These propensities sometimes formed a strange contrast. He was wont, during his fits of devotion, to assume the dress, and conform to the rules, of the order of Franciscans; and when he had thus done penance for some time in Stirling, to plunge again into the tide of pleasure. Probably, too, with no unusual inconsistency, he sometimes laughed at the superstitious observances to which he at other times subjected himself. There is a very singular poem by Dunbar, seemingly addressed to James IV., on one of these occasions of monastic seclusion. It is a most daring and profane parody on the services of the Church of Rome, entitled,—

*"Dunbar's Dirige to the King,  
Byding over lang in Strivirling."*

We that are here, in heaven's glory,  
To you that are in Purgatory,  
Commend us on our hearty wise;  
I mean we folks in Paradise,  
In Edinburgh, with all merriness,  
To you in Stirling, with distress,  
Where neither pleasure nor delight is,  
Far pity this epistle writis," &c.

See the whole in Sibbald's Collection, vol. i. p. 234.

### NOTE 3 R.

*Sir Hugh the Heron's wife.*—P. 109.

It has been already noticed, [see note to stanza xiii. of canto i.] that King James's acquaintance with Lady Heron of Ford did not commence until he marched into England. Our historians impute to the King's infatuated passion the delays which led to the fatal defeat of Flodden. The author of "The Genealogy of the Heron Family" endeavours, with laudable anxiety, to clear the Lady Ford from this scandal: that she came and went, however, between the armies of James and Surrey, is certain. See Pinkerton's *History*, and the authorities he refers to, vol. ii. p. 99. Heron of Ford had been, in 1511, in some sort accessory to the slaughter of Sir Robert Kerr of Cessford, Warden of the Middle Marches. It was committed by his brother the bastard, Lilburn, and Starked, three Borderers. Lilburn and Heron of Ford were delivered up by Henry to James, and were imprisoned in the fortress of Fastcastle, where the former died. Part of the pretence of Lady Ford's negotiations with James was the liberty of her husband.

### NOTE 3 S.

*The fair Queen of France  
Sent him a turquois ring and glove,  
And charged him, as her knight and love,  
For her to break a lance.*—P. 109.

"Also the Queen of France wrote a love-letter to the King of Scotland, calling him her

love, showing him that she suffered much rebuke in France for the defending of his honour. She believed fully that he would recompense her again, with some of his kingly support in her necessity; that is to say, that he would raise her an army, and come three foot of ground on English ground, for her sake. To that effect she sent him a ring off her finger, with fourteen thousand French crowns to pay his expenses." *Pitscottie*, p. 110.—A turquois ring; probably this fatal gift is, with James's sword and dagger, preserved in the College of Heralds, London.

### NOTE 3 T.

*Archibald Bell-the-Cat.*—P. 110.

Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, a man remarkable for strength of body and mind, acquired the popular name of *Bell-the-Cat*, upon the following remarkable occasion:—James the Third, of whom Pitscottie complains, that he delighted more in music, and "policies of building," than in hunting, hawking, and other noble exercises, was so ill advised, as to make favourites of his architects and musicians, whom the same historian irreverently terms masons and fiddlers. His nobility, who did not sympathize in the King's respect for the fine arts, were extremely incensed at the honours conferred on those persons, particularly on Cochrane, a mason, who had been created Earl of Mar; and, seizing the opportunity, when, in 1482, the King had convoked the whole array of the country to march against the English, they held a midnight council in the church of Lauder, for the purpose of forcibly removing these minions from the King's person. When all had agreed on the propriety of this measure, Lord Gray told the assembly the apologue of the Mice, who had formed a resolution, that it would be highly advantageous to their community to tie a bell round the cat's neck, that they might hear her approach at a distance; but which public measure unfortunately miscarried, from no mouse being willing to undertake the task of fastening the bell. "I understand the moral," said Angus, "and, that what we propose may not lack execution, I will *bell-the-cat*." The rest of the strange scene is thus told by Pitscottie:—

"By this was advised and spoken by thir lords foresaid, Cochrane, the Earl of Mar, came from the King to the council, (which council was holden in the kirk of Lauder for the time,) who was well accompanied with a band of men of war, to the number of three hundred light axes, all clad in white livery, and black bends thereon, that they might be known for Cochrane the Earl of Mar's men. Himself was clad in a riding-pie of black velvet, with a great chain of gold about his neck, to the value of five hundred crowns, and four blowing-horns, with both ends of gold and silk, set with a precious stone, called a berry, hanging in the midst. This Cochrane had his heunout borne before him, overgilt with gold, and so were all the rest of his horns, and all his pallions were of fine canvas of silk, and the cords thereof fine twined silk, and the chains

upon his pallions were double overgilt with gold.

"This Cochran was so proud in his conceit, that he counted no lords to be narrows to him, therefore he rushed rudely at the kirk-door. The council inquired who it was that perturbed them at that time. Sir Robert Douglas, Laird of Lochleven, was keeper of the kirk-door at that time, who inquired who that was that knocked so rudely? and Cochran answered, 'This is I, the Earl of Mar.' The which news pleased well the lords, because they were ready boun to cause take him, as is before rehearsed. Then the Earl of Angus passed hastily to the door, and with him Sir Robert Douglas, of Lochleven, there to receive in the Earl of Mar, and so many of his complices who were there, as they thought good. And the Earl of Angus met with the Earl of Mar, as he came in at the door, and pulled the golden chain from his craig, and said to him, a tow<sup>1</sup> would set him better. Sir Robert Douglas syne pulled the blowing horn from him in like manner, and said, 'He had been the hunter of mischief over long.' This Cochran asked, 'My lords, is it mows,<sup>2</sup> or earnest?' They answered, and said, 'It is good earnest, and so thou shalt find: for thou and thy complices have abused our prince this long time; of whom thou shalt have no more credence, but shalt have thy reward according to thy good service, as thou hast deserved in times bypast; right so the rest of thy followers.'

"Notwithstanding, the lords held them quiet till they caused certain armed men to pass into the King's pallion, and two or three wise men to pass with them, and give the King fair pleasant words, till they laid hands on all the King's servants, and took them and hanged them before his eyes over the bridge of Lawder. Incontinent they brought forth Cochran, and his hands bound with a tow, who desired them to take one of his own pallion tows and bind his hands, for he thought shame to have his hands bound with such tow of hemp, like a thief. The lords answered, he was a traitor, he deserved no better; and, for despiht, they took a hair-tether,<sup>3</sup> and hanged him over the bridge of Lawder, above the rest of his complices." — *Pitscottie*, p. 78, folio edit.

### NOTE 3 U.

*Against the war had Angus stood,  
And chafed his royal lord.*—P. 110.

Angus was an old man when the war against England was resolved upon. He earnestly spoke against that measure from its commencement; and, on the eve of the battle of Flodden, remonstrated so freely upon the impolicy of fighting, that the King said to him, with scorn and indignation, "if he was afraid he might go home." The Earl burst into tears at this insupportable insult, and retired accordingly, leaving his sons George, Master of Angus, and Sir William of Glenberrie, to command his followers. They were both slain in the battle, with two hundred gentlemen of the

name of Douglas. The aged Earl, broken-hearted at the calamities of his house and his country, retired into a religious house, where he died about a year after the field of Flodden.

### NOTE 3 V.

*Tantallon hold.*—P. 110.

The ruins of Tantallon Castle occupy a high rock projecting into the German Ocean, about two miles east of North Berwick. The building is not seen till a close approach, as there is rising ground betwixt it and the land. The circuit is of large extent, fenced upon three sides by the precipice which overhangs the sea, and on the fourth by a double ditch and very strong outworks. Tantallon was a principal castle of the Douglas family, and when the Earl of Angus was banished, in 1527, it continued to hold out against James V. The King went in person against it, and for its reduction, borrowed from the Castle of Dunbar, then belonging to the Duke of Albany, two great cannons, whose names, as Pitscottie informs us with laudable minuteness, were "Thrawmouth'd Meg and her Marrow;" also, "two great botcards, and two moyaen, two double falcons, and four quarter falcons;" for the safe guiding and re-delivery of which, three lords were laid in pawn at Dunbar. Yet, notwithstanding all this apparatus, James was forced to raise the siege, and only afterwards obtained possession of Tantallon by treaty with the governor, Simon Panango. When the Earl of Angus returned from banishment, upon the death of James, he again obtained possession of Tantallon, and it actually afforded refuge to an English ambassador, under circumstances similar to those described in the text. This was no other than the celebrated Sir Ralph Sadler, who resided there for some time under Angus's protection, after the failure of his negotiation for matching the infant Mary with Edward VI. He says, that though this place was poorly furnished, it was of such strength as might warrant him against the malice of his enemies, and that he now thought himself out of danger.<sup>4</sup>

There is a military tradition, that the old Scottish March was meant to express the words,

*Ding down Tantallon,  
Mak a brig to the Bass.*

Tantallon was at length "dung down" and ruined by the Covenanters; its lord, the Marquis of Douglas, being a favourer of the royal cause. The castle and barony were sold in the beginning of the eighteenth century to President Dalrymple of North Berwick, by the then Marquis of Douglas.

### NOTE 3 W.

*Their motto on his blade.*—P. 110.

A very ancient sword, in possession of Lord Douglas, bears, among a great deal of flour-

1 Rope.

2 Jest.

3 Halter.

4 The very curious State Papers of this able negotiator

were, in 1810, published by Mr. Clifford, with some notes by the Author of *Marmion*.



ishing, two hands pointing to a heart, which is placed betwixt them, and the date 1329, being the year in which Bruce charged the Good Lord Douglas to carry his heart to the Holy Land. The following lines (the first couplet of which is quoted by Godscroft as a popular saying in his time) are inscribed around the emblem:

"So many guid an of ye Douglas beinge,  
Of ane surname was ne'er in Scotland seine.

I will ye charge, after yat I depart,  
To haly grawe, and thair bury my hart;  
Let it remane ever bothe tyme and hour,  
To ye last day I sie my Saviour.

I do protest in tyme of al my riege,  
Ye lyk subject had never ony keing."

This curious and valuable relic was nearly lost during the civil war of 1745-6, being carried away from Douglas-Castle by some of those in arms for Prince Charles. But great interest having been made by the Duke of Douglas among the chief partisans of the Stuart, it was at length restored. It resembles a Highland claymore, of the usual size, is of an excellent temper, and admirably poised.

### NOTE 3 X.

— Martin Swart. — P. 112.

A German general, who commanded the auxiliaries sent by the Duchess of Burgundy with Lambert Sinnenl. He was defeated and killed at Stokefield. The name of this German general is preserved by that of the field of battle, which is called, after him, Swart-moor. — There were songs about him long current in England. — See Dissertation prefixed to Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, 1792, p. lii.

### NOTE 3 Y.

*Perchance some form was unobserved;  
Perchance in prayer, or faith, he swerved.* — P. 112.

It was early necessary for those who felt themselves obliged to believe in the divine judgment being enunciated in the trial by duel, to find salvos for the strange and obviously precarious chances of the combat. Various curious evasive shifts, used by those who took up an unrighteous quarrel, were supposed sufficient to convert it into a just one. Thus, in the romance of "Amys and Amelion," the one brother-in-arms, fighting for the other, disguised in his armour, swears that he did not commit the crime of which the Steward, his antagonist, truly, though maliciously, accused him whom he represented. Brantome tells a story of an Italian, who entered the lists upon an unjust quarrel, but, to make his cause good, fled from his enemy at the first onset. "Turn, coward!" exclaimed his antagonist. "Thou liest," said the Italian, "coward am I none; and in this quarrel will I fight to the death, but my first cause of combat was unjust, and I abandon it." "*Je vous laisse a penser,*" adds Brantome, "*s'il n'y a pas de l'abus la.*" Elsewhere he says, very sensibly, upon the confi-

dence which those who had a righteous cause entertained of victory: "*Un autre abus y avoit-il, que ceux qui avoient un juste sujet de querelle, et qu'on les faisoit jurer avant entrer au camp, pensoient estre aussitost vainqueurs, voire s'en assuroient l'ils du tout, mesmes que leurs confesseurs yrrains el confidants leurs en respondoient tout-a-fait, comme si Dieu leur en eust donne une patente; et ne regardant point a d'autres fautes passees, et que Dieu en garde la punition a ce coup la pour plus grande, despitueuse, et ex-empaire.*" Discours sur les Duels.

### NOTE 3 Z.

— The Cross. — P. 112.

The Cross of Edinburgh was an ancient and curious structure. The lower part was an octagonal tower, sixteen feet in diameter, and about fifteen feet high. At each angle there was a pillar, and between them an arch, of the Grecian shape. Above these was a projecting battlement, with a turret at each corner, and medallions, of rude but curious workmanship, between them. Above this rose the proper Cross, a column of one stone, upwards of twenty feet high, surmounted with a unicorn. This pillar is preserved in the grounds of the property of Drum, near Edinburgh. The Magistrates of Edinburgh, in 1756, with consent of the Lords of Session, (*proh pudor!*) destroyed this curious monument, under a wanton pretext that it encumbered the street; while, on the one hand, they left an ugly mass called the Luckenbooths, and, on the other, an awkward, long, and low guard-house, which were fifty times more encumbrance than the venerable and inoffensive Cross.

From the tower of the Cross, so long as it remained, the heralds published the acts of Parliament; and its site, marked by radii, diverging from a stone centre, in the High Street, is still the place where proclamations are made.

### NOTE 4 A.

*This awful summons came.* — P. 113.

This supernatural citation is mentioned by all our Scottish historians. It was, probably, like the apparition at Lullithgow, an attempt, by those averse to the war, to impose upon the superstitious temper of James IV. The following account from Pitcottie is characteristically minute, and furnishes, besides, some curious particulars of the equipment of the army of James IV. I need only add to it, that Plotcock, or Plutock, is no other than Pluto. The Christians of the middle ages by no means misbelieved in the existence of the heathen deities; they only considered them as devils:<sup>1</sup> and Plotcock, so far from implying any thing fabulous, was a synonyme of the grand enemy of mankind. "Yet all thir warungs, and un-

<sup>1</sup> See, on this curious subject, the *Essay on Fairies*, in the "Border Minstrelsy," vol. ii. under the fourth head; also Jackson on Ubbelief, p. 175. Chaucer calls Pluto the "King of Faerie;" and Dunbar names him, "Pluto, that elrich incubus." If he was not actually the devil, he

couth tidings, nor no good counsel, might stop the King, at this present, from his vain purpose, and wicked enterprize, but hasted him fast to Edinburgh, and there to make his provision and furnishing, in having forth his army against the day appointed, that they should meet in the Burrow-muir of Edinburgh: That is to say, seven cannons that he had forth of the Castle of Edinburgh, which were called the Seven Sisters, casten by Robert Borthwick, the master-gunner, with other small artillery, bullet, powder, and all manner of order, as the master-gunner could devise.

"In this meautime, when they were taking forth their artillery, and the King being in the Abbey for the time, there was a cry heard at the Market-cross of Edinburgh, at the hour of midnight, proclaiming as it had been a summons, which was named and called by the proclaimer thereof, The Summons of Plot-cock: which desired all men to compear, both Earl, and Lord, and Baron, and all honest gentlemen within the town, (every man specified by his own name.) to compear, within the space of forty days, before his master, where it should heape him to appoint, and be for the time, under the pain of disobedience. But whether this summons was proclaimed by van persons, night-walkers, or drunken men, for their pastime, or if it was a spirit, I cannot tell truly; but it was shewn to me, that an indweller of the town, Mr. Richard Lawson, being evil-disposed, ganging in his gallery-stair foreaneut the Cross, hearing this voice proclaiming this summons, thought marvel what it should be, cried on his servant to bring him his purse; and when he had brought him it, he took out a crown, and cast over the stair, saying, 'I appeal from that summons, judgment, and sentence thereof, and takes me all whole in the mercy of God, and Christ Jesus his son.' Verily, the author of this, that caused me write the manner of this summons, was a landed gentleman, who was at that time twenty years of age, and was in the town the time of the said summons; and thereafter, when the field was stricken, he swore to me, there was no man escaped that was called in this summons, but that one man alone which made his protestation, and appealed from the said summons; but all the lave were perished in the field with the king."

#### NOTE 4 B.

*One of his own ancestry,  
Drove the Monks forth of Coventry.* — P. 114.

This relates to the catastrophe of a real Robert de Marmion, in the reign of King Stephen, whom William Newbury describes with some attributes of my fictitious hero: "*Homo bellicosus, ferocia, et astucia, fere nullo suo tempore impar.*" This Baron, having expelled the Monks from the church of Coventry, was not long of experiencing the divine judgment, as

must be considered as the "prince of the power of the air." The most remarkable instance of these surviving classical superstitions, is that of the Germans, concerning the Hill of Venus, into which she attempts to entice all gallant knights, and detains them there in a sort of Fool's Paradise.

the same Monks, no doubt, termed his disaster. Having waged a feudal war with the Earl of Chester, Marmion's horse fell, as he charged in the van of his troop, against a body of the Earl's followers: the rider's thigh being broken by the fall, his head was cut off by a common foot-soldier, ere he could receive any succour. The whole story is told by William of Newbury.

#### NOTE 4 C.

— *the savage Dane  
At Iot more deep the mead did drain.* — P. 115.

The Iot of the heathen Danes (a word still applied to Christmas in Scotland) was solemnized with great festivity. The humour of the Danes at table displayed itself in pelting each other with bones; and Torfæus tells a long and curious story, in the History of Horolfæ Kraka, of one Hottus, an inmate of the Court of Denmark, who was so generally assailed with these missiles, that he constructed, out of the bones with which he was overwhelmed, a very respectable intrenchment, against those who continued the raillery. The dances of the northern warriors round the great fires of pine-trees, are commemorated by Olans Magnus, who says, they danced with such fury holding each other by the hands, that, if the grasp of any failed, he was pitched into the fire with the velocity of a sling. The sufferer, on such occasions, was instantly plucked out, and obliged to quaff a certain measure of ale, as a penalty for "spoiling the king's fire."

#### NOTE 4 D.

• *On Christmas eve.* — P. 115.

In Roman Catholic countries, mass is never said at night, except on Christmas eve. Each of the frolics with which that holiday used to be celebrated, might admit of a long and curious note; but I shall content myself with the following description of Christmas, and his attributes, as personified in one of Ben Jonson's Masques for the Court.

"Enter Christmas, with two or three of the Guard. He is attired in round hose, long stockings, a close doublet, a high-crowned hat, with a brooch, a long thin beard, a truncheon, little ruffs, white shoes, his scarfs and garters tied cross, and his drum beaten before him. — *The names of his children, with their attires:* *Miss-Rule*, in a velvet cap, with a sprig, a short cloak, great yellow ruff, like a reveller: his torch-bearer bearing a rope, a cheese, and a basket; — *Caroll*, a long tawny coat, with a red cap, and a flute at his girdle; his torch-bearer carrying a song-book open; — *Minc'd-pie*, like a fine cook's wife, drest neat, her man carrying a pie, dish, and spoons; — *Gamboll*, like a tumbler, with a hoop and bells; his torch-bearer arm'd with cole-staff, and blinding cloth; — *Post and Pair*, with a pair-royal of aces in his hat, his garment all done over with pairs and purs; his squire carrying a box, cards, and counters; — *New-year's Gift*, in a blue coat, serving-man like, with an orange,

and a sprig of rosemary gilt on his head, his hat full of brooches, with a collar of gingerbread; his torch-bearer carrying a mareh-pain, with a bottle of wine on either arm;—*Mumming*, in a masquing pied suit, with a visor; his torch-bearer carrying the box, and ringing it;—*Wassal*, like a neat sempster and songster: her page bearing a brown bowl, drest with ribbands, and rosemary, before her;—*Offering*, in a short gown, with a porter's staff in his hand: a wyth borne before him, and a bason, by his torch-bearer;—*BabyCocke*, drest like a boy, in a fine long coat, biggiu, bib, muckender, and a little dagger; his usher bearing a great cake, with a bean and a pease."

## NOTE 4 E.

*Who lists may in their mumming see  
Traces of ancient mystery.*—P. 116.

It seems certain, that the *Mummers* of England, who (in Northumberland at least) used to go about in disguise to the neighbouring houses, hearing the then useless ploughshare; and the *Guards* of Scotland, not yet in total disuse, present, in some indistinct degree, a shadow of the old mysteries, which were the origin of the English drama. In Scotland, (*me ipso teste*,) we were wont, during my boyhood, to take the characters of the apostles, at least of Peter, Paul, and Judas Iscariot; the first had the keys, the second carried a sword, and the last the bag, in which the dole of our neighbours' plumb-cake was deposited. One played a champion, and recited some traditional rhymes; another was

..... "Alexander, King of Macedon,  
Who conquer'd all the world but Scotland alone:  
When he came to Scotland his courage grew cold,  
To see a little nation courageous and bold."

These, and many such verses, were repeated, but by rote, and unconnectedly. There was also, occasionally, I believe, a Saint George. In all, there was a confused resemblance of the ancient mysteries, in which the characters of Scripture, the Nine Worthies, and other popular personages, were usually exhibited. It were much to be wished that the Chester Mysteries were published from the MS. in the Museum, with the annotations which a diligent investigator of popular antiquities might still supply. The late acute and valuable antiquary, Mr. Ritson, showed me several memoranda towards such a task, which are probably now dispersed or lost. See, however, his *Remarks on Shakspeare*, 1783. p. 38.

Since the first edition of *Marmion* appeared, this subject has received much elucidation from the learned and extensive labours of Mr. Douce: and the Chester Mysteries (edited by J. H. Markland, Esq.) have been printed in a style of great elegance and accuracy, (in 1818,) by Bensley and Sons, London, for the Roxburgh Club. 1830.

## NOTE 4 F.

*Where my great-grandsire came of old,  
With amber beard and flaxen hair.*—P. 116.

Mr. Scott of Harden,<sup>1</sup> my kind and affectionate friend, and distant relation, has the

original of a poetical invitation, addressed from his grandfather to my relative, from which a few lines in the text are imitated. They are dated, as the epistle in the text, from Mertoun-house, the seat of the Harden family.

"With amber beard, and flaxen hair,  
And reverend apostolic air,  
Free of anxiety and care,  
Come hither, Christmas-day, and dnce;  
We'll mix sobriety with wine,  
And easy mirth with thoughts divine.  
We Christians think it holiday,  
On it no sic to feast or play;  
Others, in spite, may fast and pray.  
No superstition in the oae  
Our ancestors made of a goose;  
Why may not we, as well as they,  
Be innocently billic and gay,  
On goose or pie, or wine or ale,  
And scorn enthusiastic zeal?—  
Pray come, and welcome, or plague rot  
Your friend and landlord, Walter Scott.

"Mr. Walter Scott, Lessuden."

The venerable old gentleman, to whom the lines are addressed, was the younger brother of William Scott of Raeburn. Being the cadet of a cadet of the Harden family, he had very little to lose; yet he contrived to lose the small property he had, by engaging in the civil wars and intrigues of the house of Stuart. His veneration for the exiled family was so great, that he swore he would not shave his beard till they were restored: a mark of attachment, which, I suppose, had been common during Cromwell's usurpation; for, in Cowley's "Cutter of Coleman Street," one drunken cavalier upbraids another, that, when he was not able to afford to pay a barber, he affected to "wear a beard for the King." I sincerely hope this was not absolutely the original reason of my ancestor's beard; which, as appears from a portrait in the possession of Sir Henry Hay Macdonald, Bart., and another painted for the famous Dr. Pitcairn,<sup>2</sup> was a beard of a most dignified and venerable appearance.

## NOTE 4 G.

*The Spirit's Blasted Tree.*—P. 116.

I am permitted to illustrate this passage, by inserting "*Ceubren yr Ellyll*, or the Spirit's Blasted Tree," a legendary tale, by the Reverend George Warrington:—

"The event, on which this tale is founded, is preserved by tradition in the family of the Vaughans of Hengwyr; nor is it entirely lost, even among the common people, who still point out this oak to the passenger. The enmity between the two Welsh chieftains, Howel Sele, and Owep Glendwr, was extreme, and marked by vile treachery in the one, and ferocious cruelty in the other.<sup>3</sup> The story is somewhat changed and softened, as more favourable to the character of the two chiefs, and as better answering the purpose of poetry, by admitting the passion of pity, and a greater degree of sentiment in the description. Some

<sup>1</sup> Now Lord Polwarth.

<sup>2</sup> The old gentleman was an intimate of this celebrated genius. By the favour of the late Earl of Kellie, descended on the maternal side from Dr. Pitcairn, my father became possessed of the portrait in question.

<sup>3</sup> The history of their feud may be found in Peonant's Tour in Wales.



trace of Howel Sele's mansion was to be seen a few years ago, and may perhaps be still visible, in the park of Nannau, now belonging to Sir Robert Vaughan, Baronet, in the wild and romantic tracks of Merionethshire. The abbey mentioned passes under two names, Vener and Cymmer. The former is retained, as more generally used.

## THE SPIRIT'S BLASTED TREE.

*Ceubren yr Elyll.*

"Through Nannau's Chase, as Howel pass'd,  
A chief est-em'd both brave and kind,  
Far distant borne, the stag-hounds' cry  
Came murmuring on the hollow wind.

"Starting, he bent an eager ear, —  
How should the sounds return again ?  
His hounds lay wearied from the chase,  
And all at home his hunter train.

"Then sudden anger flash'd his eye,  
And deep revenge he vow'd to take,  
On that bold man who dar'd to force  
His red-deer from the forest brake.

"Unhappy Chief! would ought avail,  
No signs impress thy heart with fear,  
Thy lady's dark mysterious dream,  
Thy warning from the hoary seer ?

"Three ravens gave the note of death,  
As through mid air they wing'd their way !  
Then o'er his head, in rapid flight,  
They croak, — they scent their destined prey.

"Ill-omen'd bird! as legends say,  
Who hast the wondrous power to know,  
While health fills high the throbbing veins,  
The fated hour when blond must flow.

"Blinded by rage, alone he pass'd,  
Nor sought his ready vassals' aid :  
But what his fate lay long unknown,  
For many an anxious year delay'd.

"A peasant mark'd his angry eye,  
He saw him reach the lake's dark bourne,  
He saw him near a Blasted Oak,  
But never from that hour return.

"Three days pass'd o'er, no tidings came ; —  
Where should the Chief his steps delay ?  
With wild alarm the servants ran,  
Yet knew not where to point their way.

"His vassals ranged the mountain's height,  
The covert close, the wide-spread plain ;  
But all in vain their eager search,  
They ne'er must see their lord again.

"Yet Fancy, in a thousand shapen,  
Bore to his home the Chief once more :  
Some saw him on high Moal's top,  
Some saw him on the winding shore.

"With wonder fraught the tale went round,  
A amazement chain'd the hearer's tongue :  
Each peasant felt his own sad loss,  
Yet fondly o'er the story hung.

"Oft by the moon's pale shadowy light,  
His aged nurse and steward grey  
Would lean to catch the storied sounds,  
Or mark the fitting spirit stray.

"Pale lights on Cader's rocks were seen,  
And midnight voices heard to moan ;  
'Twas even said the Blasted Oak,  
Convulsive, heaved a hollow groan :

"And to this day the peasant still,  
With cautious fear, averts the ground :  
In each wild branch a spectre sees,  
And trembles at each rising sound.

"Ten annual suns had held their course,  
In summer's smile, or winter storm ;  
The lady shed the widow'd tear,  
As oft she traced his manly form.

"Yet still to hope her heart would cling,  
As o'er the mind illusiona play, —  
Of travel food, perhaps her lord  
To distant lands had steer'd his way.

"'Twas now November's cheerless hour,  
Which drenching rain and clouds deface,  
Dreary bleak Bobell's tract appear'd,  
And dull and dank each valley's space.

"Loud o'er the weir the hoarse flood fell,  
And dash'd the foaming spray on high ;  
The west wind bent the forest tops,  
And angry frown'd the evening sky.

"A stranger pass'd Llanellid's bourne,  
His dark-grey steed with sweat besprent,  
Which, wearied with the lengthen'd way,  
Could scarcely gain the hill's ascent.

"The portal reach'd, — the iron bell  
Loud sounded round the outward wall ;  
Quick sprang the warder to the gate,  
To know what meant the clam'rous call.

"O! lead me to your lady soon ;  
Say, — it is my sad lot to tell,  
To clear the fate of that brave knight,  
She long has proved she loved so well."

"Then, as he cross'd the spacious hall,  
The menials look surprise and fear ;  
Still o'er his harp old Moidred hung,  
And touch'd the notes for grief's worn ear

"The lady sat amidst her train ;  
A mellow'd sorrow mark'd her look :  
Then, asking what his mission meant,  
The graceful stranger sigh'd and spoke : —

"G could I spread one ray of hope,  
One moment raise thy soul from woe,  
Gladly my tongue would tell its tale,  
My words at ease unfetter'd flow !

"Now, lady, give attention due,  
The story claims thy full belief :  
E'en in the worst events of life,  
Suspense removed is some relief.

"Though worn by care, see Madoc here,  
Great Glyndwr's friend, thy kindred's foe ;  
Ah, let his name no anger raise,  
For now that mighty Chief lies low.

"E'en from the day, when, chain'd by fate,  
By wizard's dream, or potent spell,  
Lingering from sad Salopia's field,  
'Bleft of his aid the Percy fell ; —

"E'en from that day misfortune still,  
As if for violated faith,  
Pursued him with unwearied step ;  
Vindictive still for Hotspur's death.

"Vanquish'd at length, the Glyndwr fled,  
Where winds the Wye her devious flood ;  
To find a casual shelter there,  
In some lone cot, or desert wood.

"Clothed in a shepherd's humble guise,  
He gain'd by toil his scanty bread ;  
He who had Cambria's sceptre borne,  
And her brave sons to glory led !

"To penury extreme, and grief,  
The Chief then fell a lingering prey ;  
I heard his last few faltering words,  
Such as with pain I now convey.

"To Sele's sad widow bear the tale,  
Nor let our horrid secret rest ;  
Give but his corse to sacred earth,  
Then may my parting soul be blest."

"Dim wax'd the eye that fiercely shone,  
And faint the tongue that proudly spoke,  
Aod weak that arm, still raised to me,  
Which oft had dealt the mortal stroke.

"How could I then his mandate bear ?  
Or how his last behest obey ?  
A rebel deem'd, with him I fled ;  
With him I shunn'd the light of day.

" Proscribed by Henry's hostile rage,  
My country lost, despoil'd my laud,  
Desperate, I fled my native soil,  
And fought on Syria's distant strand.

" Oh, had thy long-lamented lord  
The holy cross and banner view'd,  
Died in the sacred cause! who fell  
Sad victim of a private feud!

" Led by the ardour of the chase,  
Far distant from his own domain,  
From where Garthmuelan spreads her shades,  
The Glyndwr sought the opening plain.

" With head aloft and antlers wide,  
A red buck roused then cross'd in view,  
Stung with the sight, and wild with rage,  
Swift from the wood fierce Howel flew.

" With bitter taunt and keen reproach,  
He, all impetuous, pour'd his rage;  
Revil'd the Chief, as weak in arms,  
And bade him laud the battle wage.

" Glyndwr for once restrain'd his sword,  
And, still averse, the fight delays;  
But soften'd words, like oil to fire,  
Made anger more intensely blaze.

" They fought: and doubtful long the fray;  
The Glyndwr gave the fatal wound!  
Still mournful most my tale proceed,  
And its last act all dreadful sood.

" How could we hope for wish'd retreat,  
His eager vassals raging wide,  
His bloodbonds' keen saccucous scent,  
O'er many a trackless mountain tried.

" I mark'd a broad and Blasted Oak,  
Search'd by the lightning's livid glare;  
Hollow its stem from branch to root,  
And all its shrivel'd arms were bare.

" Be this, I cried, his proper grave! —  
(The thought in me was deadly sin),  
Aloft we raised the hapless Chief,  
And dropp'd his bleeding corpse within."

" A shriek from all the daisies burst,  
That pierc'd the vaulted roofs below;  
While horror-struck the Lady stood,  
A living form of sculptured wo.

" With stupid stare and vacant gaze,  
Full on his face her eyes were cast,  
Absorb'd! — she lost her present grief,  
And faintly thought of things long past.

" Like wild-fire o'er a mossy heath,  
The rumour through the hamlet ran;  
The peasants crowd at morning dawn,  
To hear the tale — behold the man.

" He led them near the Blasted Oak,  
Then, conscious, from the scene withdrew;  
The peasants work with trembling haste,  
And lay the whiten'd bones to view! —

" Back they recoil'd! — the right hand still,  
Contracted, grasp'd a rusty sword;  
Which erst in many a battle gleam'd,  
And proudly deck'd his slaughter'd lord.

" They bore the corpse to Vener's shrine,  
With holy rites and prayers address'd;  
Nine white-robed monks the last dirge sang,  
And gave the angry spirit rest."

## NOTE 4 H.

*The Highlander* —  
Will, on a Friday morn, look pale,  
If ask'd to tell a fairy tale. — P. 117.

The *Daoine shi*, or *Men of Peace*, of the Scottish Highlanders, rather resemble the Scandinavian *Duergar* than the English Fairies.

Notwithstanding their name, they are, if not absolutely malevolent, at least peevish, discontented, and apt to do mischief on slight provocation. The belief of their existence is deeply impressed on the Highlanders, who think they are particularly offended at mortals who talk of them, who wear their favourite colour green, or in any respect interfere with their affairs. This is especially to be avoided on Friday, when, whether as dedicated to Venus, with whom, in Germany, this subterraneous people are held nearly connected, or for a more solemn reason, they are more active, and possessed of greater power. Some curious particulars concerning the popular superstitions of the Highlanders may be found in Dr. Graham's *Picturesque Sketches of Perthshire*.

## NOTE 4 I.

*The towers of Franchemont.* — P. 117.

The journal of the friend to whom the Fourth Canto of the Poem is inscribed, furnished me with the following account of a striking superstition.

" Passed the pretty little village of Franchemont, (near Spaw), with the romantic ruins of the old castle of the Counts of that name. The road leads through many delightful vales on a rising ground; at the extremity of one of them stands the ancient castle, now the subject of many superstitious legends. It is firmly believed by the neighbouring peasantry, that the last Baron of Franchemont deposited, in one of the vaults of the castle, a ponderous chest, containing an immense treasure in gold and silver, which, by some magic spell, was intrusted to the care of the Devil, who is constantly found sitting on the chest in the shape of a huntsman. Any one adventurous enough to touch the chest is instantly seized with the palsy. Upon one occasion, a priest of noted piety was brought to the vault: he used all the arts of exorcism to persuade his infernal majesty to vacate his seat, but in vain; the huntsman remained immovable. At last, moved by the earnestness of the priest, he told him that he would agree to resign the chest, if the exorciser would sign his name with blood. But the priest understood his meaning, and refused, as by that act he would have delivered over his soul to the Devil. Yet if any body can discover the mystic words used by the person who deposited the treasure, and pronounce them, the fiend must instantly decamp. I had many stories of a similar nature from a peasant, who had himself seen the Devil in the shape of a great cat."

## NOTE 4 K.

*The very form of Hilda fair,  
Hovering upon the sunny air,  
And smiting on her volaries' prayer.* — P. 118.

" I shall only produce one instance more of the great veneration paid to Lady Hilda, which still prevails even in these our days; and that is, the constant opinion that she rendered, and still renders, herself visible, on some occa-

sions, in the Abbey of Streanshall or Whithy, where she so long resided. At a particular time of the year (viz in the summer months), at ten or eleven in the forenoon, the sunbeams fall in the inside of the northern part of the choir; and 'tis then that the spectators, who stand on the west side of Whithy churchyard, so as just to see the most northerly part of the abbey pass the north end of Whithy church, imagine they perceive, in one of the highest windows there, the resemblance of a woman arrayed in a shroud. Though we are certain this is only a reflection caused by the splendour of the sunbeams, yet fame reports it, and it is constantly believed among the vulgar, to be an appearance of Lady Hilda in her shroud, or rather in a glorified state: before which, I make no doubt, the Papists, even in these our days, offer up their prayers with as much zeal and devotion as before any other image of their most glorified saint."—*Charlton's History of Whithy*, p. 33.

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#### NOTE 4 L.

— the huge and sweeping brand

*Which wont of yore, in battle fray,  
His foeman's limbs to shred away,  
As wood-knife tops the sapling spray.*—P. 120.

The Earl of Angus had strength and personal activity corresponding to his courage. Spens of Kilspindle, a favourite of James IV., having spoken of him lightly, the Earl met him while hawking, and, compelling him to single combat, at one blow cut asunder his thighbone, and killed him on the spot. But ere he could obtain James's pardon for this slaughter, Angus was obliged to yield his castle of Hermitage, in exchange for that of Bothwell, which was some diminution to the family greatness. The sword with which he struck so remarkable a blow, was presented by his descendant James, Earl of Morton, afterwards Regent of Scotland, to Lord Lindsay of the Byres, when he defied Bothwell to single combat on Carberry Hill. See Introduction to the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

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#### NOTE 4 M.

*And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?—  
No! by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!  
Up drawbridge, grooms!—What, Warder, ho!  
Let the portcullis fall.*—P. 120.

This ebullition of violence in the potent Earl of Angus is not without its example in the real history of the house of Douglas, whose chiefs then possessed the ferocity, with the heroic virtues of a savage state. The most curious instance occurred in the case of Maclellan, Tutor of Bombay, who, having refused to acknowledge the pre-eminence claimed by Douglas over the gentlemen and Barons of Galloway, was seized and imprisoned by the Earl, in his castle of the Thieve, on the borders of Kirkcudbrightshire. Sir Patrick Gray, commander of King James the Second's guard,

was uncle to the Tutor of Bombay, and obtained from the King a "sweet letter of supplication," praying the Earl to deliver his prisoner into Gray's hand. When Sir Patrick arrived at the castle, he was received with all the honour due to a favourite servant of the King's household; but while he was at dinner, the Earl, who suspected his errand, caused his prisoner to be led forth and beheaded. After dinner, Sir Patrick presented the King's letter to the Earl, who received it with great affectation of reverence: "and took him by the hand, and led him forth to the green, where the gentleman was lying dead, and showed him the manner, and said, 'Sir Patrick, you are come a little too late; yonder is your sister's son lying, but he wants the head' take his body, and do with it what you will."—Sir Patrick answered again, with a sore heart, and said, 'My lord, if ye have taken from him his head, dispoone upon the body as ye please;' and with that called for his horse, and, leaped thereon; and when he was on horseback, he said to the Earl on this manner, 'My lord, if I live you shall be rewarded for your labours that you have used at this time, according to your demerits.'

"At this saying the Earl was highly offended, and cried for horse. Sir Patrick, seeing the Earl's fury, spurred his horse, but he was chased near Edinburgh ere they left him; and had it not been his led horse was so tried and good, he had been taken."—*Piscottie's History*, p. 39.

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#### NOTE 4 N.

*A letter forged!—Saint Jude to speed!  
Dud ever knight so foul a deed!*—P. 121.

Lest the reader should partake of the Earl's astonishment, and consider the crime as inconsistent with the manners of the period, I have to remind him of the numerous forgeries (partly executed by a female assistant) devised by Robert of Artois, to forward his suit against the Countess Matilda; which, being detected, occasioned his flight into England, and proved the remote cause of Edward the Third's memorable wars in France. John Harding, also, was expressly hired by Edward VI. to forge such documents as might appear to establish the claim of fealty asserted over Scotland by the English monarchs.

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#### NOTE 4 O.

*Lennel's convent.*—P. 121.

This was a Cistercian house of religion, now almost entirely demolished. Lennel House is now the residence of my venerable friend, Patrick Brydone, Esquire, so well known in the literary world.<sup>1</sup> It is situated near Coldstream, almost opposite to Cornhill, and consequently very near to Flodden Field.

<sup>1</sup> First Edition.—Mr. Brydone has been many years dead. 1825.



## NOTE 4 P.

*Twisel bridge.* — P. 122.

On the evening previous to the memorable battle of Flodden, Surrey's head-quarters were at Barmoor Wood, and King James held an inaccessible position on the ridge of Flodden-hill, one of the last and lowest eminences detached from the ridge of Cheviot. The Till, a deep and slow river, wined between the armies. On the morning of the 9th September 1513, Surrey marched in a north-westerly direction, and crossed the Till, with his van and artillery, at Twisel-bridge, nigh where that river joins the Tweed, his rear-guard column passing about a mile higher, by a ford. This movement had the double effect of placing his army between King James and his supplies from Scotland, and of striking the Scottish monarch with surprise, as he seems to have relied on the depth of the river in his front. But as the passage, both over the bridge and through the ford, was difficult and slow, it seems possible that the English might have been attacked to great advantage while struggling with these natural obstacles. I know not if we are to impute James's forbearance to want of military skill, or to the romantic declaration which Pittscottie puts in his mouth, "that he was determined to have his enemies before him on a plain field," and therefore would suffer no interruption to be given, even by artillery, to their passing the river.

The ancient bridge of Twisel, by which the English crossed the Till, is still standing beneath Twisel Castle, a splendid pile of Gothic architecture, as now rebuilt by Sir Francis Blake, Bart., whose extensive plantations have so much improved the country around. The glen is romantic and delightful, with steep banks on each side, covered with copse, particularly with hawthorn. Beneath a tall rock, near the bridge, is a plentiful fountain, called St. Helen's Well.

## NOTE 4 Q.

*Hence might they see the full array,  
Of either host, for deadly fray.* — P. 122.

The reader cannot here expect a full account of the battle of Flodden; but, so far as is necessary to understand the romance, I beg to remind him, that, when the English army, by their skilful countermarch, were fairly placed between King James and his own country, the Scottish monarch resolved to fight; and, setting fire to his tents, descended from the ridge of Flodden to secure the neighbouring eminence of Brankstone, on which that village is built. Thus the two armies met, almost without seeing each other, when, according to the old poem of "Flodden Field,"

"The English line stretch'd east and west,  
And southward were their faces set;  
The Scottish northward proudly prest,  
And manfully their foes they met."

1 "*Lesquels Ecossois descendirent la montagne en bonne ordre, en la maniere que marchent les Allemans sans parler,*

The English army advanced in four divisions. On the right, which first engaged, were the sons of Earl Surrey, namely, Thomas Howard, the Admiral of England, and Sir Edmund, the Knight Marshal of the army. Their divisions were separated from each other; but, at the request of Sir Edmund, his brother's battalion was drawn very near to his own. The centre was commanded by Surrey in person; the left wing by Sir Edward Stanley, with the men of Lancashire, and of the palatinate of Chester. Lord Dacres, with a large body of horse, formed a reserve. When the smoke, which the wind had driven between the armies, was somewhat dispersed, they perceived the Scots, who had moved down the hill in a similar order of battle, and in deep silence.<sup>1</sup> The Earls of Huntley and of Home commanded their left wing, and charged Sir Edmund Howard with such success as entirely to defeat his part of the English-right wing. Sir Edmund's banner was beaten down, and he himself escaped with difficulty to his brother's division. The Admiral, however, stood firm; and Dacre advancing to his support with the reserve of cavalry, probably between the interval of the divisions commanded by the brothers Howard, appears to have kept the victors in effectual check. Home's men, chiefly Borderers, began to pillage the baggage of both armies; and their leader is branded by the Scottish historians with negligence or treachery. On the other hand, Huntley, on whom they bestow many encomiums, is said by the English historians to have left the field after the first charge. Meanwhile the Admiral, whose flank these chiefs ought to have attacked, availed himself of their inactivity, and pushed forward against another large division of the Scottish army in his front, headed by the Earls of Crawford and Montrose, both of whom were slain, and their forces routed. On the left, the success of the English was yet more decisive; for the Scottish right wing, consisting of undisciplined Highlanders, commanded by Lennox and Argyll, was unable to sustain the charge of Sir Edward Stanley, and especially the severe execution of the Lancashire archers. The King and Surrey, who commanded the respective centres of their armies, were meanwhile engaged in close and dubious conflict. James, surrounded by the flower of his kingdom, and impatient of the galling discharge of arrows, supported also by his reserve under Bothwell, charged with such fury, that the standard of Surrey was in danger. At that critical moment, Stanley, who had routed the left wing of the Scottish, pursued his career of victory, and arrived on the right flank, and in the rear of James's division, which, throwing itself into a circle, disputed the battle till night came on. Surrey then drew back his forces; for the Scottish centre not having been broken, and their left wing being victorious, he yet doubted the event of the field. The Scottish army, however, felt their loss, and abandoned the field of battle in disorder, before dawn. They lost, perhaps, eight or ten thousand men; but that included the very prime of their nobility, gentry, and even clergy. Scarce a family of eminence but

*ne faire aucun bruit.* — Gazette of the battle, Pinkerton's History, Appendix, vol. ii. p. 456.

has an ancestor killed at Flodden; and there is no province in Scotland, even at this day, where the battle is mentioned without a sensation of terror and sorrow. The English lost also a great number of men, perhaps within one-third of the vanquished, but they were of inferior note. — See the only distinct detail of the Field of Flodden in Pinkerton's *History*, Book xi.; all former accounts being full of blunders and inconsistency.

The spot from which Clara views the battle must be supposed to have been on a hillock commanding a view of the English right wing, which was defeated, and in which conflict Marnion is supposed to have fallen.<sup>1</sup>

#### NOTE 4 R.

— *Brian Tunstall, stainless knight.* — P. 123.

Sir Brian Tunstall, called in the romantic language of the time, Tunstall the Undeified, was one of the few Englishmen of rank slain at Flodden. He figures in the ancient English poem, to which I may safely refer my readers; as an edition, with full and explanatory notes, has been published by my friend, Mr. Henry Weber. Tunstall, perhaps, derived his epithet of *undeified* from his white armour and banner, the latter bearing a white cock, about to crow, as well as from his unstained loyalty and knightly faith. His place of residence was Thurland Castle.

#### NOTE 4 S.

*Reckless of life, he desperate fought,  
And fell on Flodden plain;  
And well in death his trusty brand,  
Firm clenched within his manly hand,  
Besecm'd the monarch slain.* — P. 125.

There can be no doubt that King James fell in the battle of Flodden. He was killed, says the curious French Gazette, within a lance's length of the Earl of Surrey; and the same account adds, that none of his division were made prisoners, though many were killed; a circumstance that testifies the desperation of their resistance. The Scottish historians record many of the idle reports which passed among the vulgar of their day. Home was accused, by the popular voice, not only of failing to support the King, but even of having carried him out of the field, and murdered

him. And this tale was revived in my remembrance, by an unauthenticated story of a skeleton, wrapped in a bull's hide, and surrounded with an iron chain, said to have been found in the well of Home Castle; for which, on inquiry, I could never find any better authority than the sexton of the parish having said, that, *if the well were cleaned out, he would not be surprised at such a discovery.* Home was the chamberlain of the King, and his prime favourite; he had much to lose (in fact did lose all) in consequence of James's death, and nothing earthly to gain by that event: but the retreat, or inactivity of the left wing which he commanded, after defeating Sir Edmund Howard, and even the circumstance of his returning unhurt, and loaded with spoil, from so fatal a conflict, rendered the propagation of any calumny against him easy and acceptable. Other reports gave a still more romantic turn to the King's fate, and averred that James, weary of greatness after the carnage among his nobles, had gone on a pilgrimage, to merit absolution for the death of his father, and the breach of his oath of unity to Henry. In particular, it was objected to the English, that they could never show the token of the iron belt; which, however, he was likely enough to have laid aside on the day of battle, as encumbering his personal exertions. They produce a better evidence, the monarch's sword and dagger, which are still preserved in the Herald's College in London. Stowe has recorded a degrading story of the disgrace with which the remains of the unfortunate monarch were treated in his time. An unhewn column marks the spot where James fell, still called the King's Stone.

#### NOTE 4 T.

*The fair cathedral storm'd and took.* — P. 126.

This storm of Lichfield cathedral, which had been garrisoned on the part of the King, took place in the Great Civil War. Lord Brook, who, with Sir John Gill, commanded the assailants, was shot with a musket-ball through the vizor of his helmet. The royalists remarked, that he was killed by a shot fired from St. Chad's cathedral, and upon St. Chad's Day, and received his death-wound in the very eye with which, he had said, he hoped to see the ruin of all the cathedrals in England. The magnificent church in question suffered cruelly upon this, and other occasions; the principal spire being ruined by the fire of the besiegers.

<sup>1</sup> "In 1810, as Sir Carnaby Haggerstone's workmen were digging in Flodden Field, they came to a pit filled with human bones, and which seemed of great extent; but, alarmed at the sight, they immediately filled up the excavation, and proceeded no farther.

"In 1817, Mr. Gray of Millfield Hill found, near the traces of an ancient encampment, a short distance from Flodden Hill, a tumulus, which, on removing, exhibited a very singular sepulchre. In the centre, a large urn was

found, but in a thousand pieces. It had either been broken to pieces by the stones falling upon it when digging, or had gone to pieces on the admission of the air. This urn was surrounded by a number of cells formed of flat stones, in the shape of graves, but too small to hold the body in its natural state. These sepulchral recesses contained nothing except ashes, or dust of the same kind as that in the urn." — *Sydenham Local Records*, (2 vols. 8vo, 1833,) vol. ii. pp. 60 and 109.

# The Lady of the Lake:

A POEM, IN SIX CANTOS.

## INTRODUCTION TO EDITION 1830.

AFTER the success of "Marmion," I felt inclined to exclaim with Ulysses in the "Odyssey" —

Ουτος μὲν δὴ αἰθλος ἀάατος ἐκτετέλεσται.  
Nūn αὐτε σκοπὸν ἄλλον. *Odys.* χ. l. 5.

"One venturous game my hand has won to-day —  
Another, gallants, yet remains to play."

The ancient manners, the habits and customs of the aboriginal race by whom the Highlands of Scotland were inhabited, had always appeared to me peculiarly adapted to poetry. The change in their manners, too, had taken place almost within my own time, or at least I had learned many particulars concerning the ancient state of the Highlands from the old men of the last generation. I had always thought the old Scottish Gael highly adapted for poetical composition. The feuds, and political dissensions, which, half a century earlier, would have rendered the richer and wealthier part of the kingdom indisposed to countenance a poem, the scene of which was laid in the Highlands, were now sunk in the generous compassion which the English, more than any other nation, feel for the misfortunes of an honourable foe. The Poems of Ossian had, by their popularity, sufficiently shown, that if writings on Highland subjects were qualified to interest the reader, mere national prejudices were, in the present day, very unlikely to interfere with their success.

I had also read a great deal, seen much, and heard more, of that romantic country, where I was in the habit of spending some time every autumn; and the scenery of Loch Katrine was connected with the recollection of many a dear friend and merry expedition of former days. This poem, the action of which lay among scenes so beautiful, and so deeply imprinted on my recollection, was a labour of love; and it was no less so to recall the manners and incidents introduced. The frequent custom of James IV., and particularly of James V., to walk through their kingdom in disguise, afforded me the hint of an incident, which never fails to be interesting, if managed with the slightest address or dexterity.

I may now confess, however, that the employment, though attended with great pleasure, was not without its doubts and anxieties. A lady, to whom I was nearly related, and with whom I lived, during her whole life, on the most brotherly terms of affection, was residing with me at the time when the work was in progress, and used to ask me, what I could

possibly do to rise so early in the morning (that happening to be the most convenient time to me for composition.) At last I told her the subject of my meditations; and I can never forget the anxiety and affection expressed in her reply. "Do not be so rash," she said, "my dearest cousin. You are already popular — more so, perhaps, than you yourself will believe, or than even I, or other partial friends, can fairly allow to your merit. You stand high — do not rashly attempt to climb higher, and incur the risk of a fall: for, depend upon it, a favourite will not be permitted even to stumble with impunity." I replied to this affectionate expostulation in the words of Montrose —

"He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
Who dares not put it to the touch  
To gain or lose it all." 1

"If I fail," I said, for the dialogue is strong in my recollection, "it is a sign that I ought never to have succeeded, and I will write prose for life: you shall see no change in my temper, nor will I eat a single meal the worse. But if I succeed,

"Up with the bonnie blue bonnet,  
The dirk, and the feather, and a'!" 2

Afterwards, I showed my affectionate and anxious critic the first canto of the poem, which reconciled her to my imprudence. Nevertheless, although I answered thus confidently, with the obstinacy often said to be proper to those who bear my surname, I acknowledge that my confidence was considerably shaken by the warning of her excellent taste and unbiassed friendship. Nor was I much comforted by her retraction of the unfavourable judgment, when I recollected how likely a natural partiality was to effect that change of opinion. In such cases, affection rises like a light on the canvass, improves any favourable tints which it formerly exhibited, and throws its defects into the shade.

I remember that about the same time a friend started in to "heeze up my hope," like the "sportsman with his cutty gun," in the old song. He was bred a farmer, but a man of powerful understanding, natural good taste, and warm poetical feeling, perfectly competent to supply the wants of an imperfect or irregular education. He was a passionate admirer of field-sports, which we often pursued together.

As this friend happened to dine with me at Ashetiel one day, I took the opportunity of

1 Lines in praise of women — Wishart's *Memoirs of Montrose*, p. 497.



reading to him the first canto of "The Lady of the Lake," in order to ascertain the effect the poem was likely to produce upon a person who was but too favourable a representative of readers at large. It is, of course, to be supposed that I determined rather to guide my opinion by what my friend might appear to feel, than by what he might think fit to say. His reception of my recitation, or prelection, was rather singular. He placed his hand across his brow, and listened with great attention to the whole account of the stag-hunt, till the dogs threw themselves into the lake to follow their master, who embarks with Ellen Douglas. He then started up with a sudden exclamation, struck his hand on the table, and declared, in a voice of censure, calculated for the occasion, that the dogs must have been totally ruined by being permitted to take the water after such a severe chase. I own I was much encouraged by the species of reverie which had possessed so zealous a follower of the sports of the ancient Nimrod, who had been completely surprised out of all doubts of the reality of the tale. Another of his remarks gave me less pleasure. He detected the identity of the King with the wandering knight, Fitz-James, when he winds his bugle to summon his attendants. He was probably thinking of the lively, but somewhat licentious, old ballad, in which the denouement of a royal intrigue takes place as follows:

"He took a bugle frae his side,  
He blew both loud and shrill,  
And four-and-twenty belted knights  
Came skipping ower the hill;  
Then he took out a little knife,  
Let a' his duddies fa',  
And he was the bravest gentleman  
That was among them a'.  
And we'll go no more a-roving," &c. &c.

This discovery, as Mr. Pepys says of the rent in his caulet cloak, was but a trifle, yet it troubled me; and I was at a good deal of pains to efface any marks by which I thought my secret could be traced before the conclusion, when I relied on it with the same hope of producing effect, with which the Irish post-boy is said to reserve a "trot for the avenue."

I took uncommon pains to verify the accuracy of the local circumstances of this story. I recollect, in particular, that to ascertain whether I was telling a probable tale, I went into Perthshire, to see whether King James could actually have ridden from the banks of Loch Venachar to Stirling Castle within the time supposed in the Poem, and had the pleasure to satisfy myself that it was quite practicable.

After a considerable delay, "The Lady of the Lake" appeared in May 1810; and its success was certainly so extraordinary as to induce me for the moment to conclude that I had at last fixed a nail in the proverbially inconstant wheel of Fortune, whose stability in behalf of an individual who had so boldly courted her favours for three successive times, had not as yet been shaken. I had attained, perhaps, that degree of public reputation at which prudence, or certainly timidity, would

have made a halt, and discontinued efforts by which I was far more likely to diminish my fame than to increase it. But, as the celebrated John Wilkes is said to have explained to his late Majesty, that he himself, amid his full tide of popularity, was never a Wilkite, so I can, with honest truth, exculpate myself from having been at any time a partizan of my own poetry, even when it was in the highest fashion with the million. It must not be supposed, that I was either so ungrateful, or so superabundantly candid, as to despise or scorn the value of those whose voice had elevated me so much higher than my own opinion told me I deserved. I felt, on the contrary, the more grateful to the public, as receiving that from partiality to me, which I could not have claimed from merit; and I endeavoured to deserve the partiality, by continuing such exertions as I was capable of for their amusement.

It may be that I did not, in this continued course of scribbling, consult either the interest of the public or my own. But the former had effectual means of defending themselves, and could, by their coldness, sufficiently check any approach to intrusion; and for myself, I had now for several years dedicated my hours so much to literary labour, that I should have felt difficulty in employing myself otherwise; and so, like Dogberry, I generously bestowed all my tediousness on the public, comforting myself with the reflection, that if posterity should think me undeserving of the favour with which I was regarded by my contemporaries, "they could not but say I had the crown," and had enjoyed for the time that popularity which is so much coveted.

I conceived, however, that I held the distinguished situation I had obtained, however unworthily, rather like the champion of pugilism,<sup>2</sup> on the condition of being always ready to show proofs of my skill, than in the manner of the champion of chivalry, who performs his duties only on rare and solemn occasions. I was in any case conscious that I could not long hold a situation which the caprice, rather than the judgment, of the public, had bestowed upon me, and preferred being deprived of my precedence by some more worthy rival, to sinking into contempt for my indolence, and losing my reputation by what Scottish lawyers call the *negative proscription*. Accordingly, those who choose to look at the Introduction to Rokeby, in the present edition, will be able to trace the steps by which I declined as a poet to figure as a novelist: as the ballad says, Queen Eleanor sunk at Charing-Cross to rise again at Queenhithe.

It only remains for me to say, that, during my short pre-eminence of popularity, I faithfully observed the rules of moderation which I had resolved to follow before I began my course as a man of letters. If a man is determined to make a noise in the world, he is as sure to encounter abuse and ridicule, as he who gallops furiously through a village, must reckon on being followed by the curs in full cry. Experienced persons know, that in

1 The Jolly Beggar, attributed to King James V.—Herd's Collections, 1776.

2 "In twice five years the 'greatest living poet,'  
Like to the champion in the dusty ring,

Is call'd on to support his claim, or show it,  
Although 'tis an imaginary thing," &c.

Don Juan, canto xi. st. 55.

stretching to flog the latter, the rider is very apt to catch a bad fall; nor is an attempt to chastise a malignant critic attended with less danger to the author. On this principle, I let parody, burlesque, and squibs, find their own level; and while the latter hissed most fiercely, I was cautious never to catch them up, as school-boys do, to throw them back against the naughty boy who fired them off, wisely remembering that they are, in such cases, apt to explode in the handling. Let me add, that

my reign<sup>1</sup> (since Byron has so called it) was marked by some instances of good-nature as well as patience. I never refused a literary person of merit such services in smoothing his way to the public as were in my power: and I had the advantage, rather an uncommon one with our irritable race, to enjoy general favour, without incurring permanent ill-will, so far as is known to me, among any of my contemporaries.

W. S.  
Abbotsford, April 1830.

## The Lady of the Lake:

TO THE  
MOST NOBLE JOHN JAMES MARQUIS OF ABERCORN,  
Esq. Esq. Esq.

THIS POEM<sup>2</sup> IS INSCRIBED BY  
THE AUTHOR.

### ARGUMENT.

*The Scene of the following Poem is laid chiefly in the Vicinity of Loch-Katrine, in the Western Highlands of Perthshire. The time of Action includes Six Days, and the transactions of each Day occupy a Canto.*

## The Lady of the Lake.

### CANTO FIRST.

#### THE CHASE.

Harp of the North! that mouldering long hast hung

On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,

And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,  
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,

Muffling with verdant ringlet every string,—  
O minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep?

Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,  
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,

Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep!

Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon,  
Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,

When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,  
Aroused the fearful, or subdued the proud.

At each according pause, was heard aloud  
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high!

Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bow'd,  
For still the burden of thy minstrelsy

Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's matchless eye.

O wake once more! how rude soe'er the hand  
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray:  
O wake once more! though scarce my skill  
command

Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay:  
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,  
And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,  
Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,  
The wizard note has not been touch'd in vain.

Then silent be no more! Enchantress, wake again!

#### I.

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,  
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,  
And deep his midnight lair had made  
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade:  
But, when the sun his beacon red  
Had kindled on Benvoirich's head,  
The deep-mouth'd bloodhound's heavy bay  
Rounded up the rocky way,  
And faint, from farther distance borne,  
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

#### II.

As Chief, who hears his warder call,  
"To arms! the foemen storm the wall,"  
The antler'd monarch of the waste  
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.  
But, ere his fleet career he took,  
'The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;

<sup>1</sup> "Sir Walter reign'd before me," &c.  
Don Juan, canto xi. st. 67.

<sup>2</sup> Published by John Ballantyne & Co. in 4to, with engraved frontispiece of Saxon's portrait of Scott, 2s. 2s. May 1810.

Like crested leader proud and high,  
Toss'd his beam'd frontlet to the sky;  
A moment gaz'd down the dale,  
A moment snuff'd the tainted gale,  
A moment listen'd to the cry,  
That thicken'd as the chase drew nigh;  
Then, as the headmost foes appear'd,  
With one brave bound the copse he clear'd,  
And, stretching forward free and fur,  
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

## III.

Yell'd on the view the opening pack;  
Rock, glen, and cavern, paid them back;  
To many a mingled sound at once  
The awaken'd mountain gave response.  
A hundred dogs bay'd deep and strong,  
Clatter'd a hundred steeds along,  
Their peal the merry horns rung out,  
A hundred voices join'd the shout;  
With hark, and whoop, and wild halloo,  
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.<sup>1</sup>  
Far from the tumult fled the roe,  
Close in her covert cower'd the doe,  
The falcon, from her cairn on high,  
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,  
Till far beyond her piercing ken  
The hurricane had swept the glen.  
Faint and more faint, its falling din  
Return'd from cavern, cliff, and linn,  
And silence settled, wide and still,  
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

## IV.

Less loud the sounds of silvan war  
Disturb'd the heights of Uam-Var,  
And roused the cavern, where 'tis told,  
A giant made his den of old;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Benvoirlich, a mountain comprehended in the cluster of the Grampians, at the head of the valley of the Garry, a river which springs from its base. It rises to an elevation of 3300 feet above the level of the sea.

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix, Note A.

<sup>3</sup> About a mile to the westward of the inn of Aberfoyle, Lochard opens to the view. A few hundred yards to the east of it, the Avenod, which had just issued from the lake, tumbles its waters over a rugged precipice of more than thirty feet in height, forming, in the rainy season, several very magnificent cascades.

\* The first opening of the lower lake, from the east, is uncommonly picturesque. Directing the eye nearly westward, Benlmond raises its pyramidal mass in the background. In nearer prospect, you have gentle eminences, covered with oak and birch to the very summit; the bare rock sometimes peeping through a smooget the clumps. Immediately under the eye, the lower lake, stretching out from narrow beginnings to a breadth of about half a mile, is seen in full prospect. On the right, the banks are skirted with extensive oak woods which cover the mountain more than half way up.

<sup>4</sup> Advancing to the westward, the view of the lake is lost for about a mile. The upper lake, which is by far the most extensive, is separated from the lower by a strait of about 200 yards in length. The most advantageous view of the upper lake presents itself from a rising ground near its lower extremity, where a footpath strikes off to the south, into the wood that overhangs this connecting stream. Looking westward, Benlmond is seen in the background, rising, at the distance of six miles, in the form of a regular cone, its sides presenting a gentle slope to the N. W. and S. E. On the right is the lofty mountain of Benoghris, running west towards the deep vale in which Lochcon lies concealed from the eye. In the foreground, Lochard stretches out to the west in the fairest prospect; its length three miles, and its breadth a mile and a half. On the right, it is skirted with woods; the northern and western extremity of the lake is diversified with meadows, and corn-fields, and farm-houses. On the left, few marks of cultivation are to be seen.

<sup>5</sup> Farther on, the traveller passes along the verge of the

For ere that steep ascent was won,  
High in his pathway hung the sun,  
And many a gallant, stay'd perforce,  
Was fain to breathe his faltering horse,  
And of the trackers of the deer,  
Scarce half the lessening pack was near;  
So shrewdly on the mountain side  
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

## V.

The noble stag was pausing now,  
Upon the mountain's southern brow,  
Where broad extended, far beneath,  
The varied realm of fair Meenteith.  
With anxious eye he wander'd o'er  
Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,  
And ponder'd refuge from his toil,  
By far Lochard<sup>3</sup> or Aberfoyle.  
But nearer was the copsewood grey,  
That waved and wept on Loch-Achray,  
And mingled with the pine-trees blue  
On the bold cliffs of Benvenne.  
Fresh vigour with the hope return'd,  
With flying foot the heath he spurn'd,  
Held westward with unwearied race,  
And left behind the panting chase.

## VI.

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,  
As swept the hunt through Cambus more;<sup>4</sup>  
What reins were tighten'd in despair,  
When rose Benledi's ridge in air;<sup>5</sup>  
Who flagg'd upon Bochastle's heath,  
Who shunn'd to stem the flooded Teith,—<sup>6</sup>  
For twice that day, from shore to shore,  
The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.  
Few were the stragglers, following far,  
That reach'd the lake of Vennochiar;<sup>7</sup>  
And when the Brigg of Turk was won,<sup>8</sup>  
The headmost horseman rode alone.

lake under a ledge of rock, from thirty to fifty feet high; and, standing immediately under this rock, towards its western extremity, he has a double echo, of uncommon distinctness. Upon pronouncing, with a firm voice, a line of ten syllables, it is returned, first from the opposite side of the lake; and when that is finished, it is repeated with equal distinctness from the wood on the east. The day must be perfectly calm, and the lake as smooth as glass, for otherwise no human voice can be returned from a distance of at least a quarter of a mile.—Graham's Sketches of Perthshire, 2d edit. p. 182, &c.

<sup>4</sup> Cambus-mora, within about two miles of Callender, on the wooded banks of the Keltie, a tributary of the Teith, is the seat of a family of the name of Buchanan, whom the Poet frequently visited in his younger days.

<sup>5</sup> Benledi is a magnificent mountain, 3600 feet in height, which bounds the horizon on the north-west from Callender. The name, according to the Celtic etymologists, signifies the Mountain of God.

<sup>6</sup> Two mountain streams—the one flowing from Loch Voil, by the pass of Leoy; the other from Loch Katrine, by Loch Achray and Loch Venochiar, unite at Callender; and the river thus formed thenceforth takes the name of Teith. Hence the designation of the territory of Meenteith.

<sup>7</sup> Loch Venochiar, a beautiful expanse of water, of about five miles in length, by a mile and a half in breadth.—Graham.

<sup>8</sup> About a mile above Loch Venochiar, the approach (from the east) to the Brigg, or Bridge of Turk (the scene of the death of a wild-boar famous in Celtic tradition), leads to the summit of an eminence, where these bursts upon the traveller's eye a sudden and wide prospect of the windings of the river that issues from Loch Achray, with that sweet lake itself in front; the gently rolling river pursues its serpentine course through an extensive meadow; at the west end of the lake, on the side of Aberfoyle, is situated the delightful farm of Achray, the level field, a denomination justly due to it, when considered in contrast with the rugged rocks and mountains which surround it. From this eminence are to be seen also, on the right hand, the entrance to Glenlunan, and in the distance Benvenne.—Graham.



## VII.

Alone, but with unbated zeal,  
That horseman plied the scourge and steel;  
For jaded now, and spent with toil,  
Emboss'd with foam, and dark with soil,  
While every gasp with sobs he drew,  
The labouring stag strain'd full in view,  
Two dogs of black Saut Hubert's breed,  
Unmatch'd for courage, breath, and speed,<sup>1</sup>  
Fast on his flying traces came  
And all but won that desperate game:  
For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,  
Vindictive toil'd the bloodhounds stanch;  
Nor nearer might the dogs attain,  
Nor farther might the quarry strain.  
Thus up the margin of the lake,  
Between the precipice and brake,  
O'er stock and rock their race they take.

## VIII.

The Hunter mark'd that mountain high,  
The lone lake's western boundary,  
And deem'd the stag must turn to bay,  
Where that huge rampart barr'd the way;  
Already glorying in the prize,  
Measured his antlers with his eyes:  
For the death-wound and death-halloo,  
Muster'd his breath, his winyard drew;—<sup>2</sup>  
But thundering as he came prepared,  
With ready arm and weapon bared,  
The wily quarry shunn'd the shock,  
And turn'd him from the opposing rock;  
Then, dashing down a darksome glen,  
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,  
In the deep Trosach's<sup>3</sup> wildest nook  
His solitary refuge took.  
There, while close couch'd, the thicket shed  
Cold dews and wild-flowers on his head,  
He heard the baffled dogs in vain  
Rave through the hollow pass amain,  
Chiding the rocks that yell'd again.

## IX.

Close on the hounds the hunter came,  
To cheer them on the vanish'd game;  
But, stumbling in the rugged dell,  
The gallant horse exhausted fell,  
The impatient rider atrove in vain  
To rouse him with the spur and rein,  
For the good steed, his labours o'er,  
Stretch'd his stiff limbs, to rise no more;  
Then, touch'd with pity and remorse,  
He sorrow'd o'er the expiring horse.  
"I little thought, when first thy rein  
I slack'd upon the banks of Seine,  
That Highland eagle e'er should feed  
On thy feet limbs, my matchless steed!  
Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,  
That costs thy life, my gallant grey!"

## X.

Then through the dell his horn resounds,  
From vain pursuit to call the hounds.  
Back limp'd, with slow and crippled pace,  
The sulky leaders of the chase;  
Close to their master's side they press'd,  
With drooping tail and humbled crest;  
But still the dingle's hollow throat  
Prolong'd the swelling bugle-note.

1 See Appendix, Note B.  
2 See Appendix, Note C.

The owlets started from their dream,  
The eagles answer'd with their scream,  
Round and around the sounds were cast,  
Till echo seem'd an answering blast;  
And on the hunter hied his way,  
To join some comrades of the day;  
Yet often paused, so strange the road,  
So wondrous were the scenes it show'd.

## XI.

The western waves of ebbing day  
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way;  
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,  
Was bathed in floods of living fire.  
But not a setting beam could glow  
Within the dark ravines below,  
Where twined the path in shadow hid,  
Round many a rocky pyramid,  
Shooting abruptly from the dell  
Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle;  
Round many an insulated mass,  
The native bulwarks of the pass,  
Huge as the tower<sup>4</sup> which builders vain  
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain,<sup>4</sup>  
The rocky summits, split and rent,  
Form'd turret, dome, or battlement,  
Or seem'd fantastically set  
With cupola or minaret,  
Wild crests as pagod ever deck'd,  
Or mosque of Eastern architect.  
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,  
Nor lack'd they many a banner fair;  
For, from their shiver'd brows display'd,  
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,  
All twinkling with the dewdrops sheen,  
The briar-rose fell in streamers green,  
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,  
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

## XII.

Boon nature scatter'd, free and wild,  
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.  
Here eglantine embalm'd the air,  
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;  
The primrose pale and violet flower,  
Found in each cliff a narrow hower;  
Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,  
Emblems of punishment and pride,  
Group'd their dark hues with every stain  
The weather-beaten crags retain.  
With houghs that quaked at every breath,  
Grey birch and aspen wept beneath;  
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak  
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;  
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung  
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,  
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,  
His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky.  
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,  
Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced,  
The wanderer's eye could barely view  
The summer heaven's delicious blue:  
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem  
The scenery of a fairy dream.

## XIII.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep  
A narrow inlet, still and deep,  
Affording scarce such breadth of brim,  
As served the wild duck's brood to swim.

3 "The term *Trosachs* signifies the rough or bristled territory"—*Or-tham*.

4 The Tower of Babel.—Genesis, xi. 1-9.

Lost for a space, through thickets veering,  
But broader when again appearing.  
Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face  
Could on the dark-blue mirror trace;  
And farther as the hunter stray'd,  
Still broader sweep its channels made.  
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,  
Emerging from entangled wood,  
But, wave-encircled, seem'd to float,  
Like castle girdled with its moat;  
Yet broader floods extending still  
Divide them from their parent hill,  
Till each, retiring, claims to be  
An islet in an inland sea.

## XIV.

And now, to issue from the glen,  
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,  
Unless he climb, with footing nice,  
A far projecting precipice.<sup>1</sup>  
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,  
The hazel saplings lent their aid;  
And thus an airy point he won,  
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,  
One burnish'd sheet of living gold,  
Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd,<sup>2</sup>  
In all her length far winding lay,  
With promontory, creek, and bay,  
And islands that, empurpled bright,  
Floated amid the livelier light.  
And mountains, that like giants stand,  
To sentinel enchanted land.  
High on the south, huge Benvenue<sup>3</sup>  
Down on the lake in massa threw  
Crag, knolls and mounds, confusedly hurl'd,  
The fragments of an earlier world  
A wildering forest feather'd o'er  
His ruin'd sides and summit hoar,  
While on the north, through middle air,  
Ben-an<sup>4</sup> heaved high his forehead bare.

## XV.

From the steep promontory gazed  
The stranger, raptured and amazed.  
And, "What a scene were here," he cried,  
"For princely pomp, or churchman's pride!  
On this bold brow, a lordly tower;  
In that soft vale, a lady's bower;  
On yonder meadow, far away,  
The turrets of a cloister grey;  
How blithely might the bugle-horn  
Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn!  
How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute  
Chime, when the groves were still and mute!  
And, when the midnight moon should lave  
Her forehead in the silver wave,  
How solemn on the ear would come  
The holy matins' distant hum,  
While the deep peal's commanding tone  
Should wake, in yonder islet lone,  
A sainted hermit from his cell,  
To drop a bead with every knell—  
And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,  
Should each bewilder'd stranger call  
To friendly feast, and lighted hall.

## XVI.

"Blithe were it then to wander here!  
But now,—beshrew yon nimble deer,—

Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,  
The copse must give my evening fare;  
Some mossy bank my couch must be,  
Some rustling oak my canopy.  
Yet pass we that; the war ad chase  
Give little choice of resting-place:—  
A summer night, in greenwood spent,  
Were but to-morrow's merriment;  
But hosts may in these wilds abound,  
Such as are better miss'd than found;  
To meet with Highland plunderers here,  
Were worse than loss of steed or deer.—<sup>5</sup>  
I am alone;—my bugle-strain  
May call some stragler of the train;  
Or, fall the worst that may betide,  
Ere now this falchion has been tried."

## XVII.

But scarce again his horn he wound,  
When lo! forth starting at the sound,  
From underneath an aged oak,  
That slanted from the islet rock,  
A damsel guider of its way,  
A little skiff shot to the bay,  
That round the promontory steep  
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,  
Eddying, in almost viewless wave.  
The weeping willow-twig to lave,  
And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,  
The beach of pebbles bright as snow.  
The boat had touch'd this silver strand,  
Just as the Hunter left his stand,  
And stood conceal'd amid the brake,  
To view this Lady of the Lake.  
The maiden paused, as if again  
She thought to catch the distant strain.  
With head up-raised, and look intent,  
And eye and ear attentive bent,  
And locks flung back, and lips apart,  
Like monument of Grecian art,  
In listening mood, she seem'd to stand,  
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

## XVIII.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel chase  
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,  
Of finer form, or lovelier face!  
What though the sun, with ardent frown,  
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,—  
The sportive toil, which, short and light,  
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,  
Served too in hastier swell to show  
Short glimpses of a breast of snow:  
What though no rule of courtly grace  
To measured mood had train'd her pace,—  
A foot more light, a step more true,  
Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew;  
E'en the slight harebell raised its head,  
Elastic from her airy tread:  
What though upon her speech there hung  
The accents of the mountain tongue,—  
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,  
The listener held his breath to hear!

## XIX.

A Chieftain's daughter seem'd the maid;  
Her satin snood,<sup>6</sup> her silken plaid,  
Her golden brouch, such birth betray'd.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note D.

<sup>2</sup> Loch-Katrine is the Celtic pronunciation. In his Notes to the Fair Maid of Perth, the author has signified his belief that the lake was named after the *Catterines*, or wild robbers, who haunted its shores.

<sup>3</sup> *Benvenue*—is literally the little mountain—i. e. as contrasted with Ben-di and Benlmond.

<sup>4</sup> According to Graham, Ben-an, or Bennan, is a mere diminutive of Ben—Mountain.

<sup>5</sup> See Appendix, Note F.

<sup>6</sup> See Note on Canto III. stanza 5.

And seldom was a snood amid  
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,  
Whose glossy black to shame might bring  
The plumage of the raven's wing;  
And seldom o'er a breast so fair,  
Mantled a plaid with modest care,  
And never brooch the folds combined  
Above a heart more good and kind.  
Her kindness and her worth to spy,  
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;  
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,  
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,  
Than every free-born glance confess'd  
The guileless movements of her breast;  
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,  
Or woe or pity claim'd a sigh,  
Or filial love was glowing there,  
Or meek devotion pour'd a prayer,  
Or tale of injury call'd forth  
The indignant spirit of the North.  
One only passion unreveal'd,  
With maiden pride the maid conceal'd,  
Yet not less purely felt the flame:—  
O need I tell that passion's name!

## XX.

Impatient of the silent horn,  
Now on the gale her voice was borne:—  
"Father!" she cried; the rocks around  
Loved to prolong the gentle sound.  
A while she paused, no answer came,—  
"Malcolm, was thine the blast!" the name  
Less resolutely utter'd fell,  
The echoes could not catch the swell.  
"A stranger!" the Huntsman said,  
Advancing from the hazel shade.  
The maid, alarm'd, with hasty oar,  
Push'd her light shallop from the shore,  
And when a space was gain'd between,  
Closer she drew her bosom's screen;  
(So forth the startled swan would swing,  
So turn to prune his ruffled wing)  
Then safe, though flutter'd and amazed,  
She paused, and on the stranger gazed.  
Not his the form, nor his the eye,  
That youthful maidens wont to fly.

## XXI.

On his bold visage middle age  
Had slightly press'd its signet sage,  
Yet had not quench'd the open truth  
And fiery vehemence of youth;  
Forward and frolic glee was there,  
The will to do, the soul to dare,  
The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire,  
Of hasty love, or headlong ire.  
His limbs were cast in manly mould,  
For hardy sports or contest bold;  
And though in peaceful garb array'd,  
And weaponless, except his blade,  
His stately mien as well implied  
A high-born heart, a martial pride,  
As if a Baron's crest he wore,  
And sheathed in armour trode the shore.  
Slighting the petty need he show'd,  
He told of his benighted road;  
His ready speech flow'd fair and free,  
In phrase of gentlest courtesy;  
Yet seem'd that tone, and gesture bland,  
Less used to sue than to command.

## XXII.

A while the maid the stranger eyed,  
And, reassured, at length replied,

That Highland halls were open still  
To wilder'd wanderers of the hill.  
"Nor think you unexpected come  
To yon lone isle, our desert home;  
Before the heath had lost the dew,  
This morn, a couch was pull'd for you;  
Oo yonder mountain's purple head  
Have ptarmigan and heath-cock bled,  
And our broad nets have swept o'er mere,  
To furnish forth your evening cheer."—  
"Now, by the rood, my lovely maid,  
Your courtesy has err'd," he said:  
"No right have I to claim, misplaced,  
The welcome of expected guest.  
A wanderer, here by fortune tost,  
My way, my friends my courser lost,  
I ne'er before, believe me, fair,  
Have ever drawn your mountain air,  
Till on this lake's romantic strand,  
I found a fay in fairy land!"—

## XXIII.

"I well believe," the maid replied,  
As her light skiff approach'd the side,—  
"I well believe, that ne'er before  
Your foot has trod Loch Katrine's shore;  
But yet, as far as yesternight,  
Old Allan-bane foretold your plight,—  
A grey-hair'd sire, whose eye intent  
Was on the vision'd future bent.  
He saw your steed, a dappled grey,  
Lie dead beneath the birchen way;  
Painted exact your form and mien,  
Your hunting suit of Lincoln green,  
That tassel'd horn so gaily gilt,  
That falchion's crooked blade and hilt,  
That cap with heron plumage trim,  
And you two hounds so dark and grim.  
He bade that all should ready be,  
To grace a guest of fair degree;  
But light I held his prophecy,  
And deem'd it was my father's horn,  
Whose echoes o'er the lake were borne."

## XXIV.

The stranger smiled:—"Since to your home  
A destined errant-knight I come,  
Announced by prophet sooth and old,  
Doom'd, doubtless, for achievement bold,  
I'll lightly front each high emprise,  
For one kind glance of those bright eyes.  
Permit me, first, the task to guide  
Your fairy frigate o'er the tide."  
The maid, with smile suppress'd and sly,  
The toil unwonted saw him try;  
For seldom sure, if e'er before,  
His noble hand had grasp'd an oar:  
Yet with main strength his strokes he drew,  
And o'er the lake the shallop flew;  
With heads erect, and whimpering cry,  
The hounds behind their passage ply.  
Nor frequent does the bright oar break  
The dark'ning mirror of the lake,  
Until the rocky isle they reach,  
And moor their shallop on the beach.

## XXV.

The stranger view'd the shore around;  
'Twas all so close with copsewood bound,  
Nor track nor pathway might declare  
That human foot frequented there,  
Until the mountain maiden show'd  
A clambering unsuspected road,



That winded through the tangled screen,  
And open'd on a narrow green,  
Where weeping birch and willow round  
With their long fibres swept the ground.  
Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,  
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.<sup>1</sup>

## XXVI.

It was a lodge of ample size,  
But strange of structure and device ;  
Of such materials, as around  
The workman's hand had readiest found.  
Lopp'd off their boughs, their hoar trunks  
hared,

And by the hatchet rudely squared,  
To give the walls their destined height,  
The sturdy oak and ash unite ;  
While moss and clay and leaves combined  
To fence each crevice from the wind.  
The lighter pine-trees, over-head,  
Their slender length for rafters spread,  
And wither'd heath and rushes dry  
Supplied a russet canopy.  
Due westward, fronting to the green,  
A rural portico was seen,  
Aloft on native pillars borne,  
Of moun'ain fir, with bark unshorn,  
Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine  
The ivy and Idean vine,  
The clematis, the favour'd flower  
Which boasts the name of virgin-bower,  
And every hardy plant could bear  
Loch Katrine's keen and searching air.  
An instant in this porch she stay'd,  
And gaily to the stranger said,  
"On heaven and on thy lady call,  
And enter the enchanted hall!"

## XXVII.

"My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,  
My gentle guide, in following thee."  
He cross'd the threshold — and a clang  
Of angry steel that instant rang,  
To his bold brow his spirit rush'd.  
But soon for vain alarm he blush'd,  
When on the floor he saw display'd,  
Cause of the din, a naked blade  
Dropp'd from the sheath, that careless flung  
Upon a stag's huge antlers awung ;  
For all around, the walls to grace,  
Hung trophies of the fight or chase :  
A target there, a hugh here,  
A battle-axe, a hunting-spear,  
And broadswords, bows, and arrows store,  
With the tusk'd trophies of the boar.  
Here grins the wolf as when he died,  
And there the wild-cat's brindled hide  
The frontlet of the elk adorns,  
Or mantles o'er the bison's horns ;  
Pennons and flags defaced and stain'd,  
That blackening streaks of blood retain'd,  
And deer-skins, dappled, don, and white,  
With otter's fur and seal's unite.  
In rude and uncouth tapestry all,  
To garnish forth the silvan hall.

## XXVIII.

The wondering stranger round him gazed,  
And next the fallen weapon raised : —  
Few were the arms whose sinewy strength  
Sufficed to stretch it forth at length,

And as the brand he poised and sway'd,  
"I never knew but one," he said,  
"Whose stalwart arm might brook to wield  
A blade like this in battle-field."  
She sigh'd, then smiled and took the word ;  
"You see the guardian champion's sword :  
As light it trembles in his hand,  
As in my grasp a hazel wand ;  
My sire's tall form might grace the part  
Of Ferragns or Ascabart ;<sup>2</sup>  
But in the absent giant's hold  
Are women now, and menials old."

## XXIX.

The mistress of the mansion came,  
Mature of age, a graceful dame ;  
Whose easy step and stately port  
Had well become a princely court.  
To whom, though more than kindred knew,  
Young Ellen gave a mother's due.  
Meet welcome to her guest she made,  
And every courteous rite was paid,  
That hospitality could claim,  
Though all unask'd his birth and name.<sup>3</sup>  
Such then the reverence to a guest,  
That fellest foe might join the feast,  
And from his deadliest foeman's door  
Unquestion'd turn the banquet o'er.  
At length his rank the stranger names,  
"The Knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz-James ;  
Lord of a barren heritage,  
Which his brave sires, from age to age,  
By their good swords had held with tod ;  
His sire had fallen in such turmoil,  
And he, God wot, was forced to stand  
Oft for his right with blade in hand.  
This morning, with Lord Moray's train,  
He chased a stalwart stag in vain,  
Outstripp'd his comrades, miss'd the deer,  
Lost his good steed, and wander'd here."

## XXX.

Fain would the Knight in turn require  
The name and state of Ellen's sire.  
Well show'd the elder lady's mien,  
That courts and cities she had seen ;  
Ellen, though more her looks display'd  
The simple grace of silvan maid,  
In speech and gesture, form and face  
Show'd she was come of gentle race.  
"Twere strange, in ruder rank to find,  
Such looks, such manners, and such mind  
Each hint the Knight of Snowdoun gave,  
Dame Margaret heard with silence grave ;  
Or Ellen, innocently gay,  
Turn'd all inquiry light away : —  
"Weird women we ! by dale and down  
We dwell, afar from tower and town.  
We stem the flood, we ride the blast,  
On wandering knights our spells we cast ;  
While viewless minstrels touch the string,  
"Tis thus our charmed rhymes we sing."  
She sung, and still a harp unseen  
Fill'd up the symphony between.<sup>4</sup>

## XXXI.

## SONG.

"Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking ;  
Dream of battled fields no more,  
Days of danger, nights of waking.

1 See Appendix, Note G.

2 Ibid, Note H.

3 See Appendix, Note I.

4 Ibid, Note K.

In our isle's enchanted hall,  
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,  
 Fairy strains of music fall,  
 Every sense in slumber dewing.  
 Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,  
 Dream of fighting fields no more:  
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

"No rude sound shall reach thine ear,  
 Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,  
 Trump nor pibroch summon here  
 Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.  
 Yet the lark's shrill file may come  
 At the day-break from the fallow,  
 And the bittern sound his drum,  
 Booming from the sedgy shallow.  
 Ruder sounds shall none be near,  
 Guards nor warders challenge here,  
 Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,  
 Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping."

## XXXII.

She paused—then, blushing, led the lay  
 To grace the stranger of the day.  
 Her mellow notes awhile prolong  
 The cadence of the flowing song,  
 Till to her lips in measured frame  
 The minstrel verse spontaneous came.

## SONG CONTINUED.

"Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,  
 While our slumbrous spells assail ye,  
 Dream not, with the rising sun,  
 Bugles here shall sound reveillé.  
 Sleep! the deer is in his den;  
 Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;  
 Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,  
 How thy gallant steed lay dying.  
 Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,  
 Think not of the rising sun,  
 For at dawning to assail ye,  
 Here no bugles sound reveillé."

## XXXIII.

The hall was clear'd — the stranger's bed  
 Was there of mountain leather spread,  
 Where oft a hundred guests had lain,  
 And dream'd their forest sports again.  
 But vainly did the heath-flower shed  
 Its moorland fragrance round his head;  
 Not Ellen's spell had lull'd to rest  
 The fever of his troubled breast.  
 In broken dreams the image rose  
 Of varied perils, pains, and woes:  
 His steed now flounders in the brake,  
 Now sinks his barge upon the lake;  
 Now leader of a broken host,  
 His standard falls, his honour's lost.  
 Then, — from my couch may heavenly might  
 Chase that worst phantom of the night! —  
 Again return'd the scenes of youth,  
 Of confident undoubting truth;  
 Again his soul he interchanged  
 With friends whose hearts were long estranged.

1 "Ye guardians, spirits, to whom man is dear,  
 From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom:  
 Angels of fancy and of love, be near,  
 And e'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom:  
 Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,  
 And let them virtue with a look impart;  
 But hie, awhile, O! lend us from the tomb  
 Those long lost friends for whom in love we smart,  
 And all with pious awe and joy-mixt wee the heart.

They come, in dim procession led,  
 The cold, the faithless, and the dead;  
 As warm each hand, each brow as gay,  
 As if they parted yesterday.  
 And doubt distracts him at the view,  
 O were his senses false or true!  
 Dream'd he of death, or broken vow,  
 Or is it all a vision now!

## XXXIV.

At length, with Ellen in a grove  
 He seem'd to walk, and speak of love;  
 She listen'd with a blush and sigh,  
 His suit was warm, his hopes were high.  
 He sought her yielded hand to clasp,  
 And a cold gauntlet met his grasp;  
 The phantom's sex was changed and gone,  
 Upon its head a helmet shone;  
 Slowly enlarged to giant size,  
 With darken'd cheek and threatening eyes,  
 The grisly visage, stern and hoar,  
 To Ellen still a likeness bore —  
 He woke, and, panting with affright,  
 Recall'd the vision of the night.  
 The hearth's decaying brands were red,  
 And deep and dusky lustre shed.  
 Half showing, half concealing, all  
 The uncounted trophies of the hall.  
 Mid those the stranger fix'd his eye,  
 Where that huge falchion hung on high,  
 And thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng,  
 Rush'd, chasing countless thoughts along,  
 Until, the giddy whirl to cure,  
 He rose, and sought the moonshine pure.

## XXXV.

The wild-rose, eglantine, and broom,  
 Wasted around their rich perfume;  
 The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm,  
 The aspens slept beneath the calm;  
 The silver light, with quivering glance,  
 Play'd on the water's still expanse, —  
 Wild were the heart whose passions' sway  
 Could rage beneath the sober ray!  
 He felt its calm, that warrior guest,  
 While thus he communed with his breast: —  
 "Why is it, at each turn I trace  
 Some memory of that exiled race?  
 Can I not mountain maiden spy,  
 But she must hear the Douglas eye?  
 Can I not view a Highland brand,  
 But it must match the Douglas hand?  
 Can I not frame a fever'd dream,  
 But still the Douglas is the theme?  
 I'll dream no more — by manly mind  
 Not even in sleep is will resign'd.  
 My midnight orisons said o'er,  
 I'll turn to rest, and dream no more."  
 His midnight orisons he told,  
 A prayer with every bead of gold,  
 Consign'd to heaven his cares and woes,  
 And sunk in undisturb'd repose:  
 Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,  
 And morning dawn'd on Bevenue.

"Or are you sportive? — bid the morn of youth  
 Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days  
 Of innocence, simplicity, and truth;  
 To cares estranged, and manhood's thorny ways.  
 What transport, to retruce our boyish plays,  
 Our easy idles, when each thing joy supplied;  
 The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze  
 Of the wild brooks!" — *Castle of Indolence, Canto I.*

## The Lady of the Lake.

## CANTO SECOND.

## THE ISLAND.

## I.

At morn the black-cock trims his jetty wing,  
 'Tis morning prompts the linnet's blithest  
 lay,  
 All Nature's children feel the matin spring  
 Of life reviving, with reviving day;  
 And while yon little bark glides down the bay,  
 Waiting the stranger on his way again,  
 Morn's genial influence roused a minstrel grey,  
 And sweetly o'er the lake was heard thy  
 strain,  
 Mix'd with the sounding harp, O white-hair'd  
 Allan-Bane!<sup>1</sup>

## II.

## SONG.

"Not faster yonder rowers' night  
 Flings from their oars the spray,  
 Not faster yonder rippling bright,  
 That tracks the shallop's course in light,  
 Melts in the lake away,  
 Than men from memory erase  
 The benefits of former days;  
 Then, stranger, go! good speed the while,  
 Nor think again of the lonely isle.

"High place to thee in royal court,  
 High place in battle line,  
 Good hawk and hound for sylvan sport,  
 Where beauty sees the brave resort,  
 The honour'd meed be thine!  
 True be thy sword, thy friend sincere,  
 Thy lady constant, kind, and dear,  
 And lost in love and friendship's smile  
 Be memory of the lonely isle.

## III.

## SONG CONTINUED.

"But if beneath yon southern sky  
 A plaided stranger roam,  
 Whose drooping crest and stifed sigh,  
 And sun-ey cheek and heavy eye,  
 Plead for his Highland home;  
 Then, warrior, then be thine to show  
 The care that soothes a wanderer's woe;  
 Remember then thy hap ere while,  
 A stranger in the lonely isle.

"Or if on life's uncertain main  
 Mishap shall mar thy sail;  
 If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,  
 Woe, want, and exile thou sustain  
 Beneath the fickle gale;  
 Waste not a sigh on fortune changed,  
 On thankless courts, or friends estranged,  
 But come where kindred worth shall smile,  
 To greet thee in the lonely isle."

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note L.

## IV.

As died the sounds upon the tide,  
 The shallop reach'd the mainland side,  
 And ere his onward way he took,  
 The stranger cast a lingering look,  
 Where easily his eye might reach  
 The Harper on the islet beach,  
 Reclined against a blighted tree,  
 As wasted, grey, and worn as he.  
 To minstrel meditation given,  
 His reverend brow was raised to heaven,  
 As from the rising sun to claim  
 A sparkle of inspiring flame.  
 His hand, reclined upon the wire,  
 Seem'd watching the awakening fire;  
 So still he sat, as those who wait  
 Till judgment speak the doom of fate;  
 So still, as if no breeze might dare  
 To lift one lock of hoary hair;  
 So still, as life itself were fled,  
 In the last sound his harp had sped.

## VI.

Upon a rock with lichens wild,  
 Beside him Ellen sat and smil'd —  
 Smil'd she to see the stately drake  
 Lead forth his fleet upon the lake,  
 While her vex'd spaniel, from the beach,  
 Bay'd at the prize beyond his reach?  
 Yet tell me, then, the maid who knows,  
 Why deepen'd on her cheek the rose? —  
 Forgive, forgive, Fidelity!  
 Perchance the maiden smil'd to see  
 Yon parting linnzer wave adieu,  
 And stop and turn to wave anew;  
 And, lovely ladies, ere your ire  
 Condemn the heroine of my lyre,  
 Show me the fair would scorn to spy,  
 And prize such conquest of her eye!

## VI.

While yet he loiter'd on the spot,  
 It seem'd as Ellen mark'd him not;  
 But when he turn'd him to the glade,  
 One courteous parting sign she made;  
 And after, oft the knight would say,  
 That not when prize of festal day  
 Was dealt him by the brightest fair,  
 Who e'er wore jewel in her hair,  
 So highly did his bosom swell,  
 As at that simple mute farewell,  
 Now with a trusty mountain-guide,  
 And his dark stag-hounds by his side,  
 He parts — the maid, unconscious still,  
 Watch'd him wind slowly round the hill;  
 But when his stately form was hid,  
 The guardian in her bosom chid —  
 "Thy Malcolm! vain and selfish maid!"  
 'Twas thus upbraiding conscience said, —  
 "Not so had Malcolm idly hung  
 On the smooth phrase of southern tongue,  
 Not so had Malcolm strain'd his eye,  
 Another step than thine to spy.  
 Wake, Allan-Bane," aloud she cried,  
 To the old Minstrel by her side, —  
 "Arouse thee from thy moody dream!  
 I'll give thy harp heroic theme,  
 And warn thee with a noble name:  
 Pour forth the glory of the Græme!"<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix, Note M.



Scarce from her lip the word had rush'd,  
When deep the conscious maiden blush'd;  
For of his clan, in hall and bower,  
Young Malcolm Græme was held the flower.

## VII.

The Minstrel wak'd his harp—three times  
Arose the well-known martial chimes,  
And thrice their high heroic pride  
In melancholy murmurs died.  
"Vainly thou bid'st, O noble maid,"  
Clasping his wither'd hands, he said,  
"Vainly thou bid'st me wake the strain,  
Though all unwont to bid in vain.  
Alas! than mine a mightier hand  
Has tun'd my harp, my strings has spann'd!  
I touch the chords of joy, but low  
And mournful answer notes of woe;  
And the proud march which victors tread,  
Sinks in the wailing for the dead.  
O well for me, if mine alone  
That dirge's deep prophetic tone!  
If, as my tuneful fathers said,  
This harp, which erst Saint Modan sway'd,  
Can thus its master's fate foretell.  
Then welcome be the minstrel's knell!

## VIII.

"But ah! dear lady, thus thy sigh'd  
The eve thy sainted mother died;  
And such the sounds which, while I strove  
To wake a lay of war or love,  
Came rarring all the festal mirth,  
Appalling me who gave them birth,  
And, disobedient to my call,  
Wail'd loudly through Bothwell's banner'd  
hall,  
Ere Douglasses, to ruin driven,<sup>2</sup>  
Were exiled from their native heaven.—  
Oh! if yet worse mishap and woe,  
My master's house must undergo,  
Or aught but weal to Ellen fair,  
Brod in these accents of despair,  
No future bard, sad Harp! shall fling  
Triumph or rapture from thy string;  
One short, one final strain shall flow,  
Fraught with unutterable woe,  
Then shiver'd shall thy fragments lie,  
Thy master cast him down and die!"

## IX.

Soothing she answer'd him, "Assuage,  
Mine honour'd friend, the fears of age;  
All melodies to thee are known,  
That harp has rung, or pipe has blown,  
In Lowland vale or Highland glen.  
From Tweed to Spey—what marvel, then,  
At times, unhidden notes should rise,  
Confusedly bound in memory's ties,  
Entangling, as they rush along,  
The war-march with the funeral song?—  
Small ground is now for boding fear;  
Obscure, but safe, we rest us here.  
My sire, in native virtues great,  
Resigning lordship, lands, and state,  
Not then to fortune more resign'd,  
Than yonder oak might give the wind;  
The graceful foliage storms may reave,  
The noble stem they cannot grieve.  
For me,"—she stoop'd, and, looking round,  
Pluck'd a blue hare-bell from the ground,—

"For me, whose memory scarce conveys  
An image of more splendid days,  
This little flower, that loves the lea,  
May well my simple emblem be;  
It drinks heaven's dew as blithe as rose  
That in the king's own garden grows;  
And when I place it in my hair,  
Allan, a bard is bound to swear  
He ne'er saw coronet so fair."  
Then playfully the chaplet wild  
She wreath'd in her dark locks, and smiled.

## X.

Her smile, her speech, with winning sway,  
Wiled the old harper's mood away.  
With such a look as hermits throw,  
When angels stoop to soothe their woe,  
He gazed, till fond regret and pride  
Thrill'd to a tear, then thus replied:  
"Loveliest and best! thou little know'st  
The rank, the honours, thou hast lost.  
O might I live to see thee grace,  
In Scotland's court, thy birth-right place,  
To see my favourite's step advance,  
The lightest in the courtly dance,  
The cause of every gallant's sigh,  
And leading star of every eye,  
And theme of every minstrel's art,  
The Lady of the Bleeding Heart!"<sup>3</sup>

## XL.

"Fair dreams are these," the maiden cried  
(Light was her accent, yet she sigh'd:)  
"Yet is this mossy rock to me  
Worth splendid chair and canopy;  
Nor would my footsteps spring more gay  
In courtly dance than blithe strathspey,  
Nor half so pleased mine ear incline  
To royal minstrel's lay as thine.  
And then for suitors proud and high,  
To bend before my conquering eye,—  
Thou, flattering hard! thyself wilt say,  
That grim Sir Roderick owns its sway.  
The Saxon scourge, Clan-Alpine's pride,  
The terror of Loch Lomond's side,  
Would, at my suit, thou know'st, delay  
A Lennox foray—for a day."<sup>4</sup>

## XII.

The ancient bard his glee repress'd:  
"Ill hast thou chosen theme for jest!  
For who, through all this western wild,  
Named Black Sir Roderick e'er, and smiled!  
In Holy-Rood a knight he slew;<sup>4</sup>  
I saw, when hack the dirk he drew,  
Courtiers give place before the stride  
Of the undaunted homicide;  
And since, though outlaw'd, hath his hand  
Full sternly kept his mountain laud.  
Who else dared give—ah! woe the day,  
That I such hated truth should say—  
The Douglas, like a stricken deer,  
Disown'd by every noble peer,<sup>5</sup>  
Even the rude refuge we have here?  
Alas, this wild marauding Chief  
Alone might lazard our relief,  
And now thy maiden charms expand,  
Looks for his guerdon in thy hand;  
Full soon may dispensation sought,  
To back his suit, from Rome be brought.

1 See Appendix, Note N.

2 Ibid, Note O.

3 The well-known cognizance of the Douglas family.

4 See Appendix, Note P.

5 See Appendix, Note Q.

Then, though an exile on the hill,  
Thy father, as the Douglas, still  
Be held in reverence and fear;  
And though to Roderick thou'rt so dear,  
That thou mightst guide with silken thread,  
Slave of thy will, thy chieftain dread;  
Yet, O loved maid, thy mirth refrain!  
Thy hand is on a lion's mane."—

## XIII.

"Minstrel," the maid replied, and high  
Her father's soul glanced from her eye,  
"My debts to Roderick's house I know:  
All that a mother could bestow,  
To Lady Margaret's care I owe.  
Since first an orphan in the wild  
She sorrow'd o'er her sister's child;  
To her brave chieftain son, from ire  
Of Scotland's king who shrouds my sire,  
A deeper, holier debt is owed;  
And, could I pay it with my blood,  
Allan! Sir Roderick should command  
My blood, my life,—but not my hand.  
Rather will Ellen Douglas dwell  
A votaress in Maronnan's cell:<sup>1</sup>  
Rather through realms beyond the sea,  
Seeking the world's cold charity,  
Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish word,  
And ne'er the name of Douglas heard,  
An outcast pilgrim will she rove,  
Than wed the man she cannot love."<sup>2</sup>

## XIV.

"Thou shakest, good friend, thy tresses grey,—  
That pleading look, what can it say  
But what I own?—I grant him brave,  
But wild as Bracklinn's thundering wave;<sup>3</sup>  
And generous, save vindictive mood,  
Or jealous transport, chafe his blood:  
I grant him true to friendly band,  
As his claymore is to his hand;  
But O! that very blade of steel  
More mercy for a foe would feel:  
I grant him liberal, to fling  
Among his clan the wealth they bring,  
When back by lake and glen they wind,  
And in the Lowland leave behind,  
Where once some pleasant haulet stood,  
A mass of ashes slaked with blood.  
The hand that for my father fought,  
I honour, as his daughter ought;  
But can I clasp it reeking red,  
From peasants slaughter'd in their shed?  
No! wildly while his virtues gleam,  
They make his passions darker seem,  
And flash along his spirit high,  
Like lightning o'er the midnight sky.  
While yet a child,—and children know,  
Instinctive taught, the friend and foe,—  
I shudder'd at his brow of gloom,  
His shadowy plaid, and sable plume;  
A maiden grown, I ill could bear  
His haughty mien and lordly air:  
But, if thou join'st a suitor's claim,  
In serious mood, to Roderick's name,  
I shrill with anguish! or, if e'er  
A Douglas knew the word, with fear.  
To change such odious theme were best,—  
What think'st thou of our stranger guest?"—

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note B.

<sup>2</sup> "Ellen is most exquisitely drawn, and could not have been improved by contrast. She is beautiful, frank, affectionate, rational, and playful, combining the innocence

## XV.

"What think I of him?—woe the while  
That brought such wanderer to our isle!  
Thy father's battle-brand, of yore  
For Time-man forged by fairy lore,<sup>4</sup>  
What time he leagued, no longer foes,  
His Border spears with Hotspur's bows,  
Did, self-unscurbarded, foreshow  
The footstep of a secret foe.<sup>5</sup>  
If courtly spy hath harbour'd here,  
What may we for the Douglas fear?  
What for this island, deem'd of old  
Clan-Alpine's last and surest hold?  
If neither spy nor foe, I pray  
What yet may jealous Roderick say?  
—Nay, wave not thy disdainful head,  
Bethink thee of the discord dread  
That kindled, when at Beltane game  
Thou led'st the dance with Malcolm Græme;  
Still, though thy sire the peace renew'd,  
Sinoulders in Roderick's breast the feud;  
Beware!—But hark, what sounds are these?  
My dull ears catch no faltering breeze,  
Nor weeping birch, nor aspens wake,  
Nor breath is dimpling in the lake,  
Still is the canna's<sup>6</sup> hoary beard,  
Yet, by my minstrel faith, I heard—  
And hark again! some pipe of war  
Sends the bold pibroch from afar."

## XVI.

Far up the lengthen'd lake were spied  
Four darkening specks upon the tide,  
That, slow enlarging on the view,  
Four mann'd and masted barges grew,  
And, bearing downwards from Glengyle,  
Steer'd full upon the lonely isle:  
The point of Branchoil they pass'd,  
And, to the windward as they cast,  
Against the sun they gave to shine  
The bold Sir Roderick's banner'd Pine.  
Nearer and nearer as they bear,  
Spear, pikes, and axes flash in air.  
Now might you see the tartans brave,  
And plaids and plumage dance and wave:  
Now see the honnets sink and rise,  
As his tough oar the rower plies;  
See, flashing at each sturdy stroke,  
The wave ascending into smoke;  
See the proud pipers on the bow,  
And mark the gaudy streamers flow  
From their loud chanters<sup>7</sup> down, and sweep  
The furrow'd bosom of the deep,  
As, rushing through the lake amain,  
They plied the ancient Highland strain.

## XVII.

Ever, as on they bore, more loud  
And louder rung the pibroch proud.  
At first the sound, by distance tame  
Mellow'd along the waters came,  
And, lingering long by cape and bay,  
Wail'd every harsher note away;  
Then bursting bolder on the ear,  
The clan's shrill Gathering they could hear;  
Those thrilling sounds, that call the might  
Of old Clan-Alpine to the fight.<sup>8</sup>

of a child with the elevated sentiments and courage of a heroine."—*Quarterly Review*.

<sup>3</sup> See Appendix, Note B. <sup>4</sup> Ibid, Note T. <sup>5</sup> Ibid, Note U.

<sup>6</sup> Cotton-grass. <sup>7</sup> The pipe of the bagpipe.

<sup>8</sup> See Appendix, Note V.

Thick beat the rapid notes, as when  
The mustering hundreds shake the glen,  
And, hurrying at the signal dread,  
The hatter'd earth returns their tread.  
Then prelude light, of livelier tone,  
Express'd their merry marching on,  
Ere peal of closing battle rose,  
With mingled outcry, shrieks, and blows;  
And mimic din of stroke and ward,  
As broad sword upon target jarr'd;  
And groaning pause, ere yet again,  
Condensed, the battle yell'd amain;  
The rapid charge, the rallying shout,  
Retreat borne headlong into rout,  
And bursts of triumph, to declare  
Clan-Alpine's conquest—all were there.  
Nor ended thus the strain; but slow,  
Sunken in a moan prolong'd and low,  
And changed the conquering clarion swell,  
For wild lament o'er those that fell.

## XVIII.

The war-pipes ceased; but lake and hill  
Were busy with their echoes still;  
And, when they slept, a vocal strain  
Bade their hoarse chorus wake again,  
While loud a hundred clansmen raise  
Their voices in their Chieftain's praise.  
Each boatman, bending to his oar,  
With measured sweep the burden bore,  
In such wild cadence, as the breeze  
Makes through December's leafless trees.  
The chorus first could Allan know,  
"Roderick Vich Alpine, ho! iro!"  
And near, and nearer as they row'd,  
Distinct the martial ditty flow'd.

## XIX.

## BOAT SONG.

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!  
Honour'd and bless'd be the ever-green Pine!  
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,  
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!  
Heaven send it happy dew,  
Earth lend it sap anew,  
Gayly to bourzeon, and broadly to grow,  
While every Highland glen  
Sends our shout back agen,  
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"<sup>1</sup>  
Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,  
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;  
When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf on  
the mountain,  
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her  
shade.  
Moor'd in the rifted rock,  
Proof to the tempest's shock,  
Firm'er he roots him the ruder it blow;  
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,  
Echo his praise agen,  
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

## XX.

Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,  
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan  
replied;  
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in  
ruin,  
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on  
her side.<sup>2</sup>  
Widow and Saxon maid  
Long shall lament our raid,

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note W.

Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe;  
Lennox and Leven-glen  
Shake when they hear agen,  
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"  
Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the High-  
lands!  
Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green  
Pine!  
O! that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,  
Were wreathed in a garland around him to  
twine!  
O that some seedling gem,  
Worthy such noble stem,  
Honour'd and bless'd in their shadow might  
grow!  
Loud should Clan-Alpine then  
Ring from the deepest glen,  
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

## XXI.

With all her joyful female band,  
Had Lady Margaret sought the strand,  
Loose on the breeze their tresses flew,  
And high their snowy arms they threw,  
As echoing back with shrill acclaim,  
And chorus wild, the Chieftain's name;  
While, prompt to please, with mother's art,  
The darling passion of his heart,  
The Dame call'd Ellen to the strand,  
To greet her kinsman ere he land:  
"Come, loiterer, come! a Douglas thou,  
And shun to wreath a victor's brow?"—  
Reluctantly and slow, the maid  
The unwelcome summoning obey'd,  
And, when a distant bugle rung,  
In the mid-path aside she sprang:—  
"List, Allan-Bane! From mainland cast,  
I hear my father's signal blast.  
Be ours," she cried, "the skiff to guide,  
And waft him from the mountain side."  
Then, like a sunbeam, swift and bright,  
She darted to her shallop light,  
And, eagerly while Roderick scann'd,  
For her dear form, his mother's band,  
The islet far behind her lay,  
And she had landed in the bay.

## XXII.

Some feelings are to mortals given,  
With less of earth in them than heaven:  
And if there be a human tear  
From passion's dross refined and clear,  
A tear so limpid and so meek,  
It would not stain an angel's cheek,  
'Tis that which pious fathers shed  
Upon a duteous daughter's head!  
And as the Douglas to his breast  
His darling Ellen closely press'd,  
Such holy drops her tresses steep'd,  
Though 'twas an hero's eye that weep'd.  
Nor while on Ellen's faltering tongue  
Her filial welcomes crowded hung,  
Mark'd she, that fear (affection's proof)  
Still held a graceful youth aloof;  
No! not till Douglas named his name,  
Although the youth was Malcolm Græme.

## XXIII.

Allan, with wistful look the while,  
Mark'd Roderick landing on the isle;  
His master piteously he eyed,  
Then gazed upon the Chieftain's pride.

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix, Note X.



Then dash'd, with hasty hand, away  
 From his dimm'd eye the gathering spray;  
 And Douglas, as his hand he laid  
 On Malcolm's shoulder, kindly said,  
 "Unst thou, young friend, no meaning spy  
 In my poor follower's glistening eye?  
 I'll tell thee: — he recalls the day,  
 When in my praise he led the lay  
 O'er the arch'd gate of Bothwell pond,  
 While many a minstrel answer'd loud,  
 When Percy's Norman pennon, won  
 In bloody field, before me shone,  
 And twice ten knights, the least a name  
 As mighty as yon Chief may claim,  
 Gracing my pomp, behind me came.  
 Yet trust me, Malcolm, not so proud  
 Was I of all that marshall'd crowd,  
 Though the waned crescent own'd my might,  
 And in my train troop'd lord and knight,  
 Though Blantyre hymn'd her holiest lays,  
 And Bothwell's bards flung back my praise,  
 As when this old man's silent tear,  
 And this poor maid's affection dear,  
 A welcome give more kind and true,  
 Than aught my better fortunes knew.  
 Forgive, my friend, a father's boast,  
 O! it out-beggars all I lost!"

## XXIV.

Delightful praise! — Like summer rose,  
 That brighter in the dew-drop glows,  
 The bashful maiden's cheek appear'd,  
 For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard.  
 The flush of shame-laced joy to hide,  
 The hounds, the hawk, her cares divide;  
 The loved caresses of the maid  
 The dogs with crouch and whimper paid;  
 And, at her whistle, on her hand  
 The falcon took her favourite stand,  
 Closed his dark wing, relax'd his eye,  
 Nor, though unhooded, sought to fly.  
 And, trust, while in such guise she stood,  
 Like fabled Goddess of the wood,  
 That if a father's partial thought  
 O'erweigh'd her worth and beauty aught,  
 Well might the lover's judgment fail  
 To balance with a juster scale;  
 For with each secret glance he stole,  
 The fond enthusiast sent his soul.

## XXV.

Of stature tall, and slender frame,  
 But firmly knit, was Malcolm Græme.  
 The belted plaid and tartan hose  
 Did ne'er more graceful limbs disclose;  
 His flaxen hair of sunny hue,  
 Curl'd closely round his bonnet blue.  
 Train'd to the chase, his eagle eye  
 The ptarmigan in snow could spy:  
 Each pass, by mountain, lake, and heath,  
 He knew, through Lennox and Menteith;  
 Vain was the bound of dark-brown doe,  
 When Malcolm bent his sounding bow,  
 And scarce that doe, though wing'd with fear,  
 Outstripp'd in speed the mountaineer:  
 Right up Ben-Lomond could he press,  
 And not a sob his toil confess.  
 His form accorded with a mind  
 Lively and ardent, frank and kind;  
 A blither heart, till Ellen came,  
 Did never love nor sorrow tame;  
 It danced as lightsome in his breast,  
 As play'd the feather on his crest.

Yet friends, who nearest knew the youth,  
 His scorn of wrong, his zeal for truth,  
 And bards, who saw his features bold,  
 When kindled by the tales of old,  
 Said, were that youth to manhood grown,  
 Not long should Roderick Dhu's renown  
 Be foremost voiced by mountain fame,  
 But quail to that of Malcolm Græme.

## XXVI.

Now back they wend their watery way,  
 And, "O my sire!" did Ellen say,  
 "Why urge thy chase so far astray?  
 And why so late return'd? And why?" —  
 The rest was in her speaking eye.  
 "My child, the chase I follow far,  
 'Tis mimicry of noble war;  
 And with that gallant pastime rest  
 Were all of Douglas I have left.  
 I met young Malcolm as I stray'd,  
 Far eastward, in Glenfinlas' shade,  
 Nor stray'd I safe; for, all around,  
 Hunters and horsemen scour'd the ground.  
 This youth, though still a royal ward,  
 Risk'd life and laud to be my guard,  
 And through the passes of the wood  
 Guided my steps, not unpursued;  
 And Roderick shall his welcome make,  
 Despite old spleen, for Douglas' sake.  
 Then must he seek Strath-Endrick glen,  
 Nor peril ought for me agen."

## XXVII.

Sir Roderick, who to meet them came,  
 Redden'd at sight of Malcolm Græme,  
 Yet, not in action, word or eye,  
 Fail'd aught in hospitality.  
 In talk and sport they whiled away  
 The morning of that summer day;  
 But at high noon a courier light  
 Held secret parley with the knight,  
 Whose moody aspect soon declared,  
 That evil were the news he heard.  
 Deep thought seem'd toiling in his head;  
 Yet was the evening banquet made,  
 Ere he assembled round the flame,  
 His mother, Douglas, and the Græme,  
 And Ellen, too; then cast around  
 His eyes, then fix'd them on the ground,  
 As studying phrase that might avail  
 Best to convey unpleasant tale.  
 Long with his dagger's hilt he play'd,  
 Then raised his haughty brow, and said: —

## XXVIII.

"Short be my speech; — nor time affords,  
 Nor my plain temper, glazing words.  
 Kinsman and father, — if such name  
 Douglas vouchsafe to Roderick's claim;  
 Mine honour'd mother; — Ellen — why,  
 My cousin, turn away thine eye? —  
 And Græme; in whom I hope to know  
 Full soon a noble friend or foe,  
 When age shall give thee thy command,  
 And leading in thy native land, —  
 List all! — The King's vindictive pride  
 Boasts to have tamed the Border-side,  
 Where chiefs, with hound and hawk who came  
 To share their monarch's silvan game,  
 Themselves in bloody toils were snared;  
 And when the banquet they prepared,  
 And wide their loyal portals flung,  
 O'er their own gateway struggling hung.

Loud cries their blood from Meggat's mead,  
From Yarrow braes, and banks of Tweed,  
Where the lone streams of Ettrick glide,  
And from the silver Teviot's side;  
The dales, where martial clans did ride,  
Are now one sheep-walk, waste and wide.  
This tyrant of the Scottish throne,  
So faithless and so ruthless known,  
Now hither comes; his end the same,  
The same pretext of silvan game.  
What grace for Highland Chiefs, judge ye  
By fate of Border chivalry.<sup>1</sup>  
Yet more; amid Glenfinlas green,  
Douglas, thy stately form was seen.  
This by espial sure I know:  
Your counsel in the streight I show."

## XXX.

Ellen and Margaret fearfully  
Sought comfort in each o'er her's eye,  
Then turn'd their ghastly look, each one,  
This to her sire — that to her son.  
The hasty colour went and came  
In the bold cheek of Malcolm Græme;  
But from his glance it well appear'd,  
'Twas but for Ellen that he fear'd;  
While, sorrowful, but undismay'd,  
The Douglas thus his counsel said: —  
"Brave Roderick, though the tempest roar,  
It may but thunder and pass o'er;  
Nor will I here remain an hour,  
To draw the lightning on thy bower;  
For well thou know'st, at this grey head  
The royal bolt were fiercest sped.  
For thee, who, at thy King's command,  
Canst aid him with a gallant band,  
Submission, homage, humbled pride,  
Shall turn the Monarch's wrath aside.  
Poor remnants of the Bleeding Heart,  
Ellen and I will seek, apart,  
The refuge of some forest cell,  
There, like the hunted quarry, dwell,  
Till on the mountain and the moor,  
The stern pursuit be pass'd and o'er." —

## XXXI.

"No, by mine honour," Roderick said,  
"So help me, heaven, and my good blade!  
No, never! Blasted be you Pine,  
My fathers' ancient crest and mine,  
If from its shade in danger part  
The lineage of the Bleeding Heart!  
Hear my blunt speech: Grant me this maid  
To wife, thy counsel to mine aid;  
To Douglas, leagued with Roderick Dhu,  
Will friends and allies flock enow;  
Like cause of doubt, distrust, and grief,  
Will bind to us each Western Chief.  
When the loud pipes my bridal tell,  
The Links of Forth shall hear the knell,  
The guards shall start in Stirling's porch;  
And, when I light the nuptial torch,  
A thousand villages in flames,  
Shall scare the slumbers of King James I  
— Nay, Ellen, blench not thus away,  
And, nother, cease these signs, I pray:  
I meant not all my heart might say. —  
Small need of inroad, or of fight,  
When the sage Douglas may unite  
Each mountain clan in friendly band,  
To guard the passes of their land,  
Till the foil'd king, from pathless glen,  
Shall bootless turn him home agen."

## XXXII.

There are who have, at midnight hour,  
In slumber scaled a dizzy tower,  
And, on the verge that beetled o'er  
The ocean-tide's incessant roar,  
Dream'd calmly out their dangerous dream,  
Till waken'd by the morning beam;  
When, dazzled by the eastern glow,  
Such startler cast his glance below,  
And saw unmeasured depth around,  
And heard unintermitted sound,  
And thought the battled fence so frail,  
It waved like cobweb in the gale; —  
Amid his senses' giddy wheel,  
Did he not desperate impulse feel,  
Headlong to plunze himself below,  
And meet the worst his fears foreshow? —  
Thus, Ellen, dizzy and astound,  
As sudden rum yaw'n'd around,  
By crossing terrors wildly toss'd,  
Still for the Douglas fearing most,  
Could scarce the desperate thought withstand,  
To buy his safety with her hand.

## XXXIII.

Such purpose dread could Malcolm spy  
In Ellen's quivering lip and eye,  
And eager rose to speak — but ere  
His tongue could hurry forth his fear,  
Had Douglas mark'd the hectic strife,  
Where death seem'd combating with life;  
For to her cheek, in feverish flood,  
One instant rush'd the throbbing blood,  
Then ebbing back, with sudden sway,  
Left its domain as wan as clay.  
"Roderick, enough! enough!" he cried,  
"My daughter cannot be thy bride;  
Not that the blush to wooer dear,  
Nor paleness that of maiden fear.  
It may not be — forgive her, Chief,  
Nor hazard aught for our relief.  
Against his sovereign, Douglas ne'er  
Will level a rebellious spear.  
'Twas I that taught his youthful hand  
To rein a steed and wield a brand;  
I see him yet, the princely boy!  
Not Ellen more my pride and joy;  
I love him still, despite my wrongs,  
By hasty wrath, and slanderous tongues.  
O seek the grace you well may find,  
Without a cause to mine combined."

## XXXIV.

Twice through the hall the Chieftain strode;  
The waving of his tartans broad,  
And darken'd brow, where wounded pride  
With ire and disappointment vied,  
Seem'd, by the torch's gloomy light,  
Like the ill Demon of the night,  
Stooping his pinions' shadowy sway  
Upon the nighted pilgrim's way:  
But, unrequited Love! thy dart  
Plunged deepest its evilom'd smart,  
And Roderick, with thine anguish stung,  
At length the hand of Douglas wrong,  
While eyes, that mock'd at tears before,  
With bitter drops were running o'er,  
The death-pangs of long-cherish'd hope  
Scarce in that ample breast had scope,  
But, struggling with his spirit proud,  
Convulsive heaved its chequer'd shroud,  
While every sob — so mute were all —  
Was heard distinctly through the hall.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note Z.

The son's despair, the mother's look,  
Ill might the gentle Ellen brook;  
She rose, and to her side there came,  
To aid her parting steps, the Græme.

## XXXIV.

Then Roderick from the Douglas broke—  
As flashes flame through sable smoke,  
Kindling its wreaths, lonz, dark, and low,  
To one broad blaze of ruddy glow,  
So the deep anguish of despair  
Burst, in fierce jealousy, to air.  
With stalwart grasp his hand he laid  
On Malcolm's breast and belted plaid:  
"Back, heedless boy!" he sternly said,  
"Back, minion! hold'st thou thus at naught  
The lesson I so lately taught?  
This roof, the Douglas, and that maid,  
Thank thou for punishment delay'd."  
Eager as greyhound on his game,  
Fiercely with Roderick grappled Græme.  
"Perish my name, if aught afford  
Its Chieftain safety save his sword!"  
Thus as they strove, their desperate hand  
Griped to the dagger or the brand,  
And death had been—but Douglas rose,  
And thrust between the struggling foes  
His giant strength:—"Chieftains, forego!  
I hold the first who strikes, my foe.—<sup>1</sup>  
Madmen, forbear your frantic jar!  
What! is the Douglas fall'n so far,  
His daughter's hand is doom'd the spoil  
Of such dishonourable broil!"  
Sullen and slowly they unclasp,  
As struck with shame, their desperate grasp,  
And each upon his rival glared,  
With foot advanced, and blade half bared.

## XXXV.

Ere yet the brands aloft were flung,  
Margaret on Roderick's mantle hung,  
And Malcolm heard his Ellen's scream,  
As, falter'd through terrific dream,  
Then Roderick plunged in sheath his sword,  
And veil'd his wrath in scornful word.  
"Rest safe till morning: pity 'twere  
Such cheek should feel the midnight air!<sup>2</sup>  
Then mayest thou to James Stuart tell,  
Roderick will keep the lake and fell,  
Nor lackey, with his freeborn clan,  
The pageant pomp of earthly man.  
More would he of Clan-Alpine know,  
Thou canst our strength and passes show.—  
Malise, what ho!"—his henchman came;<sup>3</sup>  
"Give our safe-conduct to the Græme."  
Young Malcolm answer'd, calm and bold,  
"Fear nothing for thy favourite hold;  
The spot, an angel deigned to grace,  
Is bless'd, though robbers haunt the place.  
Thy churlish courtesy for those  
Reserve, who fear to be thy foes.  
As safe to me the mountain way  
At midnight as in blaze of day,  
Though with his boldest at his back  
Even Roderick Dhu beset the track.—  
Brave Douglas,—lovely Ellen,—nay,  
Nought here of parting will I say.  
Earth does not hold a lonesome glen,  
So secret, but we meet agen.—"

<sup>1</sup> The Author has to apologize for the inadvertent appropriation of a whole line from the tragedy of Douglas,

<sup>2</sup> "I hold the first who strikes, my foe."

*Note to the second edition.*

<sup>3</sup> See Appendix, Note 2 A.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid, Note 2 B.

Chieftain! we too shall find an hour."—  
He said, and left the sylvan bower.

## XXXVI.

Old Allan follow'd to the strand,  
(Such was the Douglas's command,  
And anxious told, how, on the morn,  
The stern Sir Roderick deep had sworn,  
The Stern Cross should circle o'er  
Dale, glen, and valley, down, and moor.  
Much were the peril to the Græme,  
From those who to the signal came;  
Far up the lake 'twere safest land,  
Himself would row him to the strand.  
He gave his counsel to the wind,  
While Malcolm did, unheeding, bind,  
Round dirk and pouch and broadsword roll'd,  
His ample plaid in tighten'd fold,  
And stripp'd his limbs to such array,  
As best might suit the watery way,—

## XXXVII.

Then spoke abrupt: "Farewell to thee,  
Pattern of old fidelity!"  
The Minstrel's hand he kindly press'd,  
"O! could I point a place of rest!  
My aversing holds in ward my land,  
My uncle leads my vassal band;  
To tame his foes, his friends to aid,  
Poor Malcolm has but heart and blade.  
Yet, if there be one faithful Græme,  
Who loves the Chieftain of his name,  
Not long shall honour'd Douglas dwell,  
Like hunted stag in mountain cell;  
Nor, ere yon pride-swoll'n robber dare,—  
I may not give the rest to air!  
Tell Roderick Dhu, I owed him nought,  
Not the poor service of a boat,  
To wait me to yon mountain-side,"  
Then plunged he in the flashing tide.  
Bold o'er the flood his head he bore,  
And stoutly steer'd him from the shore;  
And Allan strain'd his anxious eye,  
Far 'mid the lake his form to spy.  
Darkening across each pny wave,  
To which the moon her silver gave,  
Fast as the cormorant could skim,  
The swimmer plied each active limb;  
Then landing in the moonlight dell,  
Loud shouted of his weal to tell.  
The Minstrel heard the far halloo,  
And joyful from the shore withdrew.

## The Lady of the Lake.

### CANTO THIRD.

#### THE GATHERING.

##### I.

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of  
yore,  
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,  
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store,  
Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or  
sea,  
How are they blotted from the things that be!



How few, all weak and wither'd of their  
force,  
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,  
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning  
hoarse,  
To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls  
his ceaseless course.

Yet live there still who can remember well,  
How, when a mountain chief his bugle blew,  
Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and dell,  
And solitary heath, the signal knew:  
And fast the faithful clan around him drew,  
What time the warning note was keenly  
wound.  
What time aloft their kindred banner flew,  
While clamorous war-pipes yell'd the ga-  
thering sound,  
And while the Fiery Cross glanced, like a  
meteor, round.<sup>1</sup>

## II.

The summer dawn's reflected hue  
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;  
Mildly and soft the western breeze  
Just kiss'd the lake, just stirr'd the trees,  
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,  
Trembled but dimpled not for joy;  
The mountain-shadows on her breast  
Were neither broken nor at rest;  
In bright uncertainty they lie,  
Like future joys to Fancy's eye.  
The water-lily to the light  
Her chalice rear'd of silver bright;  
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,  
Beguinn'd with dew-drops, led her fawn;  
The grey mist left the mountain side,  
The torrent show'd its glistening pride;  
Invisible in flecked sky,  
The lark sent down her revelry:  
The blackbird and the speckled thrush  
Good-morrow gave from brake and bush;  
In answer coo'd the cushat dove  
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

## III.

No thought of peace, no thought of rest,  
Assuaged the storm in Roderick's breast.  
With sheathed broadsword in his hand,  
Abrupt he paced the islet strand,  
And eyed the rising sun, and laid  
His hand on his impatient blade.  
Beneath a rock, his vassals' care  
Was prompt the ritual to prepare,  
With deep and deathful meaning fraught;  
For such Antiquity had taught  
Was preface meet, ere yet abroad  
The Cross of Fire should take its road.  
The shrinking band stood oft aghast  
At the impatient glance he cast;—  
Such glance the mountain eagle threw,  
As, from the cliffs of Benvenue,  
She spread her dark sails on the wind,  
And, high in middle heaven, reclined,  
With her broad shadow on the lake,  
Silenced the warblers of the brake.

## IV.

A heap of wither'd boughs was piled,  
Of juniper and rowan wild,  
Mingled with shivers from the oak,  
Rent by the lightning's recent stroke.

Brian, the Hermit, by it stood,  
Barefooted, in his frock and hood,  
His grised beard and matted hair  
Obscured a visage of despair;  
His naked arms and legs, seam'd o'er,  
The scars of frantic penance bore.  
That monk, of savage form and face,<sup>2</sup>  
The impending danger of his race  
Had drawn from deepest solitude,  
Far in Benharrow's bosom rode.  
Not his the mien of Christian priest,  
But Druid's, from the grave released,  
Whose harden'd heart and eye might brook  
On human sacrifice to look;  
And much, 'twas said, of heathen lore  
Mix'd in the charms he mutter'd o'er.  
The hallow'd creed gave only worse  
And deadlier emphasis of curse;  
No peasant sought that Hermit's prayer,  
His cave the pilgrim shunn'd with care,  
The eager huntsman knew his bound.  
And in mid chase call'd off his hound;  
Or if, in lonely glen or strath,  
The desert-dweller met his path,  
He pray'd, and sign'd the cross between,  
While terror took devotion's mien.

## V.

Of Brian's birth strange tales were told.<sup>3</sup>  
His mother watch'd a midnight fold  
Built deep within a dreary glen,  
Where scatter'd lay the bones of men,  
In some forgotten battle slain,  
And bleach'd by drifting wind and rain.  
It might have tamed a warrior's heart,  
To view such mockery of his art!  
The knot-grass fetter'd there the hand,  
Which once could burst an iron band;  
Beneath the broad and ample bone,  
That buckler'd heart to fear unknown,  
A feeble and a timorous guest,  
The field-fare framed her lowly nest;  
There the slow blind-worm left his slime  
On the fleet limbs that mock'd at time;  
And there, too, lay the leader's skull,  
Still wreath'd with chaplet, flush'd and full,  
For heath-bell with her purple bloom,  
Supplied the bonnet and the plume.  
All night, in this sad glen, the maid  
Sat, shrouded in her mantle's shade:  
—She said, no shepherd sought her side,  
No hunter's hand her snood untied,  
Yet ne'er again to braid her hair  
The virgin snood did Alice wear;<sup>4</sup>  
Gone was her maiden glee and sport,  
Her maiden girdle all too short,  
Nor sought she, from that fatal night,  
Or holy church or blessed rite,  
But lock'd her secret in her breast,  
And died in travail, unconfess'd.

## VI.

Alone, among his young compeers,  
Was Brian from his infant years;  
A moody and heart-broken boy,  
Estranged from sympathy and joy,  
Bearing each taunt which careless tongue  
On his mysterious lineage flung.  
Whole nights he spent by moonlight pale,  
To wood and stream his hap to walk,  
Till, frantic, he as truth received  
What of his birth the crowd believed,

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 2 C.<sup>2</sup> Ibid, Note 2 D.<sup>3</sup> See Appendix, Note 2 E.<sup>4</sup> Ibid, Note 2 F.

And sought, in mist and meteor fire,  
To meet and know his Phantom Sire!  
In vain, to soothe his wayward fate,  
The cloister oped her pitying gate;  
In vain, the learning of the age  
Unclasp'd the sable-letter'd page;  
Even in its treasures he could find  
Food for the fever of his mind.  
Eager he read whatever tells  
Of magic, cabala, and spells,  
And every dark pursuit allied  
To curious and presumptuous pride;  
'Till with fired brain and nerves o'erstrung,  
And heart with mystic horrors wrung,  
Desperate he sought Benharrow's den,  
And hid him from the haunts of men.

## VII.

The desert gave him visions wild,  
Such as might suit the spectre's child,<sup>1</sup>  
Where with black cliffs the torrents toil,  
He watch'd the wheeling eddies boil,  
Till, from their foam, his dazzled eyes  
Beheld the River Denion rise:  
The mountain mist took form and limb,  
Of noontide hag, or goblin grim;  
The midnight wind came wild and dread,  
Swell'd with the voices of the dead;  
Far on the future battle-beath  
His eye beheld the ranks of death:  
Thus the lone Seer, from mankind hurl'd,  
Shaped forth a disembodied world,  
One lingering sympathy of mind  
Still bound him to the mortal kind;  
The only parent he could claim  
Of ancient Alpine's lineage came.  
Late had he heard, in prophet's dream,  
The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream;<sup>2</sup>  
Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast,  
Of charging steeds, careering fast  
Along Benharrow's shingly side,  
Where mortal horseman ne'er might ride;<sup>3</sup>  
The thunderbolt had split the pine,—  
All augur'd ill to Alpine's line.  
He girt his loins, and came to show  
The signals of impending woe,  
And now stood prompt to bless or ban,  
As bade the Chieftain of his clan.

## VIII.

'Twas all prepared;—and from the rock,  
A goat, the patriarch of the flock,  
Before the kindling pile was laid.  
And pierced by Roderick's ready blade.  
Patient the sickening victim eyed  
The life-blood ebb in crimson tide,  
Down his clogg'd beard and shaggy limb,  
Till darkness glazed his eyeballs dim.  
The grisly priest, with murmuring prayer,  
A slender crosslet form'd with care,  
A cubit's length in measure due;  
The shaft and limbs were rods of yew,  
Whose parents in Inch-Caillach wave<sup>4</sup>  
Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave,  
And, answering Loiroud's breezes deep,  
Soothe many a chieftain's endless sleep.  
The Cross, thus form'd, he held on high,  
With wasted hand, and haggard eye,  
And strange and mingled feelings woke,  
While his ana'hema he spoke.

## IX.

"Woe to the clansman, who shall view  
This symbol of sepulchral yew,  
Forgelful that its branches grew  
Where weep the heavens their holiest dew  
On Alpine's dwelling low!  
Deserter of his Chieftain's trust,  
He ne'er shall mingle with their dust,  
But, from his sires and kindred thrust,  
Each clansman's execration just  
Shall doom him wrath and woe."  
He paused;—the word the vassals took,  
With forward step and fiery look,  
On high their naked brands they shook,  
Their clattering targets wildly strook;  
And first in murmur low,  
Then, like the billow in his course,  
That far to seaward finds his source,  
And flings to shore his muster'd force,  
Burst, with loud roar, their answer hoarse,  
"Woe to the traitor, woe!"  
Ben-an's grey scalp the accents knew,  
The joyous wolf from covert drew,  
The exulting eagle scream'd afar,—  
They knew the voice of Alpine's war.

## X.

The shout was hush'd on lake and fell,  
The monk resumed his mutter'd spell:  
Dismal and low its accents came,  
The while he scathed the Cross with flame;  
And the few words that reached the air,  
Although the holiest name was there,  
Had more of blasphemy than prayer.  
But when he shook above the crowd  
Its knotted points, he spoke aloud:—  
"Woe to the wretch who fails to rear  
At this dread sign the ready spear!  
For, as the flames this symbol sear,  
Her home, the refuge of his fear,  
A kindred fate shall know;  
Far o'er its roof the volumed flame  
Clan-Alpine's vengeance shall proclaim,  
While maids and matrons on his name  
Shall call down wretchedness and shame,  
And infamy and woe."  
Then rose the cry of females, shrill  
As goss-hawk's whistle on the hill,  
Denouncing misery and ill,  
Mingled with childhood's babbling trill  
Of curses stammer'd slow;  
Answering, with imprecation dread,  
"Sunk be his home in embers red!  
And cursed be the meanest shed  
That e'er shall hide the houseless head,  
We doom to want and woe!"  
A sharp and shrieking echo gave,  
Coir-Uriska, thy goblin cave!  
And the grey pass where birches wave,  
On Beala-nam-bo.

## XI.

Then deeper paused the priest anew,  
And hard his labouring breath he drew,  
While, with set teeth and clenched hand,  
And eyes that glow'd like fiery brand,  
He meditated curse more dread,  
And deadlier, on the clansman's head,  
Who, summon'd to his Chieftain's aid,  
The signal saw and disobey'd.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 2 G.<sup>2</sup> Ibid, Note 2 H.<sup>3</sup> See Appendix, Note 2 L.<sup>4</sup> Ibid, Note 2 K.

The crosslet's points of sparkling wood,  
 He quench'd among the bubbling blood,  
 And, as again the sign he rear'd,  
 Hollow and hoarse his voice was heard :  
 " When flits this Cross from man to man,  
 Vich-Alpine's summons to his clan,  
 Burst be the ear that fails to heed !  
 Palsied the foot that shuns to speed !  
 May ravens tear the careless eyes,  
 Wolves make the coward heart their prize !  
 As sink that blood-stream in the earth,  
 So may his heart's-blood drench his hearth !  
 As dies in hissing gore the spark,  
 Quench thou his light, Destruction dark,  
 And be the grace to him denied,  
 Bought by this sign to all beside !"  
 He ceased ; no echo gave again  
 The murmur of the deep Amen.

## XII.

Then Roderick, with impatient look,  
 From Brian's hand the symbol took :  
 " Speed, Malise, speed ! " he said, and gave  
 The crosslet to his henchman brave.  
 " The muster-place be Laarick mead —  
 Instant the time — speed, Malise, speed ! "  
 Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue,  
 A barge across Loch Katrine flew ;  
 High stood the henchman on the prow ;  
 So rapidly the barge-men row,  
 The bubbles, where they launch'd the boat,  
 Were all unbroken and afloat,  
 Dancing in foam and ripple still,  
 When it had near'd the mainland hill ;  
 And from the silver beach's side  
 Still was the prow three fathom wide,  
 When lightly bounded to the land  
 The messenger of blood and brand.

## XIII.

Speed, Malise, speed ! the dun deer's hide  
 On fleeter foot was never tied.<sup>1</sup>  
 Speed, Malise, speed ! such cause of haste  
 Thine active sinews never braced.  
 Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast,  
 Burst down like torrent from its crest ;  
 With short and springing footstep pass  
 The trembling bog and false morass ;  
 Across the brook like roebuck bound,  
 And thread the brake like questing hound ;  
 The crag is high, the scaur is deep,  
 Yet shrink not from the desperate leap :  
 Parch'd are thy burning lips and brow,  
 Yet by the fountain pause not now ;  
 Herald of battle, fate, and fear,  
 Stretch onward in thy fleet career !  
 The wounded hind thou track'st not now,  
 Pursuest not maid through greenwood bough,  
 Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace,  
 With rivals in the mountain race ;  
 But danger, death, and warrior deed,  
 Are in thy course — speed, Malise, speed !

## XIV.

Fast as the fatal symbol flies,  
 In arms the huts and hamlets rise ;  
 From winding glen, from upland brown,  
 They pour'd each hardy tenant down.  
 Nor slack'd the messenger his pace ;  
 He show'd the sign, he nam'd the place,  
 And, pressing forward like the wind,  
 Left clamour and surprise behind.

The fisherman forsook the strand,  
 The swarthy smith took dirk and brand ;  
 With changed cheer, the mower blithe  
 Left in the half-cut swathe the scythe ;  
 The herds without a keeper stray'd,  
 The plough was in mid-furrow staid,  
 The falc'ner toss'd his hawk away,  
 The hunter left the stag at bay ;  
 Prompt at the signal of alarm,  
 Each son of Alpine rush'd to arms ;  
 So swept the tumult and affray  
 Along the margin of Achray.  
 Alas, thou lovely lake ! that e'er  
 Thy banks should echo sounds of fear !  
 The rocks, the hosky thickets, sleep  
 So stilly on thy bosom deep,  
 The lark's blithe carol, from the cloud,  
 Seems for the scene too gaily loud.

## XV.

Speed, Malise speed ! the lake is past,  
 Duncraggan's huts appear at last,  
 And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half seen,  
 Half hidden in the copse so green ;  
 There mayest thou rest, thy labour done,  
 Their Lord shall speed the signal on.—  
 As stoops the hawk upon his prey,  
 The henchman shot him down the way.  
 —What woful accents load the gale ?  
 The funeral yell, the female wail !  
 A gallant hunter's sport is o'er,  
 A valiant warrior fights no more.  
 Who, in the battle or the chase,  
 At Roderick's side shall fill his place !—  
 Within the hall, where torches' ray  
 Supplies the excluded beams of day,  
 Lies Duncan on his lowly bier,  
 And o'er him streams his widow's tear.  
 His stripling son stands mournful by,  
 His youngest weeps, but knows not why ;  
 The village maids and matrons round  
 The dismal coronach resound.<sup>2</sup>

## XVI.

## CORONA OH.

He is gone on the mountain,  
 He is lost to the forest,  
 Like a summer-dried fountain,  
 When our need was the sorest.  
 The fount, reappearing,  
 From the rain-drops shall borrow,  
 But to us comes no cheering,  
 To Duncan no morrow !  
 The hand of the reaper  
 Takes the ears that are hoary,  
 But the voice of the weeper  
 Wails manhood in glory.  
 The autumn winds rushing  
 Waft the leaves that are searest,  
 But our flower was in flushing,  
 When blighting was nearest.  
 Fleet foot on the correi,<sup>3</sup>  
 Sage counsel in cumber,  
 Red hand in the foray,  
 How sound is thy slumber !  
 Like the dew on the mountain,  
 Like the foam on the river,  
 Like the bubble on the fountain,  
 Thou art gone, and for ever !

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 2 L.

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix, Note 2 M.

<sup>3</sup> Or corri. The hollow side of the hill, where game usually lies.



## XVII.

See Stumah,<sup>1</sup> who, the bier beside,  
His master's corpse with wonder eyed,  
Poor Stumah! whom his least halloo  
Could send like lightning o'er the dew,  
Bristles his crest, and points his ears,  
As if some stranger step he hears.  
'Tis not a mourner's muffled tread,  
Who comes to sorrow o'er the dead,  
But headlong haste, or deadly fear,  
Urge the precipitate career.  
All stand aghast:—unheeding all,  
The henchman bursts into the hall;  
Before the dead man's bier he stood;  
Held forth the Cross besmear'd with blood;  
"The muster-place is Lanrick mead;  
Speed forth the signal! clansmen, speed!"

## XVIII.

Angus, the heir of Duncan's line,  
Sprung forth and seized the fatal sign.  
In haste the stripling to his side  
His father's dirk and broadsword tied;  
But when he saw his mother's eye  
Watch him in speechless agony,  
Back to her open'd arms he flew,  
Press'd on her lips a fond adieu—  
"Alas!" she sobb'd,—"and yet, be gone,  
And speed thee forth, like Duncan's son!"  
One look he cast upon the bier,  
Dash'd from his eye the gathering tear,  
Breathed deep to clear his labouring breast,  
And toss'd aloft his bonnet crest,  
Then, like the high-bred colt, when freed,  
First he essays his fire and speed.  
He vanish'd, and o'er moor and moss  
Sped forward with the Fiery Cross.  
Suspended was the widow's tear,  
While yet his footsteps she could hear;  
And when she mark'd the henchman's eye  
Wet with unwonted sympathy,  
"Kiasman," she said, "his race is run,  
That should have sped thine errand on;  
The oak has fall'n,—the sapling bough  
Is all Duncraggan's shelter now.  
Yet trust I well, his duty done,  
The orphan's God will guard my son.—  
And you, in many a danger true,  
At Duncan's hest your blades that drew,  
To arms, and guard that orphan's head!  
Let babes and women wail the dead."  
Then weapon-clang, and martial call,  
Resounded through the funeral hall.  
While from the walls the attendant hand  
Snatch'd sword and targe, with hurried hand;  
And short and fitting energy  
Glanced from the mourner's sunken eye,  
As if the sounds to warrior dear,  
Might rouse her Duncan from his bier.  
But faded soon that borrow'd force;  
Grief claim'd his right, and tears their course.

## XIX.

Benledi saw the Cross of Fire,  
It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire.<sup>2</sup>  
O'er dale and hill the summons flew,  
Nor rest nor pause young Angus knew;  
The tear that gather'd in his eye  
He left the mountain breeze to dry;  
Until, where Teith's young waters roll,  
Betwixt him and a wooded knoll.

<sup>1</sup> Faithful. The name of a dog.

That graced the sable strath with green,  
The chapel of St. Bride was seen.  
Swoln was the stream, remote the bridge,  
But Angus paused not on the edge;  
Though the dark waves danced dizzily,  
Though reel'd his sympathetic eye,  
He dash'd amid the torrent's roar:  
His right hand high the crosslet bore,  
His left the pole-axe grasp'd, to guide  
And stay his footing in the tide.  
He stumbled twice—the foam splash'd high,  
With hoarser swell the stream raced by;  
And had he fall'n,—for ever there,  
Farewell Duncraggan's orphan heir!  
But still, as if in parting life,  
Firmer he grasp'd the Cross of strife,  
Until the opposing bank he gain'd,  
And up the chapel pathway strain'd.

## XX.

A blithesome rout, that morning tide,  
Had sought the chapel of St. Bride.  
Her troth Tombesa's Mary gave  
To Norman, heir of Armandave.  
And, issuing from the Gothic arch,  
The bridal now resumed their march.  
In rude, but glad procession, came  
Bonneted sire and coif-clad dame;  
And plaided youth, with jest and jeer,  
Which snooded maiden would not bear;  
And children, that, unwitting why,  
Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry;  
And minstrels, that in measures vied  
Before the young and bonny bride,  
Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose  
The tear and blush of morning rose.  
With virgin step, and bashful hand,  
She held the kerchief's snowy band;  
The gallant bridegroom by her side,  
Beheld his prize with victor's pride,  
And the glad mother in her ear  
Was closely whispering word of cheer.

## XXI.

Who meets them at the churchyard gate?  
The messenger of fear and fate!  
Haste in his hurried accent lies,  
And grief is swimming in his eyes.  
All dripping from the recent flood,  
Panting and travel-soil'd he stood,  
The fatal sign of fire and sword  
Held forth, and spoke the appointed word:  
"The muster-place is Lanrick mead;  
Speed forth the signal! Norman, speed!"  
And must he change so soon the hand,  
Just link'd to his by holy band.  
For the fell Cross of blood and brand I  
And must the day, so blithe that rose,  
And promised rapture in the close,  
Before its setting hour, divide  
The bridegroom from the plighted bride?  
O fatal doom!—it must! it must!  
Clan-Alpine's cause, her Chieftain's trust,  
Her summons dread, brook no delay;  
Stretch to the race—away! away!

## XXII.

Yet slow he laid his plaid aside,  
And, lingering, eyed his lovely bride,  
Until he saw the starting tear  
Speak woe he might not stop to cheer;  
Then, trusting not a second look,  
In haste he sped him up the brook.

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix, Note 2 N.

Nor backward glanced, till on the heath  
Where Lubnaig's lake supplies the Teith.  
—What in the racer's bosom stirr'd?  
The sickening pang of hope deferr'd,  
And memory, with a torturing train  
Of all his morning visions vain.  
Mingled with love's impatience, came  
The manly thirst for martial fame;  
'The stormy joy of mountaineers,  
Ere yet they rush upon the spears:  
And zeal for Clan and Chieftain burning,  
And hope, from well-fought field returning,  
With war's red honours on his crest,  
To clasp his Mary to his breast.  
Stung by such thoughts, o'er bank and brae,  
Like fire from flint he glanced away,  
While high resolve, and feeling strong,  
Burst into voluntary song.

## XXIII

## SONG.

The heath this night must be my bed,  
The bracken<sup>1</sup> curtain for my head,  
My lullaby the warder's tread,  
Far, far, from love and thee, Mary;  
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,  
My couch may be my bloody plaid,  
My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!  
It will not waken me, Mary!  
I may not, dare not, fancy now  
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,  
I dare not think upon thy vow,  
And all it promised me, Mary.  
No fond regret must Norman know:  
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,  
His heart must be like bended bow,  
His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught,  
For, if I fall in battle fought,  
Thy hapless lover's dying thought  
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.  
And if return'd from conquer'd foes,  
How blithely will the evening close,  
How sweet the linnets sing repose,  
To my young bride and me, Mary!

## XXIV.

Not faster o'er thy heathery braes,  
Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze,<sup>2</sup>  
Rushing, in conflagration strong,  
Thy deep ravines and dells along,  
Wrapping thy cliffs in purple glow,  
And reddening the dark lakes below;  
Nor faster speeds it, nor so far,  
As o'er thy heaths the voice of war.  
The signal roused to martial coil  
The sullen margin of Loch Voil,  
Waked still Loch Doine, and to the source  
Alarm'd, Balvaig, thy swampy course;  
Thence southward turn'd its rapid road  
Adown Strath-Gartney's valley broad,  
Till rose in arms each man might claim  
A portion in Clan-Alpine's name,  
From the grey sire, whose trembling hand  
Could hardly huckle on his brand,  
To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow  
Were yet scarce terror to the crow.  
Each valley, each sequester'd glen,  
Muster'd its little horde of men,

1 Bracken.—Ferm.

2 See Appendix, Note 2 O.

That met as torrents from the height  
In Highland dales their streams unite,  
Still gathering, as they pour along,  
A voice more loud, a tide more strong,  
Till at the rendezvous they stood  
By hundreds prompt for blows and blood;  
Each train'd to arms since life began,  
Owing no tie but to his clan,  
No oath, but by his chieftain's hand,  
No law, but Roderick Dhu's command.<sup>3</sup>

## XXV.

That summer morn had Roderick Dhu  
Survey'd the skirts of Benvenue,  
And sent his scouts o'er hill and heath,  
To view the frontiers of Menteth.  
All backward came with news of truce;  
Still lay each martial Græme and Bruce,  
In Rednoch courts no horsemen wait,  
No banner waved on Cardross gate,  
On Duchray's towers no beacon shone,  
Nor scared the herons from Loch Con;  
All seem'd at peace.—Now, wot ye why  
The Chieftain, with such anxious eye,  
Ere to the muster he repair,  
This western frontier scan'd with care?—  
In Benvenue's most darksome cleft;  
A fair, though cruel, pledge was left;  
For Douglas, to his promise true,  
That morning from the isle withdrew,  
And in a deep sequester'd dell  
Had sought a low and lonely cell.  
By many a bard, in Celtic tongue,  
Has Coir-nan-Uriskin been sung;<sup>4</sup>  
A softer name the Saxons gave,  
And call'd the grot the Goblin-cave.

## XXVI.

It was a wild and strange retreat,  
As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet.  
The dell, upon the mountain's crest,  
Yawn'd like a gash on warrior's breast;  
Its trench had staid full many a rock,  
Hurl'd by primeval earthquake shock  
From Benvenue's grey summit wild,  
And here, in random ruin piled,  
They frown'd incumbent o'er the spot,  
And form'd the rugged silvan grot.  
The oak and birch, with mingled shade,  
At noontide there a twilight made,  
Unless when short and sudden shone  
Some straggling beam on cliff or stone,  
With such a glimpse as prophet's eye  
Gains on thy depth, Futurity.  
No murmur waked the solemn still,  
Save tinkling of a fountain rill;  
But when the wind chafed with the lake,  
A sullen sound would upward break,  
With dashing hollow voice, that spoke  
The incessant war of wave and rock.  
Suspended cliffs, with hideous sway,  
Seem'd nodding o'er the cavern grey.  
From such a den the wolf had sprung,  
In such the wild-cat leaves her young;  
Yet Douglas and his daughter fair  
Sought for a space their safety there.  
Grey Superstition's whisper dread  
Debarr'd the spot to vulgar tread;  
For there, she said, did fays resort,  
And satyrs<sup>5</sup> hold their silvan court,  
By moonlight tread their mystic maze,  
And blast the rash beholder's gaze.

3 See Appendix, Note 2 P.

4 Ibid, Note 2 Q.

5 The Urisk, or Highland satyr. See Note on the previous Canto.

## XXVII.

Now eve, with western shadows long,  
 Floated on Katrine bright and strong,  
 When Roderick, with a chosen few,  
 Repass'd the heights of Benvenue.  
 Above the Goblin-cave they go,  
 Through the wild pass of Beal-nam-bo : 1  
 The prompt retainers speed before,  
 To launch the shallop from the shore,  
 For, cross Loch Katrine lies his way  
 To view the passes of Achray,  
 And place his clansmen in array.  
 Yet lags the chief in musing mind,  
 Unwonted sight, his men behind.  
 A single page, to bear his sword,  
 Alone attended on his lord ; 2  
 The rest their way through thickets break,  
 And soon await him by the lake.  
 It was a fair and gallant sight,  
 To view them from the neighbouring height,  
 By the low-level'd sunbeams light !  
 For strength and stature, from the clan  
 Each warrior was a chosen man,  
 As even afar might well be seen,  
 By their proud step and martial mien.  
 Their feathers dance, their tartans float,  
 Their targets gleam, as by the boat  
 A wild and warlike group they stand,  
 That well became such mountain-strand.

## XXVIII.

Their Chief, with step reluctant, still  
 Was lingering on the craggy hill,  
 Hard by where turn'd apart the road  
 To Douglas's obscure abode.  
 It was but with that dawning morn,  
 That Roderick Din had proudly sworn  
 To drown his love in war's wild roar,  
 Nor think of Ellen Douglas more :  
 But he who steins a stream with sand,  
 And fetters flame with flaxen band,  
 Has yet a harder task to prove —  
 By firm resolve to conquer love !  
 Eve finds the Chief, like restless ghost,  
 Still hovering near his treasure lost ;  
 For though his haughty heart deny  
 A parting meeting to his eye,  
 Still fondly strains his anxious ear,  
 The accents of her voice to hear,  
 And inly did he curse the breeze  
 That waked to sound the rustling trees.  
 But hark ! what mingles in the strain ?  
 It is the harp of Allan-Bane.  
 That wakes its measure slow and high,  
 Attuned to sacred minstrelsy.  
 What melting voice attends the strings ?  
 'Tis Ellen, or an angel, sings.

## XXIX.

## HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

*Ave Maria !* maiden mild !  
 Listen to a maiden's prayer !  
 Thou canst bear though from the wild,  
 Thou canst save amid despair.  
 Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,  
 Though banish'd, outcast, and reviled —  
 Maiden ! hear a maiden's prayer ;  
 Mother, hear a suppliant child !

*Ave Maria !*

*Ave Maria !* undefiled !  
 The flinty couch we now must share

Shall seem with down of eider piled,  
 If thy protection hover there.  
 The murky cavern's heavy air  
 Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled ;  
 Then, Maiden ! hear a maiden's prayer ;  
 Mother, list a suppliant child !

*Ave Maria !*

*Ave Maria !* stainless styled !  
 Foul demons of the earth and air,  
 From this their wonted haunt exiled,  
 Shall flee before thy presence fair.  
 We bow us to our lot of care,  
 Beneath thy guidance reconciled ;  
 Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,  
 And for a father hear a child !

*Ave Maria !*

## XXX.

Died on the harp the closing hymn —  
 Unmoved in attitude and limb,  
 As list'ning still, Clan-Alpine's lord  
 Stood leaning on his heavy sword,  
 Until the page, with humble sign,  
 Twice pointed to the sun's decline.  
 Then while his plaid he round him cast,  
 " It is the last time — 'tis the last,"  
 He mutter'd thrice, — " the last time e'er  
 That angel voice shall Roderick hear !"  
 It was a goading thought — his stride  
 Hied hastier down the mountain-side ;  
 Sullen he flung him in the boat,  
 And instant 'cross the lake it shot.  
 They landed in that silvery bay,  
 And eastward held their hasty way,  
 Till, with the latest beams of light,  
 The band arrived on Larrick height,  
 Where master'd, in the vale below,  
 Clan-Alpine's men in martial show.

## XXXI.

A various scene the clansmen made,  
 Some sate, some stood, some slowly stray'd ;  
 But most with mantles folded round,  
 Were couch'd to rest upon the ground,  
 Scarce to be known by curious eye,  
 From the deep heather where they lie,  
 So well was match'd the tartan screen  
 With heath-bell dark and brackens green ;  
 Unless where, here and there, a blade,  
 Or lance's point, a glimmer made,  
 Like glow-worm twinkling through the shade.  
 But when, advancing through the gloom,  
 They saw the Chieftain's eagle plume,  
 Their shout of welcome, shrill and wide,  
 Shook the steep mountain's steady side.  
 Thrice it arose, and lake and fell  
 Three times return'd the martial yell ;  
 It died upon Bochastle's plain.  
 And Silence claim'd her evening reign.

*The Lady of the Lake.*

## CANTO FOURTH.

## THE PROPHECY.

## L

" The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,  
 And hope is brightest when it dawns from  
 fears ;



The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,  
And love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.  
O wilding rose, whom fancy thus endears,  
I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,  
Emblem of hope and love through future  
years!"  
Thus spoke young Norman, heir of Armandave,  
What time the sun arose on Vennachar's broad  
wave.

## II.

Such fond conceit, half said, half sung,  
Love prompted to the bridegroom's tongue.  
All while he stripp'd the wild-rose spray,  
His axe and bow beside him lay,  
For on a pass 'twixt lake and wood,  
A wakeful sentinel he stood.  
Hark! on the rock a footstep rung,  
And instant to his arms he sprung.  
"Stand, or thou diest! — What, Malise? — soon  
Art thou return'd from Braes of Doune.  
By thy keen step and glance I know,  
Thou bring'st us tidings of the foe." —  
(For while the Fiery Cross hid on,  
On distant scout had Malise gone.)  
"Where sleeps the Chief?" the henchman  
said. —

"Apart, in yonder misty glade;  
To his lone couch I'll be your guide." —  
Then call'd a slumberer by his side,  
And stirr'd him with his slacken'd bow —  
"Up, up, Glentarkin! rouse thee, ho!  
We seek the Chieftain; on the track,  
Keep eagle watch till I come back."

## III.

Together up the pass they sped:  
"What of the foemen?" Norman said. —  
"Varying reports from near and far;  
This certain, — that a band of war  
Has for two days been ready boune,  
At prompt command, to march from Doune;  
King James, the while, with princely powers,  
Holds revelry in Stirling towers.  
Soon will this dark and gathering cloud  
Speak on our glens in thunder loud.  
Inured to bide such bitter bout,  
The warrior's plaid may hear it out;  
But, Norman, how wilt thou provide  
A shelter for thy bonny bride?" —  
"What! know ye not that Roderick's care  
To the lone isle hath caused repair  
Each maid and matron of the clan,  
And every child and aged man  
Unfit for arms; and given his charge,  
Nor skiff nor shallop, boat nor barge,  
Upon these lakes shall float at large,  
But all beside the islet moor,  
That such dear pledge may rest secure?" —

## IV.

"'Tis well advised — the Chieftain's plan  
Bespeaks the father of his clan.  
But wherefore sleeps Sir Roderick Dhu  
Apart from all his followers true?" —  
"It is, because last evening-tide  
Brian an augury hath tried,  
Of that dread kind which must not be  
Unless in dread extremity,  
The Taghairn call'd; by which, afar,  
Our sires foresaw the events of war.<sup>1</sup>  
Duncraggan's milk-white bull they slew."

## MALISE.

"Ah! well the gallant brute I knew!  
The choicest of the prey we had,  
When swept our merry-men Gallangad.<sup>2</sup>  
His hide was snow, his horns were dark,  
His red eye glow'd like fiery spark;  
So fierce, so tameless, and so fleet,  
Sore did he cumber our retreat,  
And kept our stoutest kernes in awe,  
Even at the pass of Beal 'maha.  
But steep and flinty was the road,  
And sharp the hurrying pikemen's goad,  
And when we came to Dennan's Row,  
A child might scatheless stroke his brow." —

## V.

## NORMAN.

"That bull was slain: his reeking hide  
They stretch'd the cataract beside,  
Whose waters their wild tumult toss  
Adown the black and craggy boss  
Of that huge cliff, whose ample verge  
Tradition calls the Hero's Targe<sup>3</sup>  
Couch'd on a shelve beneath its brink,  
Close where the thundering torrents sink,  
Rocking beneath their headlong sway,  
And drizzled by the ceaseless spray,  
Midst groan of rock, and roar of stream,  
The wizard waits prophetic dream.  
Nor distant rests the Chief; — but hush!  
See, gliding slow through mist and bush,  
The hermit gains yon rock, and stands  
To gaze upon our slumbering bauds.  
Seems he not, Malise, like a ghost,  
That hovers o'er a slaughter'd host?  
Or raven on the blasted oak,  
That, watching while the deer is broke,<sup>4</sup>  
His morsel claims with sullen croak?"

## MALISE.

—"Peace! peace! to other than to me,  
'Thy words were evil augury;  
But still I hold Sir Roderick's blade  
Clan-Alpine's omen and her aid,  
Not aught that, glean'd from heaven or hell,  
Yon fiend-begotten monk can tell.  
The Chieftain joins him, see — and now,  
Together they descend the brow."

## VI.

And, as they came, with Alpine's Lord  
The Hermit Monk held solemn word: —  
"Roderick! it is a fearful strife,  
For man endow'd with mortal life,  
Whose shroud of sentient clay can still  
Feel feverish pang and fainting chill,  
Whose eye can stare in stony trance,  
Whose hair can rouse like warrior's lance, —  
'Tis hard for such to view, unfurl'd,  
The curtain of the future world.  
Yet, witness every quaking limb,  
My sunken pulse, my eyeballs dim,  
My soul with harrowing anguish torn, —  
'This for my Chieftain have I borne! —  
The shapes that sought my fearful couch,  
An human tongue may ne'er avouch;  
No mortal man, — save he, who, bred,  
Between the living and the dead,  
Is gifted beyond nature's law, —  
Had e'er survived to say he saw,  
At length the fatal answer came,  
In characters of living flame!

1 See Appendix, Note 2 T.

2 Ibid, Note 2 U.

3 See Appendix, Note 2 V.

4 Ibid, Note 2 W.

Not spoke in word, nor blazed in scroll,  
But borne and branded on my soul;—  
*Which spills the foremost foeman's life,  
That partly conquers in the strife.*"—<sup>1</sup>

## VII.

"Thanks, Brian, for thy zeal and care!  
Good is thine augury, and fair.  
Clan-Alpine ne'er in battle stood,  
But first our broadswords tasted blood.  
A surer victim still I know,  
Self-offer'd to the auspicious blow:  
A spy has sought my land this morn,—  
No eve shall witness his return!  
My followers guard each pass's mouth,  
To east, to westward, and to south;  
Red Murdoch, bribed to be his guide,  
Has charge to lead his steps aside,  
Till, in deep path or dingle brown,  
He light on those shall bring him down.  
—But see, who comes his news to show!  
Malise! what tidings of the foe!"—

## VIII.

"At Doune, o'er many a spear and glaive  
Two Barons proud their banners wave.  
I saw the Moray's silver star,  
And mark'd the sable pale of Mar."—  
"By Alpine's soul, high tidings those!  
I love to hear of worthy foes.  
When move they on?"—"To-morrow's noon  
Will see them here for battle boun."<sup>2</sup>  
"Then shall it see a meeting stern!—  
But, for the place—say, couldst thou learn  
Nought of the friendly clans of Earu?  
Strengthen'd by them, we well might bide  
The battle on Benedi's side.  
Thou couldst not?—Well! Clan-Alpine's men  
Shall man the Trosach's shaggy glen;  
Within Loch Katrine's gorge we'll fight,  
All in our inaid's and matrons' sight,  
Each for his hearth and household fire,  
Father for child, and son for sire,—  
Lover for maid beloved!—But why—  
Is it the breeze affects mine eye?  
Or dost thou come, ill-omen'd tear!  
A messenger of doubt or fear?  
No! sooner may the Saxon lance  
Unfix Benedi from his stance,  
Than doubt or terror can pierce through  
The unyielding heart of Roderick Dhul!  
'Tis stubborn as his trusty targ.—  
Each to his post!—all know their charge."  
The pibroch sounds, the bands advance,  
The broadswords gleam, the banners dance,  
Obedient to the Chieftain's glance.  
—I turn me from the martial roar,  
And seek Coir-Uriskin once more.

## IX.

Where is the Douglas?—he is gone;  
And Ellen sits on the grey stone  
Fast by the cave, and makes her moan;  
While vainly Allan's words of cheer  
Are pour'd on her unheeding ear—  
"He will return—Dear lady, trust!  
With joy return;—he will—he must.  
Well was it time to seek, afar,  
Some refuge from impending war,  
When e'en Clan-Alpine's rugged swarm  
Are cow'd by the approaching storm.  
I saw their boats, with many a light,  
Floating the live-long yesternight,

Shifting like flashes darted forth  
By the red streamers of the north;  
I mark'd at morn how close they ride,  
Thick moor'd by the lone islet's side,  
Like wild-ducks couching in the fen.  
When stoops the hawk upon the glen.  
Since this rude race dare not abide  
The peril on the mainland side,  
Shall not thy noble father's care  
Some safe retreat for thee prepare?"—

## X.

## ELLEN.

"No, Allan, no! Pretext so kind  
My wakeful terrors could not blind.  
When in such tender tone, yet grave,  
Douglas a parting blessing gave,  
The tear that glisten'd in his eye  
Drown'd not his purpose fix'd on high.  
My soul, though feminine and weak,  
Can image his; e'en as the lake,  
Itself disturb'd by slightest stroke,  
Reflects the invulnerable rock.  
He hears report of battle rife,  
He deems himself the cause of strife.  
I saw him redded, when the theme  
Turn'd, Allan, on thine idle dream,  
Of Malcolm Græme, in fetters bound,  
Which I, thou saidst, about him wound.  
Think'st thou he trow'd thine omen aught?  
Oh no! 'twas apprehensive thought  
For the kind youth,—for Roderick too—  
(Let me be just) that friend so true;  
In danger both, and in our cause!  
Minstrel, the Douglas dare not pause.  
Why else that solemn warning given,  
'If not on earth, we meet in heaven!'  
Why else, to Cambus-kenneth's fane,  
If eve return him not again,  
Am I to hie, and make me known?  
Alas! he goes to Scotland's throne,  
Buys his friend's safety with his own;  
He goes to do—what I had done,  
Had Douglas's daughter been his son!"

## XI.

"Nay, lovely Ellen!—dearest, nay!  
If aught should his return delay,  
He only named yon holy fane  
As fitting place to meet again.  
Be sure he's safe; and for the Græme,—  
Heaven's blessing on his gallant name!  
My vision'd sight may yet prove true,  
Nor bode of ill to him or you.  
When did my gifted dream beguile?  
Think of the stranger at the isle,  
And think upon the harpings slow,  
That presaged this approaching woe!  
Sooth was my prophecy of fear;  
Believe it when it augurs cheer.  
Would we had left this dismal spot!  
Ill luck still haunts a fairy grot.  
Of such a wondrous tale I know—  
Dear lady, change that look of woe,  
My harp was wont thy grief to cheer."—

## ELLEN.

"Well, be it as thou wilt; I hear,  
But cannot stop the bursting tear."  
The Minstrel tried his simple art,  
But distant far was Ellen's heart.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 2 X.

<sup>2</sup> For battle boun—ready for battle.

## XII.

## BALLAD. 1

ALICE BRAND.

Merry it is in the good greenwood,  
When the mavis<sup>2</sup> and merle<sup>3</sup> are singing,  
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds  
are in cry,

And the hunter's horn is ringing.

"O Alice Brand, my native land  
Is lost for love of you;  
And we must hold by wood and wold,  
As outlaws went to do.

"O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright,  
And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,  
That on the night of our luckless flight,  
Thy brother bold I slew.

"Now must I teach to hew the heech  
The hand that held the glaive,  
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,  
And stakes to fence our cave.

"And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,  
That wot on harp to stray.  
A cloak must sheer from the slaughter'd deer  
To keep the cold away."—

"O Richard! if my brother died,  
'Twas but a fatal chance;  
For darkling was the battle tried,  
And fortune sped the lance.

"If pall and vair no more I wear,  
Nor thou the crimson sheen,  
As warn, we'll say, is the russet grey,  
As gay the forest-green.

"And, Richard, if our lot be hard,  
And lost thy native land,  
Still Alice has her own Richard,  
And he his Alice Brand."

## XIII.

## BALLAD CONTINUED.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,  
So blithe Lady Alice is singing;  
On the beech's pride, and oak's brown side,  
Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,  
Who wou'd within the hill,—<sup>4</sup>  
Like wind in the porch of a ruin'd church,  
His voice was ghostly shrill.

"Why sounds yon stroke on heech and oak,  
Our moonlight circle's screen?  
Or who comes here to chase the deer,  
Beloved of our Elfin Queen?<sup>5</sup>  
Or who may dare on wold to wear  
The fauries' fatal green?<sup>6</sup>

"Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,  
For thou wert christen'd man;<sup>7</sup>  
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,  
For matter'd word or ban.

"Lay on him the curse of the wither'd heart,  
The curse of the sleepless eye;  
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,  
Nor yet find leave to die."

## XIV.

## BALLAD CONTINUED.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,  
Though the birds have still'd their singing;  
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,  
And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,  
Before Lord Richard stands,  
And, as he cross'd and bless'd himself,  
"I fear not sign." quoth the grisly elf,  
"That is made with bloody hands."

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,  
That woman, void of fear,—  
"And if there's blood upon his hand,  
'Tis but the blood of deer."—

"Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!  
It cleaves unto his hand,  
The stain of thine own kindly blood,  
The blood of Ethert Brand."

Then forward stepp'd she, Alice Brand,  
And made the holy sign,—  
"And if there's blood on Richard's hand,  
A spotless hand is mine.

"And I conjure thee, Demon elf,  
By Him whom Demons fear,  
To show us whence thou art thyself,  
And what thine errand here!"—

## XV.

## BALLAD CONTINUED.

"'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in Fairy-land,  
When fairy birds are singing,  
When the court doth ride by their monarch's  
side,  
With bit and bridle ringing:

"And gaily shines the Fairy-land—  
But all is glistening show,<sup>8</sup>  
Like the idle gleam that December's beam  
Can dart on ice and snow.

"And fading, like that varied gleam,  
Is our inconstant shape,  
Who now like knight and lady seem,  
And now like dwarf and ape.

"It was between the night and day,  
When the Fairy King has power,  
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,  
And, 'twixt life and death, was snatch'd away  
To the joyless Elfin bower."<sup>9</sup>

"But wist I of a woman bold,  
Who thrice my brow durst sign,  
I might regain my mortal mold,  
As fair a form as thine."

She cross'd him once—she cross'd him twice—  
That lady was so brave;  
The fouler grew his goblin hue,  
The darker grew the cave.

She cross'd him thrice, that lady bold;  
He rose beneath her hand  
The fairest knight on Scottish mold,  
Her brother, Ethert Brand!

1 See Appendix, Note 2 Y. 2 Thrush. 3 Blackbird.  
4 See Appendix, Note 2 Z. 5 Ibid, Note 3 A.

6 See Appendix, Note 3 B.  
8 See Appendix, Note 3 D.

7 Ibid, Note 3 C.  
9 Ibid, Note 3 E.



Merry it is in good greenwood,  
When the mavis and merle are singing,  
But merrier were they in Dunfermline grey,  
When all the bells were ringing.

## XVI.

Just as the minstrel sounds were staid,  
A stranger climb'd the steepy glade :  
His martial step, his stately mien,  
His hunting suit of Lincoln green,  
His eagle glance, remembrance claims—  
'Tis Snowdoun's Knight, 'tis James Fitz-James.  
Ellen beheld as in a dream,  
Then, starting, scarce suppress'd a scream :  
"O stranger! in such hour of fear,  
What evil hap has brought thee here?"—  
"An evil hap how can it be,  
That bids me look again on thee?  
By promise bound, my former guide  
Met me betimes this morning tide,  
And marshall'd, over bank and bourn,  
The happy path of my return."—  
"The happy path!—what! said he nought  
Of war, of battle to be fought,  
Of guarded pass?"—"No, by my faith!  
Nor saw I aught could augur scathe."—  
"O haste thee, Allan, to the kern,  
—Yonder his tartans I discern;  
Learn thou his purpose, and conjure  
That he will guide the stranger sure!—  
What prompted thee, unhappy man?  
The meanest serf in Roderick's clan  
Had not been bribed by love or fear,  
Unknown to him to guide thee here."—

## XVII.

"Sweet Ellen, dear my life must be,  
Since it is worthy care from thee;  
Yet life I hold but idle breath,  
When love or honour's weigh'd with death.  
Then let me profit by my chance,  
And speak my purpose bold at once.  
I come to bear thee from a wild,  
Where ne'er before such blossom smiled;  
By this soft hand to lead thee far  
From frantic sceoes of feud and war.  
Near Bochastle my horses wait;  
They bear us soon to Stirling gate.  
I'll place thee in a lovely hower,  
I'll guard thee like a tender flower"—  
"O! hush, Sir Knight! 'twere female art,  
To say I do not read thy heart;  
Too much, before, my selfish ear  
Was idly soothed my praise to hear.  
That fatal bait hath lured thee back,  
In deathful hour, o'er dangerous track;  
And how, O how, can I atone  
The wreck my vanity brought on!—  
One way remains—I'll tell him all—  
Yes! atugging bosom, forth it shall!  
Thou, whose light folly bears the blame,  
Buy thine own pardon with thy shame!  
But first—my father is a man  
Outlaw'd and exiled, under ban;  
The price of blood is on his head,  
With me 'twere infamy to wed.—  
Still wouldst thou speak?—then hear the  
truth!  
Fitz-James, there is a noble youth,—  
If yet he is!—exposed for me  
And mine to dread extremity—  
Thou hast the secret of my heart;  
Forgive, be generous, and depart!"

## XVIII.

Fitz-James knew every wily train  
A lady's fickle heart to gain;  
But here he knew and felt them vain.  
There shot no glance from Ellen's eye,  
To give her steadfast speech the lie;  
In maiden confidence she stood,  
Though mantled in her cheek the blood,  
And told her love with such a sigh  
Of deep and hopeless agony,  
As death had seal'd her Malcolm's doom,  
And she sat sorrowing on his tomb.  
Hope vanish'd from Fitz-James's eye,  
But not with hope fled sympathy.  
He proffer'd to attend her side,  
As brother would a sister guide—  
"O! little know'st thou Roderick's heart!  
Safer for both we go apart.  
O haste thee, and from Allan learn,  
If thou may'st trust you wily kern."  
With hand upon his forehead laid,  
The conflict of his mind to shade,  
A parting step or two he made;  
Then, as some thought had cross'd his brain,  
He paused, and turn'd, and came again.

## XIX.

"Hear, lady, yet, a parting word!—  
It chanced in fight that my poor sword  
Preserved the life of Scotland's lord.  
This ring the grateful Monarch gave,  
And bade, when I had boon to crave,  
To bring it back, and boldly claim  
The recompense that I would name.  
Ellen, I am no courtly lord,  
But one who lives by lance and sword,  
Whose castle is his helm and shield,  
His lordship the embattled field.  
What from a prince can I demand,  
Who neither reck of state nor land?  
Ellen, thy hand—the ring is thine;  
Each guard and usher knows the sign.  
Seek thou the king without delay;  
This signet shall secure thy way;  
And claim thy suit, whate'er it be,  
As ransom of his pledge to me."  
He placed the golden circlet on,  
Paused—kiss'd her hood—and then was gone.  
The aged Minstrel stood agast,  
So hastily Fitz-James shot past.  
He join'd his guide, and wending down  
The ridges of the mountain brown,  
Across the stream they took their way,  
That joins Loch Katrine to Achray.

## XX.

All in the Trosach's glen was still,  
Noontide was sleeping on the hill:  
Sudden his guide whoop'd loud and high—  
"Murdoch! was that a signal cry?"—  
He stammer'd forth,—"I shout to scare  
Yon raven from his dainty fare."  
He look'd—he knew the raven's prey,  
His own brave steed:—"Ah! gallant grey!  
For thee—for me, perchance—'twere well  
We ne'er had seen the Trosach's dell.—  
Murdoch, move first—but silently;  
Whistle or whoop, and thou shalt die!"  
Jealous and sullen on they fared,  
Each silent, each upon his guard.

## XXI.

Now wound the path its dizzy ledge  
Around a precipice's edge,

When lo! a wasted female form,  
 Blighted by wrath of sun and storm,  
 In tatter'd weeds and wild array,  
 Stood on the cliff beside the way,  
 And glancing round her restless eye,  
 Upon the wood, the rock, the sky,  
 Seem'd nought to mark, yet all to spy.  
 Her brow was wreath'd with gaudy broom;  
 With gesture wild she waved a plume  
 Of feathers, which the eagles fling  
 To crag and cliff from dusky wing:  
 Such spoils her desperate step had sought  
 Where scarce was footing for the goat.  
 The tartan plaid she first descried,  
 And shriek'd till all the rocks replied;  
 As loud she laugh'd when near they drew,  
 For then the Lowland garb she knew;  
 And then her hands she wildly wrung,  
 And then she wept, and then she sung—  
 She sung!—the voice, in better time,  
 Perchance to harp or lute might chime;  
 And now, though strain'd and roughen'd, still  
 Rung wildly sweet to dale and hill.

XXII.  
 SONG.

They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,  
 They say my brain is warp'd and wrung—  
 I cannot sleep on Highland brae,  
 I cannot pray in Highland tongue.  
 But were I now where Allan's glides,  
 Or heard my native Devan's tides,  
 So sweetly would I rest, and pray  
 That Heaven would close my wintry day!

'Twas thus my hair they bade me braid,  
 They made me to the church repair;  
 It was my bridal morn they said,  
 And my true love would meet me there.  
 But woe betide the cruel guile,  
 That drown'd in blood the morning smile!  
 And woe betide the fairy dream!  
 I only waked to sob and scream.

XXIII.

"Who is this maid? what means her lay?  
 She hovers o'er the hollow way,  
 And flutters wide her mantle grey,  
 As the lone heron spreads his wing,  
 By twilight, o'er a haunted spriog."—  
 "'Tis Blanche of Devan," Murdoch said,  
 "A crazed and captive Lowland maid,  
 Ta'en on the morn she was a bride,  
 When Roderick foray'd Devan-side.  
 The gay bridegroom resistance made,  
 And felt our Chief's unconquer'd blade.  
 I marvel she is now at large,  
 But oft she 'scapes from Maudlin's charge.—  
 Hence, brain-sick fool!"—He raised his bow:—  
 "Now, if thou strikest her but one blow,  
 I'll pitch thee from the cliff as far  
 As ever peasant pitch'd a bar!"  
 "Thanks, champion, thanks!" the Maniac  
 cried,  
 And press'd her to Fitz-James's side.  
 "See the grey pennons I prepare,  
 To seek my true-love through the air!  
 I will not lend that savage groom,  
 To break his fall, one downy plume!

No!—deep amid disjointed stones,  
 The wolves shall batten on his bones,  
 And then shall his detested plaid,  
 By bush and brier in mid air staid,  
 Wave forth a banner fair and free,  
 Meet signal for their revelry."

XXIV.

"Hush thee, poor maiden, and be still!"—  
 "O! thou look'st kindly, and I will.—  
 Mine eye has dried and wasted been,  
 But still it loves the Lincoln green:  
 And, though mine ear is all unstrung,  
 Still, still it loves the Lowland tongue.

"For O my sweet William was forester true,  
 He stole poor Blanche's heart away!  
 His coat it was all of the greenwood hue,  
 And so blithely he trill'd the Lowland lay!

"It was not that I meant to tell . . .  
 But thou art wise and guessest well."  
 Then, in a low and broken tone,  
 And hurried note, the song went on.  
 Still on the Clansman, fearfully,  
 She fix'd her apprehensive eye;  
 Then turn'd it on the Knight, and then  
 Her look glanced wildly o'er the glen.

XXV.

"The toils are pitch'd, and the stakes are set,  
 Ever sing merrily, merrily;  
 The bows they bend, and the knives they  
 whet,  
 Hunters live so cheerily.

"It was a stag, a stag of ten,<sup>2</sup>  
 Bearing its branches sturdily;  
 He came stately down the glen,  
 Ever sing hardily, hardily.

"It was there he met with a wounded doe,  
 She was bleeding deathfully;  
 She warn'd him of the toils below,  
 O, so faithfully, faithfully!

"He had an eye, and he could heed,  
 Ever sing warily, warily;  
 He had a foot, and he could speed—  
 Hunters watch so narrowly."

XXVI.

Fitz-James's mind was passion-toss'd,  
 When Ellen's hints and fears were lost;  
 But Murdoch's shout suspicion wrought,  
 And Blanche's song conviction brought.—  
 Not like a stag that spies the snare,  
 But lion of the hunt aware,  
 He waved at once his blade on high,  
 "Disclose thy treachery, or die!"  
 Forth at full speed the Clansman flew,  
 But in his race his bow he drew.  
 The shaft just grazed Fitz-James's crest,  
 And thrill'd in Blanche's faded breast,—  
 Murdoch of Alpine! prove thy speed,  
 For never had Alpine's son such need!  
 With heart of fire, and foot of wind,  
 The fierce avenger is behind!  
 Fate judges of the rapid strife—  
 The forfeit death—the prize is life!  
 Thy kindred ambush lies before,  
 Close couch'd upon the heathery moor;

<sup>1</sup> The *Allan* and *Devan* are two beautiful streams, the latter celebrated in the poetry of Burns, which descend

from the hills of Perthshire into the great cause or plain of Stirling

<sup>2</sup> Having ten branches on his antlers.

Them couldst thou reach! — it may not be —  
Thine ambush'd kin thou ne'er shalt see,  
The fiery Saxon gains on thee!  
— Resistless speeds the deadly thrust,  
As lightning strikes the pine to dust;  
With foot and hand Fitz-James must strain,  
Ere he can win his blade again.  
Bent o'er the fall'n, with falcon eye,  
He grimly smiled to see him die;  
Then slower wended back his way,  
Where the poor maiden bleeding lay.

## XXVII.

She sate beneath the birchen-tree,  
Her elbow resting on her knee;  
She had withdrawn the fatal shaft,  
And gazed on it, and feebly laugh'd;  
Her wreath of broom and feathers grey,  
Daggled with blood, beside her lay.  
The Knight to stanch the life-stream tried,—  
“Stranger, it is in vain!” she cried.  
“This hour of death has given me more  
Of reason's power than years before:  
For, as these ebbing veins decay,  
My frenzied visions fade away.  
A helpless injured wretch I die,  
And something tells me in thine eye,  
That thou wert mine avenger born.—  
Seest thou this tress? — O! still I've worn  
This little tress of yellow hair,  
Through danger, frenzy, and despair!  
It once was bright and clear as thine,  
But blood and tears have dimm'd its shine.  
I will not tell thee when 'twas shred,  
Nor from what guiltless victim's head —  
My brain would turn! — but it shall wave  
Like plunage on thy helmet brave,  
Till sun and wind shall bleach the stain,  
And thou wilt bring it me again.—  
I waver still.— O God! more bright  
Let reason beam her parting light! —  
O! by thy knighthood's honour'd sign,  
And for thy life preserved by mine,  
When thou shalt see a darksome man,  
Who boasts him Chief of Alpine's Clan,  
With tartan's broad and shadowy plume,  
And hand of blood, and brow of gloom,  
Be thy heart bold, thy weapon strong,  
And wreak poor Blanche of Devan's wrong!  
They watch for thee by pass and fell . . .  
Avoid the path . . . O God! . . . farewell.”

## XXXIII.

A kindly heart had brave Fitz-James;  
Fast pour'd his eyes at pity's claims,  
And now with mingled grief and ire,  
He saw the murder'd maid expire.  
“God, in my need, be my relief.  
As I wreak this on yonder Chief!”  
A lock from Blanche's tresses fair  
He blended with her bridegroom's hair;  
The mingled braid in blood he dyed,  
And placed it on his bonnet-side:  
“By Him whose word is truth! I swear,  
No other favour will I wear,  
Till this sad token I imbrue  
In the best blood of Roderick Dhu!  
— But hark! what means yon faint halloo?  
The chase is up,—but they shall know,  
The stag at bay's a dangerous foe.”  
Barr'd from the known but guarded way,  
Through copse and cliffs Fitz-James must  
stray.

And oft must change his desperate track,  
By stream and precipice turn'd back.  
Heartless, fatigued, and faint, at length,  
From lack of food and loss of strength,  
He couch'd him in a thicket hoar,  
And thought his toils and perils o'er:—  
“Of all my rash adventures past,  
This frantic feat must prove the last!  
Who e'er so mad but might have guess'd,  
That all this Highland hornet's nest  
Would muster up in swarms so soon  
As e'er they heard of bands at Doone! —  
Like bloodhounds now they search me out,—  
Hark to the whistle and the shout! —  
If farther through the wilds I go,  
I only fall upon the foe:  
I'll couch me here till evening grey,  
Then darkling try my dangerous way.”

## XXIX.

The shades of eve come slowly down,  
The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,  
The owl awakens from her dell,  
The fox is heard upon the fell;  
Enough remains of glimmering light  
To guide the wanderer's steps aright,  
Yet not enough from far to show  
His figure to the watchful foe.  
With cautious step, and ear awake,  
He climbs the crag and threads the brake;  
And not the summer solstice, there,  
Temper'd the midnight mountain air,  
But every breeze, that swept the wold,  
Benumb'd his drenched limbs with cold.  
In dread, in danger, and alone,  
Famish'd and chill'd, through ways unknown,  
Tangled and steep, he journey'd on;  
Till, as a rock's huge point he turn'd,  
A watch-fire close before him burn'd.

## XXX.

Beside its embers red and clear,  
Bask'd, in his plaid, a mountaineer;  
And up he sprung with sword in hand,—  
“Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!”  
“A stranger.” — “What dost thou require?”  
“Rest and a guide, and food and fire.  
My life's beset, my path is lost,  
The gale has chill'd my limbs with frost.”  
“Art thou a friend to Roderick?” — “No.”  
“Thou darest not call thyself a foe?”  
“I dare! to him and all the band  
He brings to aid his murderous hand.”  
“Bold words! — but, though the beast of game  
The privilege of chase may claim,  
Though space and law the stag we lend,  
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,  
Who ever reck'd, where, how, or when,  
The prowling fox was trapp'd or slain?<sup>1</sup>  
Thus treacherous scouts,—yet sure they lie,  
Who say thou camest a secret spy!”  
“They do, by heaven! — Come Roderick Dhu,  
And of his clan the boldest too,  
And let me but till morning rest,  
I write the falsehood on their crest.”  
“If by the blaze I mark aright,  
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight.”  
“Then by these tokens mayest thou know  
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe.”  
“Enough, enough; sit down and share  
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 3 F.



## XXXI.

He gave him of his Highland cheer,  
The harden'd flesh of mountain deer; <sup>1</sup>  
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,  
And bade the Saxon share his plaid.  
He tended him like welcome guest,  
Then thus his farther speech address'd.  
"Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu  
A clansman horn, a kinsman true;  
Each word against his honour spoke,  
Demands of me avenging stroke;  
Yet more, — upon thy fate, 'tis said,  
A mighty Augury is laid.  
It rests with me to wind my horn, —  
Thou art with numbers overborne;  
It rests with me, here, brand to brand,  
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand:  
But, not for clan, nor kindred's cause,  
Will I depart from honour's laws;  
To assail a wearied man were shame,  
And stranger is a holy name;  
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,  
In vain he never must require  
Then rest thee here till dawn of day;  
Myself will guide thee on the way,  
O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,  
Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,  
As far as Coilantogle's ford:  
From thence thy warrant is thy sword." —  
"I take thy courtesy, by heaven,  
As freely as 'tis nobly given!" —  
"Well, rest thee; for the bitter'n cry  
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."  
With that he shook the gather'd heath,  
And spread his plaid upon the wreath;  
And the brave foemen, side by side,  
Lay peaceful down, like brothers tried,  
And slept until the dawning beam  
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

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The Lady of the Lake.

—

CANTO FIFTH.

—

THE COMBAT.

I.

Fair as the earliest beam of eastern light,
When first, by the bewilder'd pilgrim spied,
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,
And lights the fearful path on mountain side; —
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright
star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud
the brow of War.

II.

That early beam, so fair and sheen,
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,

Look'd not upon the dappled sky,
Mutter'd their soldier matins by,
And then awaked their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.
That o'er, the Gael ² around him threw
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
And, true to promise, led the way,
By thicket green and mountain grey.
A wildering path! — they winded now
Along the precipice's brow,
Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
The windings of the Forth and Teith,
And all the vales beneath that lie,
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky;
Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
Gain'd not the length of horseman's lance.
'Twas oft so steep, the foot was faint
Assistance from the hand to gain;
So tangled oft, that, bursting through,
Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew, —
That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
It rivals all but Beauty's tear!

III.

At length they came where, stern and steep,
The hill sinks down upon the deep.
Here Vennachar in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose;
Ever the hollow path twin'd on,
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;
An hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against a host.
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,
And heather black, that waved so high,
It held the copse in rivalry.
But where the lake slept deep and still,
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill;
And oft both path and hill were torn,
Where wintry torrents down had borne,
And heap'd upon the cumber'd land
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.
So toilsome was the road to trace,
The guide, abating of his pace,
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
And ask'd Fitz-James, by what strange cause
He sought these wilds I traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

IV.

"Brave Gael, my pass in danger tried,
Hangs in my belt, and by my side;
Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,
"I dreamt not now to claim its aid.
When here, but three days since, I came,
Bewilder'd in pursuit of game,
All seem'd as peaceful and as still.
As the mist slumbering on yon hill;
Thy dangerous Chief was then afar,
Nor soon expected back from war.
Thus said, at least, my mountain-guide,
Though deep, perchance, the villain lied." —
"Yet why a second venture try?" —
"A warrior thou, and ask me why! —
Moves our free course by such fix'd cause,
As gives the poor mechanic laws?
Enough, I sough to drive away
The lazy hours of peaceful day;
Slight cause will then suffice to guide
A Knight's free footsteps far and wide, —

¹ See Appendix, Note S. O.

² The Scottish Highlander calls himself *Gael*, or *Gaul*, and terms the Lowlanders, *Sassenach*, or Saxons.

A falcon flown, a greyhound stray'd,
The merry glance of mountain maid:
Or, if a path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone."

V.

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;—
Yet ere again ye sought this spot,
Say, heard ye nought of Lowland war,
Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?"
—"No, by my word;—of lands prepared
To guard King James's sports I heard:
Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear
This muster of the mountaineer,
Their pennons will abroad be flung,
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung."—
"Free be they flung!—for we were loth
Their silken folds should feast the moth.
Free be they flung!—as free shall wave
Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.
But, Stranger, peaceful since you came,
Bewilder'd in the mountain game,
Whence the bold boast by which you show
Vich-Alpine's vow'd and mortal foe?"
—"Warrior, but yester-morn, I knew
Nought of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Save as an outlaw'd desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,
Who, in the Regent's court and sight,
With ruffian dagger stabb'd a knight:
Yet this alone might from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart."

VI.

Wrothful at such arraignment foul,
Dark lower'd the clausman's sable scowl.
A space he paused, then sternly said,
"And heard'st thou why he drew his blade?
Heard'st thou that shameful word and blow
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
What reck'd the Chieftain if he stood
On Highland heath, or Holy-Rood?
He rights such wrong where it is given,
If it were in the court of heaven."
—"Still was it outrage;—yet, 'tis true,
Not then claim'd sovereignty his due;
While Albany, with feeble hand,
Held borrow'd truncheon of command,¹
The young King, mew'd in Stirling tower,
Was stranger to respect and power.
But then, thy Chieftain's robber life!
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
Wrenching from ruin'd Lowland swain
His herds and harvest rear'd in vain—
Methinks a soul, like thine, should scorn
The spoils from such foul foray borne."

VII.

The Gael beheld him grim the while,
And answer'd with disdainful smile,—
"Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
I mark'd thee send delighted eye,
Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between:—
These fertile plains, that soften'd vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael;
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers rest the land.
Where dwell we now! See, rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.

¹ See Appendix, Note 3 H.

Ask we this savage hill we tread,
For fatten'd steer or household breed;
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,
And well the mountain might reply,—
'To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore! I
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest.'
Pent in this fortress of the North,
Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?
Ay, by my soul!—While on you plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;
While, of ten thousand herds, three strays
But one along you river's maze,—
The Gael, of plain and river here,
Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share,²
Where live the mountain Chiefs who hold,
That plundering Lowland field and fold
Is aught but retribution true?
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu.'—

VIII.

Answer'd Fitz-James,—"And, if I sought,
Think'st thou no other could be brought?
What deem ye of my path waylaid?
My life given o'er to ambushade?"
—"As of a need to rashness due:
Hadst thou sent warning fair and true,—
I seek my hound, or falcon stray'd,
I seek, good faith, a Highland maid.—
Free hadst thou been to come and go;
But secret path marks secret foe.
Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,
Hadst thou, unheard, been doom'd to die,
Save to fulfil an augury."
—"Well, let it pass; nor will I now
Fresh cause of enmity avow,
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.
Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride:
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace; but when I come agen,
I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
As I, until before me stand
This rebel Chieftain and his band!"—

IX.

"Have, then, thy wish!"—he whistled shrill,
And he was answer'd from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe:
From shingles grey their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior arm'd for strife.
That whistle garrison'd the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood, and still.

² See Appendix, Note 3 I.

Like the loose crags, whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain-side they hung.
The Mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benedi's living side,
Then fix'd his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James—"How say'st thou now?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!"

X.

Fitz-James was brave:—Though to his heart
The life-blood thrill'd with sudden start,
He mann'd himself with dauntless air,
Return'd the Chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before:—
"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."
Sir Roderick mark'd—and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood—then waved his hand:
Down sunk the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanish'd where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,
In osiers pale and copses low;
It seem'd as if their mother Earth
Had swallow'd up her warlike birth.
The wind's last breath had toss'd in air,
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair,—
The next but swept a lone hill-side,
Where heath and fern were waving wide:
The sun's last glance was glinted back,
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,—
The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green, and cold grey stone.

XI.

Fitz-James look'd round—yet scarce believed
The witness that his sight received;
Such apparition well might seem
Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the Chief replied,
"Fear nought—nay, that I need not say—
But—doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest:—I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford:
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
So move we on:—I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu."¹
They moved:—I said Fitz-James was brave,
As ever knight that belted glaive;
Yet dare not say, that now his blood
Kept on its wont and temper'd flood,
As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
That seeming lonesome pathway through,
Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife
With lances, that, to take his life,
Waited but signal from a guide,
So late dishonour'd and defied.

Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round
The vanish'd guardians of the ground,
And still, from copse and heather deep,
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
And in the plover's shrilly strain,
The signal whistle heard again.
Nor breathed he free till far behind
The pass was left; for then they wind
Along a wide and level green,
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,
To hide a bonnet or a spear.

XII.

The Chief in silence strode before,
And reach'd that torrent's sounding shore,
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks,
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurl'd.²
And here his course the Chieftain staid,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said:—
"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's onmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See here, all vantageless I stand,
Arm'd, like thyself, with single brand;³
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

XIII.

The Saxon paused:—"I ne'er delay'd,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay, more, brave Chief, I vow'd thy death:
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
My deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved:
Can nought but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?"—"No, Stranger, none!
And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead:
'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife."
"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
"The riddle is already read.
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate has solved her prophecy,
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
To James, at Stirling, let us go.
When, if thou wilt he still his foe,
Or if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favour free,
I plight mine honour, oath, and word,
That, to thy native strengths restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand,
That aids thee now to guard thy land."

XIV.

Dark lightning flash'd from Roderick's eye—
"Soars thy presumption, then, so high,

¹ See Appendix, Note 3 K.² Ibid, Note 3 L.³ See Appendix, Note 3 M.

Because a wretched kern ye slew,
 Homage to name to Roderick Dhu !
 He yields not, he, to man nor Fate !
 Thou add'st hut fuel to my hate :—
 My clansman's blood demands revenge.
 Not yet prepared ?—By heaven, I change
 My thought, and hold thy valour light
 As that of some vain carpet knight,
 Who ill deserved my courteous care,
 And whose best boast is but to wear
 A braid of his fair lady's hair.—
 "I thank thee, Roderick, for the word !
 It nerves my heart, it steels my sword ;
 For I have sworn this braid to stain
 In the best blood that warms thy vein.
 Now, truce, farewell ! and, ruth, begone !—
 Yet think not that by thee alone,
 Proud Chief ! can courtesy be shown ;
 Though not from corpse, or heath, or cairn,
 Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
 Of this small horn one feeble blast
 Would fearful odds against thee cast.
 But fear not—docht not—which thou wilt—
 We try this quarrel hit to hit."—
 Then each at once his falchion drew,
 Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
 Each look'd to sun, and stream, and plain,
 As what they ne'er might see again :
 Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
 In dubious strife they darkly closed.

XV.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu.
 That on the field his target he threw,¹
 Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
 Had death so often dash'd aside ;
 For, train'd abroad his arms to wield,
 Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
 He practised every pass and ward,
 To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard ;
 While less expert, though stronger far,
 The Gael maintain'd unequal war.
 Three times in closing strife they stood,
 And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood ;
 No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
 The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
 Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
 And shower'd his blows like wintry rain ;
 And, as firm rock, or castle-roof,
 Against the winter shower is proof,
 The foe, invulnerable still,
 Foil'd his wild rage by steady skill ;
 Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
 Forc'd Roderick's weapon from his hand.
 And backward borne upon the lea,
 Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

XVI.

"Now, yield thee, or by Him who made
 The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade !"—
 "Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy !
 Let recreant yield, who fears to die."²
 —Like adder darting from his coil,
 Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
 Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
 Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung ;
 Received, but reck'd not of a wound,
 And lock'd his arms his foeman round.—
 Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own !
 No maiden's hand is round thee thrown !
 That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,
 Through bars of brass and triple steel !—

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 N.

They tug, they strain ! down, down they go,
 The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
 The Chieftain's gripe his throat compress'd,
 His knee was planted in his breast ;
 His clogged locks he backward threw,
 Across his brow his hand he drew.
 From blood and mist to clear his sight,
 Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright !—
 —But hate and fury ill supplied
 The stream of life's exhausted tide,
 And all too late the advantage came,
 To turn the odds of deadly game ;
 For, while the dagger gleam'd on high,
 Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and eye.
 Down came the blow ! but in the heath
 The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
 The struggling foe may now unclasp
 The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp ;
 Unwounded from the dreadful close,
 But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

XVII.

He falter'd thanks to Heaven for life,
 Redeem'd, unhop'd, from desperate strife ;
 Next on his foe his look he cast,
 Whose every gasp appear'd his last ;
 In Roderick's gore he dipt the braid,—
 "Poor Blanche ! thy wrongs are dearly paid :
 Yet with thy foe must die, or live,
 The praise that Faith and Valour give."
 With that he blew a bugle-note,
 Fiddid the collar from his throat,
 Unbonneted, and by the wave
 Sate down his brow and hands to lave.
 Then faint afar are heard the feet
 Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet ;
 The sounds increase, and now are seen
 Four mounted squires in Lincoln green :
 Two who bear lance, and two who lead,
 By loosen'd rein, a saddled steed ;
 Each onward held his headlong course,
 And by Fitz-James rein'd up his horse,—
 With wonder view'd the bloody spot—
 — "Exclaim not, gallants ! question not.—
 You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,
 And bind the wounds of yonder knight ;
 Let the grey palfrey bear his weight,
 We destined for a fairer freight.
 And bring him on to Stirling straight ;
 I will before at better speed,
 To seek fresh horse and fitting weed.
 The sun rides high ;—I must be bounce,
 To see the archer-gane at noon ;
 But lightly Bayard clears the lea.—
 De Vaux and Herries, follow me.

XVIII.

"Stand, Bayard, stand !"—the steed obey'd,
 With arching neck and bended head,
 And glancing eye and quivering ear,
 As if he loved his lord to hear.
 No foot Fitz-James in stirrup staid,
 No grasp upon the saddle laid,
 But wreath'd his left hand in the mane,
 And lightly bounded from the plain,
 Turn'd on the horse his armed heel,
 And stirr'd his courage with the steel,
 Bounded the fiery steed in air,
 The rider sate erect and fair,
 Then like a bolt from steel crossbow
 Forth launch'd along the plain they go.
 They dash'd that rapid torrent through,
 And up Carhonie's hill they flew ;

² See Appendix, Note 3 O.

Still at the gallop prick'd the Knight,
His merry-men follow'd as they might.
Along thy banks, swift, Teith! they ride,
And in the race they mock thy tide;
Torry and Lendrick now are past,
And Deanstown lies behind them cast;
They rise, the banner'd towers of Doune,¹
They sink in distant woodland soon;
Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire,
They sweep like breeze through Ochertyre;
They mark just glance and disappear
The lofty brow of ancient Kier;
They bathe their courser's sweltering sides,
Dark Forth! amid thy sluggish tides,
And on the opposing shore take ground,
With plash, with scramble, and with bound.
Right-hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-Forth!²
And soon the bulwark of the North,
Grey Stirling, with her towers and town,
Upon their fleet career look'd down.

XIX.

As up the flinty path they strain'd,
Sudden his steed the leader rein'd;
A signal to his squire he flung,
Who instant to his stirrup sprung:—
"Seest thou, De Vaux, yon woodsman grey,
Who town-ward holds the rocky way,
Of stature tall and poor array?
Mark'st thou the firm, yet active stride,
With which he scales the mountain-side?
Know'st thou from whence he comes, or
whom?"—

"No, by my word;—a burly groom
He seems, who in the field or chase
A baron's train would nobly grace."—
"Out, out, De Vaux! can fear supply,
And jealousy, no sharper eye?
Afar, ere to the hill he drew,
That stately form and step I knew;
Like form in Scotland is not seen,
Treads not such step on Scottish green.
'Tis James of Douglas, by Saint Seriel
The uncle of the banish'd Earl.
Away, away, to court, to show
The near approach of dreaded foe:
The King must stand upon his guard;
Douglas and he must meet prepared."
Then right-hand wheel'd their steeds, and
straight
They won the castle's postern gate.

XX.

The Douglas, who had bent his way
From Cambus-Kenneth's abbey grey,
Now, as he climb'd the rocky shelf,
Held sad communion with himself:—
"Yes! all is true my fears could frame;
A prisoner lies the noble Greme,
And fiery Roderick soon will feel
The vengeance of the royal steel.
I, only I, can ward their fate,—
God grant the ransom come not late!
The Abbess hath her promise given,
My child shall be the bride of Heaven;—
—Be pardon'd one repining tear!
For He, who gave her, knows how dear,

How excellent! but that is by,
And now my business is—to die.
—Ye towers! within whose circuit dread
A Douglas by his sovereign bled;
And thou, O sad and fatal mound!³
That oft hast heard the death-axe sound,
As on the noblest of the land
Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand,—
The dungeon, block, and nameless tomb
Prepare—for Douglas seeks his doom!
—But hark! what blithe and jolly peal
Makes the Franciscan steeple reel?
And see! upon the crowded street,
In motley groups what masquers meet!
Banner and pageant, pipe and drum,
And merry morrice-dancers come.
I guess, by all this quaint array,
The burghers hold their sports to-day.⁴
James will be there: he loves such show,
Where the good yeoman bends his bow,
And the tough wrestler foils his foe,
As well as where, in proud career,
The high-born tiller shivers spear.
I'll follow to the Castle-park,
And play my prize:—King James shall mark,
If age has tamed these sinews stark,
Whose force so oft, in happier days,
His boyish wonder loved to praise."

XXI.

The Castle gates were open flung,
The quivering drawbridge rock'd and rung,
And echo'd loud the flinty street
Beneath the coursers' clattering feet,
As slowly down the steep descent
Fair Scotland's King and nobles went,
While all along the crowded way
Was jubilee and loud huzza.
And ever James was bending low,
To his white jennet's saddle-bow,
Doffing his cap to city dame,
Who smiled and blush'd for pride and shame.
And well the simperer might be vain,—
He chose the fairest of the train.
Gravely he greets each city sire,
Commends each pageant's quaint attire,
Gives to the dancers thanks aloud,
And smiles and nods upon the crowd,
Who rend the heavens with their acclaims,
"Long live the Commons' King, King James!"
Behind the King through'd peer and knight,
And noble dame and damsel bright,
Whose fiery steeds ill brook'd the stay
Of the steep street and crowded way.
—But in the train you might discern
Dark lowering brow and visage stern:
There nobles mourn'd their pride restrain'd,
And the mean burghers' joys disdain'd;
And chiefs, who, hostage for their clan,
Were each from home a banish'd man,
There thought upon their own grey tower,
Their waving woods, their feudal power,
And deem'd themselves a shameful part
Of pageant which they curs'd in heart.

XXII.

Now, in the Castle-park, drew out
Their chequer'd bands the joyous rout.

¹ The ruins of Doune Castle, formerly the residence of the Earls of Meath, now the property of the Earl of Moray, are situated at the confluence of the Ardoch and the Teith.

² It may be worth noting that the Poet marks the progress of the King by naming in succession places familiar and dear to his own early recollections.—Blair-Drummond, the seat of the Homes of Kaimis; Kier, that of the princel-

pal family of the name of Stirling; Ochertyre, that of John Ramsay, the well-known antiquary, and correspondent of Burns; and Craigforth, that of the Callenders of Craigforth, almost under the walls of Stirling Castle;—all hospitable roofs, under which he had spent many of his younger days.—Ed.

³ See Appendix, Note 3 P.

⁴ Ibid. Note 3 Q.

There morricers, with bell at heel,
 And blade in hand, their mazes wheel;
 But chief, beside the butts, there stand
 Bold Robin Hood¹ and all his band,—
 Friar Tuck with quarterstaff and cowl,
 Old Scathelocke with his surly scowl,
 Maid Marion, fair as ivory hone,
 Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John;
 Their bugles challenge all that will,
 In archery to prove their skill.
 The Douglas bent a bow of might,—
 His first shaft centred in the white,
 And when in turn he shot again,
 His second split the first in twain.
 From the King's hand must Douglas take
 A silver dart, the archer's stake;
 Fondly he watch'd, with watery eye,
 Some answering glance of sympathy,—
 No kind emotion made reply!
 Indifferent as to archer wight,
 The monarch gave the arrow bright.²

XXIII.

Now, clear the ring! for, hand to hand,
 The manly wrestlers take their stand,
 Two o'er the rest superior rose,
 And proud demanded mightier foes,
 Nor call'd in vain; for Douglas came.
 — For life is Hugh of Lerbent lame;
 Scarce better John of Alloa's fare,
 Whom senseless home his comrades bear.
 Prize of the wrestling match, the King
 To Douglas gave a golden ring,³
 While coldly glanced his eye of blue,
 As frozen drop of wintry dew.
 Douglas would speak, but in his breast
 His struggling soul his words suppress'd;
 Indignant then he turn'd him where
 Their arms the brawny yeomen bare,
 To hurl the massive bar in air.
 When each his utmost strength had shown,
 The Douglas rent an earth-fast stone
 From its deep bed, then heaved it high,
 And sent the fragment through the sky,
 A rood beyond the farthest mark; —
 And still in Stirling's royal park,
 The grey-hair'd sires, who know the past,
 To strangers point the Douglas-cast,
 And moralize on the decay
 Of Scottish strength in modern day.

XXIV.

The vale with loud applauses rang,
 The Ladies' Rock sent back the clang.
 The King, with look unmoved, hestow'd
 A purse well-fill'd with pieces broad.
 Indignant smiled the Douglas proud,
 And threw the gold among the crowd,
 Who now, with anxious wonder, scan,
 And sharper glance, the dark grey man;
 'Till whispers rose among the throng,
 That heart so free, and hand so strong,
 Must to the Douglas blood belong;
 The old men mark'd, and shook the head,
 To see his hair with silver spread,
 And wink'd aside, and told each son,
 Of feats upon the English done,
 Ere Douglas of the stalwart hand
 Was exiled from his native land.
 The women praised his stately form,
 Though wreck'd by many a winter's storm;
 The youth with awe and wonder saw
 His strength surpassing Nature's law.

Thus judged, as is their wont, the crowd,
 'Till murmur rose to clamours loud.
 But not a glance from that proud ring
 Of peers who circled round the King,
 With Douglas held communion kind,
 Or call'd the banish'd man to mind;
 No, not from those who, at the chase,
 Once held his side the honour'd place,
 Begirt his board, and, in the field,
 Found safety underneath his shield;
 For he, whom royal eyes disown,
 When was his form to courtiers known!

XXV.

The Monarch saw the gambols flag,
 And bade let loose a gallant stag,
 Whose pride, the holiday to crown,
 Two favourite greyhounds should pull down
 That venison free, and Bourdeaux wine,
 Might serve the archery to dine.
 But Lufra,—whom from Douglas' side
 Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide,
 The fleetest hound in all the North,—
 Brave Lufra saw, and darted forth.
 She left the royal hounds mid-way,
 And dashing on the antler'd prey,
 Sunk her sharp muzzle in his flank,
 And deep the flowing life-blood drank.
 The King's stout huntsman saw the sport
 By strange intruder broken short,
 Came up, and with his leash unbound,
 In anger struck the noble hound.
 — The Douglas had endured, that morn,
 The King's cold look, the nobles' scorn,
 And last, and worst to spirit proud,
 Had borne the pity of the crowd;
 But Lufra had been fondly bred,
 To share his board, to watch his bed,
 And oft would Ellen Lufra's neck
 In maiden glee with garlands deck;
 They were such playmates, that with name
 Of Lufra, Ellen's image came.
 His stifled wrath is brimming high,
 In darken'd brow and flashing eye;
 As waves before the bark divide,
 The crowd gave way before his stride;
 Needs but a buffet and no more,
 The groom lies senseless in his gore.
 Such blow no other hand could deal,
 Though gauntleted in glove of steel.

XXVI.

Then clamour'd loud the royal train,
 And brandish'd swords and staves amain.
 But stern the Baron's warning—"Back!
 Back! on your lives, ye menial pack!
 Beware the Douglas—Yes! behold,
 King James! the Douglas, doom'd of old,
 And vainly sought for near and far,
 A victim to atone the war,
 A willing victim, now attends,
 Nor craves thy grace but for his friends."
 — "Thus is my clemency repaid?
 Presumptuous Lord!" the monarch said;
 "Of thy mis-prond ambitious clan,
 Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man,
 The only man, in whom a foe
 My woman-mercy would not know:
 But shall a Monarch's presence brook
 Injurious blow, and haughty look?
 What ho! the Captain of our Guard!
 Give the offender fitting ward.—"

¹ See Appendix, Note 3 R.² Ibid, Note 3 S.³ See Appendix, Note 3 T.

Break off the sports!"—for tumult rose,
And yeomen 'gan to bend their bows,—
"Break off the sports!" he said, and frown'd,
"And bid our horsemen clear the ground."

XXVII.

Then uproar wild and misarray
Marr'd the fair form of festal day.
The horsemen prick'd among the crowd,
Repell'd by threats and insult loud;
To earth are borne the old and weak,
The timorous fly, the women shriek;
With flint, with shaft, with staff, with bar,
The harder urge tumultuous war.
At once round Douglas darkly sweep
The royal spears in circle deep,
And slowly scale the pathway steep;
While on the rear in thunder pour
The rabble with disorder'd roar.
With grief the noble Douglas saw
The Commons rise against the law,
And to the leading soldier said,—
"Sir John of Hyndford! 'twas my blade
That knighthood on thy shoulder laid;
For that good deed, permit me then
A word with these misguided men.

XXVIII.

"Hear, gentle friends! ere yet for me,
Ye break the bands of fealty.
My life, my honour, and my cause,
I tender free to Scotland's laws.
Are these so weak as must require
The aid of your misguided ire?
Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,
Is then my selfish rage so strong,
My sense of public weal so low,
That, for mean vengeance on a foe,
Those cords of love I should unbind,
Which knit my country and my kind?
Oh no! Believe, in yonder tower
It will not soothe my captive hour,
To know those spears our foes should dread,
For me in kindred gore are red;
To know, in fruitless brawl begun,
For me, that mother wails her son;
For me, that widow's mate expires;
For me, that orphans weep their sires;
That patriots mourn insulted laws,
And curse the Douglas for the cause,
O let your patience ward such ill,
And keep your right to love me still!"

XXIX.

The crowd's wild fury sunk again
In tears, as tempests melt in rain.
With lifted hands and eyes, they pray'd
For blessings on his generous head,
Who for his country felt alone,
And prized her blood beyond his own.
Old men, upon the verge of life,
Bless'd him who staid the civil strife;
And mothers held their babes on high,
The self-devoted Chief to spy,
Triumphant over wrongs and ire,
To whom the prattlers owed a sire:
Even the rough soldier's heart was moved;
As if behind some bier beloved,

With trailing arms and drooping head,
The Douglas up the hill he led,
And at the Castle's battled verge,
With sighs resign'd his honour'd charge.

XXX.

The offended Monarch rode apart,
With bitter thought and swelling heart,
And would not now vouchsafe again
Through Stirling streets to lead his train.
"O Lennox, who would wish to rule
This changeling crowd, this common fool?
Hear'st thou," he said, "the loud acclaim,
With which they shout the Douglas name?
With like acclaim, the vulgar throat
Strain'd for King James their morning note;
With like acclaim they hail'd the day
When first I broke the Douglas' sway;
And like acclaim would Douglas greet,
If he could hurl me from my seat.
Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain!
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream;
Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as Frenzy's fever'd blood,
Thou many-headed monster thing,
O who would wish to be thy king!"

XXXI.

"But soft! what messenger of speed
Spurs hitherward his panting steed?
I guess his cognizance afar—
What from our cousin, John of Mar?"—
"He prays, my liege, your sports keep bound
Within the safe and guarded ground:
For some foul purpose yet unknown,—
Most sure for evil to the throne,—
The outlaw'd Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Has summon'd his rebellious crew;
'Tis said, in James of Bothwell's aid
These loose banditti stand array'd.
The Earl of Mar, this morn, from Doune,
To break their muster march'd, and soon
Your Grace will hear of battle fought;
But earnestly the Earl besought,
Till for such danger he provide,
With scanty train you will not ride."

XXXII.

"Thou warn'st me I have done amiss,—
I should have earlier look'd to this:
I lost it in this bustling day.
—Retrace with speed thy former way;
Spare not for spoiling of thy steed,
The best of mine shall be thy need.
Say to our faithful Lord of Mar,
We do forbid the intended war:
Roderick, this morn, in single fight,
Was made our prisoner by a knight;
And Douglas hath himself and cause
Submitted to our kingdom's laws.
The tidings of their leaders lost
Will soon dissolve the mountain host,
Nor would we that the vulgar feel,
For their Chief's crimes, avenging steel.
Bear Mar out message, Braco: fly!"—
He turn'd his steed,— "My liege, I hie,—

And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your gairland."

Coriolanus, Act I. Scene I.

1 * "Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetites, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,

Yet, ere I cross this lily lawn,
I fear the broadswords will be drawn."
The turf the flying courser spurn'd,
And to his towers the King return'd.

XXXIII.

Ill with King James's mood that day,
Suted gay feast and minstrel lay;
Soon were dismiss'd the courtly throng,
And soon cut short the festal song.
Nor less upon the sudden'd town
The evening sunk in sorrow down.
The burghers spoke of civil jar,
Of rumour'd feuds and mountain war,
Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dhu,
All up in arms—the Douglas too,
They mourn'd him pent within the hold,
"Where stout Earl William was of old"—¹
And there his word the speaker staid,
And finger on his lip he laid,
Or pointed to his dagger blade.
But jaded horsemen, from the west,
At evening to the Castle press'd;
And busy talkers said they bore
Tidings of fight on Katrine's shore;
At noon the deadly fray begun,
And lasted till the set of sun.
Thus giddy rumour shook the town,
Till closed the Night her pennons brown.

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### The Lady of the Lake.

—

#### CANTO SIXTH

—

#### THE GUARD-ROOM.

##### I.

THE sun, awakening, through the smoky air  
Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,  
Rousing each catiff to his task of care,  
Of sinful man the sad inheritance;  
Summoning revellers from the lagging dance,  
Scaring the prowling robber to his den;  
Gilding on battled tower the warder's lance,  
And warning student pale to leave his pen,  
And yield his drowsy eyes to the kind nurse  
of men.

What various scenes, and, O! what scenes of  
woe,  
Are witness'd by that red and struggling  
beam!  
The fever'd patient, from his pallet low,  
Through crowded hospital beholds its  
stream;  
The ruin'd maiden trembles at its gleam,  
The debtor wakes to thought of gyve and  
jail,  
The love-lorn wretch starts from tormenting  
dream,  
The wakeful mother, by the glimmering  
pale,  
Trims her sick infant's couch, and soothes his  
feeble wail.

##### II.

At dawn the towers of Stirling rang  
With soldier-step and weapon-clang,  
While drums, with rolling note, foretell  
Relief to weary sentinel.  
Through narrow loop and casement barr'd,  
The sunbeams sought the Court of Guard,  
And, struggling with the smoky air,  
Deaden'd the torches' yellow glare.  
In comfortless alliance shone  
The lights through arch of blacken'd stone,  
And show'd wild shapes in garb of war,  
Faces deform'd with beard and scar,  
All haggard from the midnight watch,  
And fever'd with the stern debauch;  
For the oak table's massive board,  
Flooded with wine, with fragments stored,  
And beakers drain'd, and cups o'erthrown,  
Show'd in what sport the night had flown.  
Some, weary, snored on floor and bench;  
Some labour'd still their thirst to quench;  
Some, chill'd with watching, spread their  
hands  
O'er the huge chimney's dying brands,  
While round them, or beside them flung,  
At every step their harness rung.

##### III.

These drew not for their fields the sword,  
Like tenants of a feudal lord,  
Nor own'd the patriarchal claim  
Of Chieftain in their leader's name;  
Adventurers they, from far who roved,  
To live by battle which they loved.<sup>2</sup>  
There the Italian's clouded face,  
The swarthy Spaniard's there you trace;  
The mountain-loving Switzer there  
More freely breathed in mountain-air;  
The Fleming there despised the soil,  
That paid so ill the labourer's toil;  
Their rolls show'd French and German name;  
And merry England's exiles came,  
To share, with ill-conceal'd disdain,  
Of Scotland's pay the scanty gain.  
All brave in arms, well train'd to wield  
The heavy halberd, brand, and shield;  
In camps licentious, wild, and bold;  
In pillage fierce and uncontrol'd;  
And now, by holytide and feast,  
From rules of discipline released.

##### IV.

They held debate of bloody fray,  
Fought 'twixt Loch Katrine and Achray.  
Fierce was their speech, and, 'mid their words,  
Their hands oft grappled to their swords;  
Nor sunk their tone to spare the ear  
Of wounded comrades groaning near,  
Whose mangled limbs, and bodies gored,  
Bore token of the mountain sword,  
Though, neighbouring to the Court of Guard,  
Their prayers and feverish wails were heard;  
Sad burden to the ruffian joke,  
And savage oath by fury spoke!—  
At length up-started John of Brent,  
A yeoman from the banks of Trent;  
A stranger to respect or fear,  
In peace a chaser of the deer  
In host a hardy mutineer,  
But still the boldest of the crew,  
When deed of danger was to do.

<sup>1</sup> Stabbed by James II. in Stirling Castle.

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix, Note 3 U.

He grieved, that day, their games cut short,  
And marr'd the dicer's brawling sport,  
And shouted loud, "Renew the bowl!  
And, while a merry catch I troll,  
Let each the buxom chorus bear,  
Like brethren of the brand and spear."

## V.

## SOLDIER'S SONG.

Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Poule  
Laid a swiwing long curse on the bonny brown  
bowl,  
That there's wrath and despair in the jolly  
black-jack,  
And the seven deadly sins in a flagon of sack;  
Yet whoop, Barnaby! off with thy liquor,  
Drink upsees<sup>1</sup> out, and a fig for the vicar!

Our vicar he calls it damnation to sip  
The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip,  
Says, that Beelzebub lurks in her kerchief so  
sly,  
And Apollyon shoots darts from her merry  
black eye;  
Yet whoop, Jack! kiss Gillian the quicker,  
Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the  
vicar!

Our vicar thus preaches—and why should he  
not?  
For the dues of his cure are the placket and  
pot;  
And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to lurch,  
Who infringe the domains of our good Mother  
Church.  
Yet whoop, bully-boys! off with your liquor,  
Sweet Marjorie's the word, and a fig for the  
vicar!

## VI.

The warder's challenge, heard without,  
Staid in mid-roar the merry shout.  
A soldier to the portal went,—  
"Here is old Bertram, sirs, of Ghent;  
And,—beat for jubilee the drum!  
A maid and minstrel with him come."  
Bertram, a Fleming, grey and scarr'd,  
Was entering now the Court of Guard,  
A harper with him, and in plaid  
All muffled close a mountain maid.  
Who backward shrunk to 'scape the view  
Of the loose scene and boisterous crew.  
"What news?" they roar'd:—"I only know,  
From noon till eve we fought with foe,  
As wild and as untameable  
As the rude mountains where they dwell;  
On both sides store of blood is lost,  
Nor much success can either boast."  
"But whence thy captives, friend? such spoil  
As theirs must needs reward thy toil.  
Old dost thou wax, and wars grow sharp;  
Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp!  
Get thee an ape, and trudge the land,  
The leader of a juggler band."<sup>2</sup>

## VII.

"No, comrade:—No such fortune mine.  
After the fight these sought our lue,  
That aged harper and the girl,  
And, having audience of the Earl,

Mar bade I should purvey them steed,  
And bring them hitherward with speed.  
Forbear your mirth and rude alarm,  
For none shall do them shame or harm."  
"Hear ye his boast?" cried John of Brent,  
Ever to strife and jangling bent;  
"Shall he strike doe beside our lodge,  
And yet the jealous niggard grudge  
To pay the forester his fee?  
I'll have my share howe'er it be,  
Despite of Moray, Mar, or thee."  
Bertram his forward step withstood,  
And, humming in his vengeful mood,  
Old Allan, though unfit for strife,  
Laid hand upon his dagger-knife;  
But Ellen boldly stepp'd between,  
And dropp'd at once the tartan screen:—  
So, from his morning cloud, appears  
The sun of May, through summer tears.  
The savage soldiery, amazed,  
As on descended angel gazed;  
Even hardy Brent, abash'd and tamed,  
Stood half admiring, half ashamed.

## VIII.

Boldly she spoke,—  
"Soldiers, attend!  
My father was the soldier's friend;  
Cheer'd him in camps, in marches led,  
And with him in the battle bled.  
Not from the valiant, or the strong,  
Should exile's daughter suffer wrong."  
Answer'd De Brent, most forward still  
In every feat or good or ill,—  
"I shame me of the part I play'd:  
And thou an outlaw's child, poor maid!  
An outlaw I by forest laws,  
And merry Needwood knows the cause.  
Poor Rose,—if Rose be living now,"  
He wiped his iron eye and brow.—  
"Must bear such age, I think, as thou.—  
Hear ye, my mates;—I go to call  
The Captain of our watch to hall:  
There lies my halberd on the floor;  
And he that steps my halberd o'er,  
To do the maid injurious part,  
My shaft shall quiver in his heart!  
Beware loose speech, or jesting rough:  
Ye all know John de Brent. Enough."

## IX.

Their Captain came, a gallant young,—  
(Of Tullibardine's house he sprung),  
Nor wore he yet the spurs of knight;  
Gay was his mien, his humour light,  
And, though by courtesy controll'd,  
Forward his speech, his bearing hold.  
The high-born maiden ill could brook  
The scanning of his curious look  
And dauntless eye;—and yet, in sooth,  
Young Lewis was a generous youth;  
But Ellen's lovely face and mien,  
Ill suited to the garb and scene,  
Might lightly bear construction strange,  
And give loose fancy scope to range.  
"Welcome to Stirling towers, fair maid!  
Come ye to seek a champion's aid,  
On palfrey white, with harper hoar,  
Like errant damosel of yore?  
Does thy high quest a knight require,  
Or may the venture suit a squire?"  
Her dark eye flash'd:—she paused and sigh'd,—  
"O what have I to do with pride;—

<sup>1</sup> Bacchanalian interjection, borrowed from the Dutch.

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix, Note 3 V.



Through scenes of sorrow, shame, and strife,  
A suppliant for a father's life.  
I crave an audience of the King.  
Behold, to back my suit, a ring,  
The royal pledge of grateful claims,  
Given by the Monarch to Fitz-James."

## X.

The signet-ring young Lewis took,  
With deep respect and alter'd look ;  
And said,—“ This ring our duties own ;  
And pardon, if to worth unknown,  
In semblance mean obscurely veil'd,  
Lady, in aught my folly fail'd.  
Soon as the day flings wide his gates,  
The King shall know what suitor waits.  
Please you, meanwhile, in fitting bower  
Repose you till his waking hour ;  
Female attendance shall obey  
Your hest, for service or array.  
Permit I marshal you the way.”  
But, ere she follow'd, with the grace  
And open bounty of her race,  
She bade her slender purse be shared  
Among the soldiers of the guard.  
The rest with thanks their guerdon took ;  
But Brent, with shy and awkward look,  
On the reluctant maiden's hold  
Forced bluntly back the proffer'd gold ;—  
“ Forgive a hanghty English heart,  
And O forget its ruder part !  
The vacant purse shall be my share,  
Which in my barret-cap I'll bear,  
Perchance, in jeopardy of war,  
Where gayer crests may keep afar.”  
With thanks—'twas all she could—the maid  
His rugged courtesy repaid.

## XI.

When Ellen forth with Lewis went,  
Allan made suit to John of Brent :—  
“ My lady safe, O let your grace  
Give me to see my master's face !  
His minstrel I,—to share his doom  
Bound from the cradle to the tomb.  
Tenth in descent, since first my sires  
Waked for his noble house their lyres,  
Nor one of all the race was known  
But prized its weal above their own.  
With the Chief's birth begins our care ;  
Our harp must soothe the infant heir,  
Teach the youth tales of fight, and grace  
His earliest feat of field or chase ;  
In peace, in war, our rank we keep.  
We cheer his board, we soothe his sleep  
Nor leave him till we pour our verse—  
A doleful tribute !—o'er his hearse.  
Then let me share his captive lot ;  
It is my right—deny it not !”—  
“ Little we reck,” said John of Brent,  
“ We Southern men, of long descent ;  
Nar wot we how a name—a word—  
Makes clansmen vassals to a lord :  
Yet kind my noble landlord's part :—  
God bless the house of Beaudesert !  
And, but I loved to drive the deer,  
More than to drive the labouring steer,  
I had not dwelt an outcast here.  
Come, good old Minstrel, follow me ;  
Thy Lord and Chieftain shalt thou see.”

## XII.

Then, from a rusted iron hook,  
A bunch of ponderous keys he took,

Lighted a torch, and Allan led  
Through grated arch and passage dread.  
Portals they pass'd, where, deep within,  
Spoke prisoner's moan, and fetters' din ;  
Through rugged vaults, where, loosely stored,  
Lay wheel, and axe, and headsman's sword,  
And many an hideous engine grim.  
For wrenching joint, and crushing limb,  
By artist form'd, who deem'd it shame  
And sin to give their work a name.  
They halted at a low-brow'd porch,  
And Brent to Allan gave the torch,  
While bolt and chain he backward roll'd,  
And made the bar unhasp its hold.  
They enter'd :—'twas a prison room  
Of stern security and gloom,  
Yet not a dungeon ; for the day  
Through lofty gratings found its way,  
And rude and antique garniture  
Deck'd the sad walls and oaken floor ;  
Such as the rugged days of old  
Deem'd fit for captive noble's hold.  
“ Here,” said De Brent, “ thou mayst remain  
Till the Leech visit him again.  
Strict is his charge, the warders tell,  
To tend the noble prisoner well.”  
Retiring then, the bolt he knew,  
And the lock's murmurs growl'd anew.  
Roused at the sound, from lowly bed  
A captive feebly raised his head ;  
The wandering Minstrel look'd, and knew—  
Not his dear lord, but Roderick Dhu !  
For, come from where Clan-Alpine fought,  
They, erring, deem'd the Chief he sought.

## XIII.

As the tall ship, whose lofty prore  
Shall never stem the billows more,  
Deserted by her gallant band,  
Amid the breakers lies astrand,—  
So, on his couch, lay Roderick Dhu !  
And oft his fever'd limbs he threw  
In toss abrupt, as when her sides  
Lie rocking in the advancing tides,  
That shake her frame with ceaseless beat,  
Yet cannot heave her from her seat ;—  
O ! how unlike her course at sea !  
Or his free step on hill and lea !—  
Soon as the Minstrel he could scan,  
“ What of thy lady ?—of my clan ?—  
My mother ?—Douglas ?—tell me all !  
Have they been ruin'd in my fall ?  
Ah, yes ! or wherefore art thou here ?  
Yet speak,—speak boldly,—do not fear.”—  
(For Allan, who his mood well knew,  
Was choked with grief and terror too )—  
“ Who fought—who fled ?—Old man, be  
brief ;—  
Some might—for they had lost their Chief—  
Who basely live ?—who bravely died ?”—  
“ O, calm thee, Chief !” the Minstrel cried,  
“ Ellen is safe :”—“ For that, thank Heaven !”—  
“ And hopes are for the Douglas given ;—  
The Lady Margaret, too, is well ;  
And, for thy clan,—on field or fell,  
Has never harp of minstrel told,  
Of combat fought so true and bold.  
Thy stately Pine is yet unbent,  
Though many a goodly bough is rent.”

## XIV.

The Chieftain rear'd his form on high,  
And fever's fire was in his eye ;

But ghastly, pale, and livid streaks  
 Chequer'd his swarthy brow and cheeks.  
 —“Hark, Minstrel! I have heard thee play,  
 With measure bold, on festal day,  
 In yon lone isle, . . . again where ne'er  
 Shall harper play, or warrior hear! . . .  
 That stirring air that peals on high,  
 O'er Dermid's race our victory.—  
 Strike it!—and then (for well thou canst,)  
 Free from thy minstrel-spirit glanced,  
 Fling me the picture of the fight.  
 When met my clan the Saxon might.  
 I'll listen, till my fancy hears  
 The clang of swords, the crash of spears!  
 These grates, these walls, shall vanish then,  
 For the fair field of fighting men,  
 And my free spirit hurs away,  
 As if it soar'd from battle fray.”  
 The trembling Bard with awe obey'd,—  
 Slow on the harp his hand he laid;  
 But soon remembrance of the sight  
 He witness'd from the mountain's height,  
 With what old Bertram told at night,  
 Awaken'd the full power of song,  
 And bore him in career along;—  
 As shallop launch'd on river's tide,  
 That slow and fearful leaves the side,  
 But, when it feels the middle stream,  
 Drives downward swift as lightning's beam.

## XV.

BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE.<sup>2</sup>

“The Minstrel came once more to view  
 The eastern ridge of Benvenue,  
 For, ere he parted, he would say  
 Farewell to lovely Loch Aclray—  
 Where shall he find, in foreign land,  
 So lone a lake, so sweet a strand!  
 There is no breeze upon the fern,  
 Nor ripple on the lake,  
 Upon her zyrn nods the erne,  
 The deer has sought the brake;  
 The small birds will not sing aloud,  
 The springing trout lies still,  
 So darkly glooms yon thunder cloud,  
 That swathes, as with a purple shroud,  
 Benledi's distant hill  
 Is it the thunder's solemn sound  
 That mutters deep and dread,  
 Or echoes from the groaning ground  
 The warrior's measured tread!  
 Is it the lightning's quivering glance  
 That on the thicket streams,  
 Or do they flash on spear and lance  
 The sun's retiring beams?  
 —I see the dagger-crest of Mar,  
 I see the Moray's silver star,  
 Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,  
 That up the lake comes winding far!  
 To hero bound for battle-strife,  
 Or bard of martial lay,  
 'T were worth ten years of peaceful life,  
 One glance at their array!

## XVI.

“Their light-arm'd archers far and near  
 Survey'd the tangled ground,  
 Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,  
 A twilight forest frond'd,

Their barbed horsemen, in the rear,  
 The stern battalia crown'd.  
 No cymbal clash'd, no clarion rang,  
 Still were the pipe and drum;  
 Save heavy tread, and armour's clang,  
 The sullen march was dumb  
 There breathed no wind their crests to shake,  
 Or wave their flags abroad;  
 Scarce the frail aspen seem'd to quake,  
 That shadow'd o'er their road  
 Their vaward scouts no tidings bring,  
 Can rouse no lurking foe,  
 Nor spy a trace of living thing,  
 Save when they stirr'd the sea;  
 The host moves, like a deep-sea wave,  
 Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,  
 High-sweeling, dark, and slow  
 The lake is pass'd, and now they gain  
 A narrow and a broken plain,  
 Before the 'Trosach's rugged jaws;  
 And here the horse and spearmen pause,  
 While, to explore the dangerous glen,  
 Dive through the pass the archer-men.

## XVII.

“At once there rose so wild a yell  
 Within that dark and narrow dell,  
 As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,  
 Had peal'd the banner-cry of hell!  
 Forth from the pass in tumult driven,  
 Like chaff before the wind of heaven,  
 The archery appear;  
 For life! for life! their plight they ply—  
 And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,  
 And plaid and bonnets waving high,  
 And broadswords flashing to the sky,  
 Are maddening in the rear.  
 Onward they drive, in dreadful race,  
 Pursuers and pursued;  
 Before that tide of flight and chase,  
 How shall it keep its rooted place,  
 The spearmen's twilight wood!—  
 ‘Down, down,’ cried Mar, ‘your lances  
 down!  
 Bear back both friend and foe!’—  
 Like reeds before the tempest's frown,  
 That serried grove of lances brown  
 At once lay level'd low;  
 And closely shouldering side to side,  
 The bristling ranks the onset bide.—  
 ‘We'll quell the savage mountaineer,  
 As their 'Inchel' cows the game!  
 They come as fleet as forest deer,  
 We'll drive them back as tame.’—

## XVIII.

“Bearing before them, in their course,  
 The relics of the archer force,  
 Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,  
 Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.  
 Above the tide, each broadsword bright  
 Was brandishing like beam of light,  
 Each targe was dark below;  
 And with the ocean's mighty swing,  
 When heaving to the tempest's wing,  
 They hurl'd them on the foe.  
 I heard the lance's shivering crash,  
 As when the whirlwind rends the ash,  
 I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,  
 As if an hundred anvils rang!  
 But Moray wheel'd his rearward rank  
 Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank,

1 See Appendix, Note 3 W.

2 See Appendix, Note 3 X.

3 A circle of sportsmen, who, by surrounding a great

space, and gradually narrowing, brought immense quantities of deer together, which usually made desperate efforts to break through the *Trosach*.

— My banner-man, advance!  
 I see,' he cried, 'their column shake.—  
 Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,  
 Upon them with the lance!  
 The horsemen dash'd among the rout,  
 As deer break through the broom;  
 Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,  
 They soon make lightsome room.  
 Clan-Alpine's hest are backward borne—  
 Where, where was Roderick then!  
 One blast upon his bugle-horn  
 Were worth a thousand men!  
 And reflux through the pass of fear  
 The battle's tide was pour'd;  
 Vanish'd the Saxon's struggling spear,  
 Vanish'd the mountain-sword.  
 As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep  
 Receives her roaring linn,  
 As the dark caverns of the deep  
 Suck the wild whirlpool in,  
 So did the deep and darksome pass  
 Devour the battle's mingled mass:  
 None linger now upon the plain,  
 Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

## XIX.

"Now westward rolls the battle's din,  
 That deep and doubling pass within,  
 —Minstrel, away, the work of fate  
 Is bearing on: its issue wait,  
 Where the rude Trosach's dread defile  
 Opens on Katrine's lake and isle.—  
 Grey Benvenue I soon repass'd,  
 Loch Katrine lay beneath me cast.  
 The sun is set; — the clouds are met,  
 The lowering scowl of heaven  
 An inky view of vivid blue  
 To the deep lake has given;  
 Strange gusts of wind from mountain-glen  
 Swept o'er the lake, then sunk agen.  
 I heeded not the eddying surge,  
 Mine eye but saw the Trosach's gorge,  
 Mine ear but heard the sullen sound,  
 Which like an earthquake shook the ground,  
 And spoke the stern and desperate strife  
 That parts not but with parting life,  
 Seeming, to minstrel ear, to toll  
 The dirge of many a passing soul.  
 Nearer it comes — the dim-wood glen  
 The martial flood disgorged agen,  
 But not in mingled tide;  
 The plaided warriors of the North  
 High on the mountain thunder forth  
 And overhang its side;  
 While by the lake below appears  
 The dark'ning cloud of Saxon spears.  
 At weary bay each shatter'd band,  
 Eyeing their foemen, stercly stand:  
 Their banners stream like tatter'd sail,  
 That flings its fragments to the gale,  
 And broken arms and disarray  
 Mark'd the fell havoc of the day.

## XX.

"Viewing the mountain's ridge askance,  
 The Saxon stood in sullen trance,  
 Till Moray pointed with his lance,  
 And cried — 'Behold yon isle! —  
 See! none are left to guard its strand,  
 But women weak, that wring the hand:  
 'Tis there of yore the robber band  
 Their booty wont to pile; —  
 My purse, with bonnet-pieces store,  
 To him will swim a bow-shot o'er,  
 And loose a shallop from the shore.

Lightly we'll tame the war-wolf then,  
 Lords of his mate, and brood, and den,  
 Forth from the ranks a spearman sprung,  
 On earth his casque and corslet rung,

He plunged him in the wave: —  
 All saw the deed — the purpose knew,  
 And to their clamours Benvenue  
 A mingled echo gave;  
 The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer,  
 The helpless females scream for fear,  
 And yells for rage the mountaineer.  
 'Twas then, as by the outcry riven,  
 Pour'd down at once the lowering heaven;  
 A whirlwind swept Loch Katrine's breast,  
 Her billows rear'd their snowy crest.  
 Well for the swimmer swell'd they high,  
 To mar the Highland marksman's eye;  
 For round him shower'd, 'mid rain and hail,  
 The vengeful arrows of the Gael. —  
 In vain — He hears the isle — and lo!  
 His hand is on a shallop's bow.  
 —Just then a flash of lightning came,  
 It tinged the waves and strand with flame; —  
 I mark'd Duncraggan's widow'd dame,  
 Behind an oak I saw her stand,  
 A naked dirk gleam'd in her hand:  
 It darken'd, — but, amid the moan  
 Of waves, I heard a dying groan;  
 Another flash! — the spearman float's  
 A weltering corse beside the boats,  
 And the stern matron o'er him stood,  
 Her hand and dagger streaming blood.

## XXI.

"'Revenge! revenge!' the Saxons cried,  
 The Gaels' exulting shout replied.  
 Despite the elemental rage,  
 Again they hurried to engage;  
 But, ere they closed in desperate fight,  
 Bloody with spurring came a knight,  
 Sprung from his horse, and, from a crag,  
 Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-white flag.  
 Clarion and trumpet by his side  
 Rung forth a truce-note high and wide,  
 While, in the Monarch's name, afar  
 An herald's voice forbade the war,  
 For Bothwell's lord, and Roderick bold,  
 Were both, he said, in captive hold."  
 —But here the lay made sudden stand! —  
 The harp escaped the Minstrel's hand! —  
 Oft had he stolen a glance, to spy  
 How Roderick brook'd his minstrelsy:  
 At first, the Chieftain, to the chime,  
 With lifted hand, kept feeble time;  
 That motion ceased, — yet feeling strong  
 Varied his look as changed the song;  
 At length, no more his deafen'd ear  
 The minstrel melody can hear,  
 His face grows sharp, — his hands are clench'd,  
 As if some pang his heart-strings wrench'd;  
 Set are his teeth, his fading eye  
 Is sternly fix'd on vacancy;  
 Thus, motionless, and moanless, drew  
 His parting breath, stout Roderick Dhu! —  
 Old Allan-Bane look'd on aghast,  
 While grim and still his spirit pass'd:  
 But when he saw that life was fled,  
 He pour'd his wailing o'er the dead.

## XXII.

## LAMENT.

"And art thou cold and lowly laid,  
 Thy foeman's dread, thy people's aid,  
 Breadalbane's boast, Clan-Alpine's shade!



For thee shall none a requiem say ?  
 —For thee, who loved the minstrel's lay,—  
 For thee, of Bothwell's house the stay,  
 The shelter of her exiled line,  
 E'en in this prison-house of thine,  
 I'll wail for Alpine's honour'd Pine!

“What groans shall yonder valleys fill!  
 What shrieks of grief shall rend yon hill!  
 What tears of burning rage shall thrill,  
 When mourns thy tribe thy battles done,  
 Thy fall before the race was won,  
 Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun!  
 There breathes not clansmen of thy line,  
 But would have given his life for thine.—  
 O woe for Alpine's honour'd Pine!

“Sad was thy lot on mortal stage!—  
 The captive thrush may brook the cage,  
 The prison'd eagle dies for rage.  
 Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain!  
 And, when its notes awake again,  
 Even she, so long beloved in vain,  
 Shall with my harp her voice combine,  
 And mix her woe and tears with mine,  
 To wail Clan-Alpine's honour'd Pine.”—

## XXIII.

Ellen, the while, with bursting heart,  
 Remain'd in lordly bower apart,  
 Where play'd with many-colour'd gleams,  
 Through storied pane the rising beams.  
 In vain on gilded roof they fell,  
 And lighten'd up a tapestried wall,  
 And for her use a menial train  
 A rich collation spread in vain.  
 The hanquet proud, the chamber gay,  
 Scarce drew one curious glance astray;  
 Or, if she look'd, 'twas but to say,  
 With better omen dawn'd the day  
 In that lone isle, where waved on high  
 The dun-deer's hide for canopy;  
 Where oft her noble father shared  
 The simple meal her care prepared,  
 While Lufra, crouching by her side,  
 Her station claim'd with jealous pride,  
 And Douglas, bent on woodland game,  
 Spoke of the chase to Malcolm Greme,  
 Whose answer, oft at random made,  
 The wandering of his thoughts betray'd.—  
 Those who such simple joys have known,  
 Are taught to prize them when they're gone.  
 But sudden, see, she lifts her head!  
 The window seeks with cautious tread,  
 What distant music has the power  
 To win her in this woful hour?  
 'Twas from a turret that o'erhung  
 Her latticed bower, the strain was sung

## XXIV.

## LAY OF THE IMPRISONED HUNTSMAN.

“My hawk is tired of perch and hood,  
 My idle greyhound loathes his food,  
 My horse is weary of his stall,  
 And I am sick of captive thrall.  
 I wish I were, as I have been,  
 Hunting the hart in forest green.  
 With bended bow and bloodhound free,  
 For that's the life is meet for me.  
 I hate to learn the ebb of time,  
 From yon dull steeples' drowsy chime,

Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,  
 Inch after inch, along the wall.  
 The lark was wont my matins ring,  
 The sable rook my vespers sing;  
 These towers, although a king's they be,  
 Have not a hall of joy for me.  
 No more at dawning morn I rise,  
 And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,  
 Drive the fleet deer the forest through,  
 And homeward wend with evening dew;  
 A blithesome welcome blithely meet.  
 And lay my trophies at her feet,  
 While fled the eve on wing of glee,—  
 That life is lost to love and me!”

## XXV.

The heart-sick lay was hardly said,  
 The list'ner had not turn'd her head,  
 It trickled still, the starting tear,  
 When light a footstep struck her ear,  
 And Snowdoun's graceful knight was near.  
 She turn'd the hastier, lest again  
 The prisoner should renew his strain.—  
 “O welcome, brave Fitz-James!” she said,  
 “How may an almost orphan maid  
 Pay the deep debt?”—“O say not so!  
 To me no gratitude you owe,  
 Not mine, alas! the boon to give,  
 And bid thy noble father live;  
 I can but be thy guide, sweet maid,  
 With Scotland's king thy suit to aid.  
 No tyrant he, though ire and pride  
 May lay his better mood aside.  
 Come, Ellen, come! 'tis more than time,  
 He holds his court at morning prime.”  
 With heating heart, and bosom wrung,  
 As to a brother's arm she clung,  
 Gently he dried the falling tear,  
 And gently whisper'd hope and cheer;  
 Her faltering steps half led, half staid,  
 Through gallery fair, and high arcade,  
 Till, at his touch, its wings of pride  
 A portal arch unfolded wide.

## XXVI.

Within 'twas brilliant all and light,  
 A thronging scene of figures bright;  
 It glow'd on Ellen's dazzled sight,  
 As when the setting sun has given  
 Ten thousand hues to summer even,  
 And from their tissue, fancy frames  
 Aerial knights and fairy dames.  
 Still by Fitz-James her footing staid  
 A few faint steps she forward made,  
 Then slow her drooping head she raised,  
 And fearful round the presence gazed;  
 For him she sought, who own'd this state,  
 The dreaded prince whose will was fate.  
 She gazed on many a princely port,  
 Might well have ruled a royal court;  
 On many a splendid garb she gazed,  
 Then turn'd bewild'rd and amazed,  
 For all stood here; and, in the room,  
 Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.  
 To him each lady's look was lent;  
 On him each courtier's eye was bent;  
 Midst furs, and silks, and jewels sheen,  
 He stood, in simple Lincoln green,  
 The centre of the glittering ring,  
 And Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King! 1

1 See Appendix, Note 3 Y.

## XXVII.

As wreath of snow, on mountain-breast,  
Slides from the rock that gave it rest,  
Poor Ellen glided from her stay,  
And at the Monarch's feet she lay ;  
No word her choking voice commands,—  
She show'd the ring, she clasp'd her hands.  
O ! not a moment could he brook,  
The generous price, that suppliant look !  
Gently he raised her ; and, the while,  
Check'd with a glance the circle's smile ;  
Graceful, but grave, her brow he kiss'd,  
And bade her terrors be dismiss'd :—  
“ Yes, Fair ; the wandering poor Fitz-James  
The fealty of Scotland claims.  
To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring ;  
He will redeem his signet ring.  
Ask nought for Douglas ; yester even,  
His prince and he have much forgiven.  
Wrong hath he had from slanderous tongue,  
I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong.  
We wou'd not, to the vulgar crowd,  
Yield what they craved with clamour loud ;  
Calmly we heard and judg'd his cause,  
Our council aided, and our laws.  
I stanch'd thy father's death-feud stern,  
With stout De Vaux and Grey Glencairn ;  
And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own  
The friend and bulwark of our Throne.  
But, lovely infidel, how now !  
What clouds thy misbelieving brow ?  
Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid ;  
Thou must confirm this doubting maid.”

## XXVIII.

Then forth the noble Douglas sprung,  
And on his neck his daughter hung.  
The Monarch drank, that happy hour,  
The sweetest, holiest draught of Power,—  
When it can say, with godlike voice,  
Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice !  
Yet would not James the general eye  
On Nature's raptures long should pry ;  
He stepp'd between,—“ Nay, Douglas, nay,  
Steal not my proselyte away !  
The riddle 'tis my right to read,  
That brought this happy chance to speed.  
Yes, Ellen, when disguis'd I stray  
In life's more low but happier way,  
'Tis under name which veils my power,  
Nor falsely veils—for Stirling's tower  
Of yore the name of Snowdoun claims, 1  
And Normans call me James Fitz-James.  
Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,  
Thus learn to right the injured cause.”—  
Then, in a tone apart and low,—  
“ Ah, little traitress ! none must know  
What idle dream, what lighter thought,  
What vanity full dearly bought,  
Join'd to thine eye's dark witchcraft, drew  
My spell-bound steps to Benvenue,  
In dangerous hour, and all but gave  
Thy Monarch's life to mountain glaive !”—  
Aloud he spoke—“ Thou still dost hold  
That little talisman of gold,  
Pledge of my faith, Fitz James's ring—  
What seeks fair Ellen of the King ?”

## XXIX.

Full well the conscious maiden guess'd  
He probed the weakness of her breast ;

But, with that consciousness, there came  
A lightening of her fears for Græme,  
And more she deem'd the Monarch's ire  
Kindled 'gainst him, who, for her sire,  
Rebellious broadsword boldly drew ;  
And, to her generous feeling true,  
She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu.  
“ Forbear thy suit :—the King of Kings  
Alone can stay life's parting wings,  
I know his heart, I know his hand,  
Have shared his cheer, and proved his brand :—  
My fairest earldom would I give  
To bid Clan-Alpine's Chieftain live !—  
Hast thou no other boon to crave ?  
No other captive friend to save ?”  
Blushing, she turn'd her from the King,  
And to the Douglas gave the ring,  
As if she wish'd her sire to speak  
The suit that stain'd her glowing cheek.—  
“ Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,  
And stubborn justice holds her course.—  
Malcolm, come forth !”—And, at the word,  
Down kneel'd the Græme to Scotland's Lord.  
“ For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,  
From thee may Vengeance claim her dues,  
Who, nurtured underneath our smile,  
Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,  
And sought amid thy faithful clan,  
A refuge for an outlaw'd man,  
Dishonouring thus thy loyal name.—  
Fetters and warder for the Græme !”—  
His chain of gold the King unstrung,  
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,  
Then gently drew the glittering band,  
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand

HARP of the North, farewell ! The hills grow  
dark,

On purple peaks a deeper shade descending ;  
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her  
spark,

The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wend-  
ing.

Resume thy wizard elm ! the fountain lending,  
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy ;  
Thy numbers sweet with Nature's vespers  
bleeding.

With distant echo from the fold and lea,  
And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of  
housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel harp !

Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,  
And little reck I of the censure sharp  
May idly cavil at an idle lay.

Much have I owed thy strains on life's long  
way,

Through secret woes the world has never  
known,

When on the weary night dawn'd wearier day  
And bitter was the grief devour'd alone.  
That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress ! is  
thine own.

Hark ! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,  
Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string !

'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,  
'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.  
Receding now, the dying numbers ring  
Fainter and fainter down the ragged dell,  
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring  
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—  
And now, 'tis silent all !— Enchantress, fare  
thee well !

## APPENDIX.

## NOTE A.

— the heights of *Uan-Var*,  
And roused the cavern, where, 'tis told,  
A giant made his den of old.—P. 160.

Ua-var, as the name is pronounced, or more properly *Uaghmor*, is a mountain to the north-east of the village of Callender in Menteith, deriving its name, which signifies the great den, or cavern, from a sort of retreat among the rocks on the south side, said, by tradition, to have been the abode of a giant. In latter times, it was the refuge of robbers and banditti, who have been only extirpated within these forty or fifty years. Strictly speaking, this stronghold is not a cave, as the name would imply, but a sort of small enclosure, or recess, surrounded with large rocks, and open above head. It may have been originally designed as a toil for deer, who might get in from the outside, but would find it difficult to return. This opinion prevails among the old sportsmen and deer-stalkers in the neighbourhood.

## NOTE B.

Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,  
Unmatch'd for courage, breath, and speed.

P. 161.

"The hounds which we call Saint Hubert's hounds, are commonly all blacke, yet neuertheless, the race is so mingled at these dayes, that we find them of all colours. These are the hounds which the abbots of St. Hubert haue always kept some of their race or kind, in honour or remembrance of the saint, which was a hunter with S. Eustace. Whereupon we may conceiue that (by the grace of God) all good huntsmen shall follow them into paradise. To return vnto my former purpose, this kind of dogges hath bene dispersed through the counties of Henault, Lorayne, Flanders, and Burgoyne. They are mighty of body, neuertheless their legges are low and short, Likewise they are not swift, although they be very good of sent, hunting chaces which are farre straggled, fearing neither water nor cold, and doe more couet the chaces that smell, as foxes, hore, and such like, than other, because they find themselves neither of swiftnesse nor courage to hunt and kill the chaces that are lighter and swifter. The bloodhounds of this colour proue good, especially those that are cole blacke, but I made no great account to breed on them, or to keepe the kind, and yet I found a hook which a hunter did dedicate to a prince of Lorayne, which seemed to loue hunting much, wherein was a blason which the same hunter gaue to his bloodhound, called Souyllard, which was white:—

\* My name came first from holy Hubert's race,  
Souyllard my sire, a hound of singular grace."

Whereupon we may presume that some of the

kind proue white sometimes, but they are not of the kind of the Greffiers or Bouxes, which we haue at these dayes."—*The noble Art of Venerie or Hunting, translated and collected for the Use of all Noblemen and Gentlemen.* Lond. 1611. 4to, p. 15.

## NOTE C.

For the death-wound and death-halloo,  
Muster'd his breath, his whinyard drew.—P. 161.

When the stag turned to bay, the ancient hunter had the perilous task of going in upon, and killing or disabling the desperate animal. At certain times of the year this was held particularly dangerous, a wound received from a stag's horn being then deemed poisonous, and more dangerous than one from the tusks of a boar, as the old rhyme testifies:—

"If thou be hurt with hart, it brings thee to thy bier,  
But barber's hand will boar's hurt heal, therefore thou need'st not feare."

At all times, however, the task was dangerous, and to be adventured upon wisely and warily, either by getting behind the stag while he was gazing on the hounds, or by watching an opportunity to gallop roundly in upon him, and kill him with the sword. See many directions to this purpose in the Booke of Hunting, chap. 41. Wilson the historian has recorded a providential escape which befell him in this hazardous sport, while a youth and follower of the Earl of Essex.

"Sir Peter Lee, of Lime, in Cheshire, invited my lord one summer to hunt the stagg. And having a great stagg in chase, and many gentlemen in the pursuit, the stagg took soyle. And divers, whereof I was one, alighted, and stood with swords drawne, to have a cut at him, at his coming out of the water. The stags there being wonderfully fierce and dangerous, made us youths more eager to be at him. But he escaped us all. And it was my misfortune to be hindered of my coming nere him, the way being slierpie, by a falle; which gave occasion to some, who did not know mee, to speak as if I had falne for feare. Which being told mee, I left the stagg, and followed the gentleman who [first] spake it. But I found him of that cold temper, that it seems his words made an escape from him; as by his denial and repentance it appeared. But this made mee more violent in the pursnit of the stagg, to recover my reputation. And I happened to be the only horseman in, when the dogs sett him up at bay; and approaching near him on horsebacke, he broke through the dogs, and ran at mee, and tore my horse's side with his hornes, close by my thigh. Then I quitted my horse, and grew more cunning (for the dogs had sette him up againe), stealing behind him with my sword, and cut his hams-strings; and then got upon his back, and cut his throate; which, as I was doing, the coun-



pary came in, and blamed my rashness for running such a hazard."—*Peck's Desiderata Curiosa*, ii. 461.

### NOTE D.

*And now to issue from the glen,  
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,  
Unless he climb, with footing nice,  
A far projecting precipice.*—P. 162.

Until the present road was made through the romantic pass which I have presumptuously attempted to describe in the preceding stanzas, there was no mode of issuing out of the defile called the Trosachs, excepting by a sort of ladder, composed of the branches and roots of trees.

### NOTE E.

*To meet with Highland plunderers here,  
Were worse than loss of steed or deer.*—P. 162.

The clans who inhabited the romantic regions in the neighbourhood of Loch Katrine, were, even until a late period, much addicted to predatory excursions upon their Lowland neighbours. "In former times, those parts of this district, which are situated beyond the Grampian range, were rendered almost inaccessible by strong barriers of rocks, and mountains, and lakes. It was a border country, and, though on the very verge of the low country, it was almost totally sequestered from the world, and, as it were, insulated with respect to society. 'Tis well known that in the Highlands, it was, in former times, accounted not only lawful, but honourable, among hostile tribes, to commit depredations on one another; and these habits of the age were perhaps strengthened in this district, by the circumstances which have been mentioned. It bordered on a country, the inhabitants of which, while they were richer, were less warlike than they, and widely differenced by language and manners."—*Graham's Sketches of Scenery in Perthshire*. Edin. 1806, p. 97. The reader will therefore be pleased to remember, that the scene of this poem is laid in a time,

"When tooming faulds, or sweeping of a glen,  
Had still been held the deed of gallant men."

### NOTE F.

*A grey-hair'd sire, whose eye intent,  
Was on the vision'd future bent.*—P. 163.

If force of evidence could authorise us to believe facts inconsistent with the general laws of nature, enough might be produced in favour of the existence of the Second-sight. It is called in Gaelic *Taishitaraugh*, from *Taish*, an unreal or shadowy appearance; and those possessed of the faculty are called *Taishatrin*, which may be aptly translated visionaries. Martin, a steady believer in the second-sight, gives the following account of it:—

"The second-sight is a singular faculty, of seeing an otherwise invisible object, without

any previous means used by the person that used it for that end; the vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they neither see, nor think of anything else, except the vision, as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial, according to the object that was represented to them.

"At the sight of a vision, the eyelids of the person are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the object vanish. This is obvious to others who are by, when the persons happen to see a vision, and occurred more than once to my own observation, and to others that were with me.

"There is one in Skie, of whom his acquaintance observed, that when he sees a vision, the inner part of his eyelids turns so far upwards, that, after the object disappears, he must draw them down with his fingers, and sometimes employ others to draw them down, which he finds to be the much easier way.

"This faculty of the second-sight does not lineally descend in a family, as some imagine, for I know several parents who are endowed with it, but their children not, and *vice versa*; neither is it acquired by any previous compact. And, after a strict enquiry, I could never learn that this faculty was communicable any way whatsoever.

"The seer knows neither the object, time, nor place of a vision, before it appears; and the same object is often seen by different persons living at a considerable distance from one another. The true way of judging as to the time and circumstance of an object, is by observation; for several persons of judgment, without this faculty, are more capable to judge of the design of a vision, than a novice that is a seer. If an object appear in the day or night, it will come to pass sooner or later accordingly.

"If an object is seen early in the morning (which is not frequent), it will be accomplished in a few hours afterwards. If at noon, it will commonly be accomplished that very day. If in the evening, perhaps that night; if after candles be lighted, it will be accomplished that night; the later always in accomplishment, by weeks, months, and sometimes years, according to the time of night the vision is seen.

"When a shroud is perceived about one, it is a sure prognostic of death; the time is judged according to the height of it about the person; for if it is seen above the middle, death is not to be expected for the space of a year, and perhaps some months longer; and as it is frequently seen to ascend higher towards the head, death is concluded to be at hand within a few days, if not hours, as daily experience confirms. Examples of this kind were shown me, when the persons of whom the observations were then made, enjoyed perfect health.

"One instance was lately foretold by a seer, that was a novice, concerning the death of one of my acquaintance; this was communicated to a few only, and with great confidence; I being one of the number, did not in the least regard it, until the death of the person, about the time foretold, did confirm me of the certainty of the prediction. This novice mentioned above, is now a skilful seer, as appears

from many late instances; he lives in the parish of St. Mary's, the most northern in Skie.

"If a woman is seen standing at a man's left hand, it is a presage that she will be his wife, whether they be married to others, or unmarried at the time of the apparition.

"If two or three women are seen at once near a man's left hand, she that is next him will undoubtedly be his wife first, and so on, whether all three, or the man, be single or married at the time of the vision or not; of which there are several late instances among those of my acquaintance. It is an ordinary thing for them to see a man that is to come to the house shortly after; and if he is not of the seer's acquaintance, yet he gives such a lively description of his stature, complexion, habit, &c. that upon his arrival he answers the character given him in all respects.

"If the person so appearing be one of the seer's acquaintance, he will tell his name, as well as other particulars; and he can tell by his countenance whether he comes in a good or bad humour.

"I have been seen thus myself by seers of both sexes, at some hundred miles' distance; some that saw me in this manner had never seen me personally, and it happened according to their vision, without any previous design of mine to go to those places, my coming there being purely accidental.

"It is ordinary with them to see houses, gardens, and trees, in places void of all three; and this in progress of time uses to be accomplished: as at Mogshot, in the Isle of Skie, where there were but a few sorry cowhouses, thatched with straw, yet in a very few years after, the vision, which appeared often, was accomplished, by the building of several good houses on the very spot represented by the seers, and by the planting of orchards there.

"To see a spark of fire fall upon one's arm or breast, is a forerunner of a dead child to be seen in the arms of those persons; of which there are several fresh instances.

"To see a seat empty at the time of one's sitting in it, is a presage of that person's death soon after.

"When a novice, or one that has lately obtained the second-sight, sees a vision in the night-time without doors, and he be near a fire, he presently falls into a swoon.

"Some find themselves as it were in a crowd of people, having a corpse which they carry along with them; and after such visions, the seers come in sweating, and describe the people that appeared: if there be any of their acquaintance among 'em, they give an account of their names, as also of the bearers, but they know nothing concerning the corpse.

"All those who have the second-sight do not always see these visions at once, though they be together at the time. But if one who has this faculty, designedly touch his fellow-seer at the instant of a vision's appearing, then the second sees it as well as the first; and this is sometimes discerned by those that are near them on such occasions."—*Martin's Description of the Western Islands*, 1716, Svo, p. 300, *et seq.*

To these particulars innumerable examples might be added, all attested by grave and credible authors. But, in despite of evidence which neither Bacon, Boyle, nor Johnson were

able to resist, the *Taisch*, with all its visionary properties, seems to be now universally abandoned to the use of poetry. The exquisitely beautiful poem of Lochiel will at once occur to the recollection of every reader.

## NOTE G.

*Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,  
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.*—P. 164.

The Celtic chieftains, whose lives were continually exposed to peril, had usually, in the most retired spot of their domains, some place of retreat for the hour of necessity, which, as circumstances would admit, was a tower, a cavern, or a rustic hut, in a strong and secluded situation. One of these last gave refuge to the unfortunate Charles Edward, in his perilous wanderings after the battle of Culloden.

"It was situated in the face of a very rough, high, and rocky mountain, called Letternilichk, still a part of Benalder, full of great stones and crevices, and some scattered wood interspersed. The habitation called the Cage, in the face of that mountain, was within a small thick bush of wood. There were first some rows of trees laid down, in order to level the floor for a habitation; and as the place was steep, this raised the lower side to an equal height with the other: and these trees, in the way of joists or planks, were levelled with earth and gravel. There were betwixt the trees, growing naturally on their own roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which, with the trees, were interwoven with ropes, made of heath and birch twigs, up to the top of the Cage, it being of a round or rather oval shape; and the whole thatched and covered over with fog. The whole fabric hung, as it were, by a large tree, which reclined from the one end, all along the roof, to the other, and which gave it the name of the Cage; and by chance there happened to be two stones at a small distance from one another, in the side next the precipice, resembling the pillars of a chimney, where the fire was placed. The smoke had its vent out here, all along the fall of the rock, which was so much of the same colour, that one could discover no difference in the clearest day."—*Home's History of the Rebellion*, Lond. 1802, 4to, p. 381.

## NOTE H.

*My sire's tall form might grace the part  
Of Ferragus or Ascart.*—P. 164.

These two sons of Anak flourished in romantic fable. The first is well known to the admirers of Ariosto, by the name of Ferrau. He was an antagonist of Orlando, and was at length slain by him in single combat. There is a romance in the Auchinleck MS., in which Ferragus is thus described:—

"On a day come tiding  
Unto Cherris the King,  
Al of a doughty knight  
Was comen to Navera,  
Stout he was and fers,  
Veragu he hight.

Of Babilonn the soudan  
Thider him seode gan,  
With King Charls to fight.  
So hard he was to fond 1  
That no dint of broad  
No grend him, splight.  
He hadde twenti men strengthe  
And forti fet of lengthe,  
Thilke painim hede, 2  
And four feet in the face,  
Y-meteo 3 in the place,  
And fifteen in brede. 4  
His oose was a fot and more;  
His brow, as bristles wore; 5  
He that it seighe it seide  
He lokid totheliche,  
And was swart 6 so any piche,  
Of him men might adrede. 7  
*Romance of Charlemagne, l. 461-484.  
Auchinlock MS., folio 265.*

Ascart, or Ascart, makes a very material figure in the History of Bevis of Hampton, by whom he was conquered. His effigies may be seen guarding one side of a gate at Southampton, while the other is occupied by Sir Bevis himself. The dimensions of Ascart were little inferior to those of Ferragus, if the following description be correct:—

"They metted with a graunt,  
With a lotheliche semblaunt,  
He was wonderliche strong,  
Rome 7 thretti fote long,  
His berd was bot gret and rowe; 8  
A spere of a fot betweene in 9 browe;  
His clob was, to yeue 10 a strok,  
A lite bodi of an oak. 11

"Bees hadde of him wonder gret,  
And sekede him what a her, 12  
And yaf 13 men of his cootie  
Were ase meche 14 ase was he.  
'Me name,' a seide, 15 'is Ascart,  
Garei me sent hiderward,  
For to bring this queene ayen,  
And the Benes her of-slen. 16  
Icham Garci is 17 chompona,  
And was i-drine out of me 18 toun  
Al for that ich was so lite. 19  
Eueri man me wolde smite,  
Ich was so lite and so meragh, 20  
Eueri man me clepede dwerogh, 21  
And now ichem in this londe,  
I wax mor 22 ich undertonde,  
And stranger than other tene; 23  
And that sechel on us be sene." 24

*Sir Bevis of Hampton, l. 2612.  
Auchinlock MS., fol. 169.*

### NOTE I.

*Though all unask'd his birth and name.—P. 164.*

The Highlanders, who carried hospitality to a punctilious excess, are said to have considered it as churlish, to ask a stranger his name or lineage, before he had taken refreshment. Feuds were so frequent among them, that a contrary rule would in many cases have produced the discovery of some circumstance, which might have excluded the guest from the benefit of the assistance he stood in need of.

1 Found, proved.—2 Had.—3 Measured.—4 Breadth.—5 Were.—6 Black.—7 Folly.—8 Rough.—9 His.—10 Give. 11 The stem of a little oak tree.—12 He might, was called. 13 If.—14 Great.—15 He said.—16 Slay.—17 His.—18 My. 19 Little.—20 Lean.—21 Dwarf.—22 Greater, taller.—23 Ten.

24 Vide "Certayne Matters concerning the Realme of Scotland, &c. as they were Anno Domini 1497. Lond. 1602." 4to.

### NOTE K.

*— and still a harp unseen,  
Fill'd up the symphony between.—P. 164.*

"They" (meaning the Highlanders) "delight much in musick, but chiefly in harps and clairschoes of their own fashion. The strings of the clairschoes are made of brass wire, and the strings of the harps, of sinews; which strings they strike either with their nayles, growing long, or else with an instrument appointed for that use. They take great pleasure to decke their harps and clairschoes with silver and precious stones; the ponre ones that cannot attayne hereunto, decke them with cristall. They sing verses prettily compounded, contayning (for the most part) praises of valiant men. There is not almost any other argument, wherof their rhymes intreat. They speak the ancient French language altered a little." 24—"The harp and clairschoes are now only heard of in the Highlands in ancient song. At what period these instruments ceased to be used, is not on record; and tradition is silent on this head. But, as Irish harpers occasionally visited the Highlands and Western Isles till lately, the harp might have been extant so late as the middle of the last century. Thus far we know, that from remote times down to the present, harpers were received as welcome guests, particularly in the Highlands of Scotland; and so late as the latter end of the sixteenth century, as appears by the above quotation, the harp was in common use among the natives of the Western Isles. How it happened that the noisy and unharmonious bagpipe banished the soft and expressive harp, we cannot say; but certain it is, that the bagpipe is now the only instrument that obtains universally in the Highland districts."—*Campbell's Journey through North Britain. Lond. 1808 4to, l. 175.*

Mr. Gunn, of Edinburgh, has lately published a curious Essay upon the Harp and Harp Music of the Highlands of Scotland. That the instrument was once in common use there, is most certain. Clelland numbers an acquaintance with it among the few accomplishments which his satire allows to the Highlanders:—

"In nothing they're accounted sharp,  
Except in bagpipe or in harp."

### NOTE L.

*Morn's genial influence roused a minstrel grey.*

P. 166.

That Highland chieftains, to a late period, retained in their service the bard, as a family officer, admits of very easy proof. The author of the Letters from the North of Scotland, an officer of engineers, quartered at Inverness about 1720, who certainly cannot be deemed a favourable witness, gives the following account of the office, and of a bard whom he heard exercise his talent of recitation:—"The bard is skilled in the genealogy of all the Highland families, sometimes preceptor to the young laird, celebrates in Irish verse the original of the tribe, the famous warlike actions



of the successive heads, and sings his own lyrics as an opiate to the chief when indisposed for sleep; but poets are not equally esteemed and honoured in all countries. I happened to be a witness of the dishonour done to the muse at the house of one of the chiefs, where two of these bards were set at a good distance, at the lower end of a long table, with a parcel of Highlanders of no extraordinary appearance, over a cup of ale. Poor inspiration! They were not asked to drink a glass of wine at our table, though the whole company consisted only of the *great man*, one of his near relations, and myself. After some little time, the chief ordered one of them to sing me a Highland song. The bard readily obeyed, and with a hoarse voice, and in a tune of few various notes, began, as I was told, one of his own lyrics; and when he had proceeded to the fourth or fifth stanza, I perceived, by the names of several persons, glens, and mountains, which I had known or heard of before, that it was an account of some clan battle. But in his going on, the chief (who piques himself upon his school-learning), at some particular passage, bid him cease, and cried out, 'There's nothing like that in Virgil or Homer.' I bowed, and told him I believed so. 'This you may believe was very edifying and delightful.'—*Letters*, ii. 167.

## NOTE M.

— *The Græme*. — P. 166.

The ancient and powerful family of Graham (which, for metrical reasons, is here spelt after the Scottish pronunciation) held extensive possessions in the counties of Dumbarton and Stirling. Few families can boast of more historical renown, having claim to three of the most remarkable characters in the Scottish annals. Sir John the Græme, the faithful and undaunted partaker of the labours and patriotic warfare of Wallace, fell in the unfortunate field of Falkirk, in 1298. The celebrated Marquis of Montrose, in whom De Retz saw realized his abstract idea of the heroes of antiquity, was the second of these worthies. And, notwithstanding the severity of his temper, and the rigour with which he executed the oppressive mandates of the princes whom he served, I do not hesitate to name as a third, John Græme of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee, whose heroic death in the arms of victory may be allowed to cancel the memory of his cruelty to the non-conformists, during the reigns of Charles II. and James II.

## NOTE N.

*This harp, which erst Saint Modan sway'd.*

P. 167.

I am not prepared to show that Saint Modan was a performer on the harp. It was, however, no unsuitably accomplishment; for Saint Dunstan certainly did play upon that instrument, which retaining, as was natural, a portion of the sanctity attached to its master's

character, announced future events by its spontaneous sound. "But labouring once in these mechanic arts for a devout matrone that had sett him on work, his viol, that hung by him on the wall, of its own accord, without any man's helpe, distinctly sounded this an-thime:—*Gaudet in celis anima sanctorum qui Christi vestigia sunt secuti; et quia pro eius amore sanguinem suum fuderunt, ideo cum Christo gaudent æternum*. Whereat all the companie being much astonished, turned their eyes from beholding him working, to looke on that strange accident." \* \* \* "Not long after, manie of the court that hitherunto had borne a kind of fayned friendship towards him, began now greatly to eovie at his progress and rising in goodnes, using manie crooked, backbiting meanes to diffame his vertues with the black masks of hypocrisie. And the better to authorize their calunnie, they brought in this that happened in the viol, affirming it to have been done by art magick. What more? This wicked rumour encreased dailly, till the king and others of the nobilitie taking hold thereof, Dunstan grew odious in their sight. Therefore he resolved to leave the court and go to Elphegus, surnamed the Bauld, then Bishop of Winchester, who was his cozen. Which his enemies understanding, they layd wayt for him in the way, and having throwne him off his horse, beate him, and dragged him in the durt in the most miserable manner, meaning to have slaine him, had not a companie of mastive dogges that came unlookt upon them defended and redeemed him from their cruelty. When with sorrow he was ashamed to see dogges more humane than they. And giving thanks to Almighty God, he sensibly againe perceived that the tunes of his viol had given him a warning of future accidents." — *Flower of the Lives of the most renowned Saints of England, Scotland, and Ireland, by the R. Father Hierome Porter*. Doway, 1632, 4to, tome i p 438.

The same supernatural circumstance is alluded to by the anonymous author of "Grim, the Collier of Croydon."

"[Dunstan's harp sounds on the wall.]

"Forest. Hark, hark, my lords, the holy abbot's harp Sounds by itself so hanging on the wall!

"Dunstan. Unhallow'd man, that scorn'at the sacred rede,

Hark, how the testimony of my truth Sounds heavenly music with an angel's hand,

To testify Dunstan's integrity

And prove thy active boast of no effect."

## NOTE O.

*Ere Douglasses, to ruin driven,  
Were exiled from their native heaven*—P. 167.

The downfall of the Douglasses of the house of Angus during the reign of James V. is the event alluded to in the text. The Earl of Angus, it will be remembered, had married the queen dowager, and availed himself of the right which he thus acquired, as well as of his extensive power, to retain the king in a sort of tutelage, which approached very near to captivity. Several open attempts were made to rescue James from this thralldom, with which he was well known to be deeply dis-

gusted; but the valour of the Douglasses and their allies gave them the victory in every conflict. At length the king, while residing at Falkland, contrived to escape by night out of his own court and palace, and rode full speed to Stirling Castle, where the governor, who was of the opposite faction, joyfully received him. Being thus at liberty, James speedily summoned around him such peers as he knew to be most inimical to the domination of Angus—and laid his complaint before them, says Pitscottie, "with great lamentations; showing to them how he was holden in subjection, thir years bygone, by the Earl of Angus and his kin and friends, who oppressed the whole country and spoiled it, under the pretence of justice and his authority: and had slain many of his lieges, kinsmen, and friends, because they would have had it mended at their hands, and put him at liberty, as he ought to have been, at the counsel of his whole lords, and not have been subjected and corrected with no particular men, by the rest of his nobles. Therefore, said he, I desire, my lords, that I may be satisfied of the said earl, his kin, and friends; for I avow that Scotland shall not hold us both while [i. e. till] I be revenged on him and his.

"The lords, hearing the king's complaint and lamentation, and also the great rage, fury, and malice that he bore toward the Earl of Angus, his kin and friends, they concluded all, and thought it best that he should be summoned to underly the law; if he found no caution, nor yet compear himself, that he should be put to the horn, with all his kin and friends, so many as were contained in the lords. And farther, the lords ordained, by advice of his majesty, that his brother and friends should be summoned to find caution to underly the law within a certain day, or else be put to the horn. But the earl appeared not, nor none for him; and so he was put to the horn, with all his kin and friends: so many as were contained in the summons that compeared not were banished, and holden traitors to the king."

### NOTE P.

*In Holy-Rood a Knight he slew.—P. 167.*

This was by no means an uncommon occurrence in the Court of Scotland; nay, the presence of the sovereign himself scarcely restrained the ferocious and inveterate feuds which were the perpetual source of bloodshed among the Scottish nobility. The following instance of the murder of Sir William Stuart of Ochiltree, called *The Bloody*, by the celebrated Francis, Earl of Bothwell, may be produced among many; but as the offence given in the royal court will hardly bear a vernacular translation, I shall leave the story in Johnstone's Latin, referring for farther particulars to the naked simplicity of Birrell's Diary, 30th July 1588.

"*Mors improbi hominis non tam ipsa immerita, quam pessimo exemplo in publicum, fæde perpetrata. Gulielmus Stuartus Alkiltrius, Arani frater, natura ac moribus, cujus sæpè memini, vulgo propter sitem sanguinis sanguinaris dictus, a Bothwello, in Sanctæ Crucis Regia, ex-*

*ardescente ira, mendacii propro lacessitus, ob-scænum osculum liberius retorquibat; Bothwellus hanc contumeliam lactus tulit, sed ingentem irarum molem animo concepit. Utrinque postri-die Edinburgi conventum, totidem numero comitibus armatis, præsidii causa, et acriter pugnatum est; cæteris amicis et clientibus metu torpentibus, aut vi obsterritis, ipse Stuartus fortissime dimicavit; tandem excussio gladio a Bothwello, Scythica feritate transgreditur, sine cuiusquam misericordia; habuit itaque quem debuit exitum. Dignus erat Stuartus qui pateretur; Bothwellus qui faceret. Vulgus sanguinem sanguine prædicabit, et horum cruore innocuorum nominibus egregie parentatum."—Johnstoni Historia Rerum Britannicarum, ab anno 1572 ad annum 1628. Amstelodami, 1655, fol. p. 135.*

### NOTE Q.

*The Douglas, like a stricken deer,  
Disown'd by every noble peer.—P. 167.*

The exile state of this powerful race is not exaggerated in this and subsequent passages. The hatred of James against the race of Douglas was so inveterate, that numerous as their allies were, and disregarded as the regal authority had usually been in similar cases, their nearest friends, even in the most remote parts of Scotland, durst not entertain them, unless under the strictest and closest disguise. James Douglas, son of the banished Earl of Angus, afterwards well known by the title of Earl of Morton, lurked, during the exile of his family, in the north of Scotland, under the assumed name of James Innes, otherwise *James the Grieve* (i. e. Reve or Bailiff). "And as he bore the name," says Godscroft, "so did he also execute the office of a grieve or overseer of the lands and rents, the corn and cattle of him with whom he lived." From the habits of frugality and observation which he acquired in his humble situation, the historian traces that intimate acquaintance with popular character which enabled him to rise so high in the state, and that honourable economy by which he repaired and established the shattered estates of Angus and Morton—*History of the House of Douglas*, Edinburgh, 1743, vol. ii. p. 160

### NOTE R.

*Maronnan's cell.—P. 168.*

The parish of Kilmarnock, at the eastern extremity of Loch Lomond, derives its name from a cell or chapel, dedicated to Saint Maronock, or Marnock, or Maronnan, about whose sanctity very little is now remembered. There is a fountain devoted to him in the same parish; but its virtues, like the merits of its patron, have fallen into oblivion.

### NOTE S.

*Bracklinn's thundering wave.—P. 168.*  
This is a beautiful cascade made by a mountain stream called the Keltie, at a place called

the Bridge of Bracklinn, about a mile from the village of Callender in Menteith. Above a chasm, where the brook precipitates itself from a height of at least fifty feet, there is thrown, for the convenience of the neighbourhood, a rustic footbridge, of about three feet in breadth, and without ledges, which is scarcely to be crossed by a stranger without awe and apprehension.

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### NOTE T.

*For Tine-man forged by fairy lore.*—P. 168.

Archibald, the third Earl of Douglas, was so unfortunate in all his enterprises, that he acquired the epithet of *Tineman*, because he *tined*, or lost, his followers in every battle which he fought. He was vanquished, as every reader must remember, in the bloody battle of Homildon-hill, near Wooler, where he himself lost an eye, and was made prisoner by Hotspur. He was no less unfortunate when allied with Percy, being wounded and taken at the battle of Shrewsbury. He was so unsuccessful in an attempt to besiege Roxburgh Castle, that it was called the *Foul Raid*, or disgraceful expedition. His ill fortune left him indeed at the battle of Beauge, in France; but it was only to return with double emphasis at the subsequent action of Vernuil, the last and most unlucky of his encounters, in which he fell, with the flower of the Scottish chivalry, then serving as auxiliaries in France, and about two thousand common soldiers, A. D. 1424.

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### NOTE U.

*Did, self-unsheathed, foreshow  
The footstep of a secret foe.*—P. 168.

The ancient warriors, whose hope and confidence rested chiefly in their blades, were accustomed to deduce omens from them, especially from such as were supposed to have been fabricated by enchanted skill, of which we have various instances in the romances and legends of the time. The wonderful sword *Skofnung*, wielded by the celebrated Hrolf Kraka, was of this description. It was deposited in the tomb of the monarch at his death, and taken from thence by Skeggo, a celebrated pirate, who bestowed it upon his son-in-law, Kormak, with the following curious directions:—"The manner of using it will appear strange to you. A small bag is attached to it, which take heed not to violate. Let not the rays of the sun touch the upper part of the handle, nor unsheathe it, unless thou art ready for battle. But when thou comest to the place of fight, go aside from the rest, grasp and extend the sword, and breathe upon it. Then a small worm will creep out of the handle; lower the handle, that he may more easily return into it." Kormak, after having received the sword, returned home to his mother. He showed the sword, and attempted to draw it, as unnecessarily as ineffectually, for he could not pluck it out of the sheath. His mother, Dalla, exclaimed, 'Do not despise the counsel given to thee, my son.' Kormak, however,

repeating his efforts, pressed down the handle with his feet, and tore off the bag, when *Skofnung* emitted a hollow groan: but still he could not unsheathe the sword. Kormak then went out with Bessus, whom he had challenged to fight with him, and drew apart at the place of combat. He sat down upon the ground, and ungirding the sword, which he bore above his vestments, did not remember to shield the hilt from the rays of the sun. In vain he endeavoured to draw it, till he placed his foot against the hilt; then the worm issued from it. But Kormak did not rightly handle the weapon, in consequence whereof good fortune deserted it. As he unsheathed *Skofnung*, it emitted a hollow murmur.—*Bartholini de Causis Contemptæ a Danis adhuc Gentilibus Mortis, Libri Tyes. Hofmia, 1689, 4to, p. 574.*

To the history of this sentient and prescient weapon, I beg leave to add, from memory, the following legend, for which I cannot produce any better authority. A young nobleman, of high hopes and fortune, chanced to lose his way in the town which he inhabited, the capital, if I mistake not, of a German province. He had accidentally involved himself among the narrow and winding streets of a suburb, inhabited by the lowest order of the people, and an approaching thunder-shower determined him to ask a short refuge in the most decent habitation that was near him. He knocked at the door, which was opened by a tall man, of a grisly and ferocious aspect, and sordid dress. The stranger was readily ushered to a chamber, where swords, scourges, and machines, which seemed to be implements of torture, were suspended on the wall. One of these swords dropped from its scabbard, as the nobleman, after a moment's hesitation, crossed the threshold. His host immediately stared at him with such a marked expression, that the young man could not help demanding his name and business, and the meaning of his looking at him so fixedly. "I am," answered the man, "the public executioner of this city; and the incident you have observed is a sure augury that I shall, in discharge of my duty, one day cut off your head with the weapon which has just now spontaneously unsheathed itself." The nobleman lost no time in leaving his place of refuge; but, engaging in some of the plots of the period, was shortly after decapitated by that very man and instrument.

Lord Lovat is said, by the author of the *Letters from Scotland*, to have affirmed that a number of swords that hung up in the hall of the mansion-house, leaped of themselves out of the scabbard at the instant he was born. The story passed current among his clan, but like that of the story I have just quoted, proved an unfortunate omen.—*Letters from Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 214.

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### NOTE V.

*Those thrilling sounds that call the might  
Of old Clan-Alpine to the fight.*—P. 168.

The connoisseurs in pipe-music affect to discover in a well-composed pibroch, the imitative sounds of march, conflict, flight, pursuit, and



all the "current of a heady fight." To this opinion Dr. Beattie has given his suffrage, in the following elegant passage:—"A *piibroch* is a species of tune, peculiar, I think, to the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland. It is performed on a bagpipe, and differs totally from all other music. Its rhythm is so irregular, and its notes, especially in the quick movement, so mixed and huddled together, that a stranger finds it impossible to reconcile his ear to it, so as to perceive its modulation. Some of these *piibrochs*, being intended to represent a battle, begun with a grave motion resembling a march; then gradually quicken into the onset; run off with noisy confusion, and turbulent rapidity, to imitate the conflict and pursuit; then swell into a few flourishes of triumphant joy; and perhaps close with the wild and slow wailings of a funeral procession."—*Essay on Laughter and Ludicrous Composition*, chap. iii. Note.

### NOTE W.

*Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! icroe!*—P. 169.

Besides his ordinary name and surname, which were chiefly used in the intercourse with the Lowlands, every Highland chief had an epithet expressive of his patriarchal dignity as head of the clan, and which was common to all his predecessors and successors, as Pharaoh to the kings of Egypt, or Arsaces to those of Parthia. This name was usually a patronymic, expressive of his descent from the founder of the family. Thus the Duke of Argyll is called MacCallum More, or the son of *Colin the Great*. Sometimes, however, it is derived from armorial distinctions, or the memory of some great feat; thus Lord Seaforth, as chief of the Mackenzies, or Clan-Kennet, bears the epithet of *Caber-fae*, or *Buck's Head*, as representative of Colin Fitzgerald, founder of the family, who saved the Scottish king when endangered by a stag. But besides this title, which belonged to his office and dignity, the chieftain had usually another peculiar to himself, which distinguished him from the chieftains of the same race. This was sometimes derived from complexion, as *dhu* or *roy*; sometimes from size, as *beg* or *more*; at other times from some peculiar exploit, or from some peculiarity of habit or appearance. The line of the text therefore signifies,

Black Roderich, the descendant of Alpine.

The song itself is intended as an imitation of the *jorrams*, or boat songs, of the Highlanders, which were usually composed in honour of a favourite chief. They are so adapted as to keep time with the sweep of the oars, and it is easy to distinguish between those intended to be sung to the oars of a galley, where the stroke is lengthened and doubled, as it were, and those which were timed to the rowers of an ordinary boat.

### NOTE X.

*The best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.*  
—P. 169.

The Lennix, as the district is called, which encircles the lower extremity of Loch Lomond,

was peculiarly exposed to the incursions of the mountaineers, who inhabited the inaccessible fastnesses at the upper end of the lake, and the neighbouring district of Loch Katrine. These were often marked by circumstances of great ferocity, of which the noted conflict of Glen-fruin is a celebrated instance. This was a clan-battle, in which the Macgregors, headed by Allaster Macgregor, chief of the clao, encountered the sept of Colquhouns, commanded by Sir Humphry Colquhoun of Luss. It is on all hands allowed that the action was desperately fought, and that the Colquhouns were defeated with great slaughter, leaving two hundred of their name dead upon the field. But popular tradition has added other horrors to the tale. It is said, that Sir Humphry Colquhoun, who was on horseback, escaped to the castle of Benecra, or Banochar, and was next day dragged out and murdered by the victorious Macgregors in cold blood. Buchanan of Auchmar, however, speaks of the slaughter as a subsequent event, and as perpetrated by the Macfarlanes. Again, it is reported that the Macgregors murdered a number of youths, whom report of the intended battle had brought to be spectators, and whom the Colquhouns, anxious for their safety, had shut up in a barn to be out of danger. One account of the Macgregors denies the circumstance entirely; another ascribes it to the savage and bloodthirsty disposition of a single individual, the bastard brother of the Laird of Macgregor, who amused himself with this second massacre of the innocents, in express disobedience to the chief, by whom he was left their guardian during the pursuit of the Colquhouns. It is added, that Macgregor bitterly lamented this atrocious action, and prophesied the ruin which it must bring upon their ancient clan. The following account of the conflict, which is indeed drawn up by a friend of the Clan-Gregor, is altogether silent on the murder of the youths. "In the spring of the year 1602, there happened great dissensions and troubles between the laird of Luss, chief of the Colquhouns, and Alexander, laird of Macgregor. The original of these quarrels proceeded from injuries and provocations mutually given and received, not long before. Macgregor, however, wanting to have them ended in friendly conferences, marched at the head of two hundred of his clan to Leven, which borders on Luss, his country, with a view of settling matters by the mediation of friends: but Luss had no such intentions, and projected his measures with a different view; for he privately drew together a body of 300 horse and 500 foot, composed partly of his own clan and their followers, and partly of the Buchanans, his neighbours, and resolved to cut off Macgregor and his party to a man, in case the issue of the conference did not answer his inclination. But matters fell otherwise than he expected; and though Macgregor had previous information of his insidious design, yet dissembling his resentment, he kept the appointment, and parted good friends in appearance.

"No sooner was he gone, than Luss, thinking to surprise him and his party in full security, and without any dread or apprehension of his treachery, followed with all speed, and came up with him at a place called Glenfruin.

Macgregor, upon the alarm, divided his men into two parties, the greatest part whereof he commanded himself, and the other he committed to the care of his brother John, who, by his orders, led them about another way, and attacked the Colquhouns in flank. Here it was fought with great bravery on both sides for a considerable time; and, notwithstanding the vast disproportion of numbers, Macgregor, in the end, obtained an absolute victory. So great was the rout, that 200 of the Colquhouns were left dead upon the spot, most of the leading men were killed, and a multitude of prisoners taken. But what seemed most surprising and incredible in this defeat, was, that none of the Macgregors were missing, except John, the laird's brother, and one common fellow, though indeed many of them were wounded."—*Professor Ross's History of the Family of Sutherland*, 1631.

The consequences of the battle of Glen-fruin were very calamitous to the family of Macgregor, who had already been considered as an unruly clan. The widows of the slain Colquhouns, sixty, it is said, in number, appeared in doleful procession before the king at Stirling, each riding upon a white palfrey, and bearing in her hand the bloody shirt of her husband displayed upon a pike. James VI. was so much moved by the complaints of this "choir of mourning dames," that he let loose his vengeance against the Macgregors, without either bounds or moderation. The very name of the clan was proscribed, and those by whom it had been borne were given up to sword and fire, and absolutely hunted down by blood-hounds like wild beasts. Argyll and the Campbells, on the one hand, Montrose, with the Grahames and Buchanans, on the other, are said to have been the chief instruments in suppressing this devoted clan. The Laird of Macgregor surrendered to the former, on condition that he would take him out of Scottish ground. But, to use Birrel's expression, he kept "a Highlandman's promise;" and, although he fulfilled his word to the letter, by carrying him as far as Berwick, he afterwards brought him back to Edinburgh, where he was executed with eighteen of his clan."—*Birrel's Diary*, 2d Oct. 1603. The Clan-Gregor being thus driven to utter despair, seem to have renounced the laws from the benefit of which they were excluded, and their depredations produced new acts of council, confirming the severity of their proscription, which had only the effect of rendering them still more united and desperate. It is a most extraordinary proof of the ardent and invincible spirit of clanship, that, notwithstanding the repeated proscriptions providently ordained by the legislature, "for the timeous preventing the disorders and oppression that may fall out by the said name and clan of Macgregors, and their followers," they were in 1715 and 1745, a potent clan, and continue to subsist as a distinct and numerous race.

#### NOTE Y.

—The King's vindictive pride  
Boasts to have tamed the Border-side.—P. 170.

In 1529, James V. made a convention at Edinburgh for the purpose of considering the

best mode of quelling the Border robbers, who, during the license of his minority, and the troubles which followed, had committed many exorbitances. Accordingly, he assembled a flying army of ten thousand men, consisting of his principal nobility and their followers, who were directed to bring their hawks and dogs with them, that the monarch might refresh himself with sport during the intervals of military execution. With this array he swept through Ettrick Forest, where he hanged over the gate of his own castle, Piers Cockburn of Henderland, who had prepared, according to tradition, a feast for his reception. He caused Adam Scott of Tushielaw also to be executed, who was distinguished by the title of King of the Border. But the most noted victim of justice, during that expedition, was John Armstrong of Glnockie, famous in Scottish song, who, confiding in his own supposed innocence, met the King with a retinue of thirty-six persons, all of whom were hanged at Carlenrig, near the source of the Teviot. The effect of this severity was such, that, as the vulgar expressed it, "the rush-bush kept the cow," and, "thereafter was great peace and rest a long time, wherethrough the King had great profit; for he had ten thousand sheep going in the Ettrick Forest in keeping by Andrew Bell, who made the King as good count of them as they had gone in the bounds of Fife."—*Pitcottie's History*, p. 153.

#### NOTE Z.

What grace for Highland Chiefs, judge ye  
By fate of Border chivalry.—P. 171.

James was in fact equally attentive to restrain rapine and feudal oppression in every part of his dominions. "The king past to the Isles, and there held justice courts, and punished both thief and traitor according to their demerit. And also he caused great men to show their holdings, wherethrough he found many of the said lands in non-entry; the which he confiscate and brought home to his own use, and afterwards annexed them to the crown, as ye shall hear. Syne brought many of the great men of the Isles captive with him, such as Mudyart, M'Connell, M'Loyd of the Lewes, M'Neil, M'Lane, M'Intosh, John Mudyart, M'Kay, M'Kenzie, with many others that I cannot rehearse at this time. Some of them he put in ward and some in court, and some he took pledges for good rule in time coming. So he brought the Isles, both north and south, in good rule and peace; wherefore he had great profit, service, and obedience of people a long time thereafter; and as long as he had the heads of the country in subjection, they lived in great peace and rest, and there was great riches and policy by the king's justice."—*Pitcottie*, p. 152.

#### NOTE 2 A.

Rest safe till morning; pity 'twere  
Such cheek should feel the midnight air.—P. 172.

Hardihood was in every respect so essential to the character of a Highlander, that the

reproach of effeminacy was the most bitter which could be thrown upon him. Yet it was sometimes hazarded on what we might presume to think slight grounds. It is reported of old Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, when upwards of seventy, that he was surprised by night on a hunting or military expedition. He wrapped him in his plaid, and lay contentedly down upon the snow, with which the ground happened to be covered. Among his attendants, who were preparing to take their rest in the same manner, he observed that one of his grandsons, for his better accommodation, had rolled a large snow-ball, and placed it below his head. The wrath of the ancient chief was awakened by a symptom of what he conceived to be degenerate luxury.—“‘Out upon thee,” said he, kicking the frozen bolster from the head which it supported; “art thou so effeminate as to need a pillow?” The officer of engineers, whose curious letters from the Highlands have been more than once quoted, tells a similar story of Macdonald of Keppoch, and subjoins the following remarks:—“This and many other stories are romantick; but there is one thing, that at first thought might seem very romantick, of which I have been credibly assured, that when the Highlanders are constrained to lie among the hills, in cold dry windy weather, they sometimes soak the plaid in some river or burn (*i. e.* brook), and then, holding up a corner of it a little above their heads, they turn themselves round and round, till they are enveloped by the whole mantle. They then lay themselves down on the heath, upon the leeward side of some hill, where the wet and the warmth of their bodies make a steam like that of a boiling kettle. The wet, they say, keeps them warm by thickening the stuff, and keeping the wind from penetrating. I must confess I should have been apt to question this fact, had I not frequently seen them wet from morning to night, and even at the beginning of the rain, not so much as stir a few yards to shelter, but continue in it without necessity, till they were, as we say, wet through and through. And that is soon effected by the looseness and sponginess of the plaiding; but the bonnet is frequently taken off and wrung like a dish-clout, and then put on again. They have been accustomed from their infancy to be often wet, and to take the water like spaniels, and this is become a second nature, and can scarcely be called a hardship to them, inasmuch that I used to say, they seemed to be of the duck kind, and to love water as well. Though I never saw this preparation for sleep in windy weather, yet, setting out early in a morning from one of the huts, I have seen the marks of their lodging, where the ground has been free from rime or snow, which remained all round the spot where they had lain.”—*Letters from Scotland*, Lond. 1754, 8vo, ii, p. 108.

### NOTE 2 B.

—his henchman came.—P. 172.

“This officer is a sort of secretary, and is to be ready, upon all occasions, to venture his life in defence of his master; and at drinking-bouts he stands behind his seat, at his haunch,

from whence his title is derived, and watches the conversation, to see if any one offends his patron. An English officer being in company with a certain chieftain, and several other Highland gentlemen, near Killichmen, had an argument with the *great man*; and both being well warmed with usky,<sup>1</sup> at last the dispute grew very hot. A youth who was henchman, not understanding one word of English, imagined his chief was insulted, and thereupon drew his pistol from his side, and snapped it at the officer's head: but the pistol missed fire, otherwise it is more than probable he might have suffered death from the hand of that little vermin. But it is very disagreeable to an Englishman over a bottle, with the Highlanders, to see every one of them have his gilly, that is, his servant, standing behind him all the while, let what will be the subject of conversation.”—*Letters from Scotland*, ii. 159.

### NOTE 2 C.

*And while the Fiery Cross glanced, like a meteor, round.*—P. 173.

When a chieftain designed to summon his clan, upon any sudden or important emergency, he slew a goat, and making a cross of any light wood, seared its extremities in the fire, and extinguished them in the blood of the animal. This was called the *Fiery Cross*, also *Crean Tarih*, or the *Cross of Shame*, because disobedience to what the symbol implied, inferred infamy. It was delivered to a swift and trusty messenger, who ran full speed with it to the next hamlet, where he presented it to the principal person, with a single word, implying the place of rendezvous. He who received the symbol was bound to send it forward, with equal dispatch, to the next village; and thus it passed with incredible celerity through all the district which owed allegiance to the chief, and also among his allies and neighbours, if the danger was common to them. At sight of the *Fiery Cross*, every man, from sixteen years old to sixty, capable of bearing arms, was obliged instantly to repair, in his best arms and accoutrements, to the place of rendezvous. He who failed to appear suffered the extremities of fire and sword, which were emblematically denounced to the disobedient by the bloody and burnt marks upon this warlike signal. During the civil war of 1745-6, the *Fiery Cross* often made its circuit; and upon one occasion it passed through the whole district of Breadalbane, a tract of thirty-two miles, in three hours. The late Alexander Stewart, Esq. of Invernahyle, described to me his having sent round the *Fiery Cross* through the district of Appine, during the same commotion. The coast was threatened by a descent from two English frigates, and the flower of the young men were with the army of Prince Charles Edward, then in England; yet the summons was so effectual, that even old age and childhood obeyed it; and a force was collected in a few hours, so numerous and so enthusiastic, that all attempt at the intended diversion upon the country of the absent warriors was in prudence abandoned, as desperate.

<sup>1</sup> Whisky.



This practice, like some others, is common to the Highlanders with the ancient Scandinavians, as will appear by the following extract from *Olaus Magnus*:—

“When the enemy is upon the sea-coast, or within the limits of northern kingdoms, then presently, by the command of the principal governours, with the counsel and consent of the old soldiers, who are notably skilled in such like business, a staff of three hands length, in the common sight of them all, is carried, by the speedy running of some active young man, unto that village or city with this command,—that on the third, fourth, or eighth day, one, two, or three, or else every man in particular, from fifteen years old, shall come with his arms, and expenses for ten or twenty days, upon pain that his or their houses shall be burnt (which is intimated by the burning of the staff), or else the master to be hanged (which is signified by the cord tied to it), to appear speedily on such a bank, or field, or valley, to hear the cause he is called, and to hear orders from the said provincial governours what he shall do. Wherefore that messenger, swifter than any post or waggon, having done his commission, comes slowly back again, bringing a token with him that he hath done all legally, and every moment one or another runs to every village, and tells those places what they must do.” . . . “The messengers, therefore, of the footmen, that are to give warning to the people to meet for the battail, run fiercely and swiftly; for no snow, no rain, nor heat can stop them, nor night hold them; but they will soon run the race they undertake. The first messenger tells it to the next village, and that to the next; and so the hubbub runs all over till they all know it in that stift or territory, where, when and wherefore they must meet.”—*Olaus Magnus' History of the Goths*, englished by J. S. Lond. 1658, book iv. chap. 3, 4.

## NOTE 2 D.

*That monk, of savage form and face.*—P. 173.

The state of religion in the middle ages afforded considerable facilities for those whose mode of life excluded them from regular worship, to secure, nevertheless, the ghostly assistance of confessors, perfectly willing to adapt the nature of their doctrine to the necessities and peculiar circumstances of their flock. Robin Hood, it is well known, had his celebrated domestic chaplain, Friar Tuck. And that same curtal friar was probably matched in manners and appearance by the ghostly fathers of the Tynedale robbers, who are thus described in an excommunication fulminated against their patrons by Richard Fox, Bishop of Durham, tempore Henrici VIII. “We have further understood, that there are many chaplains in the said territories of Tynedale and Redesdale, who are public and open maintainers of concubinage, irregular, suspended, excommunicated, and interdicted persons, and withal so utterly ignorant of letters, that it has been found by those who objected

to them, that there were some who, having celebrated mass for ten years, were still unable to read the sacramental service. We have also understood there are persons among them who, although not ordained, do take upon them the offices of priesthood; and, in contempt of God, celebrate the divine and sacred rites, and administer the sacraments, not only in sacred and dedicated places, but in those which are profane and interdicted, and most wretchedly ruinous; they themselves being attired in ragged, torn, and most filthy vestments, altogether unfit to be used in divine, or even in temporal offices. The which said chaplains do administer sacraments and sacramental rights to the aforesaid manifest and infamous thieves, robbers, depredaters, receivers of stolen goods, and plunderers, and that without restitution, or intention to restore, as evinced by the act; and do also openly admit them to the rites of ecclesiastical sepulchre, without exacting security for restitution, although they are prohibited from doing so by the sacred canons, as well as by the institutes of the saints and fathers. All which infers the heavy peril of their own souls, and is a pernicious example to the other believers in Christ, as well as no slight, but an aggravated injury, to the numbers despoiled and plundered of their goods, gear, herds, and chattels.”

To this lively and picturesque description of the confessors and churchmen of predatory tribes, there may be added some curious particulars respecting the priests attached to the several septs of native Irish, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. These friars had indeed to plead, that the incursions, which they not only pardoned, but even encouraged, were made upon those hostile to them, as well in religion as from national antipathy; but by Protestant writers they are uniformly alleged to be the chief instruments of Irish insurrection, the very well-spring of all rebellion towards the English government. Lithgow, the Scottish traveller, declares the Irish woodkerne, or predatory tribes, to be but the hounds of their hunting priests, who directed their incursions by their pleasure, partly for sustenance, partly to gratify animosity, partly to foment general division, and also for the better security and easier domination of the friars.<sup>2</sup> Derrick, the liveliness and minuteness of whose descriptions may frequently apologize for his doggerel verses, after describing an Irish feast, and the encouragement given, by the songs of the bards, to its termination in an incursion upon the parts of the country more immediately under the dominion of the English, records the no less powerful arguments used by the friar to excite their animosity:—

“And more I' agment the flame,  
and rancour of their harte,  
The frier, of his counsellis vile,  
to rebelles doth impart,  
Affirming that it is  
an almose dede to God,  
To make the English subjectes taste  
the Irish rebelles' rodde.  
To spoile, to kill, to burne,  
this frier's counsell is;

<sup>1</sup> The Monition against the Robbers of Tynedale and Redesdale, with which I was favoured by my friend, Mr. Surtees of Mainsforth, may be found in the original Latin,

in the Appendix to the Introduction to the *Border Minstrelsy*, No. VII. vol. i. p. 274.

<sup>2</sup> Lithgow's *Travels*, first edition, p. 431.

And for the doing of the same,  
 he warrants heavenlic blame.  
 He tells a holie tale;  
 the white he tounes to black;  
 And through the pardons in his male,  
 he workes a knaivish knacke."

The wreckful invasion of a part of the English pale is then described with some spirit; the burning of houses, driving off cattle, and all pertaining to such predatory inroads, are illustrated by a rude cut. The defeat of the Irish, by a party of English soldiers from the next garrison, is then commemorated, and in like manner adorned with an engraving, in which the friar is exhibited mourning over the slain chieftain; or, as the rubric expresses it,

"The frier then, that treacherous knave; with ough ough-  
 hone lamest,  
 To see his cousin Devill's-son to have so foul event."

The matter is handled at great length in the text, of which the following verses are more than sufficient sample:

"The frier seing this,  
 laments that lockesse parte,  
 And curseth to the pille of hell  
 the death man's sturdie heart;  
 Yet for to quight them with  
 the frier teketh paine,  
 For all the synnes that ere he did  
 remission to oblaive.  
 And therefore serves his booke,  
 the candill and the bell;  
 Bot thinke you that such apische toles  
 bring damned soules from hell?  
 It 'longs not to my parte  
 infernall thinge to knowe,  
 But I beleve till later daie,  
 thei rise not from belowe.  
 Yet hope that friers give  
 to this rebellious rout,  
 If that their soules should chauce in hell,  
 to bringe them quicklie out,  
 Doeth make them lead suche lives,  
 as neither God nor man,  
 Without revenge for their desertes,  
 permitte or suffer can.  
 Thus friers are the cause,  
 the fountein, and the spring,  
 Of hurleburles in this lande,  
 of eche unhappie thing.  
 Thei cause them to rebell  
 against their soveraigne queene,  
 And through rebellou often tymes,  
 their lives do vanish cleane.  
 So as by friers meanes,  
 in whom all follie swimme,  
 The Irish karoe doe often lose  
 the life, with hedde and limme." 1

As the Irish tribes, and those of the Scottish Highlands, are much more intimately allied, by language, manners, dress, and customs, than the antiquaries of either country have been willing to admit, I flatter myself I have here produced a strong warrant for the character sketched in the text. The following picture, though of a different kind, serves to establish the existence of ascetic religionists, to a comparatively late period, in the Highlands and Western Isles. There is a great deal of simplicity in the description, for which, as for much similar information, I am obliged to Dr. John Martin, who visited the Hebrides at the suggestion of Sir Robert Sibbald, a Scottish antiquarian of eminence, and early in the eighteenth century published a description of

them, which procured him admission into the Royal Society. He died in London about 1719. His work is a strange mixture of learning, observation, and gross credulity.

"I remember," says this author, "I have seen an old lay-capochin here (to the island of Benbecula), called in their language *Brahir-bocht*, that is, *Poor brother*; which is literally true: for he answers this character, having nothing but what is given him: he holds himself fully satisfied with food and rayment, and lives in as great simplicity as any of his order; his diet is very mean, and he drinks only fair water; his habit is no less mortifying than that of his brethren elsewhere: he wears a short coat, which comes no farther than his middle, with narrow sleeves like a waistcoat; he wears a plad above it, girt about the middle, which reaches to his knee: the plad is fastened on his breast with a wooden pin, his neck bare, and his feet often so too; he wears a hat for ornament, and the string about it is a bit of a fisher's line, made of horse-hair. This plad he wears instead of a gown worn by those of his order in other countries. I told him he wanted the flaxen girdle that men of his order usually wear: he answered me, that he wore a leathern one, which was the same thing. Upon the matter, if he is spoke to when at meat, he answers again; which is contrary to the custom of his order. This poor man frequently diverts himself with angling of trouts; he lies upon straw, and has no bell (as others have) to call him to his devotions, but only his conscience, as he told me."—*Martin's Description of the Western Highlands*, p. 82.

## NOTE 2 E.

*Of Brian's birth strange tales were told.*—P. 173.

The legend which follows is not of the author's invention. It is possible he may differ from modern critics, in supposing that the records of human superstition, if peculiar to, and characteristic of, the country in which the scene is laid, are a legitimate subject of poetry. He gives, however, a ready assent to the narrower proposition which condemns all attempts of an irregular and disordered fancy to excite terror, by accumulating a train of fantastic and incoherent horrors, whether borrowed from all countries, and patched upon a narrative belonging to one which knew them not, or derived from the author's own imagination. In the present case, therefore, I appeal to the record which I have transcribed, with the variation of a very few words, from the geographical collections made by the Laird of Macfarlane. I know not whether it be necessary to remark, that the miscellaneous course of youths and maidens on the night and on the spot where the miracle is said to have taken place, might, even in a credulous age, have somewhat diminished the wonder which accompanied the conception of Gilli-Dor-Magrevollich.

"There is bot two myles from Inverloghie,

1 This curious picture of Ireland was inserted by the author in the republication of Somers' Tracts, vol. 1., in which the plates have been also inserted, from the only

impressions known to exist, belonging to the copy in the Advocates' Library. See Somers' Tracts, vol. 1. p. 691, 694.

the church of Kilmalee, in Lochyeld. In ancient times there was ane church buildd upon ane hill, which was above this church, which doeth now stand in this toune; and ancient men doeth say, that there was a battell foughten on ane litle hill not the tenth part of a myle from this church, be certaine men which they did not know what they were. And long tyme thereafter, certaine herds of that toune, and of the next toune, called Unnatt, both wenches and youthes, did on a tynie convey with others on that hill; and the day being somewhat cold, did gather the bones of the dead men that were slayne long tyme before in that place, and did make a fire to warn them. At last they did all remove from the fire, except one maid or wench, which was verie cold, and she did remaine there for a space. She being quyetlie her alone, without anie other companie, took up her cloaths above her knees, or thereby, to warm her; a wind did come and caste the ashes upon her, and she was conceived of ane man-chyld. Severall tymes thereafter she was verie sick, and at last she was knowne to be with chyld. And then her parents did ask at her the matter heiroyf, which the wench could not weel answer which way to satisfie them. At last she resolved them with ane answer. As fortune fell upon her concerning this marvellous miracle, the chyld being borne, his name was called *Gili-Doir-Maghevollich*, that is to say, the *Black Child, Son to the Bones*. So called, his grandfather sent him to school, and so he was a good schollar, and godlie. He did build this church which doeth now stand in Lochyeld, called Kilmalee."—*Macfarlane, ut supra*, ii. 188.

## NOTE 2 F.

*Yet ne'er again to braid her hair  
The virgin snood did Alice wear.*—P. 173.

The *snood*, or riband, with which a Scottish lass braided her hair, had an emblematical signification, and applied to her maiden character. It was exchanged for the *curch, toy*, or *coif*, when she passed, by marriage, into the matron state. But if the damsel was so unfortunate as to lose pretensions to the name of maiden, without gaining a right to that of matron, she was neither permitted to use the snood, nor advanced to the graver dignity of the curch. In old Scottish songs there occur many sly allusions to such misfortune; as in the old words to the popular tune of "Ower the muir among the heather."

"Down among the broom, the broom,  
Down among the broom, my dearie,  
The lassie lost her silken snood,  
That gard her greet till she was wearie."

## NOTE 2 G.

*The desert gave him visions wild,  
Such as might suit the spectre's child.*—P. 174.

In adopting the legend concerning the birth of the Founder of the Church of Kilmalee, the author has endeavoured to trace the effects which such a belief was likely to produce, in

a barbarous age, on the persons to whom it related. It seems likely that he must have become a fanatic or an impostor, or that mixture of both which forms a more frequent character than either of them, as existing separately. In truth, mad persons are frequently more anxious to impress upon others a faith in their visions, than they are themselves confirmed in their reality; as, on the other hand, it is difficult for the most cool-headed impostor long to personate an enthusiast, without in some degree believing what he is so eager to have believed. It was a natural attribute of such a character as the supposed hermit, that he should credit the numerous superstitions with which the minds of ordinary Highlanders are almost always imbued. A few of these are slightly alluded to in this stanza. The *River Demon*, or *River-horse*, for it is that form which he commonly assumes, is the *Kelpy* of the Lowlands, an evil and malicious spirit, delighting to forbode and to witness calamity. He frequents most Highland lakes and rivers; and one of his most memorable exploits was performed upon the banks of Loch Vennachar, in the very district which forms the scene of our action: it consisted in the destruction of a funeral procession with all its attendants. The "noontide hag," called in Gaelic *Glas-lich*, a tall, emaciated, gigantic female figure, is supposed in particular to haunt the district of Knoidart. A goblin, dressed in antique armour, and having one hand covered with blood, called from that circumstance, *Lham-dearg*, or *Red-hand*, is a tenant of the forests of Glenmore and Rothiemurcus. Other spirits of the desert, all frightful in shape and malignant in disposition, are believed to frequent different mountains and glens of the Highlands, where any unusual appearance, produced by mist, or the strange lights that are sometimes thrown upon particular objects, never fails to present an apparition to the imagination of the solitary and melancholy mountaineer.

## NOTE 2 H.

*The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream.*—P. 174.

Most great families in the Highlands were supposed to have a tutelary, or rather a domestic spirit, attached to them, who took an interest in their prosperity, and intimated, by its wailings, any approaching disaster. That of Grant of Grant was called *May Moulach*, and appeared in the form of a girl, who had her arm covered with hair. Grant of Rothiemurcus had an attendant called *Bodach-an-dun*, or the Ghost of the Hill; and many other examples might be mentioned. The *Ban-Shie* implies a female Fairy, whose lamentations were often supposed to precede the death of a chieftain of particular families. When she is visible, it is in the form of an old woman, with a blue mantle and streaming hair. A superstition of the same kind is, I believe, universally received by the inferior ranks of the native Irish.

The death of the head of a Highland family is also sometimes supposed to be announced by a chain of lights of different colours, called *Dr'eug*, or death of the Druid. The direction



which it takes, marks the place of the funeral [See the Essay on Fairy Superstitions in the Border Minstrelsy]

## NOTE 2 I.

*Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast,  
Of charging steeds, careering fast  
Along Bennarrow's shingly side,  
Where mortal horsemen ne'er might ride.*

P. 174.

A presage of the kind alluded to in the text, is still believed to announce death to the ancient Highland family of McLean of Lochbuy. The spirit of an ancestor slain in battle is heard to gallop along a stony bank, and then to ride thrice around the family residence, ringing his fairy bridle, and thus intimating the approaching calamity. How easily the eye, as well as the ear, may be deceived upon such occasions, is evident from the stories of armies in the air, and other spectral phenomena with which history abounds. Such an apparition is said to have been witnessed upon the side of Southfell mountain, between Penrith and Keswick, upon the 23d June 1744, by two persons, William Lancaster of Blakehills, and Daniel Stricket, his servant, whose attestation to the fact, with a full account of the apparition, dated the 21st July 1745, is printed in Clarke's Survey of the Lakes. The apparition consisted of several troops of horse moving in regular order, with a steady rapid motion, making a curved sweep around the fell, and seeming to the spectators to disappear over the ridge of the mountain. Many persons witnessed this phenomenon, and observed the last, or last but one, of the supposed troop, occasionally leave his rank, and pass at a gallop to the front, when he resumed the same steady pace. This curious appearance, making the necessary allowance for imagination, may be perhaps sufficiently accounted for by optical deception.—*Survey of the Lakes*, p. 25.

Supernatural intimations of approaching fate are not, I believe, confined to Highland families. Howel mentions having seen, at a lapidary's, in 1632, a monumental stone, prepared for four persons of the name of Oxenham, before the death of each of whom, the inscription stated a white bird to have appeared and fluttered around the bed while the patient was in the last agony.—*Familior Letters*, edit. 1726, 247. Glanville mentions one family, the members of which received this solemn sign by music, the sound of which floated from the family residence, and seemed to die in a neighbouring wood; another, that of Captain Wood of Bampton, to whom the signal was given by knocking. But the most remarkable instance of the kind occurs in the MS. Memoirs of Lady Fanshaw, so exemplary for her conjugal affection. Her husband, Sir Richard, and she, chanced during their abode in Ireland, to visit a friend the head of a sept, who resided in his ancient baronial castle, surrounded with a moat. At midnight she was awakened by a ghastly and supernatural scream, and, looking out of bed, beheld, by the moonlight, a female face and part of the form, hovering at the window. The distance from

the ground, as well as the circumstance of the moat, excluded the possibility that what she beheld was of this world. The face was that of a young and rather handsome woman, but pale; and the hair, which was reddish, was loose and dishevelled. The dress, which Lady Fanshaw's terror did not prevent her remarking accurately, was that of the ancient Irish. This apparition continued to exhibit itself for some time, and then vanished with two shrieks, similar to that which had first excited Lady Fanshaw's attention. In the morning, with infinite terror, she communicated to her host what she had witnessed, and found him prepared not only to credit but to account for the apparition. "A near relation of my family," said he, "expired last night in this castle. We disguised our certain expectation of the event from you, lest it should throw a cloud over the cheerful reception which was due you. Now, before such an event happens in this family and castle, the female spectre whom you have seen always is visible. She is believed to be the spirit of a woman of inferior rank, whom one of my ancestors degraded himself by marrying, and whom afterwards, to expiate the dishonour done his family, he caused to be drowned in the castle moat."

## NOTE 2 K.

*Whose parents in Inch-Caillich wave  
Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave.*

P. 174.

*Inch-Coillach*, the Isle of Nuns, or of Old Women, is a most beautiful island at the lower extremity of Loch Lomond. The church belonging to the former nunnery was long used as the place of worship for the parish of Buchanan, but scarce any vestiges of it now remain. The burial-ground continues to be used, and contains the family places of sepulture of several neighbouring clans. The monuments of the lairds of Macgregor, and of other families, claiming a descent from the old Scottish King Alpine, are most remarkable. The Highlanders are as zealous of their rights of sepulture, as may be expected from a people whose whole laws and government, if clanship can be called so, turned upon the single principle of family descent. "May his ashes be scattered on the water," was one of the deepest and most solemn imprecations which they used against an enemy. [See a detailed description of the funeral ceremonies of a Highland chieftain in the Fair Maid of Perth. *Waverley Novels*, vol. 43, chaps. x. and xl. Edit. 1834.]

## NOTE 2 L.

*— the dun deer's hide  
On feeter fool was never tied.*—P. 175.

The present *brogue* of the Highlanders is made of half-dried leather, with holes to admit and let out the water; for walking the moors dry shod is a matter altogether out of the question. The ancient buskin was still ruder, being made of undressed deer's hide,

with the hair outwards; a circumstance which procured the Highlanders the well-known epithet of *Red-shanks*. The process is very accurately described by one Elder (himself a Highlander) in the project for a union between England and Scotland, addressed to Henry VIII. "We go a-hunting, and after that we have slain red-deer, we day off the skin by-and-by, and setting of our bare-foot on the inside thereof, for want of cunning shoemakers, by your grace's pardon, we play the cobblers, compassing and measuring so much thereof as shall reach up to our ankles, pricking the upper part thereof with holes, that the water may repass where it enters, and stretching it up with a strong thong of the same above our said ankles. No, and please your noble grace, we make our shoes. Therefore, we using such manner of shoes, the rough hairy side outwards, in your grace's dominions of England, we be called *Roughfooted Scots*."—*Pinkerton's History*, vol. ii. p. 397.

## NOTE 2 M.

*The dismal coronach*.—P. 175.

The *Coronach* of the Highlanders, like the *Utalatus* of the Romans, and the *Utluloo* of the Irish, was a wild expression of lamentation, poured forth by the mourners over the body of a departed friend. When the words of it were articulate, they expressed the praises of the deceased, and the loss the clan would sustain by his death. The following is a lamentation of this kind, literally translated from the Gaelic, to some of the ideas of which the text stands indebted. The tune is so popular, that it has since become the war-march, or Gathering of the clan.

*Coronach on Sir Lauchlan, Chief of Maclean.*

- "Which of all the *Senschie*  
 Can trace thy line from the root up to Paradise,  
 But Muevorih, the son of Fergus?  
 No sooner had thine ancient stately tree  
 Taken firm root in Albion,  
 Than one of thy forefathers fell at Harlaw.—  
 'Twas then we lost a chief of deathless name.
- "'Tis no base weed—no planted tree,  
 Nor a seedling of last Autumn;  
 Nor a sapling planted at Beltain; I  
 Wide, wide around were spread its lofty branches—  
 But the topmost bough in lowly laid!  
 Thou hast forsaken us before Sawaine, 2
- "Thy dwelling is the winter house;—  
 Loud, sad, sad, and mighty is thy death-song  
 Oh! courtrous champion of Montrose!  
 Oh! stately warrior of the Celtic Isles!  
 Thou shalt buckle thy harness on no more!"

The coronach has for some years past been superseded at funerals by the use of the bagpipe; and that also is, like many other Highland peculiarities, falling into disuse, unless in remote districts.

## NOTE 2 N.

*Benedi saw the Cross of Fire,  
 It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire.*—P. 176.

Inspection of the provincial map of Perthshire, or any large map of Scotland, will trace

the progress of the signal through the small district of lakes and mountains, which, in exercise of my poetical privilege, I have subjected to the authority of my imaginary chieftain, and which, at the period of my romance, was really occupied by a clan who claimed a descent from Alpine; a clan the most unfortunate, and most persecuted, but neither the least distinguished, least powerful, nor least brave, of the tribes of the Gael.

"Silech non rioghridh dachaisach  
 Bha-shios an Dun-Staobhinich  
 Aig an roabh cruas an Halba othuis  
 'Stag a cheil dachas fast ris."

The first stage of the Fiery Cross is to Duncraggan, a place near the Brigg of Turk, where a short stream divides Loch Achray from Loch Venmchar. From thence, it passes towards Callender, and then, turning to the left up the pass of Leny, is consigned to Norman at the chapel of Saint Bride, which stood on a small and romantic knoll in the middle of the valley, called Strath-Ire. Tombea and Armandave, or Ardmandave, are names of places in the vicinity. The alarm is then supposed to pass along the lake of Lubnag, and through the various glens in the district of Balquidder, including the neighbouring tracts of Glenfinlas and Strathgartneiv.

## NOTE 2 O.

*Not faster o'er thy heathery floors,  
 Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze.*—P. 177.

It may be necessary to inform the southern reader, that the heath on the Scottish moorlands is often set fire to, that the sheep may have the advantage of the young herbage produced, in room of the tough old heather plants. This custom (execrated by sportsmen) produces occasionally the most beautiful nocturnal appearances, similar almost to the discharge of a volcano. This simile is not new to poetry. The charge of a warrior, in the fine ballad of Hardyknute, is said to be "like fire to heather set."

## NOTE 2 P.

*No oath, but by his chieftain's hand  
 No law, but Roderic Dhu's command.*—P. 177.

The deep and implicit respect paid by the Highland clansmen to their chief, rendered this both a common and a solemn oath. In other respects they were like most savage nations, capricious in their ideas concerning the obligatory power of oaths. One solemn mode of swearing was by kissing the *dirk*, imprecating upon themselves death by that, or a similar weapon, if they broke their vow. But for oaths in the usual form, they are said to have had little respect. As for the reverence due to the chief, it may be guessed from the following odd example of a Highland point of honour:—

"The clan whereto the above-mentioned tribe belongs, is the only one I have heard of,

which is without a chief; that is, being divided into families, under several chieftains, without any particular patriarch of the whole name. And this is a great reproach, as may appear from an affair that fell out at my table, in the Highlands, between one of that name and a Cameron. 'The provocation given by the latter was—'Name your chief.'—The return of it at once was,—'You are a fool.' They went out next morning, but having early notice of it, I sent a small party of soldiers after them, which, in all probability, prevented some barbarous mischief that might have ensued: for the chiefest Highlander, who is himself a petty chieftain, was going to the place appointed with a small sword and pistol, whereas the Cameron (an old man) took with him only his broadsword, according to the agreement.

"When all was over, and I had, at least seemingly, reconciled them, I was told the words, of which I seemed to think but slightly, were, to one of the clan, the greatest of all provocations."—*Letters from Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 22L.

## NOTE 2 Q.

—*a low and lonely cell.*

*By many a bard, in Celtic tongue,  
Has Coir-nan-Uriskin been sung.*—P. 177.

This is a very steep and most romantic hollow in the mountain of Benvenue, overhanging the south-easterly extremity of Loch Katrine. It is surrounded with stupendous rocks, and overshadowed by birch-trees, mingled with oaks, the spontaneous production of the mountain, even where its cliffs appear denuded of soil. A dale in so wild a situation, and amid a people whose genius bordered on the romantic, did not remain without appropriate deities. The name literally implies the Corri, or Den, of the Wild or Shaggy men. Perhaps this, as conjectured by Mr. Alexander Campbell,<sup>1</sup> may have originally only implied its being the haunt of a ferocious banditti. But tradition has ascribed to the *Urisk*, who gives name to the cavern, a figure between a goat and a man; in short, however much the classical reader may be startled, precisely that of the Grecian Satyr. The *Urisk* seems not to have inherited, with the form, the petulance of the sylvan deity of the classics: his occupation, on the contrary, resembled those of Milton's Lubbar Fiend, or of the Scottish Brownie, though he differed from both in name and appearance. "The *Urisks*," says Dr. Graham, "were a set of lubberly supernaturals, who, like the Brownies, could be gained over by kind attention, to perform the drudgery of the farm, and it was believed that many of the families in the Highlands had one of the order attached to it. They were supposed to be dispersed over the Highlands, each in his own wild recess, but the solemn stated meetings of the order were regularly held in this Cave of Benvenue. This current superstition, no doubt, alludes to some circumstance in the ancient history of this country."—*Scenery on the Southern Confines of Perthshire*, p. 19, 1806.—It must be owned that

the *Coir*, or Den, does not, in its present state, meet our ideas of a subterraneous grotto, or cave, being only a small and narrow cavity, among huge fragments of rocks rudely piled together. But such a scene is liable to convulsions of nature, which a Lowlander cannot estimate, and which may have cloaked up what was originally a cavern. At least the name and tradition warrant the author of a fictitious tale to assert its having been such at the remote period in which this scene is laid.

## NOTE 2 R.

*The wild pass of Beal-nam-bo.*—P. 178.

Bealach-nam-bo, or the pass of cattle, is a most magnificent glade, overhung with aged birch-trees, a little higher up the mountain than the Coir-nan-Uriskin, treated of in a former note. The whole composes the most sublime piece of scenery that imagination can conceive.

## NOTE 2 S.

*A single page, to bear his sword.*

*Alone attended on his lord*—P. 178.

A Highland chief, being as absolute in his patriarchal authority as any prince, had a corresponding number of officers attached to his person. He had his body-guards, called *Luichtach*, picked from his clan for strength, activity, and entire devotion to his person. These, according to their deserts, were sure to share abundantly in the rude profusion of his hospitality. It is recorded, for example, by tradition, that Allan MacLean, chief of that clan, happened upon a time to hear one of these favourite retainers observe to his comrade, that their chief grew old—"Whence do you infer that?" replied the other.—"When was it," rejoined the first, "that a soldier of Allan's was obliged, as I am now, not only to eat the flesh from the bone, but even to tear off the inner skin, or filament?" The hint was quite sufficient, and Maclean next morning, to relieve his followers from such dire necessity, undertook an inroad on the mainland, the ravage of which altogether effaced the memory of his former expeditions for the like purpose.

Our officer of Engineers, so often quoted, has given us a distinct list of the domestic officers who, independent of *Luichtach*, or *gardes de corps*, belonged to the establishment of a Highland Chief. These are, 1. *The Henschman*. See these Notes, p. 208. 2. *The Bard*. See p. 202. 3. *Bladier*, or spokesman. 4. *Gilbemor*, or sword-bearer, alluded to in the text. 5. *Gillie-castue*, who carried the chief, if on foot, over the fords. 6. *Gillie-comstraine*, who leads the chief's horse. 7. *Gillie-Trushanarish*, the haggage man. 8. *The piper*. 9. The piper's gillie or attendant, who carries the bagpipe.<sup>2</sup> Although this appeared, naturally enough, very ridiculous to an English officer, who considered the master of such a retinue as no more than an English gentleman of 500*l.* a-year, yet in the circumstances of the

<sup>1</sup> Journey from Edinburgh, 1802, p. 109.

<sup>2</sup> Letters from Scotland, vol. ii. p. 18.



chief, whose strength and importance consisted in the number and attachment of his followers, it was of the last consequence, in point of policy, to have in his gift subordinate offices, which called immediately round his person those who were most devoted to him, and, being of value in their estimation, were also the means of rewarding them.

## NOTE 2 T.

*The Taghairm call'd; by which, afar,  
Our sires foresaw the events of war.*—P. 179.

The Highlanders, like all rude people, had various superstitious modes of inquiring into futurity. One of the most noted was the *Taghairm*, mentioned in the text. A person was wrapped up in the skin of a newly-slain bullock, and deposited beside a waterfall, or at the bottom of a precipice, or in some other strange, wild, and unusual situation, where the scenery around him suggested nothing but objects of horror. In this situation, he revolved in his mind the question proposed; and whatever was impressed upon him by his exalted imagination, passed for the inspiration of the disembodied spirits, who haunt the desolate recesses. In some of these Hebrides, they attributed the same oracular power to a large black stone by the sea-shore, which they approached with certain solemnities, and considered the first fancy which came into their own minds, after they did so, to be the undoubted dictate of the tutelary deity of the stone, and, as such, to be, if possible, punctually complied with. Martin has recorded the following curious modes of Highland augury, in which the *Taghairm*, and its effects upon the person who was subjected to it, may serve to illustrate the text.

"It was an ordinary thing among the over-curious to consult an invisible oracle, concerning the fate of families and battles, &c. This was performed three different ways: the first was by a company of men, one of whom, being detached by lot, was afterwards carried to a river, which was the boundary between two villages; four of the company laid hold on him, and, having shut his eyes, they took him by the legs and arms, and then, tossing him to and again, struck his hips with force against the bank. One of them cried out, What is it you have got here? another answers, A log of birch wood. The other cries again, Let his invisible friends appear from all quarters, and let them relieve him by giving an answer to our present demands: and in a few minutes after, a number of little creatures came from the sea, who answered the question, and disappeared suddenly. The man was then set at liberty, and they all returned home, to take their measures according to the prediction of their false prophets; but the poor deluded fools were abused, for their answer was still ambiguous. This was always practised in the night, and may literally be called the works of darkness.

"I had an account from the most intelligent and judicious men in the Isle of Skie, that about sixty-two years ago, the oracle was thus consulted only once, and that was in the pa-

rish of Kilmartin, on the east side, by a wicked and mischievous race of people, who are now extinguished, both root and branch.

"The second way of consulting the oracle was by a party of men, who first retired to solitary places, remote from any house, and there they singled out one of their number, and wrapt him in a big cow's hide, which they folded about him; his whole body was covered with it, except his head, and so left in this posture all night, until his invisible friends relieved him, by giving a proper answer to the question in hand; which he received, as he fancied, from several persons that he found about him all that time. His consorts returned to him at the break of day, and then he communicated his news to them; which often proved fatal to those concerned in such unwarrantable enquiries.

"There was a third way of consulting, which was a confirmation of the second above mentioned. The same company who put the man into the hide, took a live cat, and put him on a spit; one of the number was employed to turn the spit, and one of his consorts enquired of him, What are you doing? he answered, I roast this cat, until his friends answer the question; which must be the same that was proposed by the man shut up in the hide. And afterwards, a very big cat<sup>1</sup> comes, attended by a number of lesser cats, desiring to relieve the cat turned upon the spit, and then answers the question. If this answer proved the same that was given to the man in the hide, then it was taken as a confirmation of the other, which, in this case, was believed infallible.

"Mr. Alexander Cooper, present minister of North-Vist, told me, that one John Erach, in the Isle of Lewis, assured him, it was his fate to have been led by his curiosity with some who consulted this oracle, and that he was a night within the hide, as above mentioned; during which time he felt and heard such terrible things, that he could not express them; the impression it made on him was such as could never go off, and he said, for a thousand worlds he would never again be concerned in the like performance, for this had disordered him to a high degree. He confessed it ingeniously, and with an air of great remorse, and seemed to be very penitent under a just sense of so great a crime: he declared this about five years since, and is still living in the Lewis for any thing I know."—*Description of the Western Isles*, p. 110. See also *Pennant's Scottish Tour*, vol. ii. p. 361.

## NOTE 2 U.

*The choicest of the prey we had,  
When swept our merry-men Gallangad.*—P. 180.

I know not if it be worth observing, that this passage is taken almost literally from the mouth of an old Highland Kern or Ketteran, as they were called. He used to narrate the merry doings of the good old time when he was follower of Rob Roy MacGregor. This

<sup>1</sup> The reader may have met with the story of the "King of the Cats," in Lord Ligonier's Letters. It is well known in the Highlands as a nursery tale.

leader, on one occasion, thought proper to make a descent upon the lower part of the Loch Lomond district, and summoned all the heritors and farmers to meet at the Kirk of Drymen, to pay him black-mail, i. e. tribute for forbearance and protection. As this invitation was supported by a band of thirty or forty stout fellows, only one gentleman, an ancestor, if I mistake not, of the present Mr. Grahame of Gartmore, ventured to decline compliance. Rob Roy instantly swept his land of all he could drive away, and among the spoil was a bull of the old Scottish wild breed, whose ferocity occasioned great plague to the Ketterans. "But ere we had reached the Row of Dennan," said the old man, "a child might have scratched his ears."<sup>1</sup> The circumstance is a minute one, but it paints the times when the poor beeve was compelled

"To hoof it o'er as mazy weary miles,  
With goading pikemen following at his heels,  
As e'er the bravest anilor of the woods."  
*Ethwald.*

## NOTE 2 V.

— *That huge cliff, whose ample verge  
Tradition calls the Hero's Targe.*—P. 180.

There is a rock so named in the Forest of Glenfinlas, by which a tumultuary cataract takes its course. This wild place is said in former times to have afforded refuge to an outlaw, who was supplied with provisions by a woman, who lowered them down from the brink of the precipice above. His water he procured for himself, by letting down a flagon tied to a string, into the black pool beneath the fall.

## NOTE 2 W.

*Raven*—*That, watching while the deer is broke,  
His morsel claims with sullen croak?*—P. 180.

Broke—*Quartered.*—Every thing belonging to the chase was matter of solemnity among our ancestors; but nothing was more so than the mode of cutting up, or, as it was technically called, *breaking*, the slaughtered stag. The forester had his allotted portion; the hounds had a certain allowance; and, to make the division as general as possible, the very birds had their share also. "There is a little gristle," says Tuberville, "which is upon the spoon of the briskeet, which we call the raven's bone: and I have seen in some places a raven so wont and accustomed to it, that she would never fail to croak and cry for it all the time you were in breaking up of the deer, and would not depart till she had it." In the very ancient metrical romance of Sir Tristrem, that peerless knight, who is said to have been the very deviser of all rules of chase, did not omit the ceremony:—

"The raven he yane his yiftes  
Sat on the fourched tra."  
*Sir Tristrem.*

The raven might also challenge his rights by the Book of St. Albans; for thus says Dame Juliana Beroers:—

"Sitteth anon  
The bely to the side, from the corbyn bone;  
That is corbyn's fee, at the death he will be.

Jonson, in "The Sed Shepherd," gives a more poetical account of the same ceremony:—

"*Marian.*—He that undoes him,  
Doth cleave the briskeet bone, upon the spoon  
Of which a little gristle grows—you call it—  
*Robin Hood.*—The raven's bone.  
*Marian.*—Now o'er head sat a raven  
On a sere bough, a growe, great bird, and hoarse,  
Who, all the while the deer was breaking up,  
So croak'd and cried for't, as all the huntsmen,  
Especially old Scathlock, thought it ominous."

## NOTE 2 X.

*Which spills the foremost foeman's life,  
That party conquers in the strife.*—P. 180.

Though this be in the text described as a response of the Taghairm, or Oracle of the Hile, it was of itself an augury frequently attended to. The fate of the battle was often anticipated in the imagination of the combatants, by observing which party first shed blood. It is said that the Highlanders under Montrose were so deeply imbued with this notion, that, on the morning of the battle of Tippermoor, they murdered a defenceless herdsman, whom they found in the fields, merely to secure an advantage of so much consequence to their party.

## NOTE 2 Y.

*Alice Brand.*—P. 181.

This little fairy tale is founded upon a very curious Danish ballad, which occurs in the *Kæmpe Viser*, a collection of heroic songs, first published in 1591, and reprinted in 1695, inscribed by Anders Sørensen, the collector and editor, to Sophia Queen of Denmark. I have been favoured with a literal translation of the original, by my learned friend Mr. Robert Jamieson, whose deep knowledge of Scandinavian antiquities will, I hope, one day be displayed in illustration of the history of Scottish Ballad and Song, for which no man possesses more ample materials. The story will remind the readers of the Border Minstrelsy of the tale of Young Tamlane. But this is only a solitary and not very marked instance of coincidence, whereas several of the other ballads in the same collection find exact counterparts in the *Kæmpe Viser*. Which may have been the originals, will be a question for future antiquaries. Mr. Jamieson, to secure the power of literal translation, has adopted the old Scottish idiom, which approaches so near to that of the Danish, as almost to give word for word, as well as line for line, and indeed in many verses the orthography alone is altered. As

been asserted, not added to his predatory excesses.—  
*Note to Third Edition.*

<sup>1</sup> This anecdote was, in former editions, inaccurately ascribed to Gregor Macgregor of Gleogyie, called *Ghluane Dhù*, or Black-knee, a relation of Rob Roy, but, as I have

*Wester Haf*, mentioned in the first stanzas of the ballad, means the *West Sea*, in opposition to the *Baltic*, or *East Sea*, Mr. Jamieson inclines to be of opinion, that the scene of the disenchantment is laid in one of the Orkney, or Hebride Islands. To each verse in the original is added a burden, having a kind of meaning of its own, but not applicable, at least not uniformly applicable, to the sense of the stanza to which it is subjoined: this is very common both in Danish and Scottish song.

## THE ELFIN GRAY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KÆMPE VISEN.  
p. 143., AND FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1891.

*Der ligger en vold i Vester Haf,  
Der aater en bande at bygge :  
Hand forer did baade hog og hund,  
Og agter der om vinteren at ligge.*

(De vilde diur og diurene udi skofven.)

1.

There ligs a wold in *Wester Haf*,  
There a husbände means to ligge,  
And thither he carries baith hawk and hound,  
There moaning the winter to ligge.  
(*The wild deer and daes i' the shaw out.*)

2.

He taks wi' him haith hound and cock,  
The langer he means to stay,  
The wild deer in the shaws that are  
May sairly rue the day.  
(*The wild deer, &c.*)

3.

He's hew'd the heech, and he's fell'd the aik,  
Sae has he the poplar gray;  
And grim in mood was the grewsome elf,  
That be sae bald he may.

4.

He hew'd him kipples, he hew'd him bawks,  
Wi' mickle moil and haste;  
Syne speer'd the Elf i' the knock that bade,  
"Wha's hacking here sae fast?"

5.

Syne up and spak the weiest Elf,  
Creean'd as an immert sma:  
"It's here is come a Christian man;—  
I'll fley him or he ga."

6.

It's up syne started the firsten Elf,  
And glower'd about sae grim:  
"It's we'll awa' to the husbände's house,  
And hald a court on him."

7.

"Here hews he down baith skugg and shaw,  
And works us skaith and scorn:  
His huswife he sail gie to me;—  
They's rue the day they were born!"

8.

The Elfen a' i' the knock that were  
Gaed dancing in a string;  
They nighed near the husbände's house,  
Sae laug their tails did hing.

9.

The hound he yowls i' the yard,  
'The herd toots in his horn;  
The earn scraighs, and the cock craws,  
As the husbände has gi'en him his corn.<sup>1</sup>

10.

The Elfen were five score and seven,  
Sae laidly and sae grim;  
And they the husbände's guests maun be,  
To eat and drink wi' him.

11.

The husbände, out o' Villenshaw,  
At his winnock the Elves can see;  
"Help me, now, Jesu, Mary's son;  
Thur Elves they mint at me!"

12.

In every nook a cross he coost,  
In his chalmers maist ava;  
The Elfen a' were fley'd thereat,  
And flew to the wild-wood shaw.

13.

And some flew east, and some flew west,  
And some to the norwark flew;  
And some they flew to the deep dale down,  
There still they are, I trow.<sup>2</sup>

14.

It was then the weiest Elf,  
In at the door braids he;  
Agast was the husbände, for that Elf  
For cross nor sign wad flee.

15.

The buswife she was a canny wife,  
She set the Elf at the board;  
She set before him baith ale and meat,  
Wi' mony a weel-waled word.

16.

"Hear thou, Gudeman o' Villenshaw,  
What now I say to thee;  
Wha bade thee bigg within our bounds,  
Without the leave o' me?"

17.

"But an thou in our bounds will bigg,  
And hide, as well as may be,  
Then thou thy dearest huswife maun  
To me for a lemman gie."

18.

Up spak the luckless husbände then,  
As God the grace him gae;  
"Eline she is to me sae dear,  
Her thou may nae-gate hae."

19.

Till the Elf he answer'd as he couth:  
"Let but my huswife be,  
And tak whate'er, o' gude or gear,  
Is mine, awa wi' thee."

1 *This singular quatrain stands thus in the original:—*

"Hunden hand gior i gaarden;  
Hiorden lude i sit horn;  
Oernen skriger, og hanen galer.  
Som bonden hafde gifvet sit korn"

2 *In the Danish:—*

"Somme floye oster, og somme floye vealer,  
Nogle floye nor paa;  
Nogle floye ned i dybene dale,  
Jeg troer de ere der endnu."



20.

"Then I'll thy Eline tak and thee,  
Aneath my feet to tread;  
And hide thy goud and white monie  
Aneath my dwelling stead."

21.

The husbände and his househald a'  
In sary rede they join:  
"Far better that she be now forfairn,  
Nor that we a' should tyne."

22.

Up, will of rede, the husbände stood,  
Wi' heart fu' sad and sair;  
And he has gien his huswife Eline  
Wi' the young Elfe to fare.

23.

Then blyth grew he, and sprang about:  
He took her in his arm:  
The rud it left her comely cheek;  
Her heart was clem'd wi' harm.

24.

A waefu' woman then she was ane,  
And the moody tears loot fa':  
"God rew on me, unseely wife,  
How hard a weird I fa'!

25.

"My fay I plight to the fairest wight  
That man on mold mat see:—  
Maun I now mell wi' a laidlly El,  
His light lemman to be!"

26.

He minted ance—he minted twice,  
Wae wax'd her heart that syth:  
Synne the laidliest fiend he grew that e'er  
To mortal ee did kyth.

27.

When he the thirdden time can mint  
To Mary's son she pray'd,  
And the laidlly Elf was clean awa,  
And a fair knight in his stead.

28.

This fell under a linden green,  
That again his shape he found;  
O' wae and care was the word nae mair,  
A' were sae glad that stound.

29.

"O dearest Eline, hear thou this,  
And thou my wife shall be,  
And a' the goud in merry England  
Sae freely I'll gi'e thee!

30.

"When I was but a little wee bairn,  
My mither died me fra;  
My stepmither sent me awa' fra her;  
I turn'd till an *Elfin Gray*

31.

"To thy husbände I a gift will gie,  
Wi' mickle state and gear,  
As mends for Eline his buswife:—  
Thou's be my heartis dear."

32.

"Thou nobil knyght, we thank now God  
That has freed us frae skaith;  
Sae wed thou thee a maiden free,  
And joy attend ye baith!

33.

"Sin' I to thee nae maik can be  
My dochter may be thine;  
And thy gud will right to fulfill,  
Lat this be our propine."

34.

"I thank thee, Eline, thou wise woman;  
My praise thy worth sall ha'e;  
And thy love gin I fail to win,  
Thou here at hame sall stay."

35.

The husbände biggit now on his oe,  
And nae ane wrought him wrang;  
His dochter wore crown in Engeland,  
And happy lived and laug.

36.

Now Eline, the husbände's huswife, has  
Cour'd a' her grief and harmis;  
She's nither to a noble queen  
That sleeps in a kingis arms

## GLOSSARY.

St. 1. *Wold*, a woody fastness.

*Husbände*, from the Dan. *hos*, with, and *bonde*, a villain, or bondsman, who was a cultivator of the ground, and could not quit the estate to which he was attached, without the permission of his lord. This is the sense of the word, in the old Scottish records. In the Scottish "Burghe Laws," translated from the *Reg. Majest.* (Auchinleck MS. in the Adv. Lib.) it is used indiscriminately with the Dan. and Swed. *bonde*.

*Bigg*, build.*Lagg*, lie.*Does*, does.2. *Shaw*, wood.*Sairly*, sorely.3. *Aik*, oak.*Grewsome*, terrible.*Bald*, bold.4. *Kipples* (couples), beams joined at the top, for supporting a roof, in building.*Bawks*, balks; cross beams.*Moil*, laborious industry.*Speer'd*, asked.*Knock*, hillock.5. *Weest*, smallest.*Crean'd*, shrunk, diminish'd; from the Gaelic, *crian*, very small.*Inmerr*, emmet; ant.*Christian*, used in the Danish ballads, &c. in contradistinction to *demonic*, as it is in England in contradistinction to *brute*; in which sense, a person of the lower class in England, would call a Jew or a Turk a *Christian*.*Fry*, frighten.6. *Glover'd*, stared.*Hald*, hold7. *Skaug*, shade.*Skaith*, harm.

8. *Nighed*, approached.  
 9. *Yowls*, howls.  
*Toots*.—In the Dan. *tude* is applied both to the howling of a dog, and the sound of a horn.  
*Screighs*, screams.
10. *Laidly*, loathly; disgustingly *ugly*.  
*Grim*, fierce.
11. *Winnock*, window.  
*Mint*, aim at.
12. *Coost*, cast.  
*Chabner*, chamber.  
*Maist*, most.  
*Ava*, of all.
13. *Norwart*, northward.  
*Trow*, believe.
14. *Braids*, strides quickly forward.  
*Wad*, would.
15. *Canny*, adroit.  
*Mony*, many.  
*Weel-waled*, well chosen.
17. *An*, if.  
*Bide*, abide.  
*Lenman*, mistress.
18. *Nae-gate*, nowise.
19. *Couth*, could, knew how to.  
*Lat be*, let alone.  
*Guide*, goods; property.
20. *Aneath*, beneath.  
*Dwelling-stead*, dwelling-place.
21. *Sory*, sorrowful.  
*Rede*, counsel; consultation.  
*Forfairn*, forlorn; lost; gone.  
*Tyne*, (verb neut.) he lost; perish.
22. *Will of rede*, bewildered in thought; in the Danish original "*vildraatage*;" Lat. "*inops consilii*;" Gr. *ἄσπονν*. This expression is left among the *desiderata* in the Glossary to Ritson's Romances, and has never been explained. It is obsolete in the Danish as well as in English.  
*Fare*, go.
23. *Rud*, red of the cheek.  
*Clem'd*, in the Danish *klemt*; (which in the north of England is still in use, as the word *starved* is with us; brought to a dying state. It is used by our old comedians.  
*Horn*, grief; as in the original, and in the old Teutonic, English, and Scottish poetry.
24. *Waefu*, woeful.  
*Moody*, strongly and wilfully passionate.  
*Rew*, take ruth; pity.  
*Unseely*, unhappy; unblest.  
*Weird*, fate.  
*Fa*, (Isl Dan. and Swed) take; get; acquire; procure; have for my lot.— This Gothic verb answers, in its direct and secondary significations, exactly to the Latin *capio*; and Allan Ramsay was right in his definition of it. It is quite a different word from *fa*, an abbreviation of *'fall*, or *'befall*; and is the principal root in *fangen*, to *fang*, take, or lay hold of.

25. *Fay*, faith.  
*Mold*, mould; earth.  
*Mat*, mote; might.  
*Maun*, must.  
*Mell*, mix.  
*El*, an elf. This term, in the Welsh, signifies *what has in itself the power of motion; a moving principle; an intelligence; a spirit; an angel*. In the Hebrew it bears the same import.
26. *Minted*, attempted; meant; showed a *mind*, or intention to. The original is:—  
 "Hand *mindte* hende forst—og anden gang;—  
 Hun giordis i hiortet sa vee:  
 End blef hand den *'lediste* deif-vel  
 Mand kunde med oyen see.  
 Der hand vilde *minde* den tredie gang," &c.  
*Syth*, tide; time.  
*Kyth*, appear.
28. *Stoend*, hour; time; moment.
29. *Merry* (old Teut. *mere*), famous; renowned; answering, in its etymological meaning, exactly to the Latin *mactus*. Hence *merry-men*, as the address of a chief to his followers; meaning, not men of mirth, but of renown. The term is found in its original sense in the Gael. *mara*, and the Welsh *mawr*, great; and in the oldest Teut. Romances, *mar mer*, and *mere*, have sometimes the same signification.
31. *Mends*, amends; recompense.
33. *Moik*, match; peer; equal.  
*Propne*, pledge; gift.
35. *oe*, an island of the *second* magnitude; an island of the *first* magnitude being called a *land*, and one of the *third* magnitude a *holm*.
36. *Cour'd*, recover'd.

## THE GHAIST'S WARNING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KEMPE VISER,  
 p. 721.

By the permission of Mr. Jamieson, this ballad is added from the same curious Collection. It contains some passages of great pathos.

*Svend Dyring hand rider sig op under oe,*  
*(Varr jeg selver unu)*  
*Der fæste hand sig saa ven en moe.*  
*(Mig lyster udi lunden at ride,) &c.*

Child Dyring has ridden him up under oe,<sup>1</sup>  
*(And O gin I were young!)*  
 There wedded he him sae fair<sup>2</sup> a may.  
*(I the greenwood it lists me to ride.)*

Thegither they lived for seven lang year,  
*(And O, &c.)*  
 And they seven bairns hae gotten in fere.  
*(I the greenwood, &c.)*

<sup>1</sup> Under oe.—The original expression has been preserved here and elsewhere, because no other could be found to supply its place. There is just as much meaning in it as in the translation as in the original; but it is a standard Danish ballad phrase; and as such, it is hoped, will be allowed to pass.

<sup>2</sup> Fair.—The Dan. and Swed. *ven*, *sætt*, or *penne*, and the Gael. *bann*, in the oblique cases *bhan*, (*bann*), is the origin of the Scottish *bann* which has so much puzzled all the etymologists.

Sae Death's come there intill that stead,  
And that winsome lily flower is dead.

That swain he has ridden him up unde oe,  
And syne he has married anither may.

He's married a may, and he's fessen her hame;  
But she was a grim and a laidly dame.

When into the castell court drave she,  
The seveo bairns stood wi' the tear in their ee.

The bairns they stood wi' dule and doubt;—  
She up wi' her foot, and she kick'd them out.

Nor ale nor mead to the bairnies she gave:  
"But hunger and hate frae me ye's have."

She took frae them the bowster blae,  
And said, "Ye sall ligg i' the bare strae!"

She took frae them the groff wax-light:  
Say, "Now ye sall ligg i' the mirk a' night!"

'Twas lang i' the night, and the bairnies grat:  
Their mither she under the mools heard that;

That heard the wife under the eard that lay;  
"For sooth maun I to my bairnies gae!"

That wife can stan up at our Lord's knee,  
And "May I gang and my bairnies see!"

She prigged sae sair, and she prigged sae  
lang,

That he at the last ga'e her leave to gang.

"And thou sall come back when the cock does  
craw,

For thou nae langer sall bide awa."

Wi' her banes sae stark a bowt she gae;  
She's riven baith wa' and marble gray.<sup>1</sup>

Whan near to the dwelling she can gang,  
The dogs they wow'd till the lift it rang.

When she came till the castell yett,  
Her eldest dochter stood thereat.

"Why stand ye here, dear dochter mine?  
How are sm' brithers and sisters thine!"—

"For sooth ye're a woman baith fair and fine;  
But ye are nae dear mither of mine."—

"Och! how should I be fine or fair?  
My cheek it is pale, and the ground's my  
lair."—

"My mither was white, wi' cheek sae red;  
But thou art wan, and liker ane dead."—

"Och! how should I be white and red,  
Sae lang as I've been cauld and dead?"

When she cam till the chalmer in,  
Down the bairns' cheeks the tears did rin.

She baskit the tane, and she brush'd it there;  
She kem'd and plaited the tither's hair.

The thirden she doodl'd upon her knee,  
And the fourthen she dighted sae cannilie.

She's ta'en the fifthen upon her lap,  
And sweetly suckled it at her pap.

Till her eldest dochter syne said she,  
"Ye bid Child Dyring come here to me."

Whan he cam till the chalmer in,  
Wi' angry mood she said to him:

"I left you routh o' ale and bread:  
My bairnies quail for hunger and need.

"I left ahind me braw howsters blae:  
My bairnies are liggin' i' the bare strae.

"I left ye sae mony a groff wax-light;  
My bairnies ligg i' the mirk a' night.

"Gin aft I come back to visit thee,  
Wae, dowy, and weary thy luck shall be."

Up spak little Kirstin in bed that lay:  
"To thy bairnies I'll do the best I may."

Aye when they heard the dog nirr and bell,  
Sae ga'e they the bairnies bread and ale.

Ave whan the dog did wow, in haste  
They cross'd and sain'd themsells frae the  
ghaist.

Aye whan the little dog yowl'd, with fear  
(*And O gin I were young!*)  
They shook at the thought the dead was near.  
(*I' the greenwood it lists me to ride.*)

or,

(*Fair words sae mony a heart they cheer.*)

## GLOSSARY.

- St. 1. *May*, maid.  
*Lists*, pleases.  
2. *Stead*, place.  
3. *Bairns*, children.  
*In fere*, together.  
*Winsome*, engaging; giving joy, (old  
Teut.)  
4. *Syne*, then.  
5. *Fessen*, fetched; brought.  
6. *Drave*, drove.  
7. *Dule*, sorrow.  
*Dout*, fear.  
8. *Bowster*, bolster; cushion; bed.  
*Blae*, blue.  
*Strae*, straw.  
10. *Groff*, great; large in girth.  
*Mark*, mirk; dark.  
11. *Lang i' the night*, late.  
*Grat*, wept.  
*Mools*, mould; earth.  
12. *Eard*, earth.  
*Gae*, go.  
14. *Prigged*, entreated earnestly and perse-  
veringly.  
*Gang*, go.  
15. *Craw*, crow.  
16. *Banes*, bones.  
*Stark*, strong.  
*Bowt*, bolt: elastic spring, like that of a  
bolt or arrow from a bow.  
*Riven*, split asunder.  
*Wa'*, wall.  
17. *Wow'd*, howled.  
*Lift*, sky, firmament; air.  
18. *Yett*, gate.  
19. *Sma'*, small.  
22. *Lire*, complexion.  
23. *Cald*, cold.  
24. *Till*, to.  
*Rin*, run.

<sup>1</sup> The original of this and the following stanza is very  
fine.

"Hun skod op sine modige been,

Der revede naar og græs marmorsteen.  
Der hun gik igenem den by.  
De hunde de tudt saa højt i sky."



25. *Buskit*, dressed.  
*Kem'd*, combed.  
*Tither*, the other.
28. *Routh*, plenty.  
*Quail*, are quelled; die.  
*Need*, want.
29. *Ahind*, behind.  
*Braw*, brave; fine.
31. *Dowry*, sorrowful.
33. *Nirr*, snarl.  
*B'll*, bark.
34. *Sained*, blessed; literally, *signed* with the sign of the cross. Before the introduction of Christianity, *Runes* were used in *saining*, as a spell against the power of enchantment and evil genii.  
*Ghaist*, ghost.

## NOTE 2 Z.

— the moody *Elfin King*.—P. 206.

In a long dissertation upon the Fairy Superstitions, published in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, the most valuable part of which was supplied by my learned and indefatigable friend, Dr. John Leyden, most of the circumstances are collected which can throw light upon the popular belief which even yet prevails respecting them in Scotland. Dr. Grahamie, author of an entertaining work upon the Scenery of the Perthshire Highlands, already frequently quoted, has recorded, with great accuracy, the peculiar tenets held by the Highlanders on this topic, in the vicinity of Loch Katrine. The learned author is inclined to deduce the whole mythology from the Druidical system,—an opinion to which there are many objections.

"The *Daoine Shi'*, or Men of Peace of the Highlanders, though not absolutely malevolent, are believed to be a peevish, repining race of beings, who, possessing themselves but a scanty portion of happiness, are supposed to envy mankind their more complete and substantial enjoyments. They are supposed to enjoy in their subterraneous recesses a sort of shadowy happiness,—a tinsel grandeur; which, however, they would willingly exchange for the more solid joys of mortality.

"They are believed to inhabit certain round grassy eminences, where they celebrate their nocturnal festivities by the light of the moon. About a mile beyond the source of the Forth above Lochcon, there is a place called *Coir-shian*, or the Cove of the Men of Peace, which is still supposed to be a favourite place of their residence. In the neighbourhood are to be seen many round conical eminences; particularly one, near the head of the lake, by the skirts of which many are still afraid to pass after sunset. It is believed, that if, on Halloween, any person, alone, goes round one of these hills nine times, towards the left hand (*sinistrorsum*), a door shall open, by which he will be admitted into their subterraneous abodes. Many, it is said, of mortal race, have been entertained in their secret recesses. There they have been received into the most splendid apartments, and regaled with the most sumptuous banquets, and delicious wines. Their females surpass the daughters of men in

beauty. The seemingly happy inhabitants pass their time in festivity, and in dancing to notes of the softest music. But unhappy is the mortal who joins in their joys, or ventures to partake of their dainties. By this indulgence, he forfeits for ever the society of men, and is bound down irrevocably to the condition of *Shi'ich*, or Man of Peace.

"A woman as is reported in the Highland tradition, was conveyed, in days of yore, into the secret recesses of the Men of Peace. There she was recognised by one who had formerly been an ordinary mortal, but who had, by some fatality, become associated with the *Shi'ichs*. This acquaintance, still retaining some portion of human benevolence, warned her of her danger, and counselled her, as she valued her liberty, to abstain from eating and drinking with them for a certain space of time. She complied with the counsel of her friend; and when the period assigned was elapsed, she found herself again upon earth, restored to the society of mortals. It is added, that when she examined the viands which had been presented to her, and which had appeared so tempting to the eye, they were found, now that the enchantment was removed, to consist only of the refuse of the earth."—P. 107-111.

## NOTE 3 A.

*Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,  
 Our moonlight circle's screen?  
 Or who comes here to chase the deer,  
 Beloved of our Elfin Queen?*—P. 181.

It has been already observed, that fairies, if not positively malevolent, are capricious, and easily offended. They are, like other proprietors of forests, peculiarly jealous of their rights of *vert* and *venison*, as appears from the cause of offence taken, in the original Danish ballad. This jealousy was also an attribute of the northern *Duergar*, or dwarfs; to many of whose distinctions the fairies seem to have succeeded, if, indeed, they are not the same class of beings. In the huge metrical record of German Chivalry, entitled the *Helden-Buch*, Sir Hildebrand, and the other heroes of whom it treats, are engaged in one of their most desperate adventures, from a rash violation of the rose-garden of an *Elfin*, or Dwarf King.

There are yet traces of a belief in this worst and most malicious order of Fairies, among the Border wilds. Dr. Leyden has introduced such a dwarf into his ballad entitled the *Cout of Keeldar*, and has not forgot his characteristic detestation of the chase.

"The third blast that young Keeldar blew,  
 Still stood the limber fern,  
 And a wee man, of swarthy hue,  
 Upstart by a cairn.

"His russet weeds were brown as heath  
 That clothes the upland fell;  
 And the hair of his head was frizzly red  
 As the purple heather-bell.

"An archie, clad in prickles red,  
 Clung cowering to his arm;  
 The bounds they howl'd, and backward fled  
 As struck by fairy charm.

- "Why rises high the stag-hound's cry,  
Where stag-hound ne'er should be?  
Why wakes that horn the silent morn,  
Without the leave of me?"
- "Brown dwarf, that'er the moorland strays,  
Thy name to Keeldar tell!"—  
"The Brown man of the Moors, who stays  
Beneath the heather-bell."
- "Tis sweet beneath the heather-bell  
To live in autumn brow;  
And sweet to hear the Lav'rock's swell,  
Far, far from tower and town."
- "But woe betide the shrilling horn,  
The chase's surly cheer!  
And ever that hooter is forlorn,  
Whom first at morn I hear."

The poetical picture here given of the Duergar corresponds exactly with the following Northumbrian legend, with which I was lately favoured by my learned and kind friend, Mr. Surtees of Mainsforth, who has bestowed indefatigable labour upon the antiquities of the English Border counties. The subject is in itself so curious, that the length of the note will, I hope, be pardoned.

"I have only one record to offer of the appearance of our Northumbrian Duergar. My narratrix is Elizabeth Cockburn, an old wife of Offerton, in this county, whose credit, in a case of this kind, will not, I hope, be much impeached, when I add, that she is, by her dull neighbours, supposed to be occasionally insane, but, by herself, to be at those times endowed with a faculty of seeing visions, and spectral appearances, which shun the common ken.

"In the year before the great rebellion, two young men from Newcastle were sporting on the high moors above Elsdon, and after pursuing their game several hours, sat down to dine in a green glen, near one of the mountain streams. After their repast, the younger lad ran to the brook for water, and after stooping to drink, was surprised, on lifting his head again, by the appearance of a brown dwarf, who stood on a crag covered with brackens, across the burn. This extraordinary personage did not appear to be above half the stature of a common man, but was uncommonly stout and broad-built, having the appearance of vast strength. His dress was entirely brown, the colour of the brackens, and his head covered with frizzled red hair. His countenance was expressive of the most savage ferocity, and his eyes glared like a bull. It seems he addressed the young man first, threatening him with his vengeance, for having trespassed on his demesnes, and asking him if he knew in whose presence he stood? The youth replied, that he now supposed him to be the lord of the moors; that he offended through ignorance; and offered to bring him the game he had killed. The dwarf was a little mollified by this submission, but remarked, that nothing could be more offensive to him than such an offer, as he considered the wild animals as his subjects, and never failed to avenge their destruction. He condescended further to inform him, that he was, like himself, mortal, though of years far exceeding the lot of common humanity; and (what I should not have had an idea of) that he hoped for salvation. He never, he added, fed on any thing that had life, but lived in the summer on

wortle-berries, and in winter on nuts and apples, of which he had great store in the woods. Finally, he invited his new acquaintance to accompany him home and partake his hospitality; an offer which the youth was on the point of accepting, and was just going to spring across the brook (which, if he had done, says Elizabeth, the dwarf would certainly have torn him in pieces), when his foot was arrested by the voice of his companion, who thought he had tarried long; and on looking round again, 'the wee brown man was fled.' The story adds, that he was imprudent enough to slight the admonition, and to sport over the moors on his way homewards; but soon after his return, he fell into a lingering disorder, and died within the year."

### NOTE 3 B.

—*Who may dare on wold to wear  
The fairies' fatal green?*—P. 181.

As the *Daoine Shi*, or Men of Peace, wore green habits, they were supposed to take offence when any mortals ventured to assume their favourite colour. Indeed, from some reason which has been, perhaps, originally a general superstition, green is held in Scotland to be unlucky to particular tribes and counties. The Caithness men, who hold this belief, allege as a reason, that their bands wore that colour when they were cut off at the battle of Flodden; and for the same reason they avoid crossing the Ord on a Monday, being the day of the week on which the ill-omened array set forth. Green is also disliked by those of the name of Ogilvy; but more especially is it held fatal to the whole clan of Graham. It is remembered of an aged gentleman of that name, that when his horse fell in a fox-chase, he accounted for it at once by observing, that the whipcord attached to his lash was of this unlucky colour.

### NOTE 3 C.

*For thou wert christen'd man.*—P. 181.

The elves were supposed greatly to envy the privileges acquired by Christian initiation, and they gave to those mortals who had fallen into their power a certain precedence, founded upon this advantageous distinction. Tamlane, in the old ballad, describes his own rank in the fairy procession:—

"Far I ride on a milk-white steed,  
And aye nearest the tow;—  
Because I was a christen'd knight,  
They give me that renown."

I presume that, in the Danish ballad of the *Elfin Groy* (see Appendix, Note 3 A), the obstinacy of the "Weiest Elf," who would not flee for cross or sign, is to be derived from the circumstance of his having been "christen'd man."

How eager the Elves were to obtain for their offspring the prerogatives of Christianity will be proved by the following story:—"In the district called Haga, in Iceland, dwelt a nobleman called Sigward Forster, who had an intrigue with one of the subterranean females.

The elf became pregnant, and exacted from her lover a firm promise that he would procure the baptism of the infant. At the appointed time, the mother came to the churchyard, on the wall of which she placed a golden cup, and a stole for the priest, agreeable to the custom of making an offering at baptism. She then stood a little apart. When the priest left the church, he enquired the meaning of what he saw, and demanded of Sigward if he avowed himself the father of the child. But Sigward, ashamed of the connection, denied the paternity. He was then interrogated if he desired that the child should be baptized; but this also he answered in the negative, lest, by such request, he should admit himself to be the father. On which the child was left untouched and unbaptized. Whereupon the mother, in extreme wrath, snatched up the infant and the cup, and retired, leaving the priestly cope, of which fragments are in preservation. But this female denounced and imposed upon Sigward and his posterity, to the ninth generation, a singular disease, with which many of his descendants are afflicted at this day." Thus wrote Einar Dudmond, pastor of the parish of Garpsdale, in Iceland, a man profoundly versed in learning, from whose manuscript it was extracted by the learned Torfæus.—*Historia Hrofi Krakiu, Hafnæ, 1715, prefatio.*

### NOTE 3 D.

*And gaily shines the Fairy-land—  
But all is glistening show.*—P. 181.

No fact respecting Fairy-land seems to be better ascertained than the fantastic and illusory nature of their apparent pleasure and splendour. It has been already noticed in the former quotations from Dr. Grahame's entertaining volume, and may be confirmed by the following Highland tradition:—"A woman, whose new-born child had been conveyed by them into their secret abodes, was also carried thither herself, to remain, however, only until she should suckle her infant. She one day, during this period, observed the Shíichs busily employed in mixing various ingredients in a boiling cauldron; and, as soon as the composition was prepared, she remarked that they all carefully anointed their eyes with it, laying the remainder aside for future use. In a moment when they were all absent, she also attempted to anoint her eyes with the precious drug, but had time to apply it to one eye only, when the *Daoine Shí* returned. But with that eye she was henceforth enabled to see everything as it really passed in their secret abodes. She saw every object, not as she hitherto had done, in deceptive splendour and elegance, but in its genuine colours and form. The gaudy ornaments of the apartment were reduced to the walls of a gloomy cavern. Soon after, having discharged her office, she was dismissed to her own home. Still, however, she retained the faculty of seeing, with her medicated eye, every thing that was done, any where in her presence, by the deceptive art of the order. One day, amidst a throng of people, she chanced to observe the *Shíich*, or man of peace, in whose possession she had left her

child; though to every other eye invisible. Prompted by maternal affection, she inadvertently accosted him, and began to enquire after the welfare of her child. The man of peace, astonished at being thus recognized by one of mortal race, demanded how she had been enabled to discover him. Awed by the terrible frown of his countenance, she acknowledged what she had done. He spat in her eye, and extinguished it for ever"—*Grahame's Sketches, p. 116-118.* It is very remarkable, that this story, translated by Dr. Grahame from popular Gaelic tradition, is to be found in the *Otia Imperialia* of Gervase of Tilbury. A work of great interest might be compiled upon the origin of popular fiction, and the transmission of similar tales from age to age, and from country to country. The mythology of one period would then appear to pass into the romance of the next century, and that into the nursery tale of the subsequent ages. Such an investigation, while it went greatly to diminish our ideas of the richness of human invention, would also show, that these fictitious, however wild and childish, possess such charms for the populace, as enable them to penetrate into countries unconnected by manners and language, and having no apparent intercourse to afford the means of transmission. It would carry me far beyond my bounds, to produce instances of this community of fable among nations who never borrowed from each other any thing intrinsically worth learning. Indeed, the wide diffusion of popular fictions may be compared to the facility with which straws and feathers are dispersed abroad by the wind, while valuable metals cannot be transported without trouble and labour. There lives, I believe, only one gentleman, whose unlimited acquaintance with this subject might enable him to do it justice; I mean my friend, Mr. Francis Douce, of the British Museum, whose usual kindness will, I hope, pardon my mentioning his name, while on a subject so closely connected with his extensive and curious researches.

### NOTE 3 E.

*— I sunk down in a sinful fray,  
And, 'twixt life and death, was snatch'd away  
To the joyless Elfin bower.*—P. 181.

The subjects of Fairy-land were recruited from the regions of humanity by a sort of *crimping* system, which extended to adults as well as to infants. Many of those who were in this world supposed to have discharged the debt of nature, had only become denizens of the "Londe of Faery." In the beautiful Fairy Romance of Orfee and Heurodis (Orpheus and Eurydice) in the Auchinleck MS. is the following striking enumeration of persons thus abstracted from middle earth. Mr. Ritson unfortunately published this romance from a copy in which the following, and many other highly poetical passages, do not occur:—

"Then he gan bihold about al,  
And seighe ful liggend with in the wal,  
Of folk that were thidder y-brought,  
And thought dede and nere nought;  
Some atode withouten hedde;  
And som non atmes nade;



And some thurch the bodi hadde wounde;  
 And some lay wode y-bounde;  
 And sum armed on hors sete;  
 And sum astrangled as thaj etc;  
 And sum war la water adreynt;  
 And sum with fra al frochreyut  
 Wives ther lay on childe bedde;  
 Sum dede, and sum awode;  
 And wonder feie ther lay besides,  
 Right as thaj slepe her undertides;  
 Eche was thus in the warl y-nome,  
 With fairi thider y-come."

## NOTE 3 F.

*Who ever reck'd, where, how, or when,  
 The prowling fox was trapp'd or slain?*—P. 184.

St. John actually used this illustration when engaged in confuting the plea of law proposed for the unfortunate Earl of Strafford: "It was true, we gave laws to hares and deer, because they are beasts of chase; but it was never accounted either cruelly or foul play to knock foxes or wolves on the head as they can be found, because they are beasts of prey. In a word, the law and humanity were alike; the one being more fallacious, and the other more barbarous, than in any age had been vented in such an authority."—*Clarendon's History of the Rebellion*. Oxford, 1702, fol. vol. p. 183.

## NOTE 3 G.

*his Highland cheer,  
 The harden'd flesh of mountain-deer.*—P. 185.

The Scottish Highlanders in former times, had a concise mode of cooking their venison, or rather of dispensing with cooking it, which appears greatly to have surprised the French whom chance made acquainted with it. The Vidame of Chartres, when a hostage in England, during the reign of Edward VI., was permitted to travel into Scotland, and penetrated as far as to the remote Highlands (*ou fin fond des Sauvages*). After a great hunting party, at which a most wonderful quantity of game was destroyed, he saw these *Scottish Savages* devour a part of their venison raw, without any farther preparation than compressing it between two batons of wood, so as to force out the blood, and render it extremely hard. This they reckoned a great delicacy; and when the Vidame partook of it, his compliance with their taste rendered him extremely popular. This curious trait of manners was communicated by Mous. de Montmorency, a great friend of the Vidame, to Brantome, by whom it is recorded in *Vies des Hommes Illustres, Discours*, lxxxix, art. 14. The process by which the raw venison was rendered eatable is described very minutely in the romance of *Perceforest*, where Estonne, a Scottish knight-errant, having slain a deer, says to his companion Claudius: "Sire, or mangerez vous et moi aussi. Voire si nous avions de feu, dit Claudius. Par l'ame de mon pere, dist Estonne, ie vous atourneray et cuiray la maniere de nostre pays comme pour cheualier errant. Lors tira son espee, et sen vint a la branche d'ung arbre, et y fait vng grant trou, et puis fend la branche bien dieux piedz, et boute la cuisse du serf entredeux, et

puis prent le licol de son cheval, et en lye la branche, et destraint si fort, que le sang et les humeurs de la chair saillent hors, et demeure la chair douce et seiche. Lors prent la chair, et oste ius le coir, et la chaire demeure aussi blanche comme si ce feust d'ung chappon. Dont dist a Claudius, Sire, ie la vous ay cuiste a la guise de mon pays, vous en pouvez manger hardyement, car ie mangeray premier. Lors met sa main a sa selle en vng lieu quil y avoit, et tire hors sel et poudre de poivre et gingembre, mesle ensemble, et le iecte dessus, et le frote sus bien fort, puis le coupe a moiyte, et en donne a Claudius l'une des pieces, et puis mort en l'autre aussi sauouressement quil est aduis que il en feist la poudre voler. Quant Claudius veit quil le mangeoit de tel goust, il en print grant faim, et commence a manger tres volentiers, et dist a Estonne: Par l'ame de moy, ie ne mangeay oncquesnus de chair atournee de telle guise: mais dorensauant ie ne me retourneroye pas hors de mon cheuin par auoir la cuite. Sire, dist Estonne, quant ie suis en desers d'Ecosse, dont ie suis seigneur, ie cheuachery huit iours ou quinze que ie n'entreray en chasteil ne en maison, et si ne verray feu ne personne viuant fors que bestes sauvages, et de celles mangeray atournees en ceste maniere, et mieulx me plaira que la viande de l'empereur. Ainsi sen vout maneeer et cheuachant iusques adonc quilz arriuerent sur une moult belle fontaine que estoit en vne valee. Quant Estonne la vit il dist a Claudius, allons boire a ceste fontaine. Or beuons, dist Estonne, du boir que le grant dieu a pourueu a toutes gens, et que me plaist mieulx que les ceruoiues d'Angleterre."—*La Tres-legante Hystoire du tresnoble Roy Perceforest*. Paris, 1531, fol. tome i. fol. lv. vers.

After all, it may be doubted whether the *chaire nostree*, for so the French called the venison thus summarily prepared, was any thing more than a mere rude kind of deer-ham.

## NOTE 3 H.

*Not then claim'd sovereignty his due  
 While Albany, with feeble hand,  
 Held borrow'd truncheon of command.*—P. 186.

There is scarcely a more disorderly period in Scottish history than that which succeeded the battle of Flodden, and occupied the minority of James V. Feuds of ancient standing broke out like old wounds, and every quarrel among the independent nobility, which occurred daily, and almost hourly, gave rise to fresh bloodshed. "There arose," says Pitcottie, "great trouble and deadly feuds in many parts of Scotland, both in the north and west parts. The Master of Forbes, in the north, slew the Laird of Meldrum, under trust:" (i. e. *on agreed and secure meeting*.) "Likewise, the Laird of Drummelzier slew the Lord Fleming at the hawking; and likewise there was slaughter among many other great lords.—P. 121. Nor was the matter much mended under the government of the Earl of Angus: for though he caused the King to ride through all Scotland, "under the pretence and colour of justice, to punish thief and traitor, none were found greater than were in their own coun-

pany. And none at that time durst strive with a Douglas, nor yet a Douglas's man; for if they would, they got the worst. Therefore, none durst plainzie of no extortion, theft, reiff, nor slaughter, done to them by the Douglasses, or their men; in that cause they were not heard, so long as the Douglas had the court in guiding."—*Ibid*, p. 133.

## NOTE 3 I.

*The Gael, of plain and river heir,  
Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.*

P. 186.

The ancient Highlanders verified in their practice the lines of Gray:—

"An iron race the mountain cliffs maintain,  
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain;  
For where unwearied snows must be found,  
With wide-long plough to quell the flinty ground;  
To turn the torrent's swift descending food;  
To tame the savage rushing from the wood;  
What wonder if, to patient valour train'd,  
They guard with spirit what by strength they gain'd:  
And while their rocky ramparts round they see  
The rough abode of want and liberty,  
(As lawless force from confidence will grow),  
Insult the plenty of the vales below!"

*Fragment on the Alliance of Education  
and Government.*

So far, indeed, was a *Creagh*, or foray, from being held disgraceful, that a young chief was always expected to show his talents for command as soon as he assumed it, by leading his clan on a successful enterprize of this nature, either against a neighbouring sept, for which constant feuds usually furnished an apology, or against the *Sassenach*, Saxons, or Lowlanders, for which no apology was necessary. The Gael, great traditional historians, never forgot that the Lowlands had, at some remote period, been the property of their Celtic forefathers, which furnished an ample vindication of all the ravages that they could make on the unfortunate districts which lay within their reach. Sir James Grant of Grant is in possession of a letter of apology from Cameron of Lochiel, whose men had committed some depredation upon a farm called Moines, occupied by one of the Grants. Lochiel assures Grant, that, however the mistake had happened, his instructions were precise, that the party should foray the province of Moray (a Lowland district), where, as he coolly observes, "all men take their prey."

## NOTE 3 K.

*I only meant  
To show the reed on which you lean'd,  
Deeming this path you might pursue  
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.*—P. 187.

This incident, like some other passages in the poem, illustrative of the character of the ancient Gael, is not imaginary, but borrowed from fact. The Highlanders, with the inconsistency of most nations in the same state, were alternately capable of great exertions of generosity, and of cruel revenge and perfidy. The following story I can only quote from tra-

dition, but with such an assurance from those by whom it was communicated, as permits me little doubt of its authenticity. Early in the last century, John Gunn, a noted Cateran, or Highland robber, infested Inverness-shire, and levied *black-mail* up to the walls of the provincial capital. A garrison was there maintained in the castle of that town, and their pay (country banks being unknown) was usually transmitted in specie, under the guard of a small escort. It chanced that the officer who commanded this little party was unexpectedly obliged to halt, about thirty miles from Inverness, at a miserable inn. About night-fall, a stranger, in the Highland dress, and of very prepossessing appearance, entered the same house. Separate accommodation being impossible, the Englishman offered the newly-arrived guest a part of his supper, which was accepted with reluctance. By the conversation he found his new acquaintance knew well all the passes of the country, which induced him eagerly to request his company on the ensuing morning. He neither disguised his business and charge, nor his apprehensions of that celebrated freebooter, John Gunn.—The Highlander hesitated a moment, and then frankly consented to be his guide. Forth they set in the morning; and, in travelling through a solitary and dreary glen, the discourse again turned on John Gunn. "Would you like to see him?" said the guide; and, without waiting an answer to this alarming question, he whistled, and the English officer, with his small party, were surrounded by a body of Highlanders, whose numbers put resistance out of question, and who were all well armed. "Stranger," resumed the guide, "I am that very John Gunn by whom you feared to be intercepted, and not without cause: for I came to the inn last night with the express purpose of learning your route, that I and my followers might ease you of your charge by the road. But I am incapable of betraying the trust you reposed in me, and having convinced you that you were in my power, I can only dismiss you unplundered and uninjured." He then gave the officer directions for his journey, and disappeared with his party as suddenly as they had presented themselves.

## NOTE 3 L.

*On Bochastle the mouldering lines,  
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,  
Of yore her eagle-wings unfurl'd.*—P. 187.

The torrent which discharges itself from Loch Venachar, the lowest and eastmost of the three lakes which form the scenery adjoining to the Trosachs, sweeps through a flat and extensive moor, called Bochastle. Upon a small eminence, called the *Din* of Bochastle, and indeed on the plain itself, are some intrenchments, which have been thought Roman. There is, adjacent to Callender, a sweet villa, the residence of Captain Fairfoul, entitled the Roman Camp.

One of the most entire and beautiful remains of a Roman encampment now to be

found in Scotland, is to be seen at Ardoch, near Greenloaning, about six miles to the eastward of Dunblane. This encampment is supposed, on good grounds, to have been constructed during the fourth campaign of Agricola in Britain; it is 1060 feet in length, and 900 in breadth; it could contain 26,000 men, according to the ordinary distribution of the Roman soldiers in their encampments. There appears to have been three or four ditches, strongly fortified, surrounding the camp. The four entries crossing the lines are still to be seen distinctly. The *general's quarter* rises above the level of the camp, but is not exactly in the centre. It is a regular square of twenty yards, enclosed with a stone wall, and containing the foundations of a house, 30 feet by 20. There is a subterraneous communication, with a smaller encampment at a little distance, in which several Roman helmets, spears, &c., have been found. From this camp at Ardoch, the great Roman highway runs east to Bertha, about 14 miles distant, where the Roman army is believed to have passed over the Tay into Strathmore."—*Grahame.*

### NOTE 3 M.

*See, here, all vantageless I stand,  
Arm'd, like thyself, with single brand.*—P. 187.

The duellists of former times did not always stand upon those punctilios respecting equality of arms, which are now judged essential to fair combat. It is true, that in former combats in the lists, the parties were, by the judges of the field, put as nearly as possible in the same circumstances. But in private duel it was often otherwise. In that desperate combat which was fought between Quelus, a minion of Henry III. of France, and Antraquet, with two seconds on each side, from which only two persons escaped alive, Quelus complained that his antagonist had over him the advantage of a poniard which he used in parrying, while his left hand, which he was forced to employ for the same purpose, was cruelly mangled. When he charged Antraquet with this odds, "Thou hast done wrong," answered he, "to forget thy dagger at home. We are here to fight, and not to settle punctilios of arms." In a similar duel, however, a younger brother of the house of Aubanye, in Angoulesme, behaved more generously on the like occasion, and at once threw away his dagger when his enemy challenged it as an undue advantage. But at this time hardly any thing can be conceived more horribly brutal and savage than the mode in which private quarrels were conducted in France. Those who were most jealous of the point of honour, and acquired the title of *Ruffines*, did not scruple to take every advantage of strength, numbers, surprise, and arms, to accomplish their revenge. The Sieur de Brantome, to whose discourse on duels I am obliged for these particulars, gives the following account of the death and principles of his friend, the Baron de Vitaur:—

"J'ay oui conter a un Tircur d'armes, qui apprit a Milaud a en tirer, lequel s'appellait

Seigneur le Jacques Ferron, de la ville d'Ast, qui avoit esté a moy, il fut despuis tué a Sainte-Basille en Gascogne, lors que Monsieur du Mayne l'assiégea lui servant d'Ingénieur; et de malheur, je l'avois adressé audit Baron quelques trois mois auparavant, pour l'exercer a tirer, bien qu'il en sceust peu; mais il ne'eo fit compte; et le laissant, Milaud s'en servit, et le rendit fort adroit. Ce Seigneur Jacques donc me raconta, qu'il s'estoit monté sur un noyer, assez loing, pour en voir le combat, et qu'il ne vist jamais homme y aller plus bravement, ny plus résolument, ny de grace plus assenrée ny déterminée. Il commença de marcher de cinquante pas vers son ennemy, relevant souvent ses moustaches en haut d'une main; et estant a vingt pas de son ennemy, (non plustost,) il mit la main a l'espée qu'il tenoit en la main, non qu'il l'eust tirée encore; mais en marchant, il fit voller le fourreau en l'air, en le secouant, ce qui est le beau de cela, et qui monstroit bien une grace de combat bien assenrée et froide, et nullement ténéraire, comme il y en a qui tirent leurs espées de cinq cents pas de l'ennemy, voire de mille, comme j'en ay veu aucuns. Ainsi mourut ce brave Baron, le paragon de France, qu'on nommoit tel, a bien venger ses querelles, par grandes et déterminées résolutions. Il n'estoit pas seulement estimé en France, mais en Italie, Espagne, Allemagne, en Boulogne et Angleterre; et desiroient fort les Estrangers, venant en France, le voir; car je l'ay veu, tant sa renommée volloit. Il estoit fort petit de corps, mais fort grand de courage. Ses ennemis disoient qu'il ne tuoit pas bien ses geus, que par advantages et supercheries. Certes, je tiens de grands capitaines, et mesme d'Italiens, qui ont esté d'autres fois les premiers vengeurs du monde, in *opni modo*, disoient-ils, qui ont tenu cette maxime, qu'une supercherie ne se doit payer que par semblable monnoye, et n'y alloit point la de déshonneur."—*Oeuvres de Brantome*, Paris, 1767-8. Tome viii. p. 90-92. It may be necessary to inform the reader, that this paragon of France was the most foul assassin of his time, and had committed many desperate murders, chiefly by the assistance of his hired banditti; from which it may be conceived how little the point of honour of the period deserved its name. I have chosen to give my heroes, who are indeed of an earlier period, a stronger tincture of the spirit of chivalry.

### NOTE 3 N

*Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,  
That on the field his targe he threw,  
For train'd abroad his arms to wield  
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.*

P. 188.

A round target of light wood, covered with strong leather, and studded with brass or iron, was a necessary part of a Highlander's equipment. In charging regular troops, they received the thrust of the bayonet in this buckler, twisted it aside, and used the broadsword against the encumbered soldier. In the civil war of 1745, most of the front rank of the clans were thus armed: and Captain Grose



informs us, that, in 1747, the privates of the 42d regiment, then in Flanders, were, for the most part, permitted to carry targets—*Military Antiquities*, vol. i. p. 164. A person thus armed had a considerable advantage in private fray. Among verses between Swift and Sheridan, lately published by Dr. Barret, there is an account of such an encounter, in which the circumstances, and consequently the relative superiority of the combatants, are precisely the reverse of those in the text:—

"A Highlander once fought a Frenchman at Margate,  
The weapons, a rapier, a backsword, and target;  
Brisk Monsieur advanced as fast as he could,  
But all his fine pushes were caught in the wood,  
And Sawney, with backsword, did slash him and nick  
him,  
While 't'other, enraged that he could not once prick him,  
Cried, 'Sirrah, you rascal, you son of a whore,  
Me will fight you, be gar! if you'll come from your  
door."

The use of defensive armour, and particularly of the buckler, or target, was general in Queen Elizabeth's time, although that of the single rapier seems to have been occasionally practised much earlier. Rowland Yorke, however, who betrayed the fort of Zutphen to the Spaniards, for which good service he was afterwards poisoned by them, is said to have been the first who brought the rapier fight into general use. Fuller, speaking of the swash-bucklers, or bullies, of Queen Elizabeth's time, says—"West Smithfield was formerly called Roffian's Hall, where such men usually met, casually or otherwise, to try *masteries* with sword and buckler. More were frightened than hurt, more hurt than killed there-with, it being accounted unmanly to strike beneath the knee. But since that desperate traitor Rowland Yorke first introduced thrusting with rapiers, sword and buckler are disused." In "The Two Angry Women of Abingdon," a comedy, printed in 1599, we have a pathetic complaint:—"Sword and buckler fight begins to grow out of use. I am sorry for it: I shall never see good manhood again. If it be once gone, this poking fight of rapier and dagger will come up; then a tall man, and a good sword-and-buckler man, will be spitted like a cat or rabbit." But the rapier had upon the continent long superseded, in private duel, the use of sword and shield. The masters of the noble science of defence were chiefly Italians. They made great mystery of their art and mode of instruction, never suffered any person to be present but the scholar who was to be taught, and even examined closets, beds, and other places of possible concealment. Their lessons often gave the most treacherous advantages; for the challenger, having the right to choose his weapons, frequently selected some strange, unusual, and inconvenient kind of arms, the use of which he practised under these instructors, and thus killed at his ease his antagonist, to whom it was presented for the first time on the field of battle. See *Brantome's Discourse on Duels*, and the work on the same subject, "*si gentement écrit*," by the venerable Dr. Paris de Puteo. The Highlanders continued to use broadsword and target until disarmed after the affair of 1745-6.

## NOTE 3 O.

*Thy threats, thy mercy I defy!*  
*Let recreant yield, who fears to die*—P. 188.

I have not ventured to render this duel so savagely desperate as that of the celebrated Sir Ewan of Lochiel, chief of the clan Cameron, called, from his subtle complexion, Ewan Dhu. He was the last man in Scotland who maintained the royal cause during the great Civil War, and his constant incursions rendered him a very unpleasant neighbour to the republican garrison at Inverlochry, now Fort-William. The governor of the fort detached a party of three hundred men to lay waste Lochiel's possessions, and cut down his trees; but, in a sudden and desperate attack made upon them by the chieftain with very inferior numbers, they were almost all cut to pieces. The skirmish is detailed in a curious memoir of Sir Ewan's life, printed in the Appendix of Pennant's *Scottish Tour*.

"In this engagement, Lochiel himself had several wonderful escapes. In the retreat of the English, one of the strongest and bravest of the officers retired behind a bush, when he observed Lochiel pursuing, and seeing him unaccompanied with any, he leapt out, and thought him his prey. They met one another with equal fury. The combat was long and doubtful: the English gentleman had by far the advantage in strength and size; but Lochiel, exceeding him in nimbleness and agility, in the end tript the sword out of his hand: they closed and wrestled, till both fell to the ground in each other's arms. The English officer got above Lochiel, and pressed him hard, but stretching forth his neck, by attempting to disengage himself, Lochiel, who by this time had his hands at liberty, with his left hand seized him by the collar, and jumping at his extended throat, he bit it with his teeth quite through, and kept such a hold of his grasp, that he brought away his mouthful: this, he said, *was the sweetest bit he ever had in his lifetime.*"—Vol. i. p. 375.

## NOTE 3 P.

*Ye towers! within whose circuit dread*  
*A Douglas by his sovereign bled;*  
*And thou, O sad and fatal mound!*  
*That oft hast heard the death-axe sound.*

P. 189.

An eminence on the north-east of the Castle, where state criminals were executed. Stirling was often polluted with noble blood. It is thus apostrophized by J. Johnston:—

"Discordia tristis  
Heu quoties procerum sanguine linxit hamum!  
Hoc uno infelix, et felix cetera; nusquam  
Lactior aut coeli frons genivæ soli."

The fate of William, eighth Earl of Douglas, whom James II. stabbed in Stirling Castle with his own hand, and while under his royal safe-conduct, is familiar to all who read Scottish history. Murdock Duke of Albany, Duncan Earl of Lennox, his father-in-law, and his two sons, Walter and Alexander Stuart, were executed at Stirling, in 1425. They were beheaded upon an eminence without the castle

1 See Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare, vol. II. p. 61.

walls, but making part of the same hill, from whence they could behold their strong castle of Doune, and their extensive possessions. This "heading hill," as it was sometimes termed, bears commonly the less terrible name of Hurly-hacket, from its having been the scene of a courtly amusement alluded to by Sir David Lindsay, who says of the pastimes in which the young king was engaged,

"Some harled him to the Hurly-hacket;"

which consisted in sliding, in some sort of char it may be supposed, from top to bottom of a smooth bank. The boys of Edinburgh, about twenty years ago, used to play at the hurly-hacket, on the Calton-Hill, using for their seat a horse's skull.

### NOTE 3 Q.

*The burghers hold their sports to-day.*—P. 189.

Every burgh of Scotland, of the least note, but more especially the considerable towns, had their solemn *play*, or festival, when feats of archery were exhibited, and prizes distributed to those who excelled in wrestling, hurling the bar, and the other gymnastic exercises of the period. Stirling, a usual place of royal residence, was not likely to be deficient in pomp upon such occasions, especially since James V. was very partial to them. His ready participation in these popular amusements was one cause of his acquiring the title of King of the Commons, or *Rex Plebeiorum*, as Lesley has latinized it. The usual prize to the best shooter was a silver arrow. Such a one is preserved at Selkirk and at Peebles. At Dumfries, a silver gun was substituted, and the contention transferred to fire-arms. The ceremony, as there performed, is the subject of an excellent Scottish poem, by Mr. John Mayne, entitled the Siller Gun, 1808, which surpasses the efforts of Fergusson, and comes near to those of Burns.

Of James's attachment to archery, Pitcottie, the faithful, though rude recorder of the manners of that period, has given us evidence:—

"In this year there came an ambassador out of England, named Lord William Howard, with a bishop with him, with many other gentlemen, to the number of threescore horse, which were all able men and waled [picked] men for all kinds of games and pastimes, shooting, leaping, running, wrestling, and casting of the stone, but they were well 'sayed [essayed or tried] ere they passed out of Scotland, and that by their own provocation; but ever they tint: till at last the Queen of Scotland, the king's mother, favoured the Englishmen, because she was the King of England's sister; and therefore she took an enterprise of archery upon the Englishmen's hands, contrary her son the king, and any six in Scotland that he would wale, either gentlemen or yeomen, that the Englishmen should shoot against them, either at pricks, revers, or butts, as the Scots pleased.

"The king, hearing this of his mother, was content, and gart her pawa a hundred crowns, and a tun of wine, upon the Englishmen's hands; and he incontinent laid down as much

for the Scottish-men. The field and ground was chosen in St. Andrews, and three landed men and three yeomen chosen to shoot against the English-men,—to wit, David Wemyss of that ilk, David Arnot of that ilk, and Mr. John Wedderburn, vicar of Dundee; the yeomen, John Thomson, in Leith, Steven Taberner, with a piper, called Alexander Baillie; they shot very near, and warred [worsted] the Englishmen of the enterprise, and wan the hundred crowns and the tun of wine, which made the king very merry that his men wan the victory."—P. 147.

### NOTE 3 R.

*Robin Hood.*—P. 190.

The exhibition of this renowned outlaw and his band was a favourite frolic at such festivals as we are describing. This sporting, in which kings did not disdain to be actors, was prohibited in Scotland upon the Reformation, by a statute of the 6th Parliament of Queen Mary, c. 61. A. D. 1555, which ordered, under heavy penalties, that "na manner of person be chosen Robert Hude, nor Little John, Abbot of Unreason, Queen of May, nor otherwise." But in 1561, the "rascal multitude," says John Knox, "were stirred up to make a Robin Hude, whilk enormity was of many years left and damned by statute and act of Parliament; yet would they not be forbidden." Accordingly, they raised a very serious tumult, and at length made prisoners the magistrates who endeavoured to suppress it, and would not release them till they extorted a formal promise that no one should be punished for his share of the disturbance. It would seem, from the complaints of the General Assembly of the Kirk, that these profane festivities were continued down to 1592.<sup>1</sup> Bold Robin was, to say the least, equally successful in maintaining his ground against the reformed clergy of England: for the simple and evangelical Latiner complains of coming to a country church, where the people refused to hear him, because it was Robin Hood's day; and his mitre and rochet were fain to give way to the village pastime. Much curious information on this subject may be found in the Preliminary Dissertation to the late Mr. Ritson's edition of the songs respecting this memorable outlaw. The game of Robin Hood was usually acted in May; and he was associated with the morrice-dancers, on whom so much illustration has been bestowed by the commentators on Shakspeare. A very lively picture of these festivities, containing a great deal of curious information on the subject of the private life and amusements of our ancestors, was thrown, by the late ingenious Mr. Strutt, into his romance entitled *Queenhoob Hall*, published after his death, in 1808.

### NOTE 3 S.

*Indifferent as to archer wight,  
The monarch gave the arrow bright.*—P. 190.

The Douglas of the poem is an imaginary person, a supposed uncle of the Earl of Angus.

But the King's behaviour during an unexpected interview with the Laird of Kilspondie, one of the banished Douglasses, under circumstances similar to those in the text, is imitated from a real story told by Hume of Godscroft. I would have availed myself more fully of the simple and affecting circumstances of the old history, had they not been already woven into a pathetic ballad by my friend, Mr. Finlay.<sup>1</sup>

"His (the king's) implacability (towards the family of Douglas) did also appear in his carriage towards Archibald of Kilspondie, whom he, when he was a child, loved singularly well for his ability of body, and was wont to call him his Grey-Steil.<sup>2</sup> Archibald, being banished into England, could not well comport with the humour of that nation, which he thought to be too proud, and that they had too high a conceit of themselves, joined with a contempt and despising of all others. Wherefore, being wearied of that life, and remembering the king's favour of old towards him, he determined to try the king's mercifulness and clemency. So he comes into Scotland, and taking occasion of the king's hunting in the park at Stirling, he casts himself to be in his way, as he was coming home to the castle. So soon as the king saw him afar off, ere he came near, he guessed it was he, and said to one of his courtiers, yonder is my Gray-Steil, Archibald of Kilspondie, if he be alive. The other answered, that it could not be he, and that he durst not come into the king's presence. The king approaching, he fell upon his knees and craved pardon, and promised from thenceforward to abstain from meddling in public affairs, and to lead a quiet and private life. The king went by without giving him any answer, and trotted a good round pace up the hill. Kilspondie followed, and though he wore on him a secret, or shirt of mail, for his particular enemies, was as soon at the castle gate as the king. There he sat him down upon a stone without, and entreated some of the king's servants for a cup of drink, being weary and thirsty; but they, fearing the king's displeasure, durst give him none. When the king was set at his dinner, he asked what he had done, what he had said, and whither he had gone. It was told him that he had desired a cup of drink, and had gotten none. The king reproved them very sharply for their discourtesy, and told them, that if he had not taken an oath that no Douglas should ever serve him, he would have received him into his service, for he had seen him sometime a man of great ability. Then he sent him word to go to Leith, and expect his further pleasure. Then some kinsman of David Falconer, the cannoner, that was slain at Tantalion, began to quarrel with Archibald about the matter, wherewith the king showed himself not well pleased when he heard of it. Then he commanded him to go to France for a certain space, till he heard farther from him. And so he did, and died shortly after. This gave occasion to the King of England, (Henry VIII.) to blame his nephew, alleging the old saying, That a king's face should give grace. For this Archibald (whatsoever were Angus's or Sir George's fault) had not been principal actor

of anything, nor no counsellor nor stirrer up, but only a follower of his friends, and that no ways cruelly disposed."—*Hume of Godscroft*, ii. 107.

## NOTE 3 T.

*Prize of the wrestling match, the King  
To Douglas gave a golden ring.*—P. 190.

The usual prize of a wrestling was a ram and a ring, but the animal would have embarrassed my story. Thus, in the Cokes Tale of Gamelyn, ascribed to Chaucer:

"There happed to be there beside  
Tried a wrestling;  
And therefore there was y-setten  
A ram and als a ring."

Again the *Lilil Geste of Robin Hood*:

... "By a bridge was a wrestling,  
And there taryed was he,  
And there was all the best yemen  
Of all the west country.  
A full fayre game there was set up,  
A white bull up y-pight,  
A great courser with saddle and brydle,  
With gold burnished full bryght;  
A payre of gloves, a red gode ringe,  
A pipe of wine, good fay:  
What man bereth him best, I wis,  
The prise shall bear away."

*Ritson's Robin Hood*, vol. 1.

## NOTE 3 U.

*These drew not for their fields the sword,  
Like tenants of a feudal lord,  
Nor own'd the patriarchal claim  
Of chieftain in their leader's name;  
Adventurers they*—P. 192.

The Scottish armies consisted chiefly of the nobility and barons, with their vassals, who held lands under them, for military service by themselves and their tenants. The patriarchal influence exercised by the heads of clans in the Highlands and Borders was of a different nature, and sometimes at variance with feudal principles. It flowed from the *Patria Potestas*, exercised by the chieftain as representing the original father of the whole name, and was often obeyed in contradiction to the feudal superior. James V. seems first to have introduced, in addition to the militia furnished from these sources, the service of a small number of mercenaries, who formed a body-guard, called the Foot-Band. The satirical poet, Sir David Lindsay (or the person who wrote the prologue to his play of the "Three Estaites," has introduced Finlay of the Foot-Band, who, after much swaggering upon the stage, is at length put to fight by the Fool, who terrifies him by means of a sheep's skull upon a pole. I have rather chosen to give them the harsh features of the mercenary soldiers of the period, than of this Scottish Thraso. These partook of the character of the Adventurous Companions of Froissart or the Condottieri of Italy.

One of the best and liveliest traits of such

<sup>1</sup> See Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads. Glasgow, 1808, vol. ii. p. 117.

<sup>2</sup> A champion of popular romance. See *Ellice's Romances*, vol. iii.



manners is the last will of a leader, called Geoffroy Tete Noir, who having been slightly wounded in a skirmish, his intemperance brought on a mortal disease. When he found himself dying, he summoned to his bedside the adventurers whom he commanded, and thus addressed them:—

“*Fayre sirs, quod Geffray, I knowe well ye have always served and honoured me as men ought to serve their soveraygne and capitayne, and I shal be the gladder if ye wyll agre to have to your capitayne one that is descended of my blode. Beholde here Aleyne Roux, my cosyn, and Peter his brother, who are men of armes and of my blode. I require you to make Aleyne your capitayne, and to swere to hym faythe, obeysaunce, love, and loyalte, here in my presence, and also to his brother: how be it, I wyll that Aleyne have the soverayne charge. Sir, quod they, we are well content, for ye have ryght well chosen. There all the conpanyons made them breke no poynt of that ye have ordayned and commaunded.*”—*Lord Berner's Froissart.*

## NOTE 3 V.

*Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp!  
Get thee an ape, and trudge the land,  
The leader of a juggler band.*—P. 193.

The jongleurs, or jugglers, as we learn from the elaborate work of the late Mr Strutt, on the sports and pastimes of the people of England, used to call in the aid of various assistants, to render these performances as captivating as possible. The glee-maiden was a necessary attendant. Her duty was tumbling and dancing; and therefore the Anglo-Saxon version of Saint Mark's Gospel states Herodias to have vaulted or tumbled before King Herod. In Scotland, these poor creatures seem, even at a late period, to have been bondswomen to their masters, as appears from a case reported by Fountainhall:—“*Reid the mountebank pursues Scott of Harden and his lady, for stealing away from him a little girl, called the tumbling-lassie, that danced upon his stage: and he claimed damages, and produced a contract, whereby he bought her from her mother for 30*l.* Scots. But we have no slaves in Scotland, and mothers cannot sell their bairns; and physicians attested the employment of tumbling would kill her; and her joints were now grown stiff, and she declined to return; though she was at least a 'prentice, and so could not run away from her master: yet some cited Moses's law, that if a servant shelter himself with thee, against his master's cruelty, thou shalt surely not deliver him up. The Lords, renitente cancellario, assoilzied Harden, on the 27th of January (1687).*”—*Fountainhall's Decisions*, vol. i. p. 439.

The facetious qualities of the ape soon rendered him an acceptable addition to the strolling band of the jongleur. Ben Jonson, in his splenic introduction to the comedy of “*Bartholomew Fair*,” is at pains to inform the audience “*that he has ne'er a sword-and-buckler man in his Fair, nor a juggler, with a well-educated ape, to come over the chaine for the*

King of England, and hack again for the Prince, and sit still on his haunches for the Pope and the King of Spaine.”

## NOTE 3 W.

*That stirring air that peals on high,  
O'er Dermid's race our victory.—  
Strike it!*—P. 195.

There are several instances, at least in tradition, of persons so much attached to particular tunes, as to require to hear them on their deathbed. Such an anecdote is mentioned by the late Mr. Riddell of Glenriddel, in his collection of Border tunes, respecting an air called the “*Dandling of the Bairns*,” for which a certain Gallovidian laird is said to have evinced this strong mark of partiality. It is popularly told of a famous freebooter, that he composed the tune known by the name of *Macpherson's Rant*, while under sentence of death, and played it at the gallows-tree. Some spirited words have been adapted to it by Burns. A similar story is recounted of a Welsh bard, who composed and played on his deathbed the air called *Dafydd Garregg Wen*. But the most curious example is given by Brantome, of a maid of honour at the court of France, entitled, *Mademoiselle de Limeuil*. “*Durant sa maladie, dont elle trespassa, jamais elle ne cessa, ains causa tousjours; car elle estoit fort grande parleuse, brocardeuse, et tres-bien et fort a propos, et tres-belle avec cela. Quand l'heure de sa fin fut venue, elle fit venir a soy son valet (ainsi que le filles de la cour en ont chacune un), qui s'appelloit Julien, et scavoit tres-bien jouer du violon. 'Julien,' luy dit elle, 'prenez vostre violon, et sonnez moy tousjours jusques a ce que vous me voyez morte (car je u'y en vais) la défaite des Suisses, et le mieux que vous pourrez, et quand vous serez sur le mot, 'Tout est perdu,' sonnez le par quatre ou cinq fois le plus piteusement que vous pourrez, ce qui fit l'autre, et elle-mesme luy adoit de la voix, et quand ce vint 'tout est perdu,' elle le réitera par deux fois; et se tournant de l'autre costé du chevet, elle dit a ses compagnes: 'Tout est perdu a ce coup, et a bon escient;' et ainsi décéda. Voila une morte jnyeuë et plaisante. Je tiens ce conte de deux de ses compaigner, dignes de foi, qui virent jouer ce mystere.*”—*Ouvres de Brantome*, iii. 507. The tune to which this fair lady chose to make her final exit, was composed on the defeat of the Swiss at Marignano. The burden is quoted by Panurge, in *Rabelais*, and consists of these words, imitating the jargon of the Swiss, which is a mixture of French and German:

“*Tout est verlore,  
La Tintelore,  
Tout est verlore, bi Got!*”

## NOTE 3 X.

*Battle of Beal' on Duine.*—P. 195.

A skirmish actually took place at a pass thus called in the *Trosachs*, and closed with the remarkable incident mentioned in the text.

It was greatly posterior in date to the reign of James V.

"In this roughly-wooded island, the country people secreted their wives and children, and their most valuable effects, from the rapacity of Cromwell's soldiers, during their inroad into this country, in the time of the republic. These invaders, not venturing to ascend by the ladders, along the side of the lake, took a more circuitous road, through the heart of the Trosachs, the most frequented path at that time, which penetrates the wilderness about half way between Binean and the lake, by a tract called Yea-chilleach, or the Old Wife's Bog.

In one of the defiles of this by-road, the men of the country at that time hung upon the rear of the invading enemy, and shot one of Cromwell's men, whose grave marks the scene of action, and gives name to that pass.<sup>2</sup> In revenge of this insult, the soldiers resolved to plunder the island, to violate the women, and put the children to death. With this brutal intention, one of the party, more expert than the rest, swam towards the island, to fetch the boat to his comrades, which had carried the women to their asylum, and lay moored in one of the creeks. His companions stood on the shore of the mainland, in full view of all that was to pass, waiting anxiously for his return with the boat. But just as the swimmer had got to the nearest point of the island, and was laying hold of a black rock, to get on shore, a heroine, who stood on the very point where he meant to land, hastily snatching a dagger from below her apron, with one stroke severed his head from the body. His party seeing this disaster, and relinquishing all future hope of revenge or conquest, made the best of their way out of their perilous situation. This amazon's great-grandson lives at Bridge of Turk, who, besides others, attests the anecdote."—*Sketch of the Scenery near Callendar*, Stirling, 1806, p. 20. I have only to add to this account, that the heroine's name was Helena Stuart.

### NOTE 3 Y.

*And Snowdon's Knight is Scotland's King.*  
P. 197.

This discovery will probably remind the reader of the beautiful Arabian tale of *Il Bondocani*. Yet the incident is not borrowed from that elegant story, but from Scottish tradition. James V., of whom we are treating, was a monarch whose good and benevolent intentions often rendered his romantic freaks venial, if not respectable, since, from his anxious attention to the interests of the lower and most oppressed class of his subjects, he was, as we have seen, popularly termed the *King of the Commons*. For the purpose of seeing that justice was regularly administered, and frequently from the less justifiable motive of gallantry, he used to traverse the vicinage of his several palaces in various disguises. The two excellent comic songs, entitled, "the Gaberlunzie man," and "We'll gae nae mair a roving," are said to have been founded upon

the success of his amorous adventures when travelling in the disguise of a beggar. The latter is perhaps the best comic ballad in any language.

Another adventure, which had nearly cost James his life, is said to have taken place at the village of Cramond, near Edinburgh, where he had rendered his addresses acceptable to a pretty girl of the lower rank. Four or five persons, whether relations or lovers of his mistress is uncertain, beset the disguised monarch as he returned from his rendezvous. Naturally gallant, and an admirable master of his weapon, the king took post on the high and narrow bridge over the Almond river, and defended himself bravely with his sword. A peasant, who was threshing in a neighbouring barn, came out upon the noise, and whether moved by compassion or by natural gallantry, took the weaker side, and laid about with his flail so effectually, as to disperse the assailants, well threshed, even according to the letter. He then conducted the king into his barn, where his guest requested a basin and a towel, to remove the stings of the broil. This being procured with difficulty, James employed himself in learning what was the summit of his delverer's earthly wishes, and found that they were bounded by the desire of possessing, in property, the farm of Braehead, upon which he laboured as a bondsman. The lands chanced to belong to the crown; and James directed him to come to the palace of Holyrood, and enquire for the Gudemman (i. e. farmer) of Ballenguech, a name by which he was known in his excursions, and which answered to the *Il Bondocani* of Haroun Alraschid. He presented himself accordingly, and found, with due astonishment, that he had saved his monarch's life, and that he was to be granted with a crown charter of the lands of Braehead, under the service of presenting a ewer, basin and towel, for the king to wash his hands when he shall happen to pass the Bridge of Cramond. This person was ancestor of the Howisons of Braehead, in Mid Lothian, a respectable family, who continue to hold the lands (now passed into the female line) under the same tenure.

Another of James's frolics is thus narrated by Mr. Campbell from the Statistical Account:—"Being once benighted when out a-hunting, and separated from his attendants, he happened to enter a cottage in the midst of a moor at the foot of the Ochil hills, near Alloa, where, unknown, he was kindly received. In order to regulate their unexpected guest, the *gudemman* (i. e. landlord, farmer) desired the *gudewife* to fetch the hen that roosted nearest the cock, which is always the plumpest, for the stranger's supper. The king, highly pleased with his night's lodging and hospitable entertainment, told mure host at parting, that he should be glad to return his civility, and requested that the first time he came to Stirling, he would call at the castle, and enquire for the *Gudemman of Ballenguech*.

Donaldson, the landlord, did not fail to call on the *Gudemman of Ballenguech*, when his astonishment at finding that the king had been his guest afforded no small amusement to the

<sup>1</sup> That at the eastern extremity of Loch Katrine, so often mentioned in the text.

<sup>2</sup> Beallach an duine.

merry monarch and his courtiers; and, to carry on the pleasantry, he was thenceforth designated by James with the title of King of the Moors, which name and designation have descended from father to son ever since, and they have continued in possession of the identical spot, the property of Mr. Erskine of Mar, till very lately, when this gentleman, with reluctance, turned out the descendant and representative of the King of the Moors, on account of his majesty's invincible indolence, and great dislike to reform or innovation of any kind, although, from the spirited example of his neighbour tenants on the same estate, he is convinced similar exertion would promote his advantage."

The author requests permission yet farther to verify the subject of his poem, by an extract from the genealogical work of Buchanan of Auchmar, upon Scottish surnames:—

"This John Buchanan of Auchmar and Arnprior was afterwards termed King of Kippen,<sup>1</sup> upon the following account: King James V., a very sociable, debonaire prince, residing at Stirling, in Buchanan of Arnprior's time, carriers were very frequently passing along the common road, being near Arnprior's house, with necessaries for the use of the king's family; and he, having some extraordinary occasion, ordered one of these carriers to leave his load at his house, and he would pay him for it; which the carrier refused to do, telling him he was the king's carrier, and his load for his majesty's use; to which Arnprior seemed to have small regard, compelling the carrier, in the end, to leave his load; telling him, if King James was King of Scotland, he was King of Kippen, so that it was reasonable he should share with his neighbour king in some of these loads, so frequently carried that road. The carrier representing this usage, and telling the story, as Arnprior spoke it, to some of the king's servants, it came at length to his majesty's ears, who, shortly thereafter, with a few attendants, came to visit his neighbour king, who was in the meantime at dinner. King James, having sent a servant to demand access, was denied the same by a tall fellow with a battle-axe, who stood porter at the gate, telling, there could be no access till dinner was over. This answer not satisfying the king, he sent to demand access a second time; upon which he was desired by the porter to desist, otherwise he would find cause to repeat his rudeness. His majesty finding this method would not do, desired the porter to tell his master that the Goodman of Ballengeich desired to speak with the King of Kip-

pen. The porter telling Arnprior so much, he, in all humble manner, came and received the king, and having entertained him with much sumptuousness and jollity, became so agreeable to King James, that he allowed him to take so much of any provision he found carrying that road as he had occasion for; and seeing he made the first visit, desired Arnprior in a few days to return him a second to Stirling, which he performed, and continued in very much favour with the king, always thereafter being termed King of Kippen while he lived."—*Buchanan's Essay upon the Family of Buchanan*. Edin. 1775, 8vo. p. 74.

The readers of Ariosto must give credit for the amiable features with which he is represented, since he is generally considered as the prototype of Zerhino, the most interesting hero of the Orlando Furioso.

### NOTE 3 Z.

#### *Stirling's tower*

*Of yore the name of Snowdown claims.*—P. 196.

William of Worcester, who wrote about the middle of the fifteenth century, calls Stirling Castle Snowdown. Sir David Lindsay bestows the same epithet upon it in his complaint of the Papingo:

"Adieu, fair Snowdoun, with thy towers high,  
Thy chaple-royal, park, and table round;  
May, June, and Joly, would I dwell in thee,  
Were I a man, to hear the birds soued,  
Whilk doth againe thy royal rock rebound."

Mr. Chalmers, in his late excellent edition of Sir David Lindsay's works, has refuted the chimerical derivation of Snowdown from *sned-dyn*, or cutting. It was probably derived from the romantic legend which connected Stirling with King Arthur, to which the mention of the Round Table gives countenance. The ring within which jousts were formerly practised, in the castle park, is still called the Round Table. Snowdown is the official title of one of the Scottish heralds, whose epithets seem in all countries to have been fantastically adopted from ancient history or romance.

It appears (See Note 3 Y.) that the real name by which James was actually distinguished in his private excursions, was the *Goodman of Ballengeich*; derived from a steep pass leading up to the Castle of Stirling, so called. But the epithet would not have suited poetry, and would besides at once, and prematurely, have announced the plot to many of my countrymen, among whom the traditional stories above mentioned are still current.

<sup>1</sup> A small district of Perthshire.



## The Vision of Don Roderick.<sup>1</sup>

*Quid dignum memorare tuis, Hispania, terris,  
Vox humana valet!*—CLAUDIAN.

### PREFACE.

The following Poem is founded upon a Spanish Tradition, particularly detailed in the Notes; but bearing, in general, that Don Roderick, the last Gothic King of Spain, when the Invasion of the Moors was impending, had the temerity to descend into an ancient vault, near Toledo, the opening of which had been denounced as fatal to the Spanish Monarchy. The legend adds, that his rash curiosity was mortified by an emblematical representation of those Saracens who, in the year 714, defeated him in battle, and reduced Spain under their dominion. I have presumed to prolong the Vision of the Revolutions of Spain down to the present eventful crisis of the Peninsula; and to divide it, by a supposed change of scene, into *Three Periods*. The *First* of these represents the Invasion of the Moors, the Defeat and Death of Roderick, and closes with the peaceful occupation of the country by the Victors. The *Second Period* embraces the state of the Peninsula, when the conquests of the Spaniards and Portuguese in the East and West Indies had raised to the highest pitch the renown of their arms; sullied, however, by superstition and cruelty. An allusion to the inhumanities of the Inquisition terminates this picture. The *Last Part* of the Poem opens with the state of Spain previous to the unparalleled treachery of Buonaparte; gives a sketch of the usurpation attempted upon

that unsuspecting and friendly kingdom, and terminates with the arrival of the British succours. It may be farther proper to mention, that the object of the Poem is less to commemorate or detail particular incidents, than to exhibit a general and impressive picture of the several periods brought upon the stage.

I am too sensible of the respect due to the Public, especially by one who has already experienced more than ordinary indulgence, to offer any apology for the inferiority of the poetry to the subject it is chiefly designed to commemorate. Yet I think it proper to mention, that while I was hastily executing a work, written for a temporary purpose, and on passing events, the task was most cruelly interrupted by the successive deaths of Lord President Blair,<sup>2</sup> and Lord Viscount Melville. In those distinguished characters, I had not only to regret persons whose lives were most important to Scotland, but also whose notice and patronage honoured my entrance upon active life; and, I may add, with melancholy pride, who permitted my more advanced age to claim no common share in their friendship. Under such interruptions, the following verses, which my best and happiest efforts must have left far unworthy of their theme, have, I am myself sensible, an appearance of negligence and incoherence, which, in other circumstances, I might have been able to remove.<sup>3</sup>

Edinburgh, June 24, 1811.

<sup>1</sup> The Vision of Don Roderick appeared in 4to, in July 15, 1811; and in the course of the same year was also inserted in the second volume of the Edinburgh Annual Register—which work was the property of Sir Walter Scott's then publishers, Messrs. John Ballantyne and Co.

<sup>2</sup> The Right Hon. Robert Blair of Avontona, President of the Court of Session, was the son of the Rev. Robert Blair, author of "The Grave." After long filling the office of Solicitor-General in Scotland with high distinction, he was elevated to the Presidency in 1808. He died very suddenly on the 20th May 1811, in the 70th year of his age; and his intimate friend, Henry Dundas, first Viscount Melville, having gone into Edinburgh on purpose to attend his remains to the grave, was taken ill not less suddenly, and died there the very hour that the funeral took place, on the 28th of the same month.

<sup>3</sup> In a letter to J. B. S. Morrill, Esq., Edinburgh, July 1, 1811, Scott says—"I have this moment got your kind

letter, just as I was packing up Don Roderick for you. This patriotic puppet-show has been finished under wretched auspices; poor Lord Melville's death so quickly succeeding that of President Blair, one of the best and wisest judges that ever distributed justice, broke my spirit sadly. My official situation placed me in daily contact with the President, and his ability and candour were the source of my daily admiration. As for poor dear Lord Melville, 'tis vain to name him whom we mourn in vain.' Almost the last time I saw him, he was talking of you in the highest terms of regard, and expressing great hopes of again seeing you at Dunira this summer, where I proposed to attend you. *Hei mihi! quid hei mihi? humanis possessi sumus.* His loss will be long and severely felt here, and Envy is already paying her cold tribute of applause to the worth which she maligned while it walked upon earth."

# The Vision of Don Roderick.

TO

JOHN WHITMORE, Esq.

AND TO THE

COMMITTEE OF SUBSCRIBERS FOR RELIEF OF THE PORTUGUESE SUFFERERS,  
IN WHICH HE PRESIDES,

THIS POEM,

(THE VISION OF DON RODERICK,)

COMPOSED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE FUND UNDER THEIR MANAGEMENT,  
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY

WALTER SCOTT.

## INTRODUCTION.

### I.

Lives there a strain, whose sounds of mounting fire  
May rise distinguish'd o'er the din of war?  
Or died it with yon Master of the Lyre,  
Who sung beleaguer'd Ilien's evil star?  
Such, Wellington, might reach thee from afar,  
Wafting its descendant wide o'er Ocean's range;  
Nor shoots, nor clashing arms, its mood could mar,  
All as it swell'd 'twixt each loud trumpet-change,  
That clangs to Britain victory, to Portugal revenge!

### II.

Yes! such a strain, with all e'er-pouring measure,  
Might melodize with each tumultuous sound,  
Each voice of fear or triumph, woe or pleasure,  
That rings Mondego's ravaged shores around;  
The thundering cry of hosts with conquest crown'd,  
The female shriek, the ruin'd peasant's moan,  
The shout of captives from their chains unbound,  
The foil'd oppressor's deep and sullen groan,  
A Nation's choral hymn for tyranny o'erthrown.

### III.

But we, weak minstrels of a laggard day,  
Skill'd but to imitate an elder page,  
Timid and raptureless, can we repay  
The debt thou claim'st in this exhausted age?  
Thou givest our lyres a theme, that might engage

Those that could send thy name o'er sea and land,  
While sea and land shall last; for Homer's rage  
A theme; a theme for Milton's mighty hand—  
How much unmeet for us, a faint degenerate hand!

### IV.

Ye mountains stern! within whose rugged breast  
The friends of Scottish freedom found repose;  
Ye torrents! whose hoarse sounds have soothed their rest,  
Returning from the field of vanquish'd foes;  
Say have ye lost each wild majestic close,  
That erst the choir of Bards or Druids sung;  
What time their hymn of victory arose,  
And Cattraeth's glens with voice of triumph rung,  
And mystic Merlin harp'd, and grey-hair'd Llywarch sung!

### V.

O! if your wilds such minstrelsy retain,  
As sure your changeful gales seem oft to say,  
When sweeping wild and sinking soft again,  
Like trumpet jubilee, or harp's wild sway;  
If ye can echo such triumphant lay,  
Then lend the note to him has loved you long!  
Who pious gather'd each tradition grey,  
That floats your solitary wastes along,  
And with affection vain gave them new voice in song.

### VI.

For not till now, how oft soe'er the task  
Of truant verse hath lighten'd graver care,  
From Muse or Sylvan was he wont to ask,  
In phrase poetic, inspiration fair;

Careless he gave his numbers to the air,  
They came unsought for, if applauses came;  
Nor for himself prefers he now the prayer;  
Let but his verse besit a hero's fame,  
Immortal be the verse!—forgot the poet's  
name.

## VII.

Hark, from yon misty cairn their answer tost:  
"Minstrel! the fame of whose romantic  
lyre,  
Capricious-swelling now, may soon be lost,  
Like the light flickering of a cottage fire;  
If to such task presumptuous thou aspire,  
Seek not from us the meed to warrior due:  
Age after age has gather'd son to sire,  
Since our grey cliffs the din of conflict knew,  
Or, pealing through our vales, victorious bugles  
blew.

## VIII.

"Decay'd our old traditionary lore,  
Save where the lingering fays renew their  
ring,  
By milk-maid seen beneath the hawthorn hoar,  
Or round the marge of Minchmore's haunted  
spring;<sup>1</sup>  
Save where their legends grey-hair'd shep-  
herds sing,  
That now scarce win a listening ear but  
thine,  
Of feuds obscure, and Border ravaging,  
And rugged deeds recount in rugged line,  
Of moonlight foray made on Teviot, Tweed,  
or Tyne.

## IX.

"No! search romantic lands, where the near  
Sun  
Gives with unstinted boon ethereal flame,  
Where the rude villager, his labour done,  
In verse spontaneous<sup>2</sup> chants some favour'd  
name,  
Whether Olalia's charms his tribute claim,  
Her eye of diamond, and her locks of jet;  
Or whether, kindling at the deeds of Græme,<sup>3</sup>  
He sing, to wild Morisco measure set,  
Old Albin's red claymore, green Erin's bayo-  
net!

## X.

"Explore those regions, where the flinty crest  
Of wild Nevada ever gleams with snows,  
Where in the proud Alhambra's ruin'd breast  
Barbaric monuments of pomp repose;  
Or where the banners of more ruthless foes  
Than the fierce Moor, float o'er Toledo's  
fane,  
From whose tall towers even now the patriot  
throws  
An anxious glance, to spy upon the plain  
The blended ranks of England, Portugal, and  
Spain.

## XI.

"There, of Numantian fire a swarthy spark  
Still lightens in the sun-burnt native's eye;  
The stately port, slow step, and visage dark,  
Still mark enduring pride and constancy.  
And, if the glow of feudal chivalry  
Beam not, as once, thy nobles' dearest pride,  
Iberia! oft thy crestless peasantry

Have seen the plumed Hidalgo quit their  
side,  
Have seen, yet dauntless stood—'gainst for-  
tune fought and died.

## XII.

"And cherish'd still by that unchanging race,  
Are themes for minstrelsy more high than  
thine;  
Of strange tradition many a mystic trace,  
Legend and vision, prophecy and sign;  
Where wonders wild of Arabesque combine  
With Gothic imagery of darker shade,  
Forming a model meet for minstrel line.  
Go, seek such theme!"—The Mountain  
Spirit said:  
With filial awe I heard—I heard, and I obey'd.

## The Vision of Don Roderick.

## I.

Rearing their crests amid the cloudless skies,  
And darkly clustering in the pale moonlight,  
Toledo's holy towers and spires arise,  
As from a trembling lake of silver white.  
Their mingled shadows intercept the sight  
Of the broad burial-ground outstretch'd be-  
low,  
And nought disturbs the silence of the night;  
All sleeps in sullen shade, or silver glow,  
All save the heavy swell of Teio's ceaseless  
flow.

## II.

All save the rushing swell of Teio's tide,  
Or, distant heard, a courser's neigh or  
tramp;  
Their changing rounds as watchful horsemen  
ride,  
To guard the limits of King Roderick's camp.  
For, through the river's night-fog rolling damp,  
Was many a proud pavilion dimly seen,  
Which glimmer'd back, against the moon's fair  
lamp,  
Tissues of silk and silver twisted sheen,  
And standards proudly pitch'd, and warders  
arm'd between.

## III.

But of their Monarch's person keeping ward,  
Since last the deep-mouth'd bell of vespers  
toll'd,  
The chosen soldiers of the royal guard  
The post beneath the proud Cathedral hold:  
A band unlike their Gothic sires of old,  
Who, for the cap of steel and iron mail,  
Bear slender darts, and casques bedeck'd with  
gold,  
While silver-studded belts their shoulders  
grace,  
Where ivory quivers ring in the broad fal-  
chion's place.

## IV.

In the light language of an idle court,  
They murmur'd at their master's long delay,  
And held his lengthen'd thr' orisons in sport:—  
"What! will Don Roderick here till morn-  
ing stay,

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note B.<sup>2</sup> See Appendix, Note C.<sup>3</sup> Ibid, Note D.



To wear in shrift and prayer the night away !  
And are his hours in such dull penance past,  
For fair Florida's plunder'd charms to  
pay ?"—1

Then to the east their weary eyes they cast,  
And wish'd 't'ae lingering dawn would glimmer  
forth at last.

## V.

But, far within, Toledo's Prelate lent  
An ear of fearful wonder to the King ;  
The silver lamp a fitful lustre sent,  
So long that sad confession witnessing :  
For Roderick told of many a hidden thing,  
Such as are lothly utter'd to the air,  
When Fear, Remorse, and Shame, the bosom  
wring,  
And Guilt his secret burden cannot bear,  
And Conscience seeks in speech a respite from  
Despair

## VI.

Ful. on the Prelate's face, and silver hair,  
The stream of failing light was feebly roll'd :  
But Roderick's visage, though his head was  
bare,  
Was shadow'd by his hand and mantle's fold.  
While of his hidden soul the sins he told,  
Proud Alaric's descendant could not brook,  
That mortal man his bearing should behold,  
Or boast that he had seen, when Conscience  
shook,  
Fear tame a monarch's brow, Remorse a war-  
rior's look.

## VII.

The old man's faded cheek wax'd yet more pale,  
As many a secret sad the King bewray'd ;  
As sign and glauc eked out the unfinished tale,  
When in the midst his faltering whisper  
staid.—  
"Thus royal Witiza<sup>2</sup> was slain," he said ;  
"Yet, holy Father, deem not it was I."  
Thus still Ambition strives her crimes to  
shade.—  
"Oh ! rather deem 'twas stern necessity !  
Self-preservation bade, and I must kill or die.

## VIII.

"And if Florida's shrieks alarmed the air,  
If she invoked her absent sire in vain,  
And on her knees implored that I would spare,  
Yet, reverend priest, thy sentence rash re-  
frain !—  
All is not as it seems—the female train  
Know by their bearing to disguise their  
mood :—  
But Conscience here, as if in high disdain,  
Sent to the Monarch's cheek the burning  
blood—  
He stay'd his speech abrupt—and up the Pre-  
late stood.

## IX.

"O harden'd offspring of an iron race !  
What of thy crimes, Don Roderick, shall I  
say ?  
What alms, or prayers, or penance, can efface  
Murder's dark spot, wash treason's stain  
away !

1 See Appendix, Note E.

2 The predecessor of Roderick upon the Spanish throne,

For the foul ravisher how shall I pray,  
Who, scarce repentant, makes his crime his  
boast ?

How hope Almighty vengeance shall delay,  
Unless in mercy to yon Christian host,  
He spare the shepherd, lest the guiltless sheep  
be lost ?"

## X.

Then kindled the dark Tyrant in his mood,  
And to his brow return'd its dauntless gloom ;  
"And welcome then," he cried, "be blood for  
blood,  
For treason treachery, for dishonour doom !  
Yet will I know whence come they, or by  
whom.  
Show, for thou canst—give forth the fated  
key,  
And guide me, Priest, to that mysterious room.  
Where, if aught true in old tradition be,  
His nation's future fates a Spanish King shall  
see."—3

## XI.

"Ill-fated Prince ! recall the desperate word,  
Or pause ere yet the amen thou obey !  
Bethink, yon spell-bound portal would afford  
Never to former Monarch entrance-way ;  
Nor shall it ever ope, old records say,  
Save to a King, the last of all his line,  
What time his empire totters to decay,  
And treason digs, beneath, her fatal mine,  
And, high above, impends avenging wrath  
divine."

## XII.

"Prelate ! a Monarch's fate brooks no delay ;  
Lead on !"—The ponderous key the old man  
took,  
And held the winking lamp, and led the way,  
By winding stair, dark isle, and secret nook ;  
Then on an ancient gateway bent his look ;  
And, as the key the desperate King essay'd,  
Low mutter'd thunders the Cathedral shook.  
And twice he stopp'd, and twice new effort  
made,  
Till the huge bolts roll'd back, and the loud  
hinges bray'd.

## XIII.

Long, large, and lofty, was that vaulted hall ;  
Roof, walls, and floor, were all of marble  
stone,  
Of polish'd marble, black as funeral pall,  
Carved o'er with signs and characters un-  
known.  
A paly light, as of the dawning shone,  
Through the sad bouds, but whence they  
could not spy ;  
For window to the upper air was none ;  
Yet, by that light, Don Roderick could descry  
Wonders that ne'er till then were seen by  
mortal eye.

## XIV.

Grim sentinels, against the upper wall,  
Of molten brnze, two statues held their  
place ;  
Massive their naked limbs, their stature tall,  
Their frowning foreheads golden circles  
grace.

and slain by his connivance, as is affirmed by Rodrigues  
of Toledo, the father of Spanish history.

3 See Appendix, Note F.

Moulded they seem'd for kings of giant race,  
That lived and sinn'd before the avenging  
flood;  
This grasp'd a scythe, that rested on a mace;  
This spread his wings for flight, that powdering  
stood,  
Each stubborn seem'd and stern, immutable  
of mood.

## XV.

Fix'd was the right-hand Giant's brazen look  
Upon his brother's glass of shifting sand,  
As if its ebb he measured by a book,  
Whose iron volume loaded his huge hand;  
In which was wrote of many a fallen land,  
Of empires lost, and kings to exile driven:  
And o'er that pair their names in scroll ex-  
pand—  
"Lo, DESTINY and TIME! to whom by  
Heaven  
The guidance of the earth is for a season  
given."

## XVI.

Even while they read, the sand-glass wastes  
away;  
And, as the last and lagging grains did creep,  
The right-hand Giant 'gan his club upsway,  
As one that startles from a heavy sleep.  
Full on the upper wall the mace's sweep  
At once descended with the force of thunder,  
And hurtling down at once, in crumbled heap,  
The marble boundary was rent asunder,  
And gave to Roderick's view new sights of  
fear and wonder.

## XVII.

For they might spy, beyond that mighty breach,  
Realms as of Spain in vision'd prospect laid,  
Castles and towers, in due proportion each,  
As by some skilful artist's hand portray'd;  
Here, cross'd by many a wild Sierra's shade,  
And boundless plains that tire the traveller's  
eye:  
There, rich with vineyard and with olive glade,  
Or deep-embrown'd by forests huge and high,  
Or wash'd by mighty streams, that slowly  
murmur'd by.

## XVIII.

And here, as erst upon the antique stage,  
Pass'd forth the band of masquera trinly led,  
In various forms, and various equipage,  
While fitting strains the hearer's fancy fed;  
So, to sad Roderick's eye in order spread,  
Successive pageants fill'd that mystic scene,  
Showing the fate of battles ere they bled,  
And issue of events that had not been;  
And, ever and anon, strange sounds were  
heard between.

## XIX.

First shrill'd an unrepeat'd female shriek!—  
It seem'd as if Don Roderick knew the call,  
For the bold blood was blanching in his  
cheek.—  
Then answer'd kettle-drum and atabal,  
Gong-peal and cymbal-clank the ear appal,  
The Tecbir war-cry, and the Lelie's yell,<sup>1</sup>  
Ring wildly dissonant along the hall.

Needs not to Roderick their dread import  
tell—  
"The Moor!" he cried, "the Moor!—ring out  
the Tocsin bell!

## XX.

"They come! they come! I see the groaning  
lands  
White with the turbans of each Arab horde;  
Swart Zaarah joins her misbelieving bands,  
Alla and Mahomet their battle-word,  
The choice they yield, the Koraa or the  
Sword—  
See how the Christians rush to arms  
again!—  
In yonder shout the voice of conflict roar'd,  
The shadowy hosts are closing on the plain—  
Now, God and Saint Iago strike, for the good  
cause of Spain!

## XXI.

"By Heaven, the Moors prevail! the Chris-  
tians yield!  
Their coward leader gives for flight the sign!  
The sceptred craven mounts to quit the field—  
Is not yon steed Orelio?—Yes, 'tis mine!<sup>2</sup>  
But never was she turn'd from battle-line:  
Lo! where the recreant spurs o'er stock and  
stone!  
Curses pursue the slave, and wrath divine!  
Rivers ingulph him!"—"Hush," in shudder-  
ing tone,  
The Prelate said;—"rash Prince, yon vision'd  
form's thine own."

## XXII.

Just then, a torrent cross'd the fier'a course;  
The dangerous ford the Kingly Likeness  
tried;  
But the deep eddies whelm'd both man and  
horse,  
Swept like benighted peasant down the tide;  
And the proud Moslemah spread far and wide,  
As numerous as their native locust band;  
Berber and Ismael's sons the spoils divide,  
With naked scimitars mete out the land,  
And for the bondsmen base the freeborn  
natives brand.

## XXIII.

Then rose the grated Harem, to enclose  
The loveliest maidens of the Christian line;  
Then, menials, to their misbelieving foes,  
Castile's young nobles held forbidden wine;  
Then, too, the holy Cross, salvation's sign,  
By impious hands was from the altar thrown,  
And the deep aisles of the polluted shrine  
Echo'd, for holy hymn and organ-tone,  
The Santon's frantic dance, the Fakir's gibber-  
ing moan.

## XXIV.

How fares Don Roderick?—E'en as one who  
spies  
Flames dart their glare o'er midnight's sable  
woof,  
And hears around his children's piercing cries,  
And sees the pale assistants stand aloof;  
While cruel Conscience brings him bitter  
proof,  
His folly or his crime have caused his grief;  
And while above him nods the crumbling roof,

1 See Appendix, Note G.

2 Ibid, Note H.

He curses earth and Heaven—himself in chief—  
Desperate of earthly aid, despairing Heaven's relief!

## XXV.

That scythe-arm'd Giant turn'd his fatal glass,  
And twilight on the landscape closed her wings;

Far to Asturian hills the war-sounds pass,  
And in their stead rebeck or timbrel rings:  
And to the sound the bell-deck'd dancer springs.

Bazaars resound as when their marts are met,

In tourney light the Moor his jerrid flings,  
And on the land as evening seem'd to set,  
The Imaum's chant was heard from mosque or minaret.

## XXVI.

So pass'd that pageant. Ere another came,  
The visionary scene was wrapp'd in smoke,  
Whose sulph'rous wreaths were cross'd by sheets of flame;

With every flash a bolt explosive broke,  
Till Roderick deem'd the fiends had burst their yoke,

And waved 'gainst heaven the infernal gon-falone!

For War a new and dreadful language spoke,  
Never by ancient warrior heard or known;  
Lightning and smoke her breath, and thunder was her tone.

## XXVII.

From the dim landscape roll the clouds away—  
The Christians have regain'd their heritage;  
Before the Cross has waned the Crescent's ray,  
And many a monastery decks the stage,  
And lofty church, and low-brow'd hermitage.

The land obeys a Hermit and a Knight,—  
The Genii those of Spain for many an age;

'This clad in sackcloth, that in armour bright,  
And that was VALOUR named, this BIGOTRY was light.

## XXVIII.

VALOUR was harness'd like a Chief of old,  
Arm'd at all points, and prompt for knightly gest;

His sword was temper'd in the Ebro cold,  
Morena's eagle plume adorn'd his crest,  
The spoils of Afric's lion bound his breast.

Fierce he stepp'd forward and flung down his gage;

As if of mortal kind to brave the best.  
Him follow'd his Companion, dark and sage,  
As he, my Master, sung the dangerous Archimage.

## XXIX.

Haughty of heart and brow the Warrior came,  
In look and language proud as proud might be,

Vaunting his lordship, lineage, fights, and fame:

Yet was that barefoot monk more proud than he:

And as the ivy climbs the tallest tree,  
So round the loftiest soul his toils be wound,  
And with his spells subdu'd the fierce and free,

Till ermin'd Age and Youth in arms renown'd,

Honouring his scourge and hair-cloth, meekly kiss'd the ground.

## XXX.

And thus it chanced that VALOUR, peerless knight,

Who ne'er to King or Kaiser veil'd his crest,  
Victorious still in bull-feast or in fight,  
Since first his limbs with mail he did invest,  
Stoop'd ever to that Anchoret's behest;

Nor reason'd of the right, nor of the wrong,  
But at his bidding laid the lance in rest.

And wrought fell deeds the troubled world along,

For he was fierce as brave, and pitiless as strong.

## XXXI.

Oft his proud galleys sought some new-found world,

That latest sees the sun, or first the morn;  
Still at that Wizard's feet their spoils he hurl'd,—

Ingots of ore from rich Potosi borne,  
Crowns by Caciques, aigrettes by Omrahs worn,

Wrought of rare gems, but broken, rent, and foul;

Idols of gold from heathen temples torn,  
Bedabbled all with blood.—With grisly scowl

The Hermit mark'd the stains, and smiled beneath his cowl.

## XXXII.

Then did he bless the offering, and bade make  
Tribute to Heaven of gratitude and praise;  
And at his word the choral hymns awake,

And many a hand the silver censur sways,  
But with the incense-breath these censers raise,

Mix steams from corpses smouldering in the fire;

The groans of prison'd victims mar the lays,  
And shrieks of agooey confound the quire;  
While, 'mid the mingled sounds, the darken'd scenes expire.

## XXXIII.

Preluding light, were strains of music heard,  
As once again revolved that measured sand;  
Such sounds as when, for sylvan dance prepared,

Gay Xeres summons forth her vintage band:  
When for the light bolero ready stand

'The mozo blithe, with gay nuachacha met,  
He conscious of his broider'd cap and band,

'She of her netted locks and light corsette,  
Each tiptoe perch'd to spring, and shake the castanet.

## XXXIV.

And well such strains the opening scene became;

For VALOUR had relax'd his ardent look,  
And at a lady's feet, like lion tamer,

Lay stretch'd, full loth the weight of arms to brook;

And soften'd BIGOTRY upon his book,  
Patter'd a task of little good or ill:

But the blithe peasant plied his pruning-hook,  
Whistled the muleteer o'er vale and hill,

And rung from village-green the merry seguidille.



## XXXV.

Grey Royalty, grown impotent of toil,  
 Let the grave sceptre slip his lazy hold ;  
 And, careless, saw his rule become the spoil  
 Of a loose Female and her minion bold.  
 But peace was on the cottage and the fold,  
 From court intrigue, from bickering faction  
 far ;  
 Beneath the chestnut-tree Love's tale was  
 told,  
 And to the tinkling of the light guitar,  
 Sweet stoop'd the western sun, sweet rose the  
 evening star.

## XXXVI.

As that sea-cloud, in size like human hand,  
 When first from Caruel by the Tishbite  
 seen,  
 Came slowly overshadowing Israel's land,  
 A while, perchance, bedeck'd with colours  
 shewn,  
 While yet the sunbeams on its skirts had been,  
 Limning with purple and with gold its  
 shroud,  
 Till darker folds obscured the blue serene,  
 And blotted heaven with one broad sable  
 cloud,  
 Then sheeted rain burst down, and whirl-  
 winds howl'd aloud :—

## XXXVII.

Even so, upon that peaceful scene was pour'd,  
 Like gathering clouds, full many a foreign  
 hand,  
 And HE, their Leader, wore in sheath his  
 sword,  
 And offer'd peaceful front and open hand,  
 Veiling the perjured treachery he plann'd,  
 By friendship's zeal and honour's specious  
 guise,  
 Until he won the passes of the land ;  
 Then burst were honour's oath, and friend-  
 ship's ties !  
 He clutch'd his vulture-grasp, and call'd fair  
 Spain his prize.

## XXXVIII.

An Iron Crown his anxious forehead bore ;  
 And well such diadem his heart became,  
 Who ne'er his purpose for remorse gave o'er,  
 Or check'd his course for piety or shame ;  
 Who, train'd a soldier, deem'd a soldier's fame  
 Might flourish in the wreath of battles won,  
 Though neither truth nor honour deck'd his  
 name ;  
 Who, placed by fortune on a Monarch's  
 throne,  
 Reck'd not of Monarch's faith, or Mercy's  
 kingly tone.

## XXXIX.

From a rude isle his ruder lineage came,  
 The spark, that, from a suburb-hovel's  
 hearth  
 Ascending, wraps some capital in flame,  
 Hath not a meaner or more sordid birth.  
 And for the soul that bade him waste the  
 earth—  
 The sable land-flood from some swamp ob-  
 scure,  
 That poisons the glad husband-field with  
 death,  
 And by destruction bids its fame endure,  
 Hath not a source more sullen, stagaant, and  
 impure.

## XL.

Before that Leader strode a shadowy Form ;  
 Her limbs like mist, her torch like meteor  
 show'd,  
 With which she beckon'd him through fight  
 and storm,  
 And all he crush'd that cross'd his desperate  
 road,  
 Nor thought, nor fear'd, nor look'd on what he  
 trode.  
 Realms could not glut his pride, blood could  
 not slake,  
 So oft as e'er she shook her torch abroad—  
 It was AMBITION bade her terrors wake,  
 Nor deign'd she, as of yore, a milder form to  
 take.

## XLI.

No longer now she spur'd at mean revenge,  
 Or staid her hand for conquer'd foeman's  
 moan ;  
 As when, the fates of aged Rome to change,  
 By Cæsar's side she cross'd the Rubicon,  
 Nor joy'd she to bestow the spoils she won,  
 As when the banded powers of Greece were  
 task'd  
 To war beneath the Youth of Macedon :  
 No seemly veil her modern minion ask'd,  
 He saw her hideous face, and loved the fiend  
 unmask'd.

## XLII.

That Prelate mark'd his march— On banners  
 blazed  
 With battles won in many a distant land,  
 On eagle-standards and on arms he gazed ;  
 "And hopest thou then," he said, "thy power  
 shall stand ?  
 O, thou hast builded on the shifting sand,  
 And thou hast temper'd it with slaughter's  
 flood :  
 And know, fell scourge in the Almighty's hand,  
 Gore-moisten'd trees shall perish in the bud,  
 And by a bloody death, shall die the man of  
 Blood !"

## XLIII.

The ruthless Leader beckon'd from his train  
 A wan fraternal Shade, and bade him kneel,  
 And paled his temples with the crown of  
 Spain,  
 While trumpets rang, and heralds cried,  
 "Castile !"  
 Not that he loved him—No !—In no man's  
 weal,  
 Scarce in his own, e'er joy'd that sullen  
 heart ;  
 Yet round that throne he bade his warriors  
 wheel,  
 That the poor Puppet might perform his part,  
 And be a sceptred slave, at his stern beck  
 to start.

## XLIV.

But on the Natives of that Land misused,  
 Not long the silence of amazement hung,  
 Nor brook'd they long their friendly faith  
 abused ;  
 For, with a common shriek, the general  
 tongue  
 Exclaim'd, "To arms !"—and fast to arms they  
 sprung.

And VALOUR woke, that Genius of the Land!  
Pleasure, and ease, and sloth, aside he flung,  
As burst th' awakening Nazarite his band,  
When 'gainst his treacherous foes he cleuch'd  
his dreadful hand.<sup>1</sup>

## XLV.

That Mimic Monarch now cast anxious eye  
Upon the Satraps that begirt him round,  
Now doff'd his royal robe in act to fly,  
And from his brow the diadem unbound.  
So oft, so near, the Patriot bugle wound,  
From Tarick's walls to Bilboa's mountains  
blown,  
These martial satellites hard labour found,  
To guard awhile his substituted throne—  
Light recking of his cause, but battling for  
their own.

## XLVI.

From Alpuhara's peak that bugle rung,  
And it was echo'd from Corunna's wall;  
Stately Seville responsive war-shout flung,  
Grenada caught it in her Moorish hall;  
Galicja hade her children fight or fall,  
Wild Biscay shook his mountain-cornet,  
Valencia roused her at the battle-call,  
And, foremost still where Valour's sons are  
met,  
First started to his gun each fiery Miquelet.

## XLVII.

But unappall'd and burning for the fight,  
The invaders march, of victory secure;  
Skillful their force to sever or unite,  
And train'd alike to vanquish or endure.  
Nor skilful less, cheap conquest to ensure,  
Discord to breathe, and jealousy to sow,  
To quell by boasting, and by bribes to lure;  
While nought against them bring the un-  
practised foe,  
Save hearts for Freedom's cause, and hands  
for Freedom's blow.

## XLVIII.

Proudly they march—but, O! they march not  
forth  
By one hot field to crown a brief campaign,  
As when their Eagles, sweeping through the  
North,  
Destroy'd at every stoop an ancient reign!  
Far other fate had Heaven decreed for Spain;  
In vain the steel, in vain the torch was plied,  
New Patriot armies started from the slain,  
High blazed the war, and long, and far, and  
wide,<sup>2</sup>  
And oft the God of Battles blest the righteous  
side.

## XLIX.

Nor unatoned, where Freedom's foes prevail,  
Remain'd their savage waste. With blade  
and brand,  
By day the Invaders ravaged hill and dale.  
But, with the darkness, the Guerilla band  
Came like night's tempest, and avenged the  
land,  
And claim'd for blood the retribution due,  
Probed the hard heart, and lopp'd the mur-  
d'rous hand;

<sup>1</sup> See Book of Judges, Chap. xv. v. 9-16.

And Dawn, when o'er the scene her beams  
she threw,  
Midst ruins they had made, the spoilers'  
corpses knew.

## L.

What minstrel verse may sing, or tongue may  
tell,  
Amid the vision'd strife from sea to sea,  
How oft the Patriot banners rose or fell,  
Still honour'd in defeat as victory!  
For that sad pageant of events to be,  
Show'd every form of fight by field and  
flood;  
Slaughter and Ruin, shouting forth their glee,  
Beheld, while riding on the tempest scud,  
The waters choked with slain, the earth be-  
drench'd with blood!

## LI.

Then Zaragoza—blighted be the tongue  
That names thy name without the honour  
due!  
For never hath the harp of Minstrel rung,  
Of faith so felly proved, so firmly true!  
Mine, sap, and bomb, thy shatter'd ruins knew,  
Each art of war's extremity had room,  
Twice from thy half-sack'd streets the foe  
withdrew;  
And when at length stern fate decreed thy  
doom,  
They won not Zaragoza, but her children's  
bloody tomb.<sup>3</sup>

## LII.

Yet raise thy head, sad city! Though in chains,  
Enthral'd thou canst not be! Arise, and  
claim  
Reverence from every heart where Freedom  
reigns,  
For what thou worshippes!—thy sainted  
dame,  
She of the Column, honour'd be her name,  
By all, whate'er their creed, who honour  
love!  
And like the sacred relics of the flame,  
That gave some martyr to the bless'd above,  
To every loyal heart may thy sad embers  
prove!

## LIII.

Nor thine alone such wreck. Gerona fair!  
Faithful to death thy heroes shall be sung,  
Manning the towers while o'er their heads the  
air  
Swart as the smoke from raging furnace  
hung;  
Now thicker dark'ning where the mine was  
 sprung,  
Now briefly lighten'd by the canon's flare,  
Now arch'd with fire-sparks as the bomb was  
flung,  
And redd'ning now with conflagration's glare,  
While by the fatal light the foes for storm pre-  
pare.

## LIV.

While all around was danger, strife and fear,  
While the earth shook, and darken'd was  
the sky,  
And wide Destruction stunn'd the listening ear,  
Appall'd the heart, and stupified the eye,—

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix, Note L.<sup>3</sup> Ibid, Note M.

Afar was heard that thrice-repeated cry,  
In which old Albion's heart and tongue  
unite,  
Whene'er her soul is up, and pulse beats high,  
Whether it hail the wine-cup or the fight,  
And bid each arm be strong, or bid each heart  
be light.

## LV.

Don Roderick turn'd him as the shout grew  
loud—

A varied scene the changeful vision show'd,  
For, where the ocean mingled with the cloud,  
A gallant navy stemm'd the billows broad.  
From mast and stern St. George's symbol  
flow'd.

Bleat with the silver cross to Scotland dear;  
Mottling the sea their landward barges row'd,  
And flash'd the sun on bayonet, brand, and  
spear,  
And the wild beach return'd the seaman's jo-  
vial cheer.

## LVI.

It was a dread, yet spirit-stirring sight!

The billows foam'd beneath a thousand oars.  
Fast as they land the red-cross ranks unite,  
Legions on legions bright'ning all the shores.  
Then banners rise, and cannon-signal roars,  
Then peals the warlike thunder of the drum,  
Thrills the loud fife, the trumpet-flourish  
pours,

And patriot hopes awake, and doubts are  
dumb,  
For, bold in Freedom's cause, the bands of  
Ocean come!

## LVII.

A various host they came—whose ranks dis-  
play

Each mode in which the warrior meets the  
fight.

The deep battalion locks its firm array,  
And meditates his aim the marksman light;

Far glance the light of sabres flashing bright,  
Where mounted squadrons shake the echo-  
ing mead,

Lacks not artillery breathing flame and night,  
Nor the fleet ordnance whirl'd by rapid steed,  
That rivals lightning's flash in ruin and in  
speed.

## LVIII.

A various host—from kindred realms they  
came,

Brethren in arms, but rivals in renown—  
For yon fair bands shall merry England claim.  
And with their deeds of valour deck her  
crown.

Hers their bold port, and hers their martial  
frown,

And hers their scorn of death in freedom's  
cause,

Their eyes of azure, and their locks of brown,  
And the blunt speech that bursts without a  
pause,

And freeborn thoughts, which league the Sol-  
dier with the Laws.

## LIX.

And, O! loved warriors of the Minstrel's land!  
Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave!

The rugged form may mark the mountain  
band,  
And harsher features, and a mien more  
grave;

But ne'er in battle-field throbb'd heart so  
brave.

As that which beats beneath the Scottish  
plaid;

And when the pibroch bids the battle rave,  
And level for the charge your arms are laid,  
Where lives the desperate foe that for such  
onset staid!

## LX.

Hark! from yon stately ranks what laughter  
rings,

Mingling wild mirth with war's stern min-  
strelsy,

His jest while each blithe comrade round him  
flings,

And moves to death with military glee:  
Boast, Erin, boast them! tameless, frank, and  
free,

In kindness warm, and fierce in danger  
known,

Rough Nature's children, humorous as she:  
And He, yon Chieftain—strike the proudest  
tone

Of thy bold harp, green Isle!—the Hero is  
thine own.

## LXI.

Now on the scene Vimeira should be shown,  
On Talavera's fight should Roderick gaze,

And hear Corunna wail her battle won,  
And see Busaco's crest with lightning  
blaze:—

But shall fond fable mix with heroes' praise?  
Hath Fiction's stage for Truth's long tri-  
umphs room?

And dare her wild-flowers mingle with the  
hays,

That claim a long eternity to bloom  
Around the warrior's crest, and o'er the war-  
rior's tomb?

## LXII.

Or may I give adventurous Fancy scope,  
And stretch a bold hand to the awful veil

That hides futurity from anxious hope,  
Bidding beyond it scenes of glory hail,

And painting Europe rousing at the tale  
Of Spain's invaders from her confines hurl'd,

While kindling nations buckle on their mail,  
And Fame, with clarion-blast and wings un-  
fur'd,

To Freedom and Revenge awakes an injured  
World?

## LXIII.

O vain, though anxious, is the glance I cast,  
Since Fate has mark'd futurity her own:

Yet fate resigns to worth the glorious past,  
The deeds recorded, and the laurels won.

Then, though the Vault of Destiny<sup>1</sup> be gone,  
King, Prelate, all the phantasms of my brain,  
Melted away like mist-wreaths in the sun.

Yet grant for faith, for valour, and for Spain,  
One note of pride and fire, a Patriot's parting  
strain!

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note N.



## The Vision of Don Roderick.

## CONCLUSION.

## I.

"Who shall command Estrella's mountain-tide  
Back to the source, when tempest-chafed, to  
hie ?

Who, when Gascogne's vex'd gulf is raging  
wide,

Shall hush it as a nurse her infant's cry ?  
His magic power let such vain boaster try,  
And when the torrent shall his voice obey,  
And Biscay's whirlwinds list his lullaby,  
Let him stand forth and bar mine eagles'  
way,  
And they shall heed his voice, and at his bid-  
ding stay.

## II.

"Else ne'er to stoop, till high on Lisbon's  
towers

They close their wings, the symbol of our  
yoke,  
And their own sea hath whelm'd yon red-  
cross Powers !<sup>1</sup>

Thus, on the summit of Alverca's rock,  
To Marshal, Duke, and Peer, Gaul's Leader  
spoke.

While downward on the land his legions  
press,

Before them it was rich with vine and flock,  
And smiled like Eden in her summer  
dress ; —  
Behind their wasteful march, a reeking wil-  
derness.<sup>1</sup>

## III.

And shall the boastful Chief maintain his word,  
Though Heaven hath heard the wailings of  
the land,

Though Lusitania whet her vengeful sword,  
Though Britons arm, and Wellington com-  
mand !

No ! grim Busaco's iron ridge shall stand  
An adamant barrier to his force ;  
And from its base shall wheel his shatter'd  
band,

As from the unshaken rock the torrent  
hoarse

Bears off its broken waves, and seeks a de-  
vious course.

## IV.

Yet not because Alcoba's mountain-hawk  
Hath on his best and bravest made her food,  
In numbers confident, yon Chief shall bank  
His Lord's imperial thirst for spoil and blood :  
For full in view the promised conquest stood,  
And Lisbon's matrons, from their walls, might  
sum

The myriads that had half the world subdued,  
And hear the distant thunders of the drum,  
That bids the bands of France to storm and  
havoc come.

## V.

Four moons have heard these thunders idly  
roll'd,

Have seen these wistful myriads eye their  
prey.

As famish'd wolves survey a guarded fold —  
But in the middle path a Lion lay !

At length they move — but not to battle-fray,  
Nor blaze yon fires where meets the manly  
fight :

Beacons of infamy, they light the way  
Where cowardice and cruelty unite  
To damn with double shame their ignominious  
fight !

## VI.

O triumph for the Fiends of Lust and Wrath !  
Ne'er to be told, yet ne'er to be forgot,  
What wanton horrors mark'd their wreckful  
path !

The peasant butcher'd in his ruin'd cot,  
The hoary priest even at the altar shot,  
Childhood and age given o'er to sword and  
flame,

Woman to infamy ; — no crime forgot,  
By which inventive demons might proclaim  
Immortal hate to man, and scorn of God's  
great name !

## VII.

The rodest sentinel, in Britain born,  
With horror paused to view the havoc done.  
Gave his poor crust to feed some wretch  
forlorn.<sup>2</sup>

Wiped his stern eye, then fiercer grasp'd his  
gun.

Nor with less zeal shall Britain's peaceful son  
Exult the debt of sympathy to pay ;

Riches nor poverty the tax shall shun,  
Nor prince nor peer, the wealthy nor the gay,  
Nor the poor peasant's mite, nor bard's more  
worthless lay.

## VIII.

But thou — unfoughten wilt thou yield to Fate,  
Minion of Fortune, now miscall'd in vain !  
Can vantage-ground no confidence create,  
Marcella's pass, nor Guarda's mountain-  
cham ?

Vain-glorious fugitive !<sup>3</sup> yet turn again !  
Behold, where, named by some prophetic  
Seer,

Flows Honour's Fountain,<sup>4</sup> as foredoom'd the  
stain

From thy dishonour'd name and arms to  
clear —

Fallen Child of Fortune, turn, redeem her  
favour here !

## IX.

Yet, ere thou turn'st, collect each distant aid ;  
Those chiefs that never heard the lion roar !  
Within whose souls lives not a trace portray'd,  
Of Talavera, or Mondego's shore !  
Marshal each band thou hast, and summon  
more :

Of war's fell stratagems exhaust the whole ;  
Rank upon rank, squadron on squadron pour,  
Legion on legion on thy foeman roll,  
And weary out his arm — thou canst not quell  
his soul.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note O.

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix, Note P.

<sup>3</sup> See Appendix, Note Q.

<sup>4</sup> The literal translation of *Fuente de Honra*.

## X.

O vainly gleanis with steel Agueda's shore,  
Vainly thy squadron's hide Assuava's plain,  
And front the flying thunders as they roar,  
With frantic charge and tenfold odds, in  
vain!<sup>1</sup>

And what avails thee that, for CAMERON  
slain,<sup>2</sup>

Wild from his plaided ranks the yell was  
given—

Vengeance and grief gave mountain-rage the  
rein,

And, at the bloody spear-point headlong  
driven,

Thy Despot's giant guards fled like the rack  
of heaven.

## XI.

Go, baffled boaster! teach thy haughty mood  
To plead at thine imperious master's throne,

Say, thou hast left his legions in their blood,  
Deceived his hopes, and frustrated thine own;

Say, that thine utmost skill and valour shown,  
By British skill and valour were outwied;

Last say, thy conqueror was WELLINGTON!  
And if he chafe, be his own fortune tried—

God and our cause to friend, the venture we'll  
abide.

## XII.

But you, ye heroes of that well-fought ay,

How shall a bard, unknowing and unknown,  
His meed to each victorious leader pay,

Or bind on every brow the laurels won?  
Yet fain my harp would wake its boldest tone,

O'er the wide sea to hail CADOGAN brave:  
And he, perchance, the minstrel-note might  
own,

Mindful of meeting brief that Fortune gave  
Mid yon far western isles that hear the  
Atlantic rave.

## XIII.

Yes! hard the task, when Britons wield the  
sword,

To give each Chief and every field its fame:  
Hark! Albuera thunders BERESFORD,

And Red Barosa shouts for dauntless  
GREME!<sup>1</sup>

O for a verse of tumult and of flame,  
Bold as the bursting of their cannon sound,

To bid the world re-echo to their fame!  
For never, upon gory battle-ground,

With conquest's well-bought wreath were  
braver victors crown'd!

## XIV.

O who shall grudge him Albuera's bays,  
Who brought a race regenerate to the field,

Roused them to emulate their fathers' praise,  
Temper'd their headlong rage, their courage  
steel'd,<sup>3</sup>

And raised fair Lusitania's fallen shield,

And gave new edge to Lusitania's sword,  
And taught her sons forgotten arms to wield—  
Shiver'd my harp, and burst its every chord,  
If it forget thy worth, victorious BERESFORD!

## XV.

Not on that bloody field of battle won,  
Though Gaul's proud legions roll'd like mist  
away,

Was half his self-devoted valour shown,—  
He gaged but life on that illustrious day;

But when he toil'd those squadrons to array,  
Who fought like Britons in the bloody game,

Sharper than Polish pike or assagay,  
He braved the shafts of censure and of  
shame,

And, dearer far than life, he pledged a soldier's  
fame.

## XVI.

Nor be his praise o'erpast who strove to hide  
Beneath the warrior's vest affection's wound,

Whose wish Heaven for his country's weal  
denied;

Danger and fate he sought, but glory found.  
From clime to clime, where'er war's trumpets  
sounded,

The wanderer went; yet, Caledonia! still  
Thine was his thought in march and tented  
ground;

He dream'd 'mid Alpine's cliffs of Athole's  
hill,

And heard in Ebro's roar his Lyndoch's lovely  
rill.

## XVII.

O hero of a race renown'd of old,  
Whose war-cry oft has waked the battle-  
swell.

Since first distinguished in the onset bold,  
Wild sounding when the Roman rampart  
fell!

By Wallace' side it rung the Southron's knell,  
Alderne, Kilsythe, and Tibber, own'd its  
fame,

Tummell's rude pass can of its terrors tell,  
But ne'er from prouder field arose the name,

Than when wild Ronda learn'd the conquering  
shout of GREME!<sup>4</sup>

## XVIII.

But all too long, through the unknown and  
dark,

(With Spenser's parable I close my tale,)  
By shoal and rock hath steer'd my venturous  
bark,

And landward now I drive before the gale.  
And now the blue and distant shore I hail,

And nearer now I see the port expand,  
And now I gladly furl my weary sail,

And as the prow light touches on the strand,  
I strike my red-cross flag and bind my skiff to  
land.

1 See Appendix, Note R.

2 Ibid, Note S.

3 See Appendix, Note T.

4 Ibid, Note U.

## APPENDIX.

## NOTE A.

*And Cattreath's glens with voice of triumph  
rung,  
And mystic Merlin harp'd, and grey-hair'd  
Llywarch sung!*—P. 234.

This locality may startle those readers who do not recollect that much of the ancient poetry preserved in Wales refers less to the history of the Principality to which that name is now limited, than to events which happened in the north-west of England, and south-west of Scotland, where the Britons for a long time made a stand against the Saxons. The battle of Cattreath, lamented by the celebrated Aneurin, is supposed, by the learned Dr. Leyden, to have been fought on the skirts of Etrick Forest. It is known to the English reader by the paraphrase of Gray, beginning,

"Had I but the torrent's might,  
With headlong rage and wild affright," &c.

But it is not so generally known that the champions mourned in this beautiful dirge, were the British inhabitants of Edinburgh, who were cut off by the Saxons of Deiria, or Northumberland, about the latter part of the sixth century.—*Turner's History of the Anglo-Saxons*, edition 1799, vol. i. p. 222. Llywarch, the celebrated bard and monarch, was Prince of Argoed, in Cumberland; and his youthful exploits were performed upon the Border, although in his age he was driven into Powys by the successes of the Anglo-Saxons. As for Merlin Wyllt, or the Savage, his name of Caledonia, and his retreat into the Caledonian wood, appropriate him to Scotland. Fordun dedicates the thirty-first chapter of the third book of his *Scoto-Chronicon*, to a narration of the death of this celebrated bard and prophet near Drumelzier, a village upon Tweed, which is supposed to have derived its name (*quasi Tiamulus Merluni*) from the event. The particular spot in which he is buried is still shown, and appears, from the following quotation, to have partaken of his prophetic qualities:—"There is one thing remarkable here, which is, that the burn called Pausayl runs by the east side of this churchyard into the Tweed; at the side of which burn, a little below the churchyard, the famous prophet Merlin is said to be buried. The particular place of his grave, at the root of a thorn tree, was shown me, many years ago, by the old and reverend minister of the place, Mr. Richard Brown; and here was the old prophecy fulfilled, delivered in Scots rhyme, to this purpose:—

'When Tweed and Pausayl meet at Merlin's grave,  
Scotland and England shall one Monarch have.'

"For, the same day that our King James the Sixth was crowned King of England, the river Tweed, by an extraordinary flood, so far overflowed its banks, that it met and joined with the Pausayl at the said grave, which was never

before observed to fall out."—*Pennycutck's Description of Tiveddale*. Edin. 1715, iv. p. 26.

## NOTE B.

—*Minchmore's haunted spring*.—P. 235.

A belief in the existence and nocturnal revels of the fairies still lingers among the vulgar in Selkirkshire. A copious fountain upon the ridge of Minchmore, called the Cheesewell, is supposed to be sacred to these fanciful spirits, and it was customary to propitiate them by throwing in something upon passing it. A pin was the usual oblation; and the ceremony is still sometimes practised, though rather in jest than earnest.

## NOTE C.

—*The rude villager, his labour done,  
In verse spontaneous chants some favour'd  
name*.—P. 235.

The flexibility of the Italian and Spanish languages, and perhaps the liveliness of their genius, renders these countries distinguished for the talent of improvisation, which is found even among the lowest of the people. It is mentioned by Baretti and other travellers.

## NOTE D.

—*Kindling at the deeds of Græne*.—P. 235.

Over a name sacred for ages to heroic verse, a poet may be allowed to exercise some power. I have used the freedom, here and elsewhere, to alter the orthography of the name of my gallant countryman, in order to apprise the Southron reader of its legitimate sound;—Grahame being, on the other side of the Tweed, usually pronounced as a dissyllable.

## NOTE E.

*What! will Don Roderick here till morning  
stay,  
To wear in shrift and prayer the night away?  
And are his hours in such dull penance past,  
For fair Florinda's plunier'd charms to pay?*—  
P. 236.

Almost all the Spanish historians, as well as the voice of tradition, ascribe the invasion of the Moors to the forcible violation committed by Roderick upon Florinda, called by the Moors, Caba or Cava. She was the daughter of Count Julian, one of the Gothic monarch's principal lieutenants, who, when the crime



was perpetrated, was engaged in the defence of Ceuta against the Moors. In his indignation at the ingratitude of his sovereign, and the dishonour of his daughter, Count Julian forgot the duties of a Christian and a patriot, and, forming an alliance with Musa, then the Caliph's lieutenant in Africa, he countenanced the invasion of Spain by a body of Saracens and Africans, commanded by the celebrated Tarik; the issue of which was the defeat and death of Roderick, and the occupation of almost the whole peninsula by the Moors. Voltaire, in his General History, expresses his doubts of this popular story, and Gibbon gives him some countenance; but the universal tradition is quite sufficient for the purposes of poetry. The Spaniards, in detestation of Florinda's memory, are said, by Cervantes, never to bestow that name upon any human female, reserving it for their dogs. Nor is the tradition less inveterate among the Moors, since the same author mentions a promontory on the coast of Barbary, called "The Cape of the Caba Rumia, which, in our tongue, is the Cape of the Wicked Christian Woman; and it is a tradition among the Moors, that Caba, the daughter of Count Julian, who was the cause of the loss of Spain, lies buried there, and they think it ominous to be forced into that bay; for they never go in otherwise than by necessity."

## NOTE F.

*And guide me, Priest, to that mysterious room,  
Where, if aught true in old tradition be,  
His nation's future fate a Spanish King shall be.*  
P. 236.

The transition of an incident from history to tradition, and from tradition to fable and romance, becoming more marvellous at each step from its original simplicity, is not ill exemplified in the account of the "Fated Chamber" of Don Roderick, as given by his namesake, the historian of Toledo, contrasted with subsequent and more romantic accounts of the same subterranean discovery. I give the Archbishop of Toledo's tale in the words of Nonius, who seems to intimate, (though very modestly,) that the *fatale palatium* of which so much had been said, was only the ruins of a Roman amphitheatre.

"Extra muros, septentrionem versus, vestigia magni olim theatri sparsa visuntur. Auctor est Rodericus, Toletanus Archiepiscopus ante Arabum in Hispania irruptionem, hic *fatale palatium* fuisse; quod invicti vectes aeterna ferri robora claudabant, ne reseratum Hispania excidium adferret; quod in factis non vulgus solum, sed et prudentissimi quoque credebant. Sed Roderici ultimi Gothorum Regis animus infelix curiositas subit, sciendi quid sub tot vetitis claustris observaretur; ingentes ibi superiorum regum opes et arcanos thesauros servari ratus. Seras et pessulos perfringi curat, invitis omnibus; nihil præter arculam repertum, et in ea linteum, quo explicato novæ et insolentes hominum facies habitusque apparuerunt, cum inscriptione Latina, *Hispania excidium ab illa gente imminere*; Vultus habitusque Maurorum erant. Quamobrem ex Africa tantam cladem instare regi cæterisque per-

suasum; nec falso ut Hispaniæ annales etiamnum queruntur."—*Hispania Ludovic. Nonij. cap. lx.*

But, about the term of the expulsion of the Moors from Grenada, we find, in the "*Historia Verdadera del Rey Don Rodrigo*," a (pretended) translation from the Arabic of the sage Alcaide Abulcacim Tarif Abentarique, a legend which puts to shame the modesty of the historian Roderick, with his chest and prophetic picture. The custom of ascribing a pretended Moorish original to these legendary histories, is ridiculed by Cervantes, who affects to translate the History of the Knight of the Woful Figure, from the Arabic of the sage Cid Hamet Benengeli. As I have been indebted to the *Historia Verdadera* for some of the imagery employed in the text, the following literal translation from the work itself may gratify the inquisitive reader:—

"One mile on the east side of the city of Toledo, among some rocks, was situated an ancient tower, of a magnificent structure, though much dilapidated by time, which consumes all: four estadaes (i. e. four times a man's height) below it, there was a cave with a very narrow entrance, and a gate cut out of the solid rock, lined with a strong covering of iron, and fastened with many locks; above the gate some Greek letters are engraved, which, although abbreviated, and of doubtful meaning, were thus interpreted, according to the exposition of learned men:—'The King who opens this cave, and can discover the wonders, will discover both good and evil things.'—Many Kings desired to know the mystery of this tower, and sought to find out the manner with much care; but when they opened the gate, such a tremendous noise arose in the cave, that it appeared as if the earth was bursting; many of those present sickened with fear, and others lost their lives. In order to prevent such great perils, (as they supposed a dangerous enchantment was contained within,) they secured the gate with new locks, concluding, that, though a King was destined to open it, the fated time was not yet arrived. At last King Don Rodrigo, led on by his evil fortune and unlucky destiny, opened the tower; and some bold attendants, whom he had brought with him, entered, although agitated with fear. Having proceeded a good way, they fled back to the entrance, terrified with a frightful vision which they had beheld. The King was greatly moved, and ordered many torches, so contrived that the tempest in the cave could not extinguish them, to be lighted. Then the King entered; not without fear, before all the others. They discovered, by degrees, a splendid hall, apparently built in a very sumptuous manner; in the middle stood a Bronze Statue of very ferocious appearance, which held a battle-axe in its hands. With this he struck the floor violently, giving it such heavy blows, that the noise in the cave was occasioned by the motion of the air. The King, greatly affrighted and astonished, began to conjure this terrible vision, promising that he would return without doing any injury in the cave, after he had obtained a sight of what was contained in it. The statue ceased to strike the floor, and the King, with his followers, somewhat assured, and recovering their courage, proceeded into

the hall; and on the left of the statue they found this inscription on the wall: 'Unfortunate King, thou hast entered here in evil hour.' On the right side of the wall these words were inscribed: 'By strange nations thou shalt be dispossessed, and thy subjects foully degraded.' On the shoulders of the statue other words were written, which said, 'I call upon the Arabs.' And upon his breast was written, 'I do my office.' At the entrance of the hall there was placed a round bowl, from which a great noise, like the fall of waters, proceeded. They found no other thing in the hall: and when the King, sorrowful and greatly affected, had scarcely turned about to leave the cavern, the statue again commenced its accustomed blows upon the floor. After they had mutually promised to conceal what they had seen, they again closed the tower, and blocked up the gate of the cavern with earth, that no memory might remain in the world of such a portentous and evil-boding prodigy. The ensuing midnight they heard great cries and clamour from the cave, resounding like the noise of battle, and the ground shaking with a tremendous roar; the whole edifice of the old tower fell to the ground, by which they were greatly affrighted, the vision which they had beheld appearing to them as a dream.

"The King having left the tower, ordered wise men to explain what the inscriptions signified; and having consulted upon and studied their meaning, they declared that the statue of bronze, with the motion which it made with its battle-axe, signified Time; and that its office, alluded to in the inscription on its breast, was, that he never rests a single moment. The words on the shoulders, 'I call upon the Arabs,' they expounded, that, in time, Spain would be conquered by the Arabs. The words upon the left wall signified the destruction of King Rodrigo; those on the right, the dreadful calamities which were to fall upon the Spaniards and Goths, and that the unfortunate King would be dispossessed of all his states. Finally, the letters on the portal indicated, that good would betide to the conquerors, and evil to the conquered, of which experience proved the truth."—*Historia Verdadera del Rey Don Rodrigo*. Quinta impresion. Madrid, 1654, iv. p. 23.

### NOTE G.

*The Tebir war-cry and the Lelie's yell.*—P. 237.

The Tebir (derived from the words *Alla acbar*, God is most mighty) was the original war-cry of the Saracens. It is celebrated by Hughes in the Siege of Damascus:—

"We heard the Tebir; no these Arabs call  
Their shout of onset, when, with loud appeal,  
They challenge Heaven, as if demanding conquest."

The *Lelie*, well known to the Christians during the crusades, is the shout of *Alla illa Alla*, the Mahomedan confession of faith. It is twice used in poetry by my friend Mr. W. Stewart Rose, in the romance of Partenopex, and in the Crusade of St. Lewis.

### NOTE H.

*By Heaven, the Moors prevail' the Christians yield!*—

*Their coward leader gives for flight the sign!  
The scaptr'd craven mounts to quit the field—  
Is not yon sleet Orelia?—Yes, 'tis mine!*

P. 237.

Count Julian, the father of the injured Florinda, with the connivance and assistance of Oppas, Archbishop of Toledo, invited, in 713, the Saracens into Spain. A considerable army arrived under the command of Tarik, or Tarif, who bequeathed the well-known name of Gibraltar (*Gibel al Tarik*, or the mountain of Tarik) to the place of his landing. He was joined by Count Julian, ravaged Andalusia, and took Seville. In 714, they returned with a still greater force, and Roderick marched into Andalusia at the head of a great army, to give them battle. The field was chosen near Xeres, and Mariana gives the following account of the action:—

"Both armies being drawn up, the King, according to the custom of the Gothic kings when they went to battle, appeared in an ivory chariot, clothed in cloth of gold, encouraging his men; Tarif, on the other side, did the same. The armies, thus prepared, waited only for the signal to fall on; the Goths gave the charge, their drums and trumpets sounding, and the Moors received it with the noise of kettle-drums. Such were the shouts and cries on both sides, that the mountains and valleys seemed to meet. First, they began with slings, darts, javelins, and lances, then came to the swords; a long time the battle was dubious; but the Moors seemed to have the worst, till D Oppas, the archbishop, having to that time concealed his treachery, in the heat of the fight, with a great body of his followers, went over to the infidels. He joined Count Julian, with whom was a great number of Goths, and both together fell upon the flank of our army. Our men, terrified with that unparalleled treachery, and tired with fighting, could no longer sustain that charge, but were easily put to flight. The King performed the part not only of a wise general, but of a resolute soldier, relieving the weakest, bringing on fresh men in place of those that were tired, and stopping those that turned their backs. At length, seeing no hopes left, he alighted out of his chariot for fear of being taken, and mounting on a horse called Orelia, he withdrew out of the battle. The Goths, who still stood, missing him, were most part put to the sword, the rest betook themselves to flight. The camp was immediately entered, and the baggage taken. What number was killed was not known: I suppose they were so many it was hard to count them; for this single battle robbed Spain of all its glory, and in it perished the renowned name of the Goths. The King's horse, upper garment, and buskins, covered with pearls and precious stones, were found on the bank of the river Guadelite, and there being no news of him afterwards, it was supposed he was drowned passing the river."—*Mariana's History of Spain*, book vi. chap. 9

Orelia, the courser of Don Roderick, mentioned in the text, and in the above quotation,

was celebrated for her speed and form. She is mentioned repeatedly in Spanish romance, and also by Cervantes.

### NOTE I.

*When for the light bolero ready stand,  
The mozo blithe, with gay muchacha met.*  
P. 238.

The bolero is a very light and active dance, much practised by the Spaniards, in which castanets are always used. *Mozo* and *muchacha* are equivalent to our phrase of lad and lass.

### NOTE K.

*While trumpets rang, and heralds cried "Castile!"*—P. 239.

The heralds, at the coronation of a Spanish monarch, proclaim his name three times, and repeat three times the word *Castilla, Costilla, Castilla*; which, with all other ceremonies, was carefully copied in the mock inauguration of Joseph Bonaparte.

### NOTE L.

*High blazed the war, and long, and far, and wide.*  
P. 240.

Those who were disposed to believe that mere virtue and energy are able of themselves to work forth the salvation of an oppressed people, surprised in a moment of confidence, deprived of their officers, armies, and fortresses, who had every means of resistance to seek in the very moment when they were to be made use of, and whom the numerous treasons among the higher orders deprived of confidence in their natural leaders,—those who entertained this enthusiastic but delusive opinion may be pardoned for expressing their disappointment at the protracted warfare in the Peninsula. There are, however, another class of persons, who, having themselves the highest dread or veneration, or something allied to both, for the power of the modern Attila, will nevertheless give the heroic Spaniards little or no credit for the long, stubborn, and unsubdued resistance of three years to a power before whom their former well-prepared, well-armed, and numerous adversaries fell in the course of as many months. While these gentlemen plead for deference to Bonaparte, and crave

"Respect for his great place, and hid the devil  
Be duly honour'd for his burning throne."

it may not be altogether unreasonable to claim some modification of censure upon those who have been long and to a great extent successfully resisting this great enemy of mankind. That the energy of Spain has not uniformly been directed by conduct equal to its vigour, has been too obvious; that her armies, under their complicated disadvantages, have shared the fate of such as were defeated after taking the field with every possible advantage

of arms and discipline, is surely not to be wondered at. But that a nation, under the circumstances of repeated discomfiture, internal treason, and the mismanagement incident to a temporary and hastily adopted government, should have wasted, by its stubborn, uniform, and prolonged resistance, myriads after myriads of those soldiers who had overrun the world—that some of its provinces should, like Galicia, after being abandoned by their allies, and overrun by their enemies, have recovered their freedom by their own unassisted exertions; that others, like Catalonia, undismayed by the treason which betrayed some fortresses, and the force which subdued others, should not only have continued their resistance, but have attained over their victorious enemy a superiority, which is even now enabling them to besiege and retake the places of strength which had been wrested from them, is a tale hitherto untold in the revolutionary war. To say that such a people cannot be subdued, would be presumption similar to that of those who protested that Spain could not defend herself for a year, or Portugal for a month; but that a resistance which has been continued for so long a space, when the usurper, except during the short-lived Austrian campaign, had no other enemies on the continent, should be now less successful, when repeated defeats have broken the reputation of the French armies, and when they are likely (it would seem almost in desperation) to seek occupation elsewhere, is a prophecy as improbable as ungracious. And while we are in the humour of severely censuring our allies, gallant and devoted as they have shown themselves in the cause of national liberty, because they may not instantly adopt those measures which we in our wisdom may deem essential to success, it might be well if we endeavoured first to resolve the previous questions.—1st, Whether we do not at this moment know much less of the Spanish armies than those of Portugal, which were so promptly condemned as totally inadequate to assist in the preservation of their country? 2d, Whether, independently of any right we have to offer more than advice and assistance to our independent allies, we can expect that they should renounce entirely the national pride, which is inseparable from patriotism, and at once condescend not only to be saved by our assistance, but to be saved in our own way? 3d, Whether, if it be an object (as undoubtedly it is a main one), that the Spanish troops should be trained under British discipline, to the flexibility of movement, and power of rapid concert and combination, which is essential to modern war; such a consummation is likely to be produced by abusing them in newspapers and periodical publications? Lastly, since the undoubted authority of British officers makes us now acquainted with part of the horrors that attend invasion, and which the providence of God, the valour of our navy, and perhaps the very efforts of these Spaniards, have hitherto diverted from us, it may be modestly questioned whether we ought to be too forward to estimate and condemn the feeling of temporary stupefaction which they create; lest, in so doing, we should resemble the worthy clergyman who, while he had himself never



snuffed a candle with his fingers, was disposed severely to criticise the conduct of a martyr, who winced a little among his flames.

### NOTE M.

*They won not Zaragoza, but her children's bloody tomb.—P. 240.*

The interesting account of Mr. Vaughan has made most readers acquainted with the first siege of Zaragoza.<sup>1</sup> The last and fatal siege of that gallant and devoted city is detailed with great eloquence and precision in the "Edinburgh Annual Register" for 1809,—a work in which the affairs of Spain have been treated of with attention corresponding to their deep interest, and to the peculiar sources of information open to the historian. The following are a few brief extracts from this splendid historical narrative:—

"A breach was soon made in the mud walls, and then, as in the former siege, the war was carried on in the streets and houses; but the French had been taught by experience, that in this species of warfare the Zaragozans derived a superiority from the feeling and principle which inspired them, and the cause for which they fought. The only means of conquering Zaragoza was to destroy it house by house, and street by street; and upon this system of destruction they proceeded. Three companies of miners, and eight companies of sappers, carried on this subterraneous war; the Spaniards, it is said, attempted to oppose them by countermines; these were operations to which they were wholly unused, and, according to the French statement, their miners were every day discovered and suffocated. Meantime, the bombardment was incessantly kept up. 'Within the last 48 hours,' said Palafox in a letter to his friend General Doyle, '6000 shells have been thrown in. Two-thirds of the town are in ruins, but we shall perish under the ruins of the remaining third rather than surrender.' In the course of the siege, above 17,000 bombs were thrown at the town; the stock of powder with which Zaragoza had been stored was exhausted; they had none at last but what they manufactured day by day; and no other cannon-balls than those which were shot into the town, and which they collected and fired back upon the enemy."—

In the midst of these horrors and privations, the pestilence broke out in Zaragoza. To various causes, enumerated by the annalist, he adds, "scantiness of food, crowded quarters, unusual exertion of body, anxiety of mind, and the impossibility of recruiting their exhausted strength by needful rest, in a city which was almost incessantly bombarded, and where every hour their sleep was broken by the tremendous explosion of mines. There was now no respite, either by day or night, for this devoted city; even the natural order of light and darkness was destroyed in Zaragoza; by day it was involved in a red sulphurous atmosphere of smoke, which hid the face of heaven; by night the fire of cannons and

mortars, and the flames of burning houses, kept it in a state of terrific illumination.

"When once the pestilence had begun, it was impossible to check its progress, or confine it to one quarter of the city. Hospitals were immediately established,—there were above thirty of them; as soon as one was destroyed by the bombardment, the patients were removed to another, and thus the infection was carried to every part of Zaragoza. Fatigue aggravated the evil; the city had probably not been sufficiently provided at the commencement of the siege, and of the provisions which it contained, much was destroyed in the daily ruin which the mines and bombs effected. Had the Zaragozans and their garrison proceeded according to military rules, they would have surrendered before the end of January; their batteries had then been demolished, there were open breaches in many parts of their weak walls, and the enemy were already within the city. On the 30th, above sixty houses were blown up, and the French obtained possession of the monasteries of the Augustines and Las Mopicas, which adjoined each other, two of the last defensible places left. The enemy forced their way into the church; every column, every chapel, every altar, became a point of defence, which was repeatedly attacked, taken, and retaken; the pavement was covered with blood, the aisles and body of the church strewed with the dead, who were trampled under foot by the combatants. In the midst of this conflict, the roof, shattered by repeated bombs, fell in; the few who were not crushed, after a short pause, which this tremendous shock, and their own unexpected escape, occasioned, renewed the fight with rekindled fury: fresh parties of the enemy poured in; monks, and citizens, and soldiers, came to the defence, and the contest was continued upon the ruins, and the bodies of the dead and the dying."—

Yet, seventeen days after sustaining these extremities, did the heroic inhabitants of Zaragoza continue their defence; nor did they then surrender until their despair had extracted from the French generals a capitulation, more honourable than has been granted to fortresses of the first order.

Who shall venture to refuse the Zaragozans the eulogium conferred upon them by the eloquence of Wordsworth!—"Most gloriously have the citizens of Zaragoza proved that the true army of Spain, in a contest of this nature, is the whole people. The same city has also exemplified in a melancholy, yea, a dismal truth,—yet consolatory and full of joy.—that when a people are called suddenly to fight for their liberty, and are sorely pressed upon, their best field of battle is the floors upon which their children have played; the chambers where the family of each man has slept, (his own or his neighbours';) upon or under the roofs by which they have been sheltered; in the gardens of their recreation; in the street, or in the market-place; before the altars of their temples, and among their congregated dwellings, blazing or uprooted.

"The government of Spain must never forget Zaragoza for a moment. Nothing is wanting to produce the same effects everywhere, but a leading mind, such as that city was blessed with. In the latter contest this has

<sup>1</sup> See Narrative of the siege of Zaragoza, by Richard Charles Vaughan, Esq. 1803. The Right Honourable R. C. Vaughan is now British Minister at Washington. 1833.

been proved; for Zaragoza contained, at that time, bodies of men from almost all parts of Spain. The narrative of those two sieges should be the manual of every Spaniard. He may add to it the ancient stories of Numantia and Saguntum; let him sleep upon the book as a pillow, and, if he be a devout adherent to the religion of his country, let him wear it in his bosom for his crucifix to rest upon."—*Wordsworth on the Convention of Cintra.*

## NOTE N.

*The Vault of Destiny.*—P. 241.

Before finally dismissing the enchanted cavern of Don Roderick, it may be noticed, that the legend occurs in one of Calderon's plays, entitled, *La Virgin del Sagrario*. The scene opens with the noise of the chase, and Recisundo, a predecessor of Roderick upon the Gothic throne, enters pursuing a stag. The animal assumes the form of a man, and defies the king to enter the cave, which forms the bottom of the scene, and engage with him in single combat. The king accepts the challenge, and they engage accordingly, but without advantage on either side, which induces the Genie to inform Recisundo, that he is not the monarch for whom the adventure of the enchanted cavern is reserved, and he proceeds to predict the downfall of the Gothic monarchy, and of the Christian religion, which shall attend the discovery of its mysteries. Recisundo, appalled by these prophecies, orders the cavern to be secured by a gate and bolts of iron. In the second part of the same play, we are informed that Don Roderick had removed the barrier, and transgressed the prohibition of his ancestor, and had been apprized by the prodigies which he discovered of the approaching ruin of his kingdom.

## NOTE O.

*While downward on the land his legions press,  
Before them it was rich with vine and flock,  
And smiled like Eden in her summer dress;—  
Behind their wasteful march, a reeking wilderness.*  
P. 242.

I have ventured to apply to the movements of the French army that sublime passage in the prophecies of Joel, which seems applicable to them in more respects than that I have adopted in the text. One would think their ravages, their military appointments, the terror which they spread among invaded nations, their military discipline, their arts of political intrigue and deceit, were distinctly pointed out in the following verses of Scripture:—

"2. A day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness, as the morning spread upon the mountains: a great people and a strong, there hath not been ever the like, neither shall be any more after it, even to the yeares of many generations. 3. A fire devoureth before them, and behind them a flame burneth: the land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behinde them a desolate wilderness, yea, and nothing shall escape

them. 4. The appearance of them is as the appearance of horses and as horsemen, so shall they runne. 5. Like the noise of chariots on the tops of mountains, shall they leap, like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble, as a strong people set in battel array. 6. Before their face shall the people be much pained; all faces shall gather blacknesse. 7. They shall run like mighty men, they shall climb the wall like men of warre, and they shall march every one in his wayes, and they shall not break their ranks. 8. Neither shall one thrust another, they shall walk every one in his path: and when they fall upon the sword, they shall not be wounded. 9. They shall run to and fro in the citie; they shall run upon the wall, they shall climb up upon the houses: they shall enter in at the windows like a thief. 10. The earth shall quake before them, the heavens shall tremble, the sunne and the moon shall be dark, and the starres shall withdraw their shining."

In verse 20th also, which announces the retreat of the northern army, described in such dreadful colours, into a "land barren and desolate," and the dishonour with which God afflicted them for having "magnified themselves to do great things," there are particulars not inapplicable to the retreat of Massena;—Divine Providence having, in all ages, attached disgrace as the natural punishment of cruelty and presumption.

## NOTE P.

*The rudest sentinel, in Britain born,  
With horror paused to view the havoc done,  
Gave his poor crust to feed some wretch forlorn.*  
P. 242.

Even the unexampled gallantry of the British army in the campaign of 1810-11, although they never fought but to conquer, will do them less honour in history than their humanity, attentive to soften to the utmost of their power the horrors which war, in its mildest aspect, must always inflict upon the defenceless inhabitants of the country in which it is waged, and which, on this occasion, were tenfold augmented by the barbarous cruelties of the French. Soup-kitchens were established by subscription among the officers, wherever the troops were quartered for any length of time. The commissaries contributed the heads, feet, &c. of the cattle slaughtered for the soldiery: rice, vegetables, and bread, where it could be had, were purchased by the officers. Fifty or sixty starving peasants were daily fed at one of these regimental establishments, and carried home the relics to their famished households. The emaciated wretches, who could not crawl from weakness, were speedily employed in pruning their vines. While pursuing Massena, the soldiers evinced the same spirit of humanity, and in many instances, when reduced themselves to short allowance, from having out-marched their supplies, they shared their pittance with the starving inhabitants, who had ventured back to view the ruins of their habitations, hurat by the retreating enemy, and to bury the bodies of their relations whom they had butchered. Is it possible to know such facts

without feeling a sort of confidence, that those who so well deserve victory are most likely to attain it!—It is not the least of Lord Wellington's military merits, that the slightest disposition towards marauding meets immediate punishment. Independently of all moral obligation, the army which is most orderly in a friendly country, has always proved most formidable to an armed enemy.

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### NOTE Q.

*Vain-glorious fugitive!*—P. 242.

The French conducted this memorable retreat with much of the *fanfarrone* proper to their country, by which they attempt to impose upon others, and perhaps on themselves, a belief that they are triumphing in the very moment of their discomfiture. On the 30th March, 1811, their rear-guard was overtaken near Pega by the British cavalry. Being well posted, and conceiving themselves safe from infantry, (who were indeed many miles in the rear,) and from artillery, they indulged themselves in parading their bands of music, and actually performed "God save the King." Their minstrelsy was, however, deranged by the undesired accompaniment of the British horse-artillery, on whose part in the concert they had not calculated. The surprise was sudden, and the rout complete; for the artillery and cavalry did execution upon them for about four miles, pursuing at the gallop as often as they got beyond the range of the guns.

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### NOTE R.

*Vainly thy squadrons hide Assuava's plain,  
And front the flying thunders as they roar,  
With frantic charge and tenfold odds in vain!*  
P. 243.

In the severe action of Fuentes d' Honoro, upon 5th May, 1811, the grand mass of the French cavalry attacked the right of the British position, covered by two guns of the horse-artillery, and two squadrons of cavalry. After suffering considerably from the fire of the guns, which annoyed them in every attempt at formation, the enemy turned their wrath entirely towards them, distributed brandy among their troopers, and advanced to carry the field-pieces with the desperation of drunken fury. They were in nowise checked by the heavy loss which they sustained in this daring attempt, but closed, and fairly mingled with the British cavalry, to whom they bore the proportion of ten to one. Captain Ramsay, (let me be permitted to name a gallant countryman,) who commanded the two guns, dismissed them at the gallop, and putting himself at the head of the mounted artillerymen, ordered them to fall upon the French, sabre-in-hand. This very unexpected conversion of artillerymen into dragoons, contributed greatly to the defeat of the enemy, already disconcerted by the reception they had met from the two British squadrons; and the appearance of some small reinforcements, notwithstanding the immense disproportion of force, put them

to absolute rout. A colonel or major of their cavalry, and many prisoners, (almost all intoxicated,) remained in our possession. Those who consider for a moment the difference of the services, and how much an artilleryman is necessarily and naturally led to identify his own safety and utility with abiding by the tremendous instrument of war, to the exercise of which he is chiefly, if not exclusively, trained, will know how to estimate the presence of mind which commanded so bold a manœuvre, and the steadiness and confidence with which it was executed.

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### NOTE S.

*And what avails thee that for Cameron slain,  
Wild from his plaided ranks the yell was given.*  
P. 243.

The gallant Colonel Cameron was wounded mortally during the desperate contest in the streets of the village called Fuentes d' Honoro. He fell at the head of his native Highlanders, the 71st and 79th, who raised a dreadful shriek of grief and rage. They charged with irresistible fury, the finest body of French grenadiers ever seen, being a part of Bonaparte's selected guard. The officer who led the French, a man remarkable for stature and symmetry, was killed on the spot. The Frenchman who stepped out of his rank to take aim at Colonel Cameron was also bayoneted, pierced with a thousand wounds, and almost torn to pieces by the furious Highlanders, who, under the command of Colonel Cadogan, bore the enemy out of the contested ground at the point of the bayonet. Massena pays my countrymen a singular compliment in his account of the attack and defence of this village, in which he says the British lost many officers, *and Scotch*.

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### NOTE T.

*O who shall grudge him Albuera's boys,  
Who brought a race regenerate to the field,  
Roused them to emulate their fathers' praise,  
Temper'd their headlong rage, their courage  
steel'd,  
And raised fair Lusitania's fallen shield.*  
P. 243.

Nothing during the war of Portugal seems, to a distinct observer, more deserving of praise, than the self-devotion of Field-Marshal Beresford, who was contented to undertake all the hazard of obloquy which might have been founded upon any miscarriage in the highly important experiment of training the Portuguese troops to an improved state of discipline. In exposing his military reputation to the censure of imprudence from the most moderate, and all manner of unutterable calumnies from the ignorant and malignant, he placed at stake the dearest pledge which a military man had to offer, and nothing but the deepest conviction of the high and essential importance attached to success can be supposed an adequate motive. How great the chance of miscarriage was supposed, may be estimated from the general opinion of officers of unquestioned talents and experience, possessed of every opportu-



nity of information; how completely the experiment has succeeded, and how much the spirit and patriotism of our ancient allies had been underrated, is evident, not only from those victories in which they have borne a distinguished share, but from the liberal and highly honourable manner in which these opinions have been retracted. The success of this plan, with all its important consequences, we owe to the indefatigable exertions of Field-Marshal Beresford.

## NOTE U.

— a race renown'd of old,  
Whose war-cry oft has wak'd the battle-swell.

— the conquering shout of Græme.—P. 243.

This stanza alludes to the various achievements of the warlike family of Græme, or Grahame. They are said, by tradition, to have

descended from the Scottish chief, under whose command his countrymen stormed the wall built by the Emperor Severus between the Friths of Forth and Clyde, the fragments of which are still popularly called Græme's Dyke. Sir John the Græme, "the hardy, wight, and wise," is well known as the friend of Sir William Wallace. Alderne, Kilsythe, and Tibbermuir, were scenes of the victories of the heroic Marquis of Montrose. The pass of Killycrankie is famous for the action between King William's forces and the Highlanders in 1689,

"Where glad Dundee in faint huzzas expired."

It is seldom that one line can number so many heroes, and yet more rare when it can appeal to the glory of a living descendant in support of its ancient renown.

The allusions to the private history and character of General Grahame may be illustrated by referring to the eloquent and affecting speech of Mr. Sheridan, upon the vote of thanks to the Victor of Barosa.

## R o k e b y :

## A POEM, IN SIX CANTOS.

## NOTICE TO EDITION 1833.

Sir Walter Scott commenced the composition of *Rokeby* at Abbotsford, on the 15th of September 1812, and finished it on the last day of the following December.

The reader may be interested with the following extracts from his letters to his friend and printer, Mr. Ballantyne.

Abbotsford, 28th Oct. 1812.

"Dear James,—I send you to-day better than the third sheet of Canto II., and I trust to send the other three sheets in the course of the week. I expect that you will have three cantos complete before I quit this place—on the 11th of November. Surely, if you do your part, the poem may be out by Christmas; but you must not dandle over your typographical scruples. I have too much respect for the public to neglect any thing in my poem to attract their attention; and you misunderstood me much, when you supposed that I designed any new experiments in point of composition. I only meant to say, that knowing well that the said public will never be pleased with exactly the same thing a second time, I saw the necessity of giving a certain degree of novelty, by throwing the interest more on *character* than in my former poems, without certainly meaning to exclude either incident or description. I think you will see the same sort of difference taken in all my former poems, of

which I would say, if it is fair for me to say any thing, that the force in the *Lay* is thrown on style, in *Marmion* on description, and in the *Lady of the Lake* on incident."

3d November.—"As for my story, the conduct of the plot, which must be made natural and easy, prevents my introducing any thing light for some time. You must advert, that in order to give poetical effect to any incident, I am often obliged to be much longer than I expected in the detail. You are too much like the country squire in the what d'ye call it, who commands that the play should not only be a tragedy and comedy, but that it should be crowned with a spice of your pastoral. As for what is popular, and what people like, and so forth, it is all a joke. *Be interesting*; do the thing well, and the only difference will be, that people will like what they never liked before, and will like it so much the better for the novelty of their feelings towards it. Dulness and tameless are the only irreparable faults."

December 31st.—"With kindest wishes on the return of the season, I send you the last of the copy of *Rokeby*. If you are not engaged at home, and like to call in, we will drink good luck to it; but do not derange a family party.

"There is something odd and melancholy in concluding a poem with the year, and I could be almost silly and sentimental about it. I

hope you think I have done my best. I assure you of my wishes the work may succeed; and my exertions to get out in time were more inspired by your interest and John's, than my own. And so *vogue la galere*. W. S."

### INTRODUCTION TO EDITION 1830.

Between the publication of "The Lady of the Lake," which was so eminently successful, and that of "Rokeby," in 1813, three years had intervened. I shall not, I believe, be accused of ever having attempted to usurp a superiority over many men of genius, my contemporaries; but, in point of popularity, not of actual talent, the caprice of the public had certainly given me such a temporary superiority over men, of whom, in regard to poetical fancy and feeling, I scarcely thought myself worthy to loose the shoe-latch. On the other hand, it would be absurd affectation in me to deny, that I conceived myself to understand, more perfectly than many of my contemporaries, the manner most likely to interest the great mass of mankind. Yet, even with this belief, I must truly and fairly say, that I always considered myself rather as one who held the bets, in time to be paid over to the winner, than as having any pretence to keep them in my own right.

In the meantime years crept on, and not without their usual deprivations on the passing generation. My sons had arrived at the age when the paternal home was no longer their best abode, as both were destined to active life. The field-sports, to which I was peculiarly attached, had now less interest, and were replaced by other amusements of a more quiet character; and the means and opportunity of pursuing these were to be sought for. I had, indeed, for some years attended to farming, a knowledge of which is, or at least was then, indispensable to the comfort of a family residing in a solitary country-house; but although this was the favourite amusement of many of my friends, I have never been able to consider it as a source of pleasure. I never could think it a matter of passing importance, that my cattle or crops were better or more plentiful than those of my neighbours, and nevertheless I began to feel the necessity of some more quiet out-door occupation, different from those I had hitherto pursued. I purchased a small farm of about one hundred acres, with the purpose of planting and improving it, to which property circumstances afterwards enabled me to make considerable additions; and thus an era took place in my life, almost equal to the important one mentioned by the Vicar of Wakefield, when he removed from the Blue-room to the Brown. In point of neighbourhood, at least, the change of residence made little more difference. Abbotsford, to which we removed, was only six or seven miles down the Tweed, and lay on the same beautiful stream. It did not possess the romantic character of Ashiestiel, my former residence; but it had a stretch of meadowland along the river, and possessed, in the phrase of the landscape-gardener, considerable capabilities. Above all, the land was my own, like Uncle Toby's Bowling-green, to do what I would with. It had been, though the grati-

fication was long postponed, an early wish of mine to connect myself with my mother earth, and prosecute those experiments by which a species of creative power is exercised over the face of nature. I can trace even to childhood, a pleasure derived from Doddsley's account of Shienstone's Leasowes, and I envied the poet much more for the pleasure of accomplishing the objects detailed in his friend's sketch of his grounds, than for the possession of pipe, crook, flock, and Phillis to hoot. My memory, also, tenacious of quaint expressions, still retained a phrase which it had gathered from an old almanack of Charles the Second's time (when every thing down to almanacks affected to be smart), in which the reader, in the month of June, is advised for health's sake to walk a mile or two every day before breakfast, and, if he can possibly so manage, to let his exercise be taken upon his own land.

With the satisfaction of having attained the fulfilment of an early and long-cherished hope, I commenced my improvements, as delightful in their progress as those of the child who first makes a dress for a new doll. The nakedness of the land was in time hidden by woodlands of considerable extent—the smallest of possible cottages was progressively expanded into a sort of dream of a mansion-house, whimsical in the exterior, but convenient within. Nor did I forget what is the natural pleasure of every man who has been a reader; I mean the filling the shelves of a tolerably large library. All these objects I kept in view, to be executed as convenience should serve; and, although I knew many years must elapse before they could be attained, I was of a disposition to comfort myself with the Spanish proverb, "Time and I against any two."

The difficult and indispensable point, of finding a permanent subject of occupation, was now at length attained; but there was annexed to it the necessity of becoming again a candidate for public favour; for, as I was turned improver on the earth of the every-day world, it was under condition that the small tenement of Parnassus, which might be accessible to my labours, should not remain uncultivated.

I meditated, at first, a poem on the subject of Bruce, in which I made some progress, but afterwards judged it advisable to lay it aside, supposing that an English story might have more novelty; in consequence, the precedence was given to "Rokeby."

If subject and scenery could have influenced the fate of a poem, that of "Rokeby" should have been eminently distinguished; for the grounds belonged to a dear friend, with whom I had lived in habits of intimacy for many years, and the place itself united the romantic beauties of the wilds of Scotland with the rich and smiling aspect of the southern portion of the island. But the Cavaliers and Round-heads, whom I attempted to summon up to tenant this beautiful region, had for the public neither the novelty nor the peculiar interest of the primitive Highlanders. This, perhaps, was scarcely to be expected, considering that the general mind sympathizes readily and at once with the stamper which nature herself has affixed upon the manners of a people living in a simple and patriarchal state; whereas it has more difficulty in understanding or interesting itself in manners founded upon those peculiar

habits of thinking or acting, which are produced by the progress of society. We could read with pleasure the tale of the adventures of a Cossack or a Mongol Tartar, while we only wonder and stare over those of the lovers in the "Pleasing Chinese History," where the embarrassments turn upon difficulties arising out of unintelligible delicacies peculiar to the customs and manners of that affected people.

The cause of my failure had, however, a far deeper root. The manner, or style, which, by its novelty, attracted the public in an unusual degree, had now, after having been three times before them, exhausted the patience of the reader, and began in the fourth to lose its charms. The reviewers may be said to have apostrophized the author in the language of Parnell's Edwin:—

"And here reverse the charm, he cries,  
And let it fairly now suffice,  
The gambol has been showa."

The licentious combination of rhymes, in a manner not perhaps very congenial to our language, had not been confined to the author. Indeed, in most similar cases, the inventors of such novelties have their reputation destroyed by their own imitators, as Actæon fell under the fury of his own dogs. The present author, like Bohadil, had taught his trick of fence to a hundred gentlemen, (and ladies,) who could fence very nearly, or quite as well as himself. For this there was no remedy; the harmony became tiresome and ordinary, and both the original inventor and his invention must have fallen into contempt, if he had not found out another road to public favour. What has been said of the metre only, must be considered to apply equally to the structure of the Poem and of the style. The very best passages of any popular style are not, perhaps, susceptible of imitation, but they may be approached by men of talent; and those who are less able to copy them, at least lay hold of their peculiar features, so as to produce a strong burlesque. In either way, the effect of the manner is rendered cheap and common; and, in the latter case, ridiculous to boot. The evil consequences to an author's reputation are at least as fatal as those which come upon the musical composer, when his melody falls into the hands of the street ballad-singer.

Of the unfavourable species of imitation, the author's style gave room to a very large number, owing to an appearance of facility to which some of those who used the measure unquestionably leaned too far. The effect of the more favourable imitations, composed by persons of talent, was almost equally unfortunate to the original minstrel, by showing that they could overshoot him with his own bow. In short, the popularity which once attended the *School*, as it was called, was now fast decaying.

Besides all this, to have kept his ground at the crisis when "Rokeby" appeared, its author ought to have put forth his utmost strength, and to have possessed at least all his original advantages, for a mighty and unexpected rival was advancing on the stage—a rival not in poetical powers only, but in that art of attracting popularity, in which the present writer had hitherto preceded better men than him-

self. The reader will easily see that Byron is here meant, who, after a little velitation of no great promise, now appeared as a serious candidate, in the "First two Cantos of Childe Harold." I was astonished at the power evinced by that work, which neither the "Hours of Idleness," nor the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," had prepared me to expect from its author. There was a depth in his thought, an eager abundance in his diction, which argued full confidence in the inexhaustible resources of which he felt himself possessed; and there was some appearance of that labour of the file, which indicates that the author is conscious of the necessity of doing every justice to his work, that it may pass warrant. Lord Byron was also a traveller, a man whose ideas were fired by having seen, in distant scenes of difficulty and danger, the places whose very names are recorded in our bosoms as the shrines of ancient poetry. For his own misfortune, perhaps, but certainly to the high increase of his poetical character, nature had mixed in Lord Byron's system those passions which agitate the human heart with most violence, and which may be said to have hurried his bright career to an early close. There would have been little wisdom in measuring my force with so formidable an antagonist; and I was as likely to tire of playing the second fiddle in the concert, as my audience of hearing me. Age also was advancing. I was growing insensible to those subjects of excitation by which youth is agitated. I had around me the most pleasant but least exciting of all society, that of kind friends and an affectionate family. My circle of employments was a narrow one; it occupied me constantly, and it became daily more difficult for me to interest myself in poetical composition:—

"How happily the days of Thalaba went by!"

Yet, though conscious that I must be, in the opinion of good judges, inferior to the place I had for four or five years held in letters, and feeling alike that the latter was one to which I had only a temporary right, I could not brook the idea of relinquishing literary occupation, which had been so long my chief diversion. Neither was I disposed to choose the alternative of sinking into a mere editor and commentator, though that was a species of labour which I had practised, and to which I was attached. But I could not endure to think that I might not, whether known, or concealed, do something of more importance. My inmost thoughts were those of the Trojan Captain in the galley race,—

"Non jam, prima peto, Mnestheus, neque vincere certo,  
Quasquam O!—sed superat, quibus hoc, Neptunæ, dedisti;  
Extremos pœdat rediisse: hoc vincite, cives,  
Et prohibete nefas."—ÆN. lib. v. 194.

I had, indeed, some private reasons for my "Quasquam O!" which were not worse than those of Mnestheus. I have already hinted that the materials were collected for a poem on the subject of Bruce, and fragments of it had been shown to some of my friends, and received with applause. Notwithstanding, therefore, the eminent success of Byron, and the great chance of his taking the wind out of my sails, there was, I judged, a species of



cowardice in desisting from the task which I had undertaken, and it was time enough to retreat when the battle should be more decidedly lost. The sale of "Rokeby," excepting as compared with that of "The Lady of the

Lake," was in the highest degree respectable; and as it included fifteen hundred quartos,<sup>1</sup> in those quarto-reading days, the trade had no reason to be dissatisfied. W. S.

Abbotsford, April, 1830.

## Rokeby:

A POEM IN SIX CANTOS.

TO

JOHN B. S. MORRITT, Esq.,

THIS POEM,

THE SCENE OF WHICH IS LAID IN HIS BEAUTIFUL DEMESNE OF ROKEBY,  
IS INSCRIBED, IN TOKEN OF SINCERE FRIENDSHIP, BY

WALTER SCOTT.<sup>2</sup>

### ADVERTISEMENT.

*The Scene of this Poem is laid at Rokeby, near Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, and shifts to the adjacent fortress of Barnard Castle, and to other places in that Vicinity.*

*The Time occupied by the Action is a space of Five days, Three of which are supposed to elapse between the end of the Fifth and beginning of the Sixth Canto.*

*The date of the supposed events is immediately subsequent to the great Battle of Marston Moor, 3d July, 1644. This period of public confusion has been chosen, without any purpose of combining the Fable with the Military or Political Events of the Civil War, but only as affording a degree of probability to the Fictitious Narrative now presented to the Public.*

## Rokeby.

### CANTO FIRST.

#### L

The Moon is in her summer glow,  
But hoarse and high the breezes blow,  
And, racking o'er her face, the cloud  
Varies the tincture of her shroud;  
On Barnard's towers, and Tees's stream,<sup>3</sup>  
She changes as a guilty dream,  
When conscience, with remorse and fear,  
Goads sleeping Fancy's wild career.  
Her light seems now the blush of shame,  
Seems now fierce anger's darker flame,  
Shifting that shade, to come and go,  
Like apprehension's hurried glow;  
Then sorrow's livery dims the air,  
And dies in darkness, like despair.  
Such varied hues the warder sees  
Reflected from the woodland Tees,  
Then from old Bialoi's tower looks forth,  
Sees the clouds mustering in the north,

Hears, upon turret-roof and wall,  
By fits the plashing rain-drop fall,  
Lists to the breeze's boding sound,  
And wraps his shaggy mantle round.

#### II.

Those towers, which in the changeful gleam  
Throw murky shadows on the stream,  
Those towers of Barnard hold a guest,  
The emotion of whose troubled breast,  
In wild and strange confusion driven,  
Rival the fitting rack of heaven.  
Ere sleep stern Oswald's senses tied,  
Oft had he changed his weary side,  
Composed his limbs, and vainly sought  
By effort strong to banish thought.  
Sleep came at length, but with a train  
Of feelings true and fancies vain,  
Mingling, in wild disorder cast,  
The expected future with the past.  
Conscience, anticipating time,  
Already rues the enacted crime,  
And calls her furies forth, to shake  
The sounding scourge and hissing snake;  
While her poor victim's outward throes  
Bear witness to his mental woes,  
And show what lessons may be read  
Beside a sinner's restless bed.

<sup>1</sup> The 4to. Edition was published by John Ballantyne and Co., 2s. 2s. in January, 1813.

<sup>2</sup> Dec. 31, 1812.

<sup>3</sup> See Appendix, Note A.

## III.

Thus Oswald's labouring feeling's trace  
 Strange changes in his sleeping face,  
 Rapid and ominous as these  
 With which the moonbeams tinge the Tees.  
 There might be seen of shame the blush,  
 There anger's dark and fiercer flush,  
 While the perturbed sleeper's hand,  
 Seem'd grasping dagger-knife, or brand.  
 Relax'd that grasp, the heavy sigh,  
 The tear in the half-opening eye,  
 The pallid cheek and brow, confess'd  
 That grief was busy in his breast ;  
 Nor paused that mood—a sudden start  
 Impell'd the life-blood from the heart :  
 Features convulsed, and mutterings dread,  
 Show terror reigns in sorrow's stead.  
 That pang the painful slumber broke,  
 And Oswald with a start awoke.

## IV.

He woke, and fear'd again to close  
 His eyelids in such dire repose ;  
 He woke,—to watch the lamp, and tell  
 From hour to hour the castle-bell.  
 Or listen to the owl's cry,  
 Or the sad breeze that whistles by,  
 Or catch, by fits, the tuneless rhyme  
 With which the warder cheats the time,  
 And envying think, how, when the sun  
 Bids the poor soldier's watch be done,  
 Couch'd on his straw, and fancy free,  
 He sleeps like careless infancy.

## V.

Far town-ward sounds a distant tread,  
 And Oswald, starting from his bed,  
 Hark'd caught it, though no human ear,  
 Unsharpen'd by revenge and fear,  
 Could e'er distinguish horse's clank,  
 Until it reach'd the castle bank.  
 Now nigh and plain the sound appears,  
 The warder's challenge now he hears,<sup>1</sup>  
 Then clanking chains and levers tell,  
 That o'er the moat the drawbridge fell,  
 And, in the castle court below,  
 Voices are heard and torches glow,  
 As marshalling the stranger's way,  
 Straight for the room where Oswald lay ;  
 The cry was,—“ Tidings from the host,  
 Of weight—a messenger comes post.”  
 Stifling the tumult of his breast,  
 His answer Oswald thus express'd—  
 “ Bring food and wine, and trim the fire ;  
 Admit the stranger, and retire.”

## VI.

The stranger came with heavy stride,  
 The morion's plumes his visage hide,  
 And the buff-coat, an ample fold,  
 Mantles his form's gigantic mould.<sup>2</sup>  
 Full slender answer deign'd he  
 To Oswald's anxious courtesy,  
 But mark'd, by a disdainful smile,  
 He saw and scorn'd the petty wile,  
 When Oswald changed the torch's place,  
 Anxious that on the soldier's face  
 Its partial lustre might be thrown,  
 To show his looks, yet hide his own.  
 His guest, the while, laid low aside  
 The ponderous cloak of tough bull's hide,

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note B.

And to the torch glanced broad and clear  
 The corslet of a cuirassier ;  
 Then from his brows the casque he drew,  
 And from the dank plume dash'd the dew,  
 From gloves of mail relieved his hands,  
 And spread them to the kindling brands,  
 And, turning to the genial board,  
 Without a health, or pledge, or word  
 Of meet and social reverence said,  
 Deeply he drank, and fiercely fed ;  
 As free from ceremony's sway,  
 As famish'd wolf that tears his prey.

## VII.

With deep impatience, tinged with fear,  
 His host beheld him gorge his cheer,  
 And quaff the full carouse, that lent  
 His brow a fiercer hardiment.  
 Now Oswald stood a space aside,  
 Now paced the room with hasty stride,  
 In feverish agony to learn  
 Tidings of deep and dread concern,  
 Cursing each moment that his guest  
 Protracted o'er his ruffian feast.  
 Yet, viewing with alarm, at last,  
 The end of that uncouth repast,  
 Almost he seem'd their haste to rue,  
 As, at his sign, his train withdrew,  
 And left him with the stranger, free  
 To question of his mystery.  
 Then did his silence long proclaim  
 A struggle between fear and shame.

## VIII.

Much in the stranger's mien appears,  
 To justify suspicious fears.  
 On his dark face a scorching clime,  
 And toil, had done the work of time,  
 Roughen'd the brow, the temples bared,  
 And sable hairs with silver shared,  
 Yet left—what age alone could tame—  
 The lip of pride, the eye of flame ;  
 The full-drawn lip that upward curl'd,  
 The eye, that seem'd to scorn the world.  
 That lip had terror never blench'd ;  
 Ne'er in that eye had tear-drop quench'd  
 The flash severe of swarthy glow,  
 That mock'd at pain, and knew not woe.  
 Inured to danger's direst form,  
 Tornado and earthquake, flood and storm,  
 Death had he seen by sudden blow,  
 By wasting plague, by tortures slow,<sup>3</sup>  
 By mine or breach, by steel or ball,  
 Knew all his shapes, and scorn'd them all.

## IX.

But yet, though Bertram's harden'd look,  
 Unmoved, could blood and danger brook,  
 Still worse than apathy had place  
 On his swart brow and callous face ;  
 For evil passions, cherish'd long,  
 Had plough'd them with impressions strong.  
 All that gives gloss to sin, all gay  
 Light folly, past with youth away,  
 But rooted stood, in manhood's hour,  
 The weeds of vice without their flower.  
 And yet the soil in which they grew,  
 Had it been tamed when life was new,  
 Had depth and vigour to bring forth  
 The hardier fruits of virtuous worth.

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix, Note C.<sup>3</sup> Ibid, Note D.

Not that, e'en then, his heart had known  
 'The gentler feelings' kindly toue ;  
 But lavish waste had been refined  
 To bounty in his chaste'd mind,  
 And lust of gold, that waste to feed,  
 Been lost in love of glory's need,  
 And, frantic then no more, his pride  
 Had ta'en fair virtue for its guide.

## X.

Even now, by conscience unrestrain'd,  
 Clogg'd by gross vice, by slaughter stain'd,  
 Still knew his daring soul to soar,  
 And mastery o'er the mind he here ;  
 For meaner guilt, or heart less hard,  
 Quail'd beneath Bertram's bold regard.  
 And this felt Oswald, while in vain  
 He strove, by many a wounding train,  
 To lure his sullen guest to show,  
 Unask'd, the news he long'd to know,  
 While on far other subject hung  
 His heart, than falter'd from his tongue.  
 Yet nought for that his guest did deign  
 To note or spare his secret pain,  
 But still, in stern and stubborn sort,  
 Return'd him answer dark and short,  
 Or started from the theme, to range  
 In loose digression wild and strange.  
 And forced the embarrass'd host to buy,  
 By query close, direct reply.

## XI.

A while he glozed upon the cause  
 Of Commons, Covenant, and Laws,  
 And Church Reform'd—but felt rebuke  
 Beneath grim Bertram's sneering look,  
 Then stammer'd—"Has a field been fought ?  
 Has Bertram news of battle brought ?  
 For sure a soldier, famed so far  
 In foreign fields for feats of war,  
 On eve of fight ne'er left the host,  
 Until the field were won and lost."  
 "Here, in your towers by circling Tees,  
 You, Oswald Wycliffe, rest at ease ;  
 Why deem it strange that others come  
 To share such safe and easy home,  
 From fields where danger, death, and toil,  
 Are the reward of civil broil ?"—  
 "Nay, mock not, friend ! since well we know  
 The near advances of the foe,  
 'To mar our northern army's work,  
 Encamp'd before beleaguer'd York ;  
 Thy horse with valiant Fairfax lay,  
 And must have fought—how went the day ?"—

## XII.

"Wouldst hear the tale ?—On Marston heath  
 Met, front to front, the ranks of death ;  
 Flourish'd the trumpets fierce, and now  
 Fired was each eye, and flush'd each brow ;  
 On either side loud clamours ring,  
 'God and the Cause!'—'God and the King !'  
 Right English all, they rush'd to blows,  
 With nought to win, and all to lose.  
 I could have laugh'd—but lack'd the time—  
 To see, in phrenesy sublime,  
 How the fierce zealots fought and bled,  
 For king or state, as humour led ;  
 Some for a dream of public good,  
 Some for church-tippet, gown and hood,  
 Draining their veins, in death to claim  
 A patriot's or a martyr's name.—

Led Bertram Risingham the hearts,  
 'That counter'd there on adverse parts,  
 No superstitious fool had I  
 Sough ! El Dorados in the sky !  
 Chili had heard me through her states,  
 And Lima open her silver gates,  
 Rich Mexico I had march'd through,  
 And sack'd the splendours of Peru,  
 Till sunk Pizarro's daring name,  
 And, Cortez, thine, in Bertram's fame."  
 "Still from the purpose wilt thou stray !  
 Good gentle friend, how went the day ?"—

## XIII.

"Good am I deem'd at trumpet-sound,  
 And good where goblets dance the round,  
 Though gentle ne'er was join'd, till now,  
 With rugged Bertram's breast and brow.—  
 But I presume. The battle's rage  
 Was like the strife which currents wage,  
 Where Orinoco, in his pride,  
 Rolls to the main no tribute tide,  
 But 'gainst broad ocean urges far  
 A rival sea of roaring war ;  
 While, in ten thousand eddies driven,  
 The billows fling their foam to heaven,  
 And the pale pilot seeks in vain,  
 Where rolls the river, where the main.  
 Even thus upon the bloody field,  
 The eddying tides of conflict wheel'd  
 Ambiguous, till that heart of flame,  
 Hot Rupert, on our squadrons came,  
 Hurling against our spears a line  
 Of gallants, fiery as their wine ;  
 Then ours, though stubborn in their zeal,  
 In zeal's despite began to reel.  
 What wouldst thou more ?—in tumult tost,  
 Our leaders fell, our ranks were lost.  
 A thousand men, who drew the sword  
 For both the Houses and the Word,  
 Preach'd forth from hamlet, grange, and down,  
 To curb the crosier and the crown,  
 Now, stark and stiff, lie stretch'd in gore,  
 And ne'er shall rail at mitre more.—  
 Thus fare'd it, when I left the fight,  
 With the good Cause and Commons' right."—

## XIV.

"Disastrous news !" dark Wycliffe said ;  
 Assumed despondence bent his head.  
 While troubled joy was in his eye,  
 The well-feign'd sorrow to belie.—  
 "Disastrous news !—when needed most,  
 Told ye not that your chiefs were lost ?  
 Complete the woful tale, and say,  
 Who fell upon that fatal day :  
 What leaders of repute and name  
 Bought by their death a deathless fame.  
 If such my direst foeman's doom,  
 My tears shall dew his honour'd tomb.—  
 No answer ?—Friend, of all our host,  
 Thou know'st whom I should hate the most,  
 Whom thou too, once, wert wont to hate,  
 Yet leavest me doubtful of his fate."—  
 With look unmoved,—"Of friend or foe,  
 Aught," answer'd Bertram, "would'st thou  
 know,  
 Demand in simple terms and plain,  
 A soldier's answer shalt thou gain ;—  
 For question dark, or riddle high,  
 I have nor judgment nor reply."

## XV.

The wrath his art and fear suppress'd,  
 Now blazed at once in Wycliffe's breast ;



And brave, from man so meanly born,  
Roused his hereditary scorn.  
"Wretch! hast thou paid thy bloody debt?  
Philip of Mortham, lives he yet!  
False to thy patron or thine oath,  
Trai'trous or perjured, one or both.  
Slave! hast thou kept thy promise plight,  
To slay thy leader in the fight?"—  
Then from his seat the soldier sprang,  
And Wycliffe's hand he strongly wrung;  
His grasp, as hard as glove of mail,  
Forced the red blood-drop from the nail—  
"A health!" he cried; and, ere he quaff'd,  
Flung from him Wycliffe's hand, and laugh'd:  
—"Now, Oswald Wycliffe, speaks thy heart!  
Now play'st thou well thy genuine part!  
Worthy, but for thy craven fear,  
Like me to roam a bucanier.  
What reck'st thou of the Cause divine,  
If Mortham's wealth and lands be thine?  
What carest thou for beleaguer'd York,  
If this good hand have done its work?  
Or what, though Fairfax and his best  
Are redeeming Marston's swarthy breast,  
If Philip Mortham with them lie,  
Lending his life-blood to the dye!—  
Sit, then! and as 'mid comrades free  
Carousing after victory,  
When tales are told of blood and fear,  
That boys and women shrink to hear,  
From point to point I frankly tell  
The deed of death as it befell.

## XVI.

"When purposed vengeance I forego,  
Tern me a wretch, nor deem me foe;  
And when an insult I forgive,  
Then brand me as a slave, and live!—  
Philip of Mortham is with those  
Whom Bertram Risingham calls foes;  
Or whom more sure revenge attends,  
If nonber'd with ungrateful friends.  
As was his wont, ere battle glow'd,  
Along the marshall'd ranks he rode,  
And wore his vizzor up the while.  
I saw his melancholy smile,  
When, full opposed in front, he knew  
Where Rokeby's kindred banner flew.  
'And thus,' he said, 'will friends divide!—  
heard, and thought how, side by side,  
We two had turn'd the battle's tide,  
In many a well-debated field,  
Where Bertram's breast was Philip's shield.  
I thought on Darien's deserts pale,  
Where death bestrides the evening gale,  
How o'er my friend my cloak I threw,  
And fenceless faced the deadly dew;  
I thought on Quariana's cliff,  
Where, rescued from our foundering skiff,  
Through the white breakers' wrath I bore  
Exhausted Mortham to the shore;  
And when his side an arrow found,  
I suck'd the Indian's venom'd wound.  
These thoughts like torrents rush'd along,  
To sweep away my purpose strong.

## XVII.

"Hearts are not flint, and flints are rent;  
Hearts are not steel, and steel is bent.  
When Mortham had me, as of yore,  
Be near him in the battle's roar,  
I scarcely saw the spears laid low,  
I scarcely heard the trumpets blow;

Lost was the war in inward strife,  
Debating Mortham's death or life.  
'Twas then I thought, how, lured to come,  
As partner of his wealth and home,  
Years of piratic wandering o'er,  
With him I sought our native shore.  
But Mortham's lord grew far estranged  
From the bold heart with whom he ranged:  
Doubts, horrors, superstitious fears,  
Sadden'd and dimm'd descending years;  
The wily priests their victim sought,  
And damn'd each free-born deed and thought.  
'Then must I seek another home,  
My license shook his sober dome;  
If gold he gave, in one wild day  
I revell'd thrice the sum away.  
An idle outcast then I stray'd,  
Unfit for tillage or for trade.  
Deem'd, like the steel of rusted lance,  
Useless and dangerous at once.  
The women fear'd my hardy look,  
At my approach the peaceful shook;  
The merchant saw my glance of flame,  
And lock'd his hoards when Bertram came;  
Each child of coward peace kept far  
From the neglected son of war.

## XVIII.

"But civil discord gave the call,  
And made my trade the trade of all.  
By Mortham urged, I came again  
His vassals to the fight to train.  
What guerdon waited on my care?  
I could not cant of creed or prayer;  
Sour fanatics each trust obtain'd,  
And I, dishonour'd and disdain'd,  
Gain'd but the high and happy lot,  
In these poor arms to front the shot!—  
All this thou know'st, thy gestures tell;  
Yet hear it o'er, and mark it well.  
'Tis honour bids me now relate  
Each circumstance of Mortham's fate.

## XIX.

"Thoughts, from the tongue that slowly part,  
Glance quick as lightning through the heart.  
As my spur press'd my courser's side,  
Philip of Mortham's cause was tried,  
And, ere the charging squadrons mix'd,  
His plea was cast, his doom was fix'd.  
I watch'd him through the doubtful fray,  
That changed as Maroh's moody day,  
Till, like a stream that bursts its bank,  
Fierce Rupert thunder'd on our flank.  
'Twas then, midst tumult, smoke and strife,  
Where each man fought for death or life,  
'Twas then I fired my petronel,  
And Mortham, steed and rider, fell.  
One dying look he upward cast,  
Of wrath and anguish—'twas his last.  
Think not that there I stopp'd, to view  
What of the battle should ensue;  
But ere I clear'd that bloody press,  
Our northern horse ran masterless;  
Monckton and Mitton told the news,  
How troops of roundheads choked the Ouse,  
And many a bonny Scot, aghast,  
Spurring his palfrey northward, past,  
Cursing the day when zeal or meed  
First lured their Lesley o'er the Tweed.<sup>1</sup>  
Yet when I reach'd the banks of Swale,  
Had rumour learn'd another tale;

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note F.

With his barb'd horse, fresh tidings say,  
Stout Cronwell has redeen'd the day :<sup>1</sup>  
But whether false the news, or true,  
Oswald, I reckon as light as you."

## XX.

Not then by Wycliffe might be shown,  
How his pride startled at the tone  
In which his 'complice, fierce and free,  
Asserted guilt's equality.  
In smoothest terms his speech he wove,  
Of endless friendship, faith, and love ;  
Promised and vow'd in courteous sort,  
But Bertram broke professions short.  
" Wycliffe, be sure not here I stay,  
No, scarcely till the rising day ;  
Warn'd by the legends of my youth,  
I trust not an associate's truth.  
Do not my native dales prolong  
Of Percy Rede the tragic song,  
Train'd forward to his bloody fall,  
By Girsonfield, that treacherous Hall !<sup>2</sup>  
Oft, by the Pringle's haunted side,  
The shepherd sees his spectre glide,  
And near the spot that gave me name,  
The moated mound of Risingham,  
Where Reed upon her margin sees  
Sweet Woodburne's cottages and trees,  
Some ancient sculptor's art has shown  
An outlaw's image on the stone ;<sup>3</sup>  
Unmatch'd in strength, a giant he,  
With quiver'd back, and kirtled knee.  
Ask how he died, that hunter bold,  
The tameless monarch of the wold,  
And age and infancy can tell,  
By brother's treachery he fell.  
Thus warn'd by legends of my youth,  
I trust to no associate's truth.

## XXI.

" When last we reason'd of this deed,  
Nought, I bethink me, was agreed,  
Or by what rule, or when, or where,  
The wealth of Mortham we should share ;  
Then list, while I the portion name,  
Our differing laws give each to claim.  
Thou, vassal sworn to England's throne,  
Her rules of heritage must own :  
They deal thee, as to nearest heir,  
Thy kinsman's lands and livings fair,  
And these I yield :—do thou reverse  
The statutes of the Bucanier.<sup>4</sup>  
Friend to the sea, and foeman sworn  
To all that on her waves are borne,  
When falls a mate in battle broil,  
His comrade heirs his portion'd spoil ;  
When dies in fight a daring foe,  
He claims his wealth who struck the blow :  
And either rule to me assigns  
Those spoils of Indian seas and mines,  
Hoarded in Mortham's caverns dark ;  
Ingot of gold and diamond spark,  
Chalice and plate from churches borne,  
And gems from shrieking beauty torn,  
Each string of pearl, each silver bar,  
And all the wealth of western war.  
I go to search, where, dark and deep,  
Those Trans-atlantic treasures sleep.  
Thou must along—for, lacking thee,  
The heir will scarce find entrance free ;

And then farewell. I haste to try  
Each varied pleasure wealth can buy ;  
When cloyed each wish, these wars afford  
Fresh work for Bertram's restless sword."

## XXII.

An undecided answer hung  
On Oswald's hesitating tongue.  
Despite his craft, he heard with awe  
This roffian stabber fix the law ;  
While his own troubled passions veer  
Through hatred, joy, regret, and fear :—  
Joy'd at the soul that Bertram flies,  
He grudged the murderer's mighty prize,  
Hated his pride's presumptuous tone,  
And fear'd to wend with him alone.  
At length, that middle course to steer,  
To cowardice and craft so dear,  
" His charge," he said, " would ill allow  
His absence from the fortress now ;  
Wilfrid on Bertram should attend,  
His son should journey with his friend."

## XXIII.

Contempt kept Bertram's anger down,  
And wreathed to savage smile his frown.  
" Wilfrid, or thou—'tis one to me,  
Whichever bears the golden key.  
Yet think not but I mark, and smile  
To mark, thy poor and selfish wife !  
If injury from me you fear,  
What, Oswald Wycliffe, shields thee here ?  
I've sprung from walls more high than these,  
I've swam through deeper streams than Tees.  
Might I not stab thee, ere one yell  
Could rouse the distant sentinel ?  
Start not—it is not my design,  
But, if it were, weak fence were thine ;  
And, trust me, that, in time of need,  
This hand hath done more desperate deed,  
Go, haste and rouse thy slumbering son ;  
Time calls, and I must needs be gone.

## XXIV.

Nought of his sire's ungenerous part  
Polluted Wilfrid's gentle heart ;  
A heart too soft from early life  
To hold with fortune needful strife.  
His sire, while yet a hardier race  
Of numerous sons were Wycliffe's grace,  
On Wilfred set contemptuous brand,  
For feeble heart and forceless hand ;  
But a fond mother's care and joy  
Were centred in her sickly boy.  
No touch of childhood's frolic mood  
Show'd the elastic sprig of blood ;  
Hour after hour he loved to pore  
On Shakspeare's rich and varied lore,  
But turn'd from martial scenes and light,  
From Falstaff's feast and Percy's fight,  
To ponder Jaques' moral strain,  
And muse with Hamlet, wise in vain ;  
And weep himself to soft repose  
O'er gentle Desdemona's woes.

## XXV.

In youth he sought not pleasures found  
By youth in horse, and hawk, and hound,  
But loved the quiet joys that wake  
By lonely stream and silent lake ;

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note G.<sup>2</sup> Ibid, Note H.<sup>3</sup> See Appendix, Note I.<sup>4</sup> Ibid, Note K.

In Deepdale's solitude to lie,  
Where all is cliff and copse and sky;  
To climb Catcastle's dizzy peak,  
Or lone Pendragon's mound to seek.  
Such was his wont; and there his dream  
Soar'd on some wild fantastic theme,  
Of faithful love, or ceaseless spring,  
Till Contemplation's wearied wing  
The enthusiast could no more sustain,  
And sad he sunk to earth again.

## XXVI.

He loved—as many a lay can tell,  
Preserved in Stanmore's lonely dell;  
For his was minstrel's skill, he caught  
The art unteachable, untaught;  
He loved—his soul did nature frame  
For love, and fancy nursed the flame;  
Vainly he loved—for seldom swain  
Of such soft mould is loved again;  
Silent he loved—in every gaze  
Was passion, friendship in his phrase.  
So mused his life away—till died  
His brethren all, their father's pride.  
Wilfrid is now the only heir  
Of all his stratagems and care,  
And destined, darkling, to pursue  
Ambition's maze by Oswald's clue.

## XXVII.

Wilfrid must love and woo the bright  
Matilda, heir of Rokeby's knight.  
To love her was an easy quest,  
The secret empress of his breast;  
To woo her was a harder task  
To one that durst not hope or ask.  
Yet all Matilda could, she gave  
In pity to her gentle slave;  
Friendship, esteem, and fair regard,  
And praise, the poet's best reward!  
She read the tales his taste approved,  
And sung the lays he framed or loved;  
Yet, loth to nurse the fatal flame  
Of hopeless love in friendship's name,  
In kind caprice she oft withdrew  
The favouring glance to friendship due,  
Then grieved to see her victim's pain,  
And gave the dangerous smiles again.

## XXVIII.

So did the suit of Wilfrid stand,  
When war's loud summons waked the land.  
Three banners, floating o'er the Tees,  
The wo-foreboding peasant sees;  
In concert oft they braved of old  
The bordering Scot's incursion bold;  
Frowning defiance in their pride,  
Their vassals now and lords divide.  
From his fair hall on Greta banks,  
The Knight of Rokeby led his ranks,  
To aid the valiant northern Earls,  
Who drew the sword for royal Charles.  
Mortham, by marriage near allied.—  
His sister had been Rokeby's bride,  
Though long before the civil fray,  
In peaceful grave the lady lay.—  
Philip of Mortham raised his hand,  
And march'd at Fairfax's command;  
While Wycliffe, bound by many a train  
Of kindred art with wily Vane,  
Less prompt to brave the bloody field,  
Made Barnard's battlements his shield,  
Secured them with his Lunedale powers,  
And for the Commons held the towers.

## XXIX.

The lovely heir of Rokeby's Knight  
Waits in his halls the event of fight;  
For England's war revered the claim  
Of every unprotected name,  
And spared, amid its fiercest rage,  
Childhood and womanhood and age.  
But Wilfrid, son to Rokeby's foe,  
Must the dear privilege forego,  
By Greta's side, in evening grey,  
To steal upon Matilda's way,  
Striving, with foud hypocrisy,  
For careless step and vacant eye;  
Calming each anxious look and glance,  
To give the meeting all to chance,  
Or framing, as a fair excuse,  
The book, the pencil, or the muse:  
Something to give, to sing, to say,  
Some modern tale, some ancient lay.  
Then, while the long'd-for minutes last,—  
Ah! minutes quickly over-past!—  
Recording each expression free,  
Of kind or careless courtesy,  
Each friendly look, each softer tone,  
As food for fancy when alone.  
All this is o'er—but still, unseen,  
Wilfred may lurk in Eastwood green,  
To watch Matilda's wouted round,  
While springs his heart at every sound.  
She comes!—'tis but a passing sight,  
Yet serves to cheat his weary night;  
She comes not—He will wait the hour,  
When her lamp lightens in the tower;  
'Tis something yet, if, as she past,  
Her shade is o'er the lattice cast.  
"What is my life, my hope?" he said;  
"Alas! a transitory shade."

## XXX.

Thus wore his life, though reason strove  
For mastery in vain with love,  
Forcing upon his thoughts the sum  
Of present woe and ills to come,  
While still he turn'd impatient ear  
From Truth's intrusive voice severe.  
Gentle, indifferent, and subdued,  
In all but this, unmoved he view'd  
Each outward change of ill and good:  
But Wilfrid, docile, soft, and mild,  
Was Fancy's spoil'd and wayward child;  
In her bright car she bade him ride,  
With one fair form to grace his side,  
Or, in some wild and lone retreat,  
Flung her high spells around his seat,  
Bathed in her dew his languid head,  
Her fairy mantle o'er him spread,  
For him her opiates gave to flow,  
Which he who tastes can ne'er forego,  
And placed him in her circle, free  
From every stern reality,  
Till, to the Visionary, seem  
Her day-dreams truth, and truth a dream.

## XXXI.

Woe to the youth whom Fancy gains,  
Winning from Reason's hand the reins,  
Pity and woe! for such a mind  
Is soft, contemplative, and kind;  
And woe to those who train such youth,  
And spare to press the rights of truth,  
The mind to strengthen and anneal,  
While on the stithy glows the steel!



O teach him, while your lessons last,  
To judge the present by the past ;  
Remind him of each wish pursued,  
How rich it glow'd with promised good ;  
Remind him of each wish enjoy'd,  
How soon his hopes possession cloy'd !  
Tell him, we play unequal game,  
When'er we shoot by Fancy's aim ;  
And, ere he strip him for her race,  
Show the conditions of the chase.  
Two sisters by the goal are set,  
Cold Disappointment and Regret ;  
One disenchant the winner's eyes,  
And strips of all its worth the prize.  
While one augments its gaudy show,  
More to enhance the loser's woe.  
The victor sees his fairy gold,  
Transform'd, when won, to drossy mold,  
But still the vanquish'd mourns his loss,  
And rues, as gold, that glittering dross.

## XXXI.

More wouldst thou know—yon tower survey,  
Yon couch unpress'd since parting day,  
Yon untrimm'd lamp, whose yellow gleam  
Is mingling with the cold moonbeam,  
And yon thin form!—the hectic red  
On his pale cheek unequal spread ;  
The head reclined, the loosen'd hair,  
The limbs relax'd, the mournful air.—  
See, he looks up;—a woful smile  
Lightens his wo-worn cheek a while,—  
'Tis Fancy wakes some idle thought,  
To gild the ruin she has wrought ;  
For, like the bat of Indian brakes,  
Her pinions fan the wound she makes,  
And soothing thus the dreamer's pain,  
She drinks his life-blood from the vein.  
Now to the lattice turn his eyes,  
Vain hope ! to see the sun arise,  
The moon with clouds is still o'ercast,  
Still howls by fits the stormy blast ;  
Another hour must wear away,  
Ere the East kindle into day.  
And hark ! to waste that weary hour,  
He tries the minstrel's magic power.

## XXXII.

## SONO.

## TO THE MOON.

Hail to thy cold and clouded beam,  
Pale pilgrim of the troubled sky !  
Hail, though the mists that o'er the stream  
Lend to thy brow their sullen dye !  
How should thy pure and peaceful eye  
Untroubled view our scenes below,  
Or how a tearless beam supply  
To light a world of war and woe !

Fair Queen ! I will not blame thee now,  
As once by Greta's fairy side ;  
Each little cloud that dimm'd thy brow  
Did then an angel's beauty hide.  
And of the shades I then could chide,  
Still are the thoughts to memory dear,  
For, while a softer strain I tried,  
They hid my blush, and calm'd my fear.

Then did I swear thy ray serene  
Was form'd to light some lonely dell,  
By two fond lovers only seen,  
Reflected from the crystal well,

Or sleeping on their mossy cell,  
Or quivering on the lattice bright,  
Or glancing on their couch, to tell  
How swiftly wanes the summer night !

## XXXIV.

He starts—a step at this lone hour !  
A voice !—his father seeks the tower,  
With haggard look and troubled sense,  
Fresh from his dreadful conference.  
" Wilfrid !—what, not to sleep address'd !  
Thou hast no cares to chase thy rest.  
Mortham has fall'n on Marston-moor ;  
Bertram brings warrant to secure  
His treasures, bought by spoil and blood,  
For the State's use and public good.  
The menials will thy voice obey ;  
Let his commission have its way,  
In every point, in every word."—  
Then, in a whisper,—*" Take thy sword !  
Bertram is—what I must not tell.  
I hear his hasty step—farewell !"*

## Rokeby.

## CANTO SECOND.

## I.

Far in the chambers of the west,  
The gale had sigh'd itself to rest ;  
The moon was cloudless now and clear,  
But pale, and soon to disappear.  
The thin grey clouds wax dimly light  
On Brusleton and Houghton height ;  
And the rich dale, that eastward lay,  
Waited the waking touch of day,  
To give its woods and cultured plain,  
And towers and spires, to light again.  
But, westward, Stanmore's shapeless swell,  
And Lunedale wild, and Kelton-fell,  
And rock-begirdled Gilmanscar,  
And Arkingarth, lay dark afar ;  
While, as a livelier twilight falls,  
Emerge proud Bernard's banner'd walls,  
High crown'd he sits, in dawning pale,  
The sovereign of the lovely vale.

## II.

What prospects, from his watch-tower high,  
Gleam gradual on the warder's eye !—  
Far sweeping to the east, he sees  
Down his deep woods the course of Tees,<sup>1</sup>  
And tracks his wanderings by the steam  
Of summer vapours from the stream ;  
And ere he paced his destined hour  
By Brackenbury's dungeon-tower,  
These silver mists shall melt away,  
And dew the woods with glittering spray.  
Then in broad lustre shall be shown  
That mighty trench of living stone,  
And each huge trunk that, from the side,  
Reclines him o'er the darkness tide,  
Where Tees, full many a fathom low,  
Wears with his rage no common foe ;  
For pebbly bank, nor sand-bed here,  
Nor clay-mound, checks his fierce career,

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note L.

Condemn'd to mine a channell'd way,  
O'er solid sheets of marble grey.

## III.

Nor Tees alone, in dawning bright,  
Shall rush upon the ravish'd sight;  
But many a tributary stream  
Each from its own dark dell shall gleam;  
Staindrop, who, from her silvan bowers,  
Salutes proud Raby's battled towers;  
The rural brook of Egliston,  
And Balder, named from Odin's son;  
And Greta, to whose banks ere long  
We lead the lovers of the song;  
And silver Lune, from Stanmore wild,  
And fairy Thorsgill's murmuring child,  
And last and least, but loveliest still,  
Romantic Deepdale's slender rill.  
Who in that dim-wood glen hath stray'd,  
Yet long'd for Roslin's magic glade?  
Who, wandering there, hath sought to change  
Even for that vale so stern and strange,  
Where Cartland's Crags, fantastic rent,  
Through her green copse like spires are sent?  
Yet, Albin, yet the praise be thine,  
'Thy scenes and story to combine!  
Thou bid'st him, who by Roslin strays,  
List to the deeds of other days;<sup>1</sup>  
'Mid Cartland's Crags thou show'st the cave,  
The refuge of thy champion brave;<sup>2</sup>  
Giving each rock its storied tale,  
Pouring a lay for every dale,  
Knitting, as with a moral band,  
Thy native legends with thy land,  
To lend each sense the interest high  
Which genius beams from Beauty's eye.

## IV.

Bertram awaited not the sight  
Which sun rise shows from Barnard's height,  
But from the towers, preventing day,  
With Wilfrid took his early way,  
While misty dawn, and moonbeam pale,  
Still mingled in the silent dale.  
By Barnard's bridge of stately stone,  
The southern bank of Tees they won;  
Their winding path then eastward cast,  
And Egliston's grey runs pass'd;<sup>3</sup>  
Each on his own deep visions bent,  
Silent and sad they onward went.  
Well may you think that Bertram's mood,  
To Wilfrid savage seem'd and rude;  
Well may you think bold Risingham  
Held Wilfrid trivial, poor, and tame;  
And small the intercourse, I ween,  
Such uncongenial souls between.

## V.

Stern Bertram shunn'd the nearer way,  
Through Rokeby's park and chase that lay,  
And, skirting high the valley's ridge,  
They cross'd by Greta's ancient bridge;  
Descending where her waters wild  
Free for a space and unconfined,  
As, 'scaped from Brignall's dark-wood glen,  
She seeks wild Morthan's deeper den.  
There, as his eye glanced o'er the mound,  
Raised by that Legion<sup>4</sup> long renown'd,

Whose votive shrine asserts their claim,  
Of pious, faithful, conquering fame,  
"Stern sons of war!"<sup>5</sup> said Wilfrid sigh'd,  
"Behold the boast of Roman pride!  
What now of all your toils are known?  
A grassy trench, a broken stone!"<sup>6</sup>  
This to himself; for moral strain  
To Bertram were address'd in vain.

## VI.

Of different mood, a deeper sigh  
Awoke, when Rokeby's turrets high  
Were northward in the dawning seen  
To rear them o'er the thicket green.  
O then, though Spenser's self had stray'd  
Beside him through the lovely glade,  
Lending his rich luxuriant glow  
Of fancy, all its charms to show,  
Pointing the stream rejoicing free,  
As captive set at liberty,  
Flashing her sparkling waves abroad,  
And clamouring joyful on her road;  
Pointing where, up the sunny banks,  
The trees retire in scatter'd ranks,  
Save where, advanced before the rest,  
On knoll or hillock rears his crest,  
Lonely and huge, the giant Oak,  
As champions, when their hand is broke,  
Stand forth to guard the rearward post,  
The bulwark of the scatter'd host—  
All this, and more, might Spenser say,  
Yet waste in vain his magic lay,  
While Wilfrid eyed the distant tower,  
Whose lattice lights Matilda's bower.

## VII.

The open vale is soon passed o'er,  
Rokeby, though nigh, is seen no more;  
Sinking 'mid Greta's thickets deep,  
A wild and darker course they keep,  
A stern and lone, yet lovely road,  
As e'er the foot of Minstrel trode!<sup>6</sup>  
Broad shadows o'er their passage fell,  
Deeper and narrower grew the dell;  
It seem'd some mountain, rent and riven,  
A channel for the stream had given,  
So high the cliffs of limestone grey  
Hung beetling o'er the torrent's way,  
Yielding, along their rugged base,  
A flinty footpath's niggard space,  
Where he, who winds 'twixt rock and wave,  
May hear the headlong torrent rave,  
And like a steed in frantic fit,  
That flings the froth from curb and bit,  
May view her chafe her waves to spray,  
O'er every rock that bars her way,  
Till foam-globes on her eddies ride,  
Thick as the schemes of human pride  
That down life's current drive amain,  
As frail, as frothy, and as vain!

## VIII.

The cliffs that rear their haughty head  
High o'er the river's darksome bed,  
Were now all naked, wild, and grey,  
Now waving all with greenwood spray;  
Here trees to every crevice clung,  
And o'er the dell their branches hung;

<sup>1</sup> See Notes to the song of Fair Rosabelle, in the Lay of the Last Minstrel.

<sup>2</sup> Cartland Crags, near Lanark, celebrated as among the favourite retreats of Sir William Wallace.

<sup>3</sup> See Appendix, Note M.

<sup>4</sup> See Appendix, Note N.

<sup>5</sup> See Appendix, Note O.

<sup>6</sup> See Appendix, Note P.

And there, all splinter'd and uneven,  
The shiver'd rocks ascend to heaven ;  
Oft, too, the ivy swath'd their breast,  
And wreathed its garland round their crest,  
Or from the spires bade loosely flare  
Its tendrils in the middle air.  
As pennons wont to wave of old  
O'er the high feast of Baron hold,  
When revell'd loud the feudal rout,  
And the arch'd halls return'd their shout ;  
Such and more wild is Greta's roar,  
And such the echoes from her shore.  
And so the ivied banners gleam,  
Waved wildly o'er the brawling stream.

## IX.

Now from the stream the rocks recede,  
But leave between no sunny mead,  
No, nor the spot of pebbly sand,  
Oft found by such a mountain strand ;  
Forming such warm and dry retreat,  
As fancy deems the lonely seat,  
Where hermit, wandering from his cell,  
His rosary might love to tell.  
But here, 'twixt rock and river, grew  
A dismal grove of sable yew.  
With whose sad tints were mingled seen  
The blighted fir's sepulchral green.  
Seem'd that the trees their shadows cast,  
The earth that nourish'd them to blast ;  
For never knew that swarthy grove  
The verdant hue that fairies love :  
Nor wilding green, nor woodland flower,  
Arose within its baleful bower :  
The dank and sahle earth receives  
Its only carpet from the leaves,  
That, from the withering branches cast,  
Bestrew'd the ground with every blast.  
Though now the sun was o'er the hill,  
In this dark spot 'twas twilight still,  
Save that on Greta's fartlier side  
Some straggling beams through copsewood  
glide ;

And wild and savage contrast made  
That dingle's deep and funeral shade,  
With the bright tints of early day,  
Which, glimmering through the ivy spray,  
On the opposing summit lay.

## X.

The lated peasant shunn'd the dell ;  
For Superstition wont to tell  
Of many a grisly sound and sight,  
Scaring its path at dead of night.  
When Christmas logs blaze high and wide,  
Such wonders speed the festal tide ;  
While Curiosity and Fear,  
Pleasure and Pain, sit crouching near,  
Till childhood's cheek no longer glows,  
And village maidens lose the rose.  
The thrilling interest rises higher,  
The circle closes nigh and nigher,  
And shuddering glance is cast behind,  
As louder moans the wintry wind.  
Believe, that fitting scene was laid  
For such wild tales in Northam glade ;  
For who had seen, on Greta's side,  
By that dim light fierce Bertram stride,  
In such a spot, at such an hour,—  
If touch'd by Superstition's power,—  
Might well have deem'd that Hell had given  
A murderer's ghost to upper Heaven,

While Wilfrid's form had seem'd to glide  
Like his pale victim by his side.

## XI.

Nor think to village swains alone  
Are these unearthly terrors known ;  
For not to rank nor sex confined  
Is this vain ague of the mind :  
Hearts firm as steel, as marble hard,  
'Gainst faith, and love, and pity barr'd,  
Have quaked, like aspen leaves in May,  
Beneath its universal sway.  
Bertram had list'd many a tale  
Of wonder in his native dale.  
'That in his secret soul retain'd  
The credence they in childhood gain'd :  
Nor less his wild adventurous youth  
Believed in every legend's truth ;  
Learn'd when, beneath the tropic gale,  
Full swell'd the vessel's steady sail,  
And the broad Indian moon her light  
Pour'd on the watch of middle night,  
When seamen love to hear and tell  
Of portent, prodigy, and spell :  
What gales are sold on Lapland's shore,  
How whistle rash bids tempests roar,<sup>1</sup>  
Of witch, of mermaid, and of sprite,  
Of Erick's cap and Elmo's light :<sup>2</sup>  
Or of that Phantom Ship, whose form  
Shoots like a meteor through the storm ;  
When the dark scud comes driving hard,  
And lower'd is every topsail-yard,  
And canvass, wave in earthly looms,  
No more to brave the storm prestumes !  
Then, 'mid the war of sea and sky,  
Top and top-gallant hoisted high,  
Full spread and crowded every sail,  
The Demon Frigate braves the gale ;<sup>3</sup>  
And well the doom'd spectators know  
The harbinger of wreck and woe.

## XII.

Then, too, were told, in stifled tone,  
Marvels and omens all their own ;  
How, by some desert isle or key,<sup>4</sup>  
Where Spaniards wrought their cruelty,  
Or where the savage pirate's mood  
Repaid it home in deeds of blood,  
Strange nightly sounds of woe and fear  
Appall'd the listening Bocanier,  
Whose light-arm'd shallop anchor'd lay  
In ambush by the lonely bay.  
The groan of grief, the shriek of pain,  
Ring from the moonlight groves of cane ;  
The fierce adventurer's heart they scare,  
Who wearies memory for a prayer,  
Curses the road-stead, and with gale  
Of early morning lifts the sail.  
To give, in thirst of blood and prey,  
A legend for another bay.

## XIII.

Thus, as a man, a youth, a child,  
Train'd in the mystic and the wild,  
With this on Bertram's soul at times  
Rush'd a dark feeling of his crimes ;  
Such to his troubled soul their form,  
As the pale Death-ship to the storm,  
And such their omen dim and dread,  
As shrieks and voices of the dead,—  
That pang, whose transitory force  
Hover'd 'twixt horror and remorse ;

1 See Appendix, Note Q.

2 Ibid. Note R.

3 See Appendix, Note S.

4 Ibid. Note T.



That rang, perchance, his bosom press'd,  
 As Wilfrid sudden he address'd : —  
 " Wilfrid, this glen is never trode  
 Ere the sun rides high abroad ;  
 Yet twice have I beheld to-day  
 A Form, that seem'd to dog our way ;  
 Twice from my glance it seem'd to flee,  
 And shroud itself by cliff or tree.  
 How think'st thou ! — Is our path way-laid ?  
 Or hath thy siren my trust betray'd ?  
 If so" — — Ere, starting from his dream,  
 That turn'd upon a gentler theme,  
 Wilfred had roused him to reply,  
 Bertram sprung forward, shouting high,  
 " Whate'er thou art, thou now shalt stand !" —  
 And forth he darted, sword in hand.

## XIV.

As hurst the levin in its wrath,  
 He shot him down the sounding path ;  
 Rock, wood, and stream, rang wildly out,  
 To his loud step and savage shout.  
 Seems that the object of his race  
 Hath scaled the cliffs ; his frantic chase  
 Side-long he turns, and now 'tis bent  
 Right up the rock's tall battlement ;  
 Straining each sinew to ascend,  
 Foot, hand, and knee, their aid must lend.  
 Wilfred, all dizzy with dismay ;  
 Views from beneath, his dreadful way ;  
 Now to the oak's warp'd roots he clings,  
 Now trusts his weight to ivy strings ;  
 Now, like the wild-goat, must he dare  
 An unsupported leap in air ;  
 Hid in the shrubby rain-course now,  
 You mark him by the crashing bough,  
 And by his corslet's sullen clank,  
 And by the stones spurn'd from the bank,  
 And by the hawk scared from her nest,  
 And ravens croaking o'er their guest,  
 Who deem his forfeit limbs shall pay  
 The tribute of his bold essay.

## XV.

See, he emerges ! — desperate now  
 All farther course — Yon beetling brow,  
 In craggy nakedness sublime,  
 What heart or foot shall dare to climb ?  
 It bears no tendril for his clasp,  
 Presents no angle to his grasp :  
 Sole stay his foot may rest upon,  
 Is yon earth-bedded jetting stone.  
 Balanced on such precarious prop,  
 He strains his grasp to reach the top.  
 Just as the dangerous stretch he makes,  
 By heaven, his faithless footstool shakes !  
 Beneath his tottering bulk it bends,  
 It sways, . . . it loosens, . . . it descends !  
 And downward holds its headlong way,  
 Crashing o'er rock and copewood spray.  
 Loud thunders shake the echoing dell ! —  
 Fell it alone ! — alone it fell.  
 Just on the very verge of fate,  
 The hardy Bertram's falling weight  
 He trusted to his sinewy hands,  
 And on the top unharmed he stands ! —

## XVI.

Wilfrid a safer path pursued ;  
 At intervals where, roughly hew'd,  
 Rude steps ascending from the dell  
 Reorder'd the cliffs accessible.

By circuit slow he thus attain'd  
 The height that Risingham had gain'd,  
 And when he issued from the wood,  
 Before the gate of Mortham stood.<sup>1</sup>  
 'Twas a fair scene ! the sunbeams lay  
 On battled tower and portal grey ;  
 And from the grassy slope he sees  
 The Greta flow to meet the Tees ;  
 Where, issuing from her darksome bed,  
 She caught the morning's eastern red,  
 And through the softening vale below  
 Roll'd her bright waves, in rosy glow,  
 All blushing to her bridal bed,  
 Like some shy maid in convent bred :  
 While linnet, lark, and blackbird gay,  
 Sing forth her nuptial roundelay.

## XVII.

'Twas sweetly sung that roundelay ;  
 That summer morn, shone blithe and gay ;  
 But morning beam, and wild-bird's call,  
 Awaked not Mortham's silent hall.  
 No porter, by the low-brow'd gate,  
 Took in the wouted niche his seat ;  
 To the paved court no peasant drew ;  
 Waked to their toil no menial crew ;  
 The maiden's carol was not heard,  
 As to her morning task she fared :  
 In the void offices around,  
 Rung not a hoof, nor bay'd a hound ;  
 Nor eager steed, with shrilling neigh,  
 Accused the lagging groom's delay ;  
 Untrimm'd, undress'd, neglected now,  
 Was alleys walk and orchard bough ;  
 All spoke the master's absent care,  
 All spoke neglect and disrepair.  
 South of the gate, an arrow flight,  
 Two mighty elms their limbs unite,  
 As if a canopy to spread  
 O'er the lone dwelling of the dead ;  
 For their huge boughs in arches bent  
 Above a massive monument,  
 Carved o'er in ancient Gothic wise,  
 With many a scutcheon and device :  
 There, spent with toil and sunk in gloom,  
 Bertram stood pondering by the tomb.

## XVIII.

" It vanish'd, like a fitting ghost !  
 Behind this tomb," he said, " 'twas lost —  
 This tomb, where oft I deem'd lies stored  
 Of Mortham's Indian wealth the hoard.  
 'Tis true, the aged servants said  
 Here his lamented wife is laid ;  
 But weightier reasons may be guess'd  
 For their lord's strict and stern behest,  
 That none should on his steps intrude,  
 Whene'er he sought this solitude.  
 An ancient mariner I knew,  
 What time I sail'd with Morgan's crew,  
 Who oft, 'mid our carousals, spake  
 Of Raleigh, Frobisher, and Drake ;  
 Adventurous hearts ! who barter'd, bold,  
 Their English steel for Spanish gold.  
 Trust not, would his experience say,  
 Captain or comrade with your prey ;  
 But seek some charnel, when, at full,  
 The moon gilds skeleton and skull !  
 There dig, and tomb your precious heap ;  
 And bid the dead your treasure keep ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Sure stewards they, if fitting spell  
 Their service to the task compel.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note U.

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix, Note V.

Lacks there such charnel?—kill a slave,  
Or prisoner, on the treasure-grave;  
And bid his discontented ghost  
Stalk nightly on his lonely post.—  
Such was his tale. Its truth, I ween,  
Is in my morning vision seen.”—

## XIX.

Wilfrid, who scorn'd the legend wild,  
In mingled mirth and pity smiled,  
Much marvelling that a breast so bold  
In such fond tale belief should hold;  
But yet of Bertram sought to know  
The apparition's form and show.—  
The power within the guilty breast,  
Oft vanquish'd, never quite suppress'd,  
'That unsubdued and lurking lies  
To take the felon by surprise,  
And force him, as by magic spell,  
In his despite his guilt to tell,—  
That power in Bertram's breast awoke;  
Scarce conscious he was heard, he spoke:  
" 'Twas Mortham's form, from foot to head!  
His morion, with the plume of red,  
His shape, his mien—'twas Mortham, right  
As when I slew him in the fight.”—  
"Thou slay him?—thou?"—With conscious  
start  
He heard, then mann'd his haughty heart—  
"I slew him?—I!—I had forgot  
Thou, stripling, knew'st not of the plot.  
But it is spoken—nor will I  
Deed done, or spoken word, deny.  
I slew him; I! for thankless pride;  
'Twas by thia hand that Mortham died!"

## XX.

Wilfrid, of gentle hand and heart,  
Averse to every active part,  
But most averse to martial broil,  
From danger shrunk, and turn'd from toil;  
Yet the meek lover of the lyre  
Nursed one brave spark of noble fire;  
Against injustice, fraud, or wrong,  
His blood heat high, his hand wax'd strong.  
Not his the nerves that could sustain,  
Unshaken, danger, toil, and pain;  
But, when that spark blazed forth to flame,  
He rose superior to his frame.  
And now it came, that generous mood:  
And, in full current of his blood,  
On Bertram he laid desperate hand,  
Placed firm his foot, and drew his brand.  
"Should every fiend, to whom thou'rt sold,  
Rise in thine aid, I keep my hold.—  
Arouse there, ho! take spear and sword!  
Attach the murderer of your Lord!"

## XXI.

A moment, fix'd as by a spell,  
Stood Bertram—It seem'd miracle,  
That one so feeble, soft, and true,  
Set grasp on warlike Risingham.  
But when he felt a feeble stroke,  
The fiend within the ruffian woke!  
To wrench the sword from Wilfrid's hand,  
To dash him headlong on the sand,  
Was but one moment's work.—one more  
Had drench'd the blade in Wilfrid's gore;  
But, in the instant it arose,  
To end his life, his love, his woes,

A warlike form, that mark'd the scene,  
Preseus his rapier sheathed between,  
Parries the fast-descending blow,  
And steps 'twixt Wilfrid and his foe;  
Nor then unscabbarded his brand,  
But, sternly pointing with his hand,  
With monarch's voice forbade the fight,  
And motion'd Bertram from his sight.  
"Go, and repent,"—he said, "while time  
Is given thee; add not crime to crime."

## XXII.

Mute, and uncertain, and amazed,  
As on a vision Bertram gazed!  
'Twas Mortham's bearing, bold and high,  
His sinewy frame, his falcon eye,  
His look and accent of command,  
The martial gesture of his hand,  
His stately form, spare-built and tall,  
His war-bleach'd locks—'twas Mortham all.  
Through Bertram's dizzy brain career  
A thousand thoughts, and all of fear;  
His wavering faith received not quite  
The form he saw us Mortham's sprite,  
But more he fear'd it, if it stood  
His lord, in living flesh and blood—  
What spectre can the charnel send,  
So dreadful as an injured friend?  
Then, too, the habit of command,  
Used by the leader of the band,  
When Risingham, for many a day,  
Had march'd and fought beneath his sway,  
Tamed him—and, with reverted face,  
Backwards he bore his sullen pace;  
Oft stopp'd, and oft on Mortham stared,  
And dark as rated mastiff glared;  
But when the tramp of steeds was heard,  
Plunged in the glen, and disappear'd;—  
Nor longer there the Warrior stood,  
Retiring eastward through the wood;  
But first to Wilfrid warning gives,  
"Tell thou to none that Mortham lives."

## XXIII.

Still rung these words in Wilfrid's ear,  
Hinting he knew not what of fear;  
When nearer came the coursers' tread,  
And, with his father at their head,  
Of horsemen arm'd a gallant power  
Rein'd up their steeds before the tower.  
"Whence these pale looks, my son?" he said:  
"Where's Bertram?—Why that naked blade?"  
Wilfrid ambiguously replied,  
(For Mortham's charge his honour tied,  
'Bertram is gone—the villain's word  
Avouch'd him murderer of his lord!  
Even now we fought—but, when your tread  
Announced you nigh, the felon fled."  
In Wycliffe's conscious eye appear  
A guilty hope, a guilty fear;  
On his pale brow the dewdrop broke,  
And his lip quiver'd as he spoke:—

## XXIV.

"A murderer!—Philip Mortham died  
Amid the battle's wildest tide.  
Wilfrid, or Bertram raves, or you!  
Yet, grant such strange confession true,  
Pursuit were vain—let him fly far—  
Justice must sleep in civil war."  
A gallant Youth rode near his side,  
Brave Rokeby's page, in battle tried;

That morn, an embassy of weight  
He brought to Barnard's castle gate,  
And follow'd now in Wycliffe's train,  
An answer for his lord to gain.  
His steed, whose arch'd and sable neck  
A hundred wreaths of foam bedeck,  
Chafed not against the curb more high  
Than he at Oswald's cold reply ;  
He bit his lip, implor'd his saint,  
(His the old faith)—then burst restraint.

## XXV.

" Yes ! I beheld his bloody fall,  
By that base traitor's dastard hall,  
Just when I thought to measure sword,  
Presumptuous hope ! with Mortham's lord.  
And shall the murderer 'scape, who slew  
His leader, generous, brave, and true ?  
Escape, while on the dew you trace  
The marks of his gigantic pace ?  
No ! ere the sun that dew shall dry,  
False Risingham shall yield or die.—  
Ring out the castle 'larum bell !  
Arouse the peasants with the knell !  
Meantime disperse—ride, gallants, ride  
Beset the wood on every side.  
But if among you one there be,  
That honours Mortham's memory,  
Let him dismount and follow me !  
Else on your crests sit fear and shame,  
And foul suspicion dog your name !"

## XXVI.

Instant to earth young Redmond sprung ;  
Instant on earth the harness rung  
Of twenty men of Wycliffe's band,  
Who waited not their lord's command.  
Redmond his spurs from buskins drew,  
His mantle from his shoulders threw,  
His pistols in his belt he placed,  
The green-wood gain'd, the footsteps traced,  
Shouted like huntsman to his hounds,  
" To cover, hark !"—and in he bounds.  
Scarce heard was Oswald's anxious cry  
" Suspicion ! yes—pursue him—fly—  
But venture not, in useless strife,  
On ruffin desperate of his life,  
Whoever finds him, shoot him dead !  
Five hundred nobles for his head !"

## XXVII.

The horsemen gallop'd, to make good  
Each path that issued from the wood.  
Loud from the thickets rung the shout  
Of Redmond and his eager rout ;  
With them was Wilfrid, stung with ire,  
And envying Redmond's martial fire,  
And envious of fame.—But where  
Is Oswald, noble Mortham's heir ?  
He, bound by honour, law, and faith,  
Avenger of his kinsman's death ?—  
Leaning against the elm in tree,  
With drooping head and slacken'd knee,  
And clenched teeth, and close-clasp'd hands,  
In agony of soul he stands !  
His downcast eye on earth is bent,  
His soul to every sound is lent ;  
For in each shout that cleaves the air,  
May ring discovery and despair.

## XXVIII.

What 'vail'd it him, that brightly play'd  
The morning sun on Mortham's glade ?

All seems in giddy round to ride,  
Like objects on a stormy tide,  
Seen eddying by the moonlight dim,  
Imperfectly to sink and swim.  
What 'vail'd it, that the fair domain,  
Its battled mansion, hill, and plain,  
On which the sun so brightly shone,  
Envied so long, was now his own ?  
The lowest dungeon, in that hour,  
Of Brackenbury's dismal tower,<sup>1</sup>  
Had been his choice, could such a doom  
Have open'd Mortham's bloody tomb !  
Forced, too, to turn unwilling ear  
To each surmise of hope or fear,  
Murmur'd among the rustics round,  
Who gather'd at the 'larum sound ;  
He dared not turn his head away,  
E'en to look up to heaven to pray,  
Or call on hell, in bitter mood,  
For one sharp death-shot from the wood !

## XXIX.

At length, o'erpast that dreadful space,  
Back straggling came the scatter'd chase ;  
Jaded and weary, horse and man,  
Return'd the troopers, one by one.  
Wilfrid, the last, arriv'd to say,  
All trace was lost of Bertran's way,  
Though Redmond still, up Brignal wood,  
The hopeless quest in vain pursued.—  
O, fatal doom of human race !  
What tyrant passions passions chase !  
Renorse from Oswald's brow is gone,  
Avarice and pride resume their throne ;  
The pang of instant terror by,  
They dictate us their slave's reply :—

## XXX.

" Ay—let him range like hasty hound !  
And if the grim wolf's lair be found,  
Small is my care how goes the game  
With Redmond, or with Risingham—  
Nay, answer not, thou simple boy !  
Thy fair Matilda, all so coy  
To thee, is of another mood  
To that bold youth of Erin's blood.  
Thy ditties will she freely praise,  
And pay thy pains with courtly phrase ;  
In a rough path will oft command—  
Accept at least—thy friendly hand ;  
His she avoids, or, urged and pray'd,  
Unwilling takes his proffer'd aid,  
While conscious passion plainly speaks  
In downcast look and blushing cheeks.  
Where'er he sings, will she glide nigh,  
And all her soul is in her eye ;  
Yet doubts she still to tender free  
The wonted words of courtesy.  
These are strong signs !—yet wherefore sigh,  
And wipe, effeminate, thine eye ?  
Thine shall she be, if thou attend  
The counsels of thy sire and friend.

## XXXI.

" Scarce wert thou gone, when peep of light,  
Brought genuine news of Marston's fight.  
Brave Cronwell turn'd the doubtful tide,  
And conquest bless'd the rightful side ;  
Three thousand cavaliers lie dead,  
Rupert and that bold Marquis fled ;  
Nobles and knights, so proud of late,  
Must fine for freedom and estate.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note X.



Of these, committed to my charge,  
Is Rokeby, prisoner at large;  
Redmond, his page, arrived to say  
He reaches Barnard's towers to-day.  
Right heavy shall his ransom be,  
Unless that maid compound with thee!<sup>1</sup>  
Go to her now—he bold of cheer,  
While her soul floats 'twixt hope and fear;  
It is the very change of tide,  
When best the female heart is tried—  
Pride, prejudice, and modesty,  
Are in the current swept to sea;  
And the bold swain, who plies his oar,  
May lightly row his bark to shore."<sup>2</sup>

~~~~~

Rokeby.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

The hunting tribes of air and earth
Respect the brethren of their birth;
Nature, who loves the claim of kind,
Less cruel chase to each assign'd.
The falcon, poised, on soaring wing,
Watches the wild-duck by the spring;
The slow-hound wakes the fox's lair;
The greyhound presses on the hare;
The eagle pounces on the lamb;
The wolf devours the fleecy dam:
Even tiger fell, and sullen bear,
Their likeness and their lineage spare.
Man, only, mars kind Nature's plan,
And turns the fierce pursuit on man;
Plying war's desultory trade,
Incursion, fight, and ambushade.
Since Nimrod, Cush's mighty son,
At first the bloody game begun.

II.

The Indian, prowling for his prey,
Who hears the settlers track his way,
And knows in distant forest far
Camp his red brethren of the war;
He, when each double and disguise
To baffle the pursuit he tries,
Low crouching now his head to hide,
Where swampy streams through rushes glide,
Now covering with the wither'd leaves
The foot-prints that the dew receives:²
He, skill'd in every silvan guile,
Knows not, nor tries, such various wile,
As Rivingham, when on the wind
Arose the loud pursuit behind.
In Redesdale his youth had heard
Each art her wily dalemen dared,
When Rooker-edge, and Redswir high,
To hagle rung and bloodhound's cry,³
Announcing Jedwood-axe and spear,
And Lid'sdale riders in the rear;
And well his venturous life had proved
The lessons that his childhood loved.

III.

Oft had he shown, in climes afar,
Each attribute of roving war;

The sharpen'd ear, the piercing eye,
The quick resolve in danger nigh;
The speed, that in the flight or chase,
Outstripp'd the Charib's rapid race;
The steady brain, the sinewy limb,
To leap, to climb, to dive, to swim;
The iron frame, inured to bear
Each dire inclemency of air.
Nor less confirm'd to undergo
Fatigue's faint chill, and faunine's throes.
These arts he proved, his life to save,
In peril oft by land and wave,
On Arawaca's desert shore,
Or where La Plata's billows roar.
When oft the sons of vengeful Spam
Track'd the marauder's steps in vain.
These arts, in Indian warfare tried,
Must save him now by Greta's aide.

IV.

'Twas then, in hour of utmost need,
He proved his courage, art, and speed.
Now slow he stalk'd with stealthy pace,
Now started forth in rapid race,
Oft doubling back in mazy train,
To blind the trace the dews retain;
Now climb the rocks projecting high,
To baffle the pursuer's eye;
Now sought the stream, whose brawling sound
The echo of his footsteps drown'd.
But if the forest verge he ners,
There trample steeds, and glimmer spears,
If deeper down the copse he drew,
He heard the rangers' loud halloo,
Beating each cover while they came,
As if to start the silvan game.
'Twas then—like tiger close beset
At every pass with toil and net,
'Counter'd where'er he turns his glare,
By clashing arms and torches' flare,
Who meditates, with furious bound,
To burst on hunter, horse, and hound,—
'Twas then that Bertram's soul arose,
Prompting to rush upon his foes:
But as that crouching tiger, cow'd
By brandish'd steel and shouting crowd,
Retreats beneath the jungle's shroud,
Bertram suspends his purpose etera,
And couches in the brake and fern,
Hiding his face, lest foeman spy
The sparkle of his swarthy eye.⁴

V.

Then Bertram might the bearing trace
Of the bold youth who led the chase;
Who paused to list for every sound,
Climb every height to look around,
Then rushing on with naked sword,
Each dingle's bosky depths explored.
'Twas Redmond—by the azure eye:
'Twas Redmond—by the locks that fly
Disorder'd from his glowing cheek:
Mien, face, and form, young Redmond speak.
A form, more active, light, and strong,
Ne'er shot the ranks of war along;
The modest, yet the manly men,
Might grace the court of maiden queen:
A face more fair you well might find,
For Redmond's knew the sun and wind,
Nor boasted, from their tinge when free,
The charm of regularity:

¹ See Appendix, Note Y.

² Ibid, Note Z.

³ See Appendix, Note 2 A.

⁴ Ibid, Note 2 B.

But every feature had the power
To aid the expression of the hour :
Whether gay wit, and humour sly,
Danced laughing in his light-blue eye ;
Or bended brow, and glance of fire,
And kindling cheek, spoke Erin's ire ;
Or soft and sadden'd glances show
Her ready sympathy with woe ;
Or in that wayward mood of mind,
When various feelings are combined,
When joy and sorrow mingle near,
And hope's bright wings are check'd by fear,
And rising doubts keep transport down,
And anger lends a short-lived frown ;
In that strange mood which maids approve
Even when they dare not call it love ;
With every change his features play'd,
As aspens show the light and shade.

VI.

Well Risingham young Redmond knew :
And much he marvel'd that the crew,
Roused to revenge bold Mortham dead,
Were by that Mortham's foeman led ;
For never felt his soul the woe,
That wails a generous foeman low,
Far less that sense of justice strong,
That wrecks a generous foeman's wrong.
But small his leisure now to pause ;
Redmond is first, whate'er the cause :
And twice that Redmond came so near
Where Bertram couch'd like hunted deer,
The very boughs his steps displace,
Kustled against the ruffian's face,
Who, desperate, twice prepared to start,
And plunge his dagger in his heart !
But Redmond turn'd a different way,
And the bent boughs rennied their sway,
And Bertram held it wise, unseem,
Deeper to plunge in coppice green.
Thos, circled in his coil, the snake,
When roving hunters beat the brake,
Watches with red and glistening eye,
Prepared, if heedless step draw nigh,
With forked tongue and venom'd fang
Instant to dart the deadly pang ;
But if the intruders turn aside,
Away his coils unfolded glide,
And through the deep savannah wind,
Some undisturb'd retreat to find.

VII.

But Bertram, as he backward drew,
And heard the loud pursuit renew,
And Redmond's holla on the wind,
Oft mutter'd in his savage mind —
" Redmond O'Neale ! wert thou and
Alone this day's event to try,
With not a second here to see,
But the grey cliff and oaken tree,—
That voice of thine, that shouts so loud,
Should ne'er repeat its summons proud !
No ! nor e'er try its melting power
Again in maiden's summer bower."
Eluded, now behind him die,
Faint and more faint, each hostile cry ;
He stands in Scargill wood alone,
Nor hears he now a harsher tone
Than the hoarse cushat's plaintive cry,
Or Greta's sound that murmurs by ;
And on the dale, so lone and wild,
The summer sun in quiet smiled.

VIII.

He listen'd long with anxious heart,
Ear bent to hear, and foot to start,
And, while his stretch'd attention glows,
Refused his weary frame repose.
"T was silence all — he laid him down,
Where purple heath profusely strown,
And throatwort, with its azure bell,
And moss and thyme his cushion swell.
There, spent with toil, he listless eyed
The course of Greta's playful tide ;
Beneath, her banks now eddying dun,
Now brightly gleaming to the sun,
As, dancing over rock and stone,
In yellow light her currents shone,
Matching in hue the favourite gem
Of Albin's mountain-diadem.
Then, tired to watch the current's play,
He turn'd his weary eyes away,
To where the bank opposing show'd
Its huge, square cliffs through slaggy wood.
One, prominent above the rest,
Rear'd to the sun its pale grey breast ;
Around its broken summit grew
The hazel rude, and sable yew ;
A thousand varied lichens dyed
Its waste and weather-beaten side,
And round its rugged basis lay,
By time or thunder rent away,
Fragments, that, from its frontlet torn,
Were mantled now by verdant thorn.
Such was the scene's wild majesty,
That fill'd stern Bertram's gazing eye.

IX.

In sullen mood he lay reclined,
Revolving, in his stormy mind,
The felon deed, the fruitless guilt,
His patron's blood by treason spilt ;
A crime, it seem'd, so dire and dead,
That it had power to wake the dead.
Then, pondering on his life betray'd
By Oswald's art to Redmond's blade,
In treacherous purpose to withhold,
So deem'd it, Mortham's promised gold,
A deep and full revenge he vow'd
On Redmond, forward, fierce, and proud ;
Revenge on Wilfrid — on his sire
Redoubled vengeance, swift and dire ! —
If, in such mood, (as legends say,
And well believed that simple day,)
The Enemy of Man has power
To profit by the evil hour,
Here stood a wretch, prepared to change
His soul's redemption for revenge !
But though his vows, with such a fire
Of earnest and intense desire
For vengeance dark and fell, were made,
As well might reach hell's lowest shade,
No deeper clouds the grove embrown'd,
No nether thunders shook the ground ; —
The demon knew his vassal's heart,
And spared temptation's needless art.

X.

Oft, mingled with the direful theme,
Came Mortham's form — Was it a dream ?
Or had he seen, in vision true,
That very Mortham whom he slew ?
Or had in living flesh appear'd
The only man on earth he fear'd ? —

To try the mystic cause intent,
His eyes, that on the cliff were bent,
'Counter'd at once a dazzling glance,
Like sunbeam flash'd from sword or lance.
At once he started as for fight,
But not a foe-man was in sight;
He heard the cushat's murmur hoarse,
He heard the river's sounding course;
The solitary woodlands lay,
As slumbering in the summer ray,
He gazed, like lion roused, around,
Then sunk again upon the ground,
'T was but, he thought, some fitful beam,
Glanced sudden from the sparkling stream;
Then plunged him from his gloomy train
Of ill-connected thoughts again,
Until a voice behind him cried,
"Bertram! well met on Greta side."

XI.

Instant his sword was in his hand,
As instant sunk the ready brand;
Yet, dubious still, opposed he stood
To him that issued from the wood:
"Guy Denzil!—is it thou?" he said;
"Do we two meet in Scargill shade!—
Stand back a space!—thy purpose show,
Whether thou comest as friend or foe.
Report hath said, that Denzil's name
From Rokehy's band was razed with shame."
—"A shame I owe that hot O'Neale,
Who told his knight, in peevish zeal,
Of my marauding on the clowns
Of Calverley and Bradford downs.¹
I reck not. In a war to strive,
Where, save the leaders, none can thrive,
Suits ill my mood; and better game
Awaits us both, if thou'rt the same
Unscrupulous, bold Risingham,
Who watch'd with me in midnight dark,
To snatch a deer from Rokehy-park.
How think'st thou?"—"Speak thy purpose
out;

I love not mystery or doubt."

XII.

"Then, list.—Not far there lurk a crew
Of trusty comrades, stanch and true,
Glean'd from both factions—Roundheads, freed
From cant of sermon and of creed;
And Cavaliers, whose souls, like mine,
Spurn at the bonds of discipline.
Wiser, we judge, by dale and wold,
A warfare of our own to hold,
Than breathe our last on battle-down,
For cloak or surplice, mace or crown.
Our schemes are laid, our purpose set,
A chief and leader lack we yet.—
Thou art a wanderer, it is said;
For Northam's death, thy steps way-laid,
Thy head at price—so say our spies,
Who range the valley in disguise.
Join then with us:—though wild debate
And wrangling rend our infant state,
Each to an equal loth to bow,
Will yield to chief renown'd as thou."

XIII.

"Even now," thought Bertram, passion-stirr'd,
"I call'd on hell, and hell has heard!
What lack I, vengeance to command,
But of stanch comrades such a hand!"

This Denzil, vow'd to every evil,
Might read a lesson to the devil.
Well, be it so! each knave and fool
Shall serve as my revenge's tool.—
Aloud, "I take thy proffer, Guy,
But tell me where thy comrades lie?"—
"Not far from hence," Guy Denzil said;
"Descend, and cross the river's bed,
Where rises yonder cliff so grey."
"Do thou," said Bertram, "lead the way."
Then mutter'd, "It is best make sure;
Guy Denzil's faith was never pure."
He follow'd down the steep descent,
Then through the Greta's streams they
went;
And, when they reach'd the farther shore,
They stood the lonely cliff before.

XIV.

With wonder Bertram heard within
The flinty rock a murmur'd din;
But when Guy pull'd the wilding spray,
And brambles, from its base away,
He saw, appearing to the air,
A little entrance, low and square,
Like opening cell of hermit lone,
Dark, winding through the living stone.
Here enter'd Denzil, Bertram here;
And loud and louder on their ear,
As from the bowels of the earth,
Resounded shouts of boisterous mirth.
Of old, the cavern strait and rude,
In slaty rock the peasant hew'd;
And Brignall's woods, and Scargill's, wave,
E'en now, o'er many a sister cave,²
Where, far within the darksome rift,
The wedge and lever ply their thrift.
But war had silenced rural trade,
And the deserted mine was made
The banquet-hall and fortress too,
Of Denzil and his desperate crew.—
There Guilt his anxious revel kept;
There, on his sordid pallet, slept
Guilt-born Excess, the goblet drain'd
Still in his slumbering grasp retain'd;
Regret was there, his eye still cast
With vain repining on the past;
Among the feasters waited near
Sorrow, and unrepentant Fear,
And Blasphemy, to frenzy driven,
With his own crimes reproaching heaven;
While Bertram show'd, amid the crew,
The Master-Fiend that Milton drew.

XV.

Hark! the loud revel wakes again,
To greet the leader of the train.
Behold the group by the pale lamp,
That struggles with the earthly damp.
By what strange features Vice hath known,
To single out and mark her own!
Yet some there are, whose brows retain
Less deeply stamp'd her brand and stain.
See yon pale stripling! when a boy,
A mother's pride, a father's joy!
Now, 'gainst the vault's rude walls reclined,
An early image fills his mind:
The cottage, once his sire's, he sees,
Embower'd upon the banks of Tees;
He views sweet Winston's woodland scene,
And shares the dance on Gainford-green.

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 D.

² See Appendix, Note 2 E.

A tear is springing—but the zest
Of some wild tale, or brutal jest,
Hath to loud laughter stirr'd the rest.
On him they call, the aptest mate
For jovial song and merry feat:
Fast flies his dream—with dauntless air,
As one victorious o'er Despair,
He bids the ruddy cup go round,
Till sense and sorrow both are drown'd;
And soon, in merry wassail, he,
The life of all their revelry,
Peals his loud song!—The muse has found
Her blossoms on the wildest ground,
'Mid noxious weeds at random strew'd,
Themselves all profitless and rude.—
With desperate merriment he sung,
The cavern to the chorus rung;
Yet mingled with his reckless glee
Remorse's bitter agony.

XVI.

SONG.

O, Brignall banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there,
Would grace a summer queen.
And as I rode by Dalton-hall,
Beneath the turrets high,
A Maiden on the castle wall
Was singing merrily,—

CHORUS.

“O, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen.”—

“If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we,
That dwell by dale and down.
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shaft thou speed,
As blithe as Queen of May.”—

CHORUS.

Yet sung she, “Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen.

XVII.

“I read you, by your bugle-horn,
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn,
To keep the king's greenwood.”—
“A Ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night.”—

CHORUS.

Yet sung she, “Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay;
I would I were with Edmund there,
To reign his Queen of May!

“With burnish'd brand and musketeon,
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold Dragon,
That lists the tuck of drum.”—

“I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear.

CHORUS.

“And, O! though Brignall banks be fair,
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare,
Would reign my Queen of May!

XVIII.

“Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die!
The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,
Were better mate than I!
And when I'm with my comrades met,
Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now.

CHORUS

“Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.”

When Edmund ceased his simple song,
Was silence on the sullen throng,
Till waked some ruder mate their glee
With note of coarser minstrelsy.
But, far apart, in dark divan,
Denzil and Bertram many a plan,
Of import foul and fierce, design'd,
While still on Bertram's grasping mind
The wealth of murder'd Mortham hung;
Though half he fear'd his daring tongue,
When it should give his wishes birth,
Might raise a spectre from the carth!

XIX.

At length his wondrous tale he told:
When, scornful, smiled his comrade bold;
For, train'd in license of a court,
Religion's self was Denzil's sport;
Then judge in what contempt he held
The visionary tales of eid!
His awe for Bertram scarce repress'd
The unbeliever's sneering jest.
“'Twere hard,” he said, “for sage or seer,
To spell the subject of your fear;
Nor do I boast the art renown'd,
Vision and omen to expound,
Yet, faith if I must needs afford
To spectre watching treasured hoard,
As bandog keeps his master's roof,
Bidding the plunderer stand aloof,
This doubt remains—thy goblin gaunt
Hath chosen ill his ghostly haunt;
For why his guard on Mortham hold,
When Rokeyby castle hath the gold
Thy patron won on Indian soil,
By stealth, by piracy, and spoil?”—

XX.

At this he paused—for angry shame
Lower'd on the brow of Risingham,
He blush'd to think, that he should seem
Assertor of an airy dream,
And gave his wrath another theme.
“Denzil,” he says, “though lowly laid,
Wrong not the memory of the dead;
For, while he lived, at Mortham's look
Thy very soul, Guy Denzil, shook”

And when he tax'd thy breach of word
To yon fair Rose of Alleford,
I saw thee crouch like chasten'd hound,
Whose back the huntsman's lash hath found.
Nor dare to call his foreign wealth
The spoil of piracy or stealth;
He won it bravely with his brand,
When Spain waged warfare with our land.¹
Mark, too—I brook no idle jeer,
Nor couple Bertram's name with fear;
Mine is but half the demon's lot,
For I believe, but tremble not.—
Enough of this.—Say, why this hoard
Thou deem'st at Rokeby castle stored;
Or think'st that Mortham would bestow
His treasure with his faction's foe?"

XXI.

Soon quench'd was Denzil's ill-timed mirth;
Rather he would have seen the earth
Give to ten thousand spectres birth,
Than venture to awake to flame
The deadly wrath of Risingham.
Submit he answer'd,—“Mortham's mind,
Thou know'st, to joy was ill inclined.
In youth, 'tis said, a gallant free,
A lusty reveller was he;
But since return'd from over sea,
A sullen and a silent mood
Hath unmb'd the current of his blood.
Hence he refused each kindly call
To Rokeby's hospitable hall,
And our stout knight, at dawn of morn
Who loved to hear the bugle-horn,
Nor less, when eve his oaks embrown'd,
To see the ruddy cup go round,
Took umbrage that a friend so near
Refused to share his chase and cheer;
Thus did the kindred barous jar,
Ere they divided in the war.
Yet, trust me, friend, Matilda fair
Of Mortham's wealth is destined heir.”

XXII.

“Destined to her! to yon slight maid!
The prize my life had wellnigh paid,
When 'gainst Laroche, by Cayo's wave,
I fought my patron's wealth to save!—
Denzil, I knew him long, yet ne'er
Knew him that joyous cavalier,
Whom youthful friends and early fame
Call'd soul of gallantry and game.
A moody man, he sought our crew,
Desperate and dark, whom no one knew;
And rose, as men with us must rise,
By scorning life and all its ties.
On each adventure rash he roved,
As danger for itself he loved;
On his sad brow nor mirth nor wine
Could e'er one wrinkled knot untwine;
Ill was the omen if he smiled,
For 'twas in peril stern and wild;
But when he laugh'd, each luckless mate
Might hold our fortune desperate.
Foremost he fought in every broil,
Then scornful turn'd him from the spoil;
Nay, often strove to bar the way
Between his comrades and their prey;
Preaching, even then, to such as we,
Hot with our dear-bought victory,
Of mercy and humanity.”

XXIII.

“I loved him well—His fearless part,
His gallant leading, won my heart.
And after each victorious fight,
'Twas I that wrangled for his right,
Redeem'd his portion of the prey
That greedier mates had torn away:
In field and storm thrice saved his life,
And once amid our comrades' strife.—²
Yes, I have loved thee! Well hath proved
My toil, my danger, how I loved!
Yet will I mourn no more thy fate,
Ingrate in life, in death ingrate.
Rise if thou canst! ' he look'd around,
And sternly stamp'd upon the ground—
“Rise, with thy bearing proud and high,
Even as thia morn it oet mine eye,
And give me, if thou darest, the lie!”
He paused—then, calm and passion-freed,
Bade Denzil with his tale proceed.

XXIV.

“Bertram, to thee I need not tell,
What thou hast cause to wot so well,
How Superstition's nets were twined
Around the Lord of Mortham's mind!
But since he drove thee from his tower,
A maid he found in Greta's bower,
Whose speech, like David's harp, had sway,
To charm his evil fiend away.
I know not if her features mov'd
Remembrance of the wife he loved;
But he would gaze upon her eye,
Till his mood soften'd to a sigh.
He, whom no living mortal sought
To question of his secret thought,
Now every thought and care confess'd
To his fair niece's faithful breast;
Nor was there aught of rich and rare,
In earth, in ocean, or in air,
But it must deck Matilda's hair.
Her love still bound him unto life;
But then awoke the civil strife.
And menials bore, by his commands,
Three coffers, with their iron bands,
From Mortham's vault, at midnight deep,
To her lone bower in Rokeby-Keep,
Ponderous with gold and plate of pride,
His gift, if he in battle died.”—

XXV

“Then Denzil, as I guess, lays train,
These iron-banded chests to gain;
Else, wherefore should he hover here,
Where many a peril waits him near,
For all his feats of war and peace,
For plunder'd boors, and harts of greese?³
Since through the hamlets as he fared,
What hearth has Guy's marauding spared,
Or where the chase that hath not rung
With Denzil's bow, at midnight strung?”—
“I hold my wont—my rangers go,
Even now to track a milk-white doe.⁴
By Rokeby-hall she takes her lair,
In Greta wood she harbours fair.
And when my huntsman marks her way,
What think'st thou, Bertram, of the prey?
Were Rokeby's daughter in our power,
We rate her ransom at her dower.”—

1 See Appendix, Note 2 F.

2 Ibid, Note 2 G.

3 Deer in season.

4 See Appendix, Note 2 H.

XXVI.

" 'Tis well!—there's vengeance in the thought
Matilda is by Wilfrid sought;
And hot-brain'd Redmond, too, 'tis said,
Pays lover's homage to the maid.
Bertram she scorn'd—If met by chance,
She turn'd from me her shuddering glance,
Like a nice dame, that will not brook
On what she hates and loathes to look;
She told to Mortham she could ne'er
Behold me without secret fear,
Foreboding evil;—She may rue
To find her prophecy fall true!—
The war has weeded Rokeby's train,
Few followers in his halls remain;
If thy schemes miss, then, brief and bold,
We are enow to storm the hold;
Bear off the plunder, and the dame,
And leave the castle all in flame."—

XXVII.

" Still art thou Valour's venturous son!
Yet ponder first the risk to run:
The menials of the castle, true,
And stubborn to their charge, though few;
The wall to scale—the moat to cross—
The wicket-grate—the inner fosse"—
—" Fool! if we blench for toys like these,
On what fair guerdon can we seize?
Our hardest venture, to explore
Some wretched peasant's fenceless door,
And the best prize we bear away,
The earnings of his sordid day."—
" A while thy hasty taunt forbear:
In sight of road more sure and fair,
Thou wouldst not choose, in blindfold wrath,
Or wantonness, a desperate path!
List, then;—for vantage or assault,
From gilded vane to dungeon-vault,
Each pass of Rokeby-house I know:
There is one postern, dark and low,
That issues at a secret spot,
By most neglected or forgot.
Now, could a spial of our train
On fair pretext admittance gain,
That sally-port might be unbarr'd:
Then, vain were battlement and ward!"

XXVIII.

" Now speak'st thou well:—to me the same,
If force or art shall urge the game;
Indifferent, if like fox I wind,
Or spring like tiger on the hind.—
But, hark! our merry-men so gay
Troil forth another roundelay."—

SONG.

" A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine!
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green,—
No more of me you knew,
My love!
No more of me you knew.

" This morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fair;
But she shall bloom in winter snow,
Ere we two meet again."
He turn'd his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore,
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
Said, " Adieu for evermore,
My love
And adieu for evermore."—1

XXIX.

" What youth is this, your band among,
The best for minstrelsy and song!
In his wild notes seem aptly met
A strain of pleasure and regret."—
" Edmond of Winston is his name;
The hamlet sounded with the fame
Of early hopes his childhood gave.—
Now center'd all in Brngual cave!
I watch him well—his wayward course
Shows oft a tincture of remorse.
Some early love-shaft grazed his heart,
And oft the scar will ache and smart.
Yet is he useful;—of the rest,
By fits, the darling and the jest,
His harp, his story, and his lay,
Oft aid the idle hours away:
When unemploy'd, each fiery mate
Is ripe for mutinous debate.
He tuned his strings e'en now—again
He wakes them, with a blither strain."

XXX.

SONG.

ALLEN-A-DALE.

Allen-a-Dale has no fagot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the wooing.
Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken my tale!
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth² prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side.
The mere for his net, and the land for his game.
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame;
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be
as bright;
Allen-a-Dale is no haron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his
word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will veil,
Who at Rere-cross³ on Stanmore meets Allen-
a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
The mother, she ask'd of his household and
home:

1 See Appendix, Note 2 I.

2 The ruins of Ravensworth Castle stand in the North Riding of Yorkshire, about three miles from the town of Richmond, and adjoining to the waste called the Forest of

Arkingarth. It belonged originally to the powerful family of Fitz-Hugh, from whom it passed to the Lords Dacre of the South

3 See Appendix, Note 2 K.

" Though the castle of Richmond stand fair
On the hill,
My hall," quoth bold Allen, " shows gallanter
still;
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent
to pale,
And with all its bright spangles!" said Allen-
a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was
stone;
They lifted the latch, and they bade him be
gone;
But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their
cry;
He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonny
black eye,
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale!

XXXI.

" Thou see'st that, whether sad or gay
Love mingles ever in his lay.
But when his boyish wayward fit
Is o'er, he hath address and wit!
O! 'tis a brain of fire, can ape
Each dialect, each various shape."—
" Nay, then, to aid thy project, Guy—
Soft! who comes here?"—" My trusty spy.
Speak, Hamlin! hast thou lodged our deer?"—
" I have—but two fair stags are near.
I watch'd her, as she slowly stray'd
From Egliston up Thorsgill glade;
But Wilfrid Wycliffe sought her side,
And then young Redmond, in his pride,
Shot down to meet them on their way:
Much, as it seem'd, was theirs to say:
There's time to pitch both toil and net,
Before their path be homeward set."
A hurried and a whisper'd speech
Did Bertram's will to Denzil teach;
Who, turning to the robber band,
Bade four, the bravest, take the brand.

~~~~~

## Rokeby.

## CANTO FOURTH.

## I.

When Denmark's raven soar'd on high,  
Triumphant through Northumbrian sky,  
Till, hovering near, her fatal croak  
Bade Reged's Britons dread the yoke,<sup>2</sup>  
And the broad shadow of her wing  
Blacken'd each cataract and spring,  
Where Tees in tumult leaves his source,  
Thundering o'er Caldron and High-Force;<sup>3</sup>  
Beneath the shade the Northmen came,  
Fix'd on each vale a Runic name,<sup>4</sup>  
Rear'd high their altar's rugged stone,  
And gave their Gods the land they won.  
Then Balder, one bleak garth was thine,  
And one sweet brooklet's silver line,  
And Woden's Croft did title gain  
From the stern Father of the Slain;

But to the Monarch of the Mace,  
That held in fight the foremost place,  
To Odin's son, and Sifa's spouse,  
Near Stratforth high they paid their vows,  
Remember'd Thor's victorious fame,  
And gave the dell the Thunderer's name.

## II.

Yet Scald or Kemper err'd, I ween,  
Who gave that soft and quiet scene,  
With all its varied light and shade,  
And every little sunny glade,  
And the blithe brook that strolls along  
Its pebbled bed with summer song,  
To the grim God of blood and scar,  
The grisly King of Northern War.  
O, better were its banks assign'd  
To spirits of a gentler kind!  
For where the thicket-groups recede,  
And the rath primrose decks the mead,  
The velvet grass seems carpet meet  
For the light fairies' lively feet.  
Yon tufted knoll, with daisies strown,  
Might make proud Oberon a throne,  
While, hidden in the thicket nigh,  
Puck should brood o'er his frolic sly;  
And where profuse the wood-vetch clings  
Round ash and elm, in verdant rings,  
Its pale and azure-pencill'd flower  
Should canopy Titania's bower.

## III.

Here rise no cliffs the vale to shade;  
But, skirting every sunny glade,  
In fair variety of green  
The woodland lends its silvan screen.  
Hoary, yet haughty, frowns the oak,  
Its boughs by weight of ages broke;  
And towers erect, in sable spire,  
The pine-tree scathed by lightning-fire;  
The drooping ash and birch, between,  
Hang their fair tresses o'er the green,  
And all beneath at random grow  
Each coppice dwarf of varied show,  
Or, round the stems profusely twined,  
Fling summer odours on the wind.  
Such varied group Urbino's hand  
Round Him of Tarsus nobly plann'd,  
What time he bade proud Athens own  
On Mars's Mount the God Unknown!  
Then grey Philosophy stood nigh,  
Though bent by age, in spirit high:  
There rose the scar-seam'd veteran's spear,  
There Grecian Beauty bent to hear,  
While Childhood at her foot was placed,  
Or clung delighted to her waist.

## IV.

" And rest we here," Matilda said,  
And sat her in the varying shade.  
" Chance-met, we well may steal an hour,  
To friendship due, from fortune's power,  
Thou, Wilfrid, ever kind, must lend  
Thy counsel to thy sister-friend;  
And, Redmond, thou, at my behest,  
No farther urge thy desperate 'quest.  
For to my care a charge is left,  
Dangerous to one of aid bereft;  
Wellnigh an orphan, and alone,  
Captive her sire, her house o'erthrown."

1 See Appendix, Note 2 L.

2 Ibid, Note 2 M.

3 The Tees rises about the skirts of Crossfell, and falls over the cataracts named in the text before it leaves the

mountains which divide the North Riding from Cumber-  
land. High-Force is seventy-five feet in height.

4 See Appendix, Note 2 N.

Wilfrid, with wonted kindness graced,  
Beside her on the turf she placed ;  
Then paused, with downcast look and eye,  
Nor bade young Redmond seat him nigh.  
Her conscious diffidence he saw,  
Drew backward, as in modest awe,  
And sat a little space removed,  
Unmark'd to gaze on her he loved.

## V.

Wreathed in its dark-brown rings, her hair  
Half hid Matilda's forehead fair,  
Half hid and half reveal'd to view  
Her full dark eye of hazel hue.  
The rose, with faint and feeble streak,  
So slightly tinged the maiden's cheek,  
That you had said her hue was pale ;  
But if she faced the summer gale,  
Or spoke, or sung, or quicker moved,  
Or heard the praise of those she loved,  
Or when of interest was express'd  
Aught that waked feeling in her breast,  
The mantling blood in ready play  
Rivall'd the blush of rising day.  
There was a soft and pensive grace,  
A cast of thought upon her face,  
That suited well the forehead high,  
The eyelash dark, and downcast eye ;  
The mild expression spoke a mind  
In duty firm, composed, resign'd ;  
'Tis that which Roman art has given,  
To mark their maiden Queen of Heaven.  
In hours of sport, that mood gave way  
To Fancy's light and frolic play ;  
And when the dance, or tale, or song,  
In harmless mirth sped time along,  
Felt oft her doating sire would call  
His Maud the merriest of them all.  
But days of war and civil crime  
Allow'd but ill such festal time,  
And her soft pensiveness of brow  
Had deepen'd into sadness now.  
In Marsion field her father ta'en,  
Her friends dispersed, brave Mortham slain,  
While every ill her soul foretold,  
From Oswald's thirst of power and gold,  
And boding thoughts that she must part  
With a soft vision of her heart,—  
All lower'd around the lovely maid,  
To darken her dejection's shade.

## VI.

Who has not heard—while Erin yet  
Strove 'gainst the Saxon's iron bit—  
Who has not heard how brave O'Neale  
In English blood imbrued his steel,<sup>1</sup>  
Against St. George's cross blazed high  
The banners of his Tanistry,  
To fiery Essex gave the foil,  
And ruin'd a prince on Ulster's soil ?  
But chief arose his victor pride,  
When that brave Marshal fought and died,<sup>2</sup>  
And Avon-Duff to ocean bore  
His bilows red with Saxon gore.  
'T was first in that disastrous fight,  
Rokeby and Mortham proved their might.  
There had they fallen 'mongst the rest,  
But pity touch'd a chieftain's breast ;  
The Tanist he to great O'Neale ;<sup>3</sup>  
He check'd his followers' bloody zeal,  
To quarter took the kinsmen bold,

And bore them to his mountain-hold,  
Gave them each silvan joy to know,  
Sieve-Donard's cliffs and woods could show,  
Shared with them Erin's festal cheer,  
Show'd them the chase of wolf and deer,  
And, when a fitting time was come.  
Safe and unransom'd sent them home,  
Loaded with many a gift, to prove  
A generous foe's respect and love.

## VII.

Years speed away. On Rokeby's head  
Some touch of early snow was shed ;  
Calm he enjoy'd, by Greta's wave,  
The peace which James the Peaceful gave,  
While Mortham, far beyond the main,  
Waged his fierce wars on Indian Spain.—  
It chanced upon a wintry night,  
That whiteen'd Stanmore's stormy height,  
The chase was o'er, the stag was kill'd,  
In Rokeby-hall the cups were fill'd,  
And by the huge stone chimney sate  
The knight in hospitable state.  
Moonless the sky, the hour was late,  
When a loud summons shook the gate,  
And sore for entrance and for aid  
A voice of foreign accent pray'd.  
The porter answer'd to the call,  
And instant rush'd into the hall  
A Man, whose aspect and attire  
Startled the circle by the fire.

## VIII.

His plaited hair in elf-locks spread<sup>4</sup>  
Around his bare and matted head ;  
On leg and thigh, close stretch'd and trim,  
His vesture show'd the sinewy limb ;  
In saffron dyed, a linen vest  
Was frequent folded round his breast ;  
A mantle long and loose he wore,  
Shaggy with ice, and stain'd with gore.  
He clasp'd a burden to his heart,  
And, resting on a knotted dart,  
The snow from hair and beard he shook,  
And round him gazed with wilder'd look.  
Then up the hail, with staggering pace,  
He hasten'd by the blaze to place,  
Half lifeless from the bitter air,  
His load, a Boy of beauty rare.  
To Rokeby, next, he louted low,  
Then stood erect his tale to show,  
With wild majestic port and tone,  
Like envoy of some barbarous throne.<sup>5</sup>  
"Sir Richard, Lord of Rokeby, hear !  
Turlough O'Neale salutes thee dear ;  
He graces thee, and to thy care  
Young Redmond gives, his grandson fair.  
He bids thee breed him as thy son,  
For Turlough's days of joy are done ;  
And other lords have seized his land,  
And faint and feeble is his hand ;  
And all the glory of Tyrone  
Is like a morning vapour frown.  
To bind the duty on thy soul,  
He bids thee think on Erin's bow !  
If any wrong the young O'Neale,  
He bids thee think of Erin's steel.  
To Mortham first this charge was due,  
But, in his absence, honours you.—  
Now is my master's message by,  
And Ferraght will contented die."

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 2 O.<sup>2</sup> Ibid. Note 2 P.<sup>3</sup> See Appendix, Note 2 Q.<sup>4</sup> See Appendix, Note 2 R.<sup>5</sup> See Appendix, Note 2 S.

## IX.

His look grew fix'd, his cheek grew pale,  
 He sunk when he had told his tale;  
 For, hid beneath his mantle wide,  
 A mortal wound was in his side.  
 Vain was all aid—in terror wild,  
 And sorrow, scream'd the orphan Child.  
 Poor Ferraright raised his wistful eyes,  
 And faintly strove to soothe his cries;  
 All reckless of his dying pain,  
 He blest and blest him o'er again!  
 And kiss'd the little hands outspread,  
 And kiss'd and cross'd the infant head,  
 And, in his native tongue and phrase,  
 Pray'd to each saint to watch his days;  
 Then all his strength together drew,  
 The charge to Rokeby to renew.  
 When half was falter'd from his breast,  
 And half by dying signs express'd,  
 "Bless the O'Neale!" he faintly said,  
 And thus the faithful spirit fled.

## X.

'T was long ere soothing might prevail  
 Upon the Child to end the tale;  
 And then he said, that from his home  
 His grandsire had been forced to roam,  
 Which had not been if Redmond's hand  
 Had had strength to draw the brand,  
 The brand of Lenaugh More the Red,  
 That hung beside the grey wolf's head.—  
 'T was from his broken phrase descried,  
 His foster-father was his guide,<sup>1</sup>  
 Who, in his charge, from Ulster bore  
 Letters and gifts a goodly store;  
 But ruffians met them in the wood,  
 Ferraright in battle boldy stood,  
 Till wounded and o'erpower'd at length,  
 And stripp'd of all, his failing strength  
 Just bore him here—and then the child  
 Renew'd again his moaning wild.

## XI.

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,  
 Is like the dewdrop on the rose;  
 When next the summer breeze comes by,  
 And waves the bush, the flower is dry.  
 Won by their care, the orphan Child  
 Soon on his new protector smiled,  
 With dimpled cheek and eye so fair,  
 Through his thick curls of flaxen hair,  
 But blithest laugh'd that cheek and eye,  
 When Rokeby's little Maid was nigh;  
 'T was his, with elder brother's pride,  
 Matilda's tottering steps to guide;  
 His native lays in Irish tongue,  
 To soothe her infant ear he sung,  
 And primrose twined with daisy fair,  
 To form a chaplet for her hair.  
 By lawn, by grove, by brooklet's strand,  
 The children still were hand in hand,  
 And good Sir Richard smiling eyed  
 The early knot so kindly tied.

## XII.

But summer months bring wilding shoot  
 From bud to bloom, from bloom to fruit:  
 And years draw on our human span,  
 From child to boy, from boy to man;  
 And soon in Rokeby's woods is seen  
 A gallant boy in hunter's green.

He loves to wake the felon boar,  
 In his dark haunt on Greta's shore,  
 And loves, against the deer so dun,  
 To draw the shaft, or lift the gun:  
 Yet more he loves, in autumn prime,  
 The hazel's spreading boughs to climb,  
 And down its cluster'd stores to hail,  
 Where young Matilda holds her veil.  
 And she, whose veil receives the shower,  
 Is alter'd too, and knows her power;  
 Assumes a monitress's pride,  
 Her Redmond's dangerous sports to chide;  
 Yet listens still to hear him tell  
 How the grim wild-boar fought and fell,  
 How at his fall the bugle rung,  
 Till rock and greenwood answer flung;  
 Then blesses her, that man can find  
 A pastime of such savage kind!

## XIII.

But Redmond knew to weave his tale  
 So well with praise of wood and dale,  
 And knew so well each point to trace,  
 Gives living interest to the chase,  
 And knew so well o'er all to throw  
 His spirit's wild romantic glow,  
 That, while she blamed, and while she fear'd,  
 She loved each venturesome tale she heard.  
 Oft, too, when drifted snow and rain  
 To bower and hall their steps restrain,  
 Together they explored the page  
 Of glowing bard or gifted sage;  
 Oft, placed the evening fire beside,  
 The minstrel art alternate tried,  
 While gladsome harp and lively lay  
 Bade winter-night flit fast away:  
 Thus, from their childhood, blending still  
 Their sport, their study, and their skill,  
 An union of the soul they prove,  
 But must not think that it was love.  
 But though they dared not, envious Fame  
 Soon dared to give that union name,  
 And when so often, side by side,  
 From year to year the pair she eyed,  
 She sometimes blamed the good old Knight,  
 As dull of ear and dim of sight,  
 Sometimes his purpose would declare,  
 That young O'Neale should wed his heir.

## XIV.

The suit of Wilfrid rent disguise  
 And bandage from the lovers' eyes;  
 'T was plain that Oswald, for his son,  
 Had Rokeby's favour wellnigh won.  
 Now must they meet with change of cheer,  
 With mutual looks of shame and fear;  
 Now must Matilda stray apart,  
 To school her disobedient heart:  
 And Redmond now alone must rue  
 The love he never can subdue.  
 But factions rose, and Rokeby sware  
 No rebel's son should wed his heir;  
 And Redmond, nurtured while a child  
 In many a bard's traditions wild,  
 Now sought the lonely wood or stream,  
 To cherish there a happier dream,  
 Of maiden won by sword or lance,  
 As in the regions of romance;  
 And count the heroes of his line,  
 Great Nial of the Pledges Nine,<sup>2</sup>  
 Shane-Dymas<sup>3</sup> wild, and Geraldine.<sup>4</sup>

1 See Appendix, Note 2 T.

2 Ibid, Note 2 U.

3 See Appendix, Note 2 V.

4 Ibid, Note 2 W.



And Connan-more, who vow'd his race  
For ever to the fight and chase,  
And curs'd him, of his lineage born,  
Should sheathe the sword to reap the corn,  
Or leave the mountain and the wold,  
To shroud himself in castled hold.  
From such examples hope he drew,  
And brighten'd as the trumpet blew.

## XV.

If brides were won by heart and blade,  
Redmond had both his cause to aid,  
And all beside of nurture rare  
That might besem a baron's heir.  
'Turlough O'Neale, in Erin's strife,  
On Rokeby's Lord bestow'd his life,  
And well did Rokeby's generous Knight  
Young Redmond for the deed requite.  
Nor was his liberal care and cost  
Upon the gallant stripling lost:  
Seek the North-Riding broad and wide,  
Like Redmond none could steed bestride;  
From Tynemouth search to Cumberland,  
Like Redmond none could wield a brand;  
And then, of humour kind and free,  
And bearing him to each degree  
With frank and fearless courtesy,  
There never youth was form'd to steal  
Upon the heart like brave O'Neale.

## XVI.

Sir Richard loved him as his son;  
And when the days of peace were done,  
And to the gules of war he gave  
The banner of his sires to wave,  
Redmond, distinguish'd by his care,  
He chose that honour'd flag to bear,<sup>1</sup>  
And nam'd his page, the next degree,  
In that old time, to chivalry.<sup>2</sup>  
In five pitch'd fields he well maintain'd  
The honour'd place his worth obtain'd,  
And high was Redmond's youthful name  
Blaz'd in the roll of martial fame.  
Had fortune smil'd on Marston fight,  
The eve had seen him dubb'd a knight;  
Twice, 'mid the battle's doubtful strife,  
Of Rokeby's Lord he saved the life,  
But when he saw him prisoner made,  
He kiss'd and then resign'd his blade,  
And yielded him an easy prey  
To those who led the Knight away;  
Resolved Matilda's sire should prove  
In prison, as in fight, his love.

## XVII.

When lovers meet in adverse hour,  
'Tis like a sun-glimpse through a shower,  
A watery ray, an instant seen  
The darkly closing clouds between.  
As Redmond on the turf reclined,  
The past and present fill'd his mind:  
"It was not thus," Affection said,  
"I dream'd of my return, dear maid!  
Not thus, when from thy trembling hand,  
I took the banner and the brand,  
When round me, as the bugles blew,  
Their blades three hundred warriors drew,  
And, while the standard I unroll'd,  
Clash'd their bright arms, with clamour bold.  
Where is that banner now?—its pride  
Lies 'whelm'd in Ouse's sullen tide!

Where now these warriors?—in their gore,  
They cumber Marston's dismal moor!  
And what avails a useless brand,  
Held by a captive's shackled hand,  
That only would his life retain,  
To aid thy sire to bear his chain!"  
Thus Redmond to himself apart;  
Nor lighter was his rival's heart;  
For Wilfrid, while his generous soul  
Disdain'd to profit by control,  
By many a sign could mark too plain,  
Save with such aid, his hopes were vain.—  
But now Matilda's accents stole  
On the dark visions of their soul,  
And made their mournful musing fly,  
Like mist before the zephyr's sign.

## XVIII.

"I need not to my friends recall,  
How Mortham shunn'd my father's hall;  
A man of silence and of woe,  
Yet ever anxious to bestow  
On my poor self what'er could prove  
A kinsman's confidence and love.  
My feeble aid could sometimes chase  
'The clouds of sorrow for a space:  
But oftener, fix'd beyond my power,  
I mark'd his deep despondence lower.  
One dismal cause, by all unguess'd,  
His fearful confidence confess'd;  
And twice it was my hap to see  
Examples of that agony,  
Which for a season can o'erstrain  
And wreck the structure of the brain.  
He had the awful power to know  
The approaching mental overthrow,  
And while his mind had courage yet  
To struggle with the dreadful fit,  
The victim writhed against its throes,  
Like wretch beneath a murderer's blows.  
This malady, I well could mark,  
Sprung from some direful cause and dark;  
But still he kept its source conceal'd,  
'Till arming for the civil field;  
Then in my charge he bade me hold  
A treasure huge of gems and gold,  
With this disjointed dismal scroll,  
That tells the secret of his soul,  
In such wild words as oft betray  
A mind by anguish forced astray."

## XIX.

## MORTHAM'S HISTORY.

"Matilda! thou hast seen me start,  
As if a dagger thrill'd my heart,  
When it has hap'd some casual phrase  
Waked memory of my former days.  
Believe, that few can backward cast  
Their thoughts with pleasure on the past:  
But I!—my youth was rash and vain,  
And blood and rage my manhood stain,  
And my grey hairs must now descend  
To my cold grave without a friend!  
Even thou, Matilda, wilt disown  
Thy kinsman, when his guilt is known.  
And must I lift the bloody veil,  
That hides my dark and fatal tale!  
I must—I will!—Pale phantom, cease!  
Leave me one little hour in peace!  
'Thus haunted, think'st thou I have skill  
Thine own commission to fulfil!

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 2 X.<sup>2</sup> See Appendix, Note 2 Y.

Or, while thou point'st with gesture fierce,  
Thy blighted cheek, thy bloody hearse,  
How can I paint thee as thou wert,  
So fair in face, so warm in heart!

## XX.

"Yes, she was fair!—Matilda, thou  
Hast a soft sadness on thy brow;  
But hers was like the sunny glow,  
That laughs on earth and all below!  
We wedded secret—there was need—  
Differing in country and in creed;  
And, when to Morham's tower she came,  
We mention'd not her race and name,  
Until thy sire, who fought afar,  
Should turn him home from foreign war  
On whose kind influence we relied  
To soothe her father's ire and pride.  
Few months we lived retired, unknown,  
To all but one dear friend alone,  
One darling friend—I spare his shame,  
I will not write the villain's name!  
My trespasses I might forget,  
And sue in vengeance for the debt  
Due by a brother worm to me,  
Ungrateful to God's clemency,  
That spared me penitential time,  
Nor cut me off amid my crime.—

## XXI.

"A kindly smile to all she lent,  
But on her husband's friend 'twas bent  
So kind, that from its harmless glee,  
The wretch misconstrued villany.  
Repulsed in his presumptuous love,  
A 'vengeful snare the traitor wove.  
Alone we sat—the flask had flow'd,  
My blood with heat unwonted glow'd,  
When through the alley'd walk we spied  
With hurried step my Edith glide,  
Cowering beneath the verdant screen,  
As one unwilling to be seen.  
Words cannot paint the fiendish smile,  
That curl'd the traitor's cheek the while!  
Fiercely I question'd of the cause;  
He made a cold and artful pause,  
Then pray'd it might not chafe my mood—  
'There was a gallant in the wood!  
We had been shooting at the deer;  
My cross-bow (evil chance!) was near:  
That ready weapon of my wrath  
I caught, and, hasting up the path,  
In the yew grove my wife I found,  
A stranger's arms her neck had bound!  
I mark'd his heart—the bow I drew—  
I loosed the shaft—'twas more than true!  
I found my Edith's dying charms  
Lock'd in her murder'd brother's arms!  
He came in secret to enquire  
Her state, and reconcile her sire.

## XXII.

"All fled my rage—the villain first,  
Whose craft my jealousy had nursed;  
He sought in far and foreign clime  
To 'scape the vengeance of his crime.  
The manner of the slaughter done  
Was known to few, my guilt to none;  
Some tale my faithful steward framed—  
I know not what—of shaft misaim'd;  
And even from those the act who knew,  
He hid the hand from which it flew.

Untouch'd by human laws I stood,  
But GOD had heard the cry of blood!  
There is a blank upon my mind,  
A fearful vision ill-defined,  
Of raving till my flesh was torn,  
Of dungeon-bolts and fetters worn—  
And when I waked to woe more mild,  
And question'd of my infant child—  
(Have I not written, that she bare  
A boy, like summer morning fair?)—  
With looks confused my menials tell  
That armed men in Morham dell  
Beset the nurse's evening way,  
And bore her, with her charge, away.  
My faithless friend, and none but he,  
Could profit by this villany;  
Him then, I sought, with purpose dread  
Of treble vengeance on his head!  
He 'scaped me—but my bosom's wound  
Some faint relief from wandering found;  
And over distant land and sea  
I bore my load of misery.

## XXIII.

"'Twas then that fate my footsteps led  
Among a daring crew and dread,  
With whom full oft my hated life  
I ventured in such desperate strife,  
That even my fierce associates saw  
My frantic deeds with doubt and awe.  
Much then I learn'd, and much can show,  
Of human guilt and human woe,  
Yet ne'er have, in my wanderings, known  
A wretch, whose sorrows match'd my own!—  
It chanced, that after battle fray,  
Upon the bloody field we lay;  
The yellow moon her lustre shed  
Upon the wounded and the dead,  
While, sense in toil and wassail drow'd,  
My ruffian comrades slept around,  
There came a voice—its silver tone  
Was soft, Matilda, as thine own—  
'Ah, wretch!' it said, 'what makest thou here,  
While unavenged my bloody hier,  
While unprotected lives mine heir,  
Without a father's name and care?'

## XXIV.

"I heard—obey'd—and homeward drew;  
The fiercest of our desperate crew  
I brought at time of need to aid  
My purposed vengeance, long delay'd.  
But, humble be my thanks to Heaven,  
That better hopes and thoughts has given,  
And by our Lord's dear prayer has taught,  
Mercy by mercy must be bought!  
Let me in misery rejoice—  
I've seen his face—I've heard his voice—  
I claim'd of him my only child—  
As he disown'd the theft, he smiled!  
That very calm and callous look,  
That fiendish sneer his visage took,  
As when he said, in scornful mood,  
'There is a gallant in the wood!'—  
I did not slay him as he stood—  
All praise be to my Maker given!  
Long suffrance is one path to heaven."

## XXV.

Thus far the woful tale was heard,  
When something in the tucket stirr'd.  
Up Redmond sprung; the villain Guy,  
(For he it was that lurk'd so nigh,)

Drew back—he durst not cross his steel  
 A moment's space with brave O'Neale,  
 For all the treasured gold that rests  
 In Northum's iron-banded chests.  
 Redmond resumed his seat :—he said,  
 Some roe was rusting in the shade.  
 Bertram laugh'd grimly when he saw  
 His tumorous comrade backward draw ;  
 " A trusty mate art thou, to fear  
 A single arm, and aid so near !  
 Yet have I seen thee mark a deer.  
 Give me thy carbine—I'll show  
 An art that thou wilt gladly know,  
 How thou mayst safely quell a foe."

## XXVI.

On hands and knees fierce Bertram drew  
 The spreading birch and hazels through  
 Till he had Redmond full in view ;  
 The gun he levell'd—Mark like this  
 Was Bertram never known to miss,  
 When fair opposed to aim there sat  
 An object of his mortal hate.  
 That day young Redmond's death had seen,  
 But twice Matilda came between  
 The carbine and Redmond's breast,  
 Just ere the spring his finger press'd.  
 A deadly oath the ruffian swore,  
 But yet his fell design forbore :  
 " It ne'er," he mutter'd, " shall be said,  
 That thus I scath'd thee, haughty maid !"  
 Then moved to seek more open aim,  
 When to his side Guy Denzil came :  
 " Bertram, forbear !—we are undone  
 For ever, if thou fire the gun.  
 By all the fiends, an armed force  
 Descends the dell, of foot and horse !  
 We perish if they hear a shot—  
 Madman ! we have a safer plot—  
 Nay, friend, be ruled, and bear thee back !  
 Behold, down yonder hollow track,  
 The warlike leader of the band  
 Comes, with his broadsword in his hand."  
 Bertram look'd up ; he saw, he knew  
 That Denzil's fears had counsell'd true,  
 Then cursed his fortune and withdrew,  
 Threaded the woodlands undescried,  
 And gain'd the cave on Greta side.

## XXVII.

They whom dark Bertram, in his wrath,  
 Doom'd to captivity or death,  
 Their thoughts to one sad subject lent,  
 Saw not nor heard the ambushment,  
 Heedless and unconcern'd they sate,  
 While on the very verge of fate ;  
 Heedless and unconcern'd remain'd,  
 When Heaven the murderer's arm restrain'd ;  
 As ships drift darkling down the tide,  
 Nor see the shelves o'er which they glide.  
 Uninterrupted thus they heard  
 What Northum's closing tale declared  
 He spoke of wealth as of a load,  
 By Fortune on a wretch bestow'd,  
 In bitter mockery of hate,  
 His cureless woes to aggravate ;  
 But yet he pray'd Matilda's care  
 Might save that treasure for his heir—  
 His Edith's son—for still he raved  
 As confident his life was saved ;  
 In frequent vision, he averr'd,  
 He saw his face, his voice he heard ;  
 Then argued calm—had murder been,  
 The blood, the corpses, had been seen ;

Some had pretended, too, to mark  
 On Winderniere a stranger bark,  
 Whose crew, with jealous care, yet mild,  
 Guarded a female and a child.  
 While these faint proofs he told and press'd,  
 Hope seem'd to kindle in his breast ;  
 Though inconsistent, vague, and vain,  
 It warp'd his judgment, and his brain.

## XXVIII.

These solemn words his story close :—  
 " Heaven witness for me, that I chose  
 My part in this sad civil fight,  
 Moved by no cause but England's right.  
 My country's groans have hid me draw  
 My sword for gospel and for law ;—  
 These righted, I fling arms aside,  
 And seek my son through Europe wide.  
 My wealth, on which a kinsman nigh  
 Already cas's a grasping eye,  
 With thee may unsuspected lie.  
 When of my death Matilda hears,  
 Let her retain her trust three years ;  
 If none, from me, the treasure claim,  
 Perish'd is Northum's race and name.  
 Then let it leave her generous hand,  
 And flow in bounty o'er the land ;  
 Soften the wounded prisoner's lot,  
 Rebuild the peasant's ruin'd cot ;  
 So spoils, acquired by fight afar,  
 Shall mitigate domestic war."

## XXIX.

The generous youths, who well had known  
 Of Northum's mind the powerful tone,  
 To that high mind, by sorrow swerved,  
 Gave sympathy his woes deserved ;  
 But Wilfrid chief, who saw reveal'd  
 Why Northum wish'd his life conceal'd,  
 In secret, doubtless, to pursue  
 The schemes his wilder'd fancy drew.  
 Thoughtful he heard Matilda tell,  
 That she would share her father's cell,  
 His partner of captivity,  
 Where'er his prison-house should be ;  
 Yet grieved to think that Rokeby-hall,  
 Dismantled, and forsook by all,  
 Open to rapine and to stealth,  
 Had now no safe-guard for the wealth  
 Intrusted by her kinsman kind,  
 And for such noble use design'd.  
 " Was Barnard Castle then her choice,"  
 Wilfrid enquired with hasty voice,  
 " Since there the victor's laws ordain,  
 Her father must a space remain !"  
 A flutter'd hope his accents shook,  
 A flutter'd joy was in his look.  
 Matilda hasten'd to reply,  
 For anger flash'd in Redmond's eye :—  
 " Duty," she said, with gentle grace,  
 " Kind Wilfrid, has no choice of place ;  
 Else had I for my sire assign'd  
 Prison less galling to his mind,  
 Than that his wild-wood haunts which sees  
 And hears the murmur of the Tees,  
 Recalling thus, with every glance,  
 What captive sorrow can enhance ;  
 But where those woes are highest, there  
 Needs Rokeby most his daughter's care."

## XXX.

He felt the kindly check she gave,  
 And stood aflash'd—then answer'd grave :—



"I sought thy purpose, noble maid,  
 Thy doubts to clear, thy schemes to aid  
 I have beneath mine own command,  
 So wills my sire, a gallant band,  
 And well could send some horseman wight  
 To bear the treasure forth by night,  
 And so bestow it as you deem  
 In these ill days may safest seem"—  
 "Thanks, gentle Wilfrid, thanks," she said:  
 "O, be it not one day delay'd!  
 And, more, thy sister-friend to aid,  
 Be thou thyself content to hold,  
 In thine own keeping, Morthan's gold,  
 Safest with thee."—While thus she spoke,  
 Arm'd soldiers on their converse broke,  
 The same of whose approach afraid,  
 The ruffians left their ambushade.  
 Their chief to Wilfrid bended low,  
 Then look'd around as for a foe.  
 "What mean'st thou, friend," young Wycliffe  
 said,  
 "Why thus in arms beset the glade?"—  
 "That would I gladly learn from you;  
 For up my squadron as I drew,  
 To exercise our martial game  
 Upon the moor of Barningham,  
 A stranger told you were waylaid,  
 Surrounded, and to death betray'd.  
 He had a leader's voice, I ween,  
 A falcon glance, a warrior's mien.  
 He bade me bring you instant aid;  
 I doubted not, and I obey'd."

## XXXI.

Wilfrid changed colour, and, amazed,  
 Turn'd short, and on the speaker gazed;  
 While Redmond every thicket round  
 Track'd earnest as a questing hound,  
 And Denzil's carbine he found;  
 Sure evidence, by which they knew  
 The warning was as kind as true.  
 Wisest it seem'd, with cautious speed  
 To leave the dell. It was agreed,  
 That Redmond, with Matilda fair,  
 And fitting guard, should home repair;  
 At nightfall Wilfrid should attend,  
 With a strong band, his sister-friend,  
 To bear with her from Rokeby's bowers  
 To Barnard Castle's lofty towers,  
 Secret and safe the banded chests,  
 In which the wealth of Morthian rests.  
 This hasty purpose fix'd, they part,  
 Each with a griev'd and anxious heart.

~~~~~

Rokeby.

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

The sultry summer day is done,
 The western hills have hid the sun,
 But mountain peak and village spire
 Retain reflection of his fire.
 Old Barnard's towers are purple still,
 To those that gaze from Toller-hill:
 Distant and high, the tower of Bowes
 Like steel upon the anvil glows;
 And Stanmore's ridge, behind that lay,
 Rich with the spoils of parting day,

In crimson and in gold array'd,
 Streaks yet a while the closing shade,
 Then slow resigns to darkening heaven
 The tints which brighter hours had given.
 Thus aged men, full loth and slow,
 The vanities of life forego,
 And count their youthful follies o'er
 Till Memory lends her light no more.

II.

The eve, that slow on upland fades,
 Has darker closed on Rokeby's glades,
 Where, sunk within their banks profound,
 Her guardian streams to meeting wound.
 The stately oaks, whose sombre frown
 Of noontide made a twilight brown,
 Impervious now to fainter light,
 Of twilight make an early night.
 Hoarse into middle air arose
 The vespers of the roosting crows,
 And with congenial murmurs seem
 To wake the Genui of the stream;
 For louder clamour'd Greta's tide,
 And Tees in deeper voice replied,
 And fitful waked the evening wind,
 Fitful in sighs its breath resign'd.
 Wilfrid, whose fancy-nurtured soul
 Felt in the scene a soft control,
 With lighter footstep press'd the ground,
 And often paused to look around;
 And, though his path was to his love,
 Could not but linger in the grove,
 To drink the thrilling interest dear,
 Of awful pleasure check'd by fear.
 Such inconsistent moods have we,
 Even when our passions strike the key.

III.

Now, through the wood's dark mazes past,
 The opening lawn he reach'd at last,
 Where, silver'd by the moonlight ray,
 The ancient Hall before him lay.
 Those martial terrors long were fled,
 That frown'd of old around its head:
 The battlements, the turrets grey,
 Seem'd half abandon'd to decay;¹
 On barbican and keep of stone
 Stern Time the foeman's work had done.
 Where banners the invader braved,
 The harebell now and wallflower waned;
 In the rude guard-room, where of yore
 Their weary hours the warders wore,
 Now, while the cheerful flags blaze,
 On the paved floor the spindle plays;
 The flanking guns dismounted lie,
 The moat is ruinous and dry,
 The grim portcullis gone—and all
 The fortress turn'd to peaceful Hall.

IV.

But yet precautions, lately ta'en,
 Show'd danger's day revived again;
 The court-yard wall show'd marks of care,
 The fall'n defences to repair,
 Lending such strength as might withstand
 The insult of marauding band.
 The beams once more were taught to bear
 The trembling drawbridge into air,
 And not, till question'd o'er and o'er,
 For Wilfrid open'd the jealous door,
 And when he entered, bolt and bar
 Resumed their place with sullen jar;

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 Z.

Then, as he cross'd the vaulted porch,
The old grey porter raised his torch,
And view'd him o'er, from foot to head,
Ere to the hall his steps he led.
That huge old hall, of knightly state,
Dismantled seem'd and desolate.
The moon through transom-shafts of stone,
Which cross'd the latticed oriels, shone,
And by the mournful light she gave,
The Gothic vault seem'd funeral cave.
Pennon and banner waved no more
O'er beams of stag and tusks of boar,
Nor gimmering arms were marshall'd seen,
To glance those silvan spoils between.
Those arms, those ensigns, borne away,
Accomplish'd Rokeby's brave array,
But all were lost on Marston's day!
Yet here and there the moonbeams fall
Where armour yet adorns the wall,
Cumbersome of size, uncouth to sight,
And useless in the modern fight!
Like veteran relic of the wars,
Known only by neglected scars.

V.

Matilda soon to greet him came,
And bade them light the evening flame;
Said, all for parting was prepared,
And tarried but for Wilfrid's guard.
But then, reluctant to unfold
His father's avarice of gold,
He hinted, that lest jealous eye
Should on their precious burden pry,
He judged it best the castle gate
To enter when the night wore late;
And therefore he had left command
With those he trusted of his hand,
That they should be at Rokeby met,
What time the midnight-watch was set.
Now Redmond came, whose anxious care
Till then was busied to prepare
All needful, meetly to arrange
The mansion for its mournful change.
With Wilfrid's care and kindness pleas'd,
His cold unready hand he seized,
And press'd it, till his kindly strain
The gentle youth return'd again.
Seem'd it as between them this was said,
"A while let jealousy be dead:
And let our contest be, whose care
Shall best assist this helpless fair."

VI.

There was no speech the truce to bind,
It was a compact of the mind,—
A generous thought, at once impress'd
On either rival's generous breast.
Matilda well the secret took,
From sudden change of mien and look;
And — for not small had been her fear
Of jealous ire and danger near —
Felt, even in her dejected state,
A joy beyond the reach of fate.
They closed beside the chimney's blaze,
And talk'd, and hoped for happier days,
And lent their spirits' rising glow
A while to gild impending woe; —
High privilege of youthful time,
Worth all the pleasures of our prime!
The bickering fagot sparkled bright,
And gave the scene of love to sight,
Bade Wilfrid's cheek more lively glow,
Play'd on Matilda's neck of snow,

Her nut-brown curls and forehead high,
And laugh'd in Redmond's azure eye.
Two lovers by the maiden sate,
Without a glance of jealous hate;
The maid her lovers sat between,
With open brow and equal mien; —
It is a sight but rarely spied,
Thanks to man's wrath and woman's pride.

VII.

While thus in peaceful guise they sate,
A knock alarm'd the outer gate,
And ere the tardy porter stirr'd,
The tinkling of a harp was heard.
A manly voice of mellow swell,
Bore burden to the music well.

SONG.

"Summer eve is gone and past,
Summer dew is falling fast;
I have wander'd all the day,
Do not bid me farther stray!
Gentle hearts, of gentle kin,
Take the wandering harper in!"

But the stern porter answer gave,
With "Get thee hence, thou strolling knave!
The king wants soldiers; war, I trow,
Were meetier trade for such as thou."
At this unkind reproof, again
Answer'd the ready Minstrel's strain.

SONG RESUMED.

"Bid not me, in battle-field,
Buckler lift, or broadsword wield!
All my strength and all my art
Is to touch the gentle heart,
With the wizard notes that ring
From the peaceful minstrel-string."—

The porter, all unmoved, replied,—
"Depart in peace, with Heaven to guide;
If longer by the gate thou dwell,
Trust me, thou shalt not part so well."

VIII.

With somewhat of appealing look,
The harper's part young Wilfrid took:
"These notes so wild and ready thrill,
They show no vulgar minstrel's skill;
Hard were his task to seek a home
More distant, since the night is come;
And for his faith I dare engage —
Your Harpool's blood is sour'd by age,
His gate, once readily display'd,
To greet the friend, the poor to aid,
Now even to me, though known of old,
Did but reluctantly unfold."—
"O blame not, as poor Harpool's crime,
An evil of this evil time.
He deems dependent on his care
The safety of his patron's heir,
Nor judges meet to ope the tower
To guest unknown at parting hour,
Urging his duty to excess
Of rough and stubborn faithfulness.
For this poor harper, I would fain
He may relax: — Hark to his strain!"—

IX.

SONG RESUMED.

"I have song of war for knight,
Lay of love for lady bright,

Fairy tale to lull the heir,
Goblin grim the maids to scare.
Dark the night, and long till day,
Do not bid me farther stray!

"Rokeby's lords of martial fame,
I can count them name by name;¹
Legends of their line there be,
Known to few, but known to me;
If you honour Rokeby's kin,
Take the wandering harper in!

"Rokeby's lords had fair regard
For the harp, and for the bard;
Baron's race throve never well,
Where the curse of minstrel fell.
If you love that noble kin,
Take the weary harper in!"—

"Hark! Harpool parleys—there is hope."
Said Redmond, "that the gate will ope."^h—
—"For all thy brag and boast, I trow,
Nought know'st thou of the Felon Sow,"²
Quoth Harpool, "nor how Greta-side
She roam'd, and Rokeby forest wide;
Nor how Ralph Rokeby gave the beast
To Richmond's friars to make a feast.
Of Gilbert Griffinson the tale
Goes, and of gallant Peter Dale,
That well could strike with sword amain,
And of the valiant son of Spain,
Friar Middleton, and blithe Sir Ralph;
There were a jest to make us laugh!
If thou canst tell it, in yon shed
Thou'st won thy supper and thy bed."

X.

Matilda smiled; "Cold hope," said she,
"From Harpool's love of minstrelsy!
But, for this harper, may we dare,
Redmond, to mend his couch and fare?"[—]
"O, ask me not!—At minstrel-string
My heart from infancy would spring;
Nor can I hear its simplest strain,
But it brings Erin's dream again,
When placed by Owen Lysagh's knee,
(The Filea of O'Neale was he,³
A blind and bearded man, whose old
Was sacred as a prophet's held.)
I've seen a ring of rugged kerne,
With aspects shaggy, wild, and stern,
Enchanted by the master's lay,
Linger around the livelong day,
Shift from wild rage to wilder glee,
To love, to grief, to ecstasy,
And feel each varied change of soul
Obedient to the bard's control.—
Ah, Clandeboy! thy friendly floor
Slieve-Donard's oak shall light no more;⁴
Nor Owen's harp, beside the blaze,
Tell maiden's love, or hero's praise!
The mantling brambles hide thy hearth,
Centre of hospitable mirth;
All undistinguish'd in the glade,
My sires' glad home is prostrate laid,
Their vassals wander wide and far,
Serve foreign lords in distant war,
And now the stranger's sons enjoy
The lovely woods of Clandeboy!"
He spoke, and proudly turn'd aside,
The starting tear to dry and hide.

XII.

Matilda's dark and soften'd eye
Was glistening ere O'Neale's was dry.
Her hand upon his arm she laid,—
"It is the will of heaven," she said.
"And think'st thou, Redmond, I can part
From this loved home with lightsome heart,
Leaving to wild neglect whate'er
Even from my infancy was dear?
For in this calm domestic bound
Were all Matilda's pleasures found.
That hearth, my sire was wont to grace,
Full soon may be a stranger's place;
This hall, in which a child I play'd,
Like thine, dear Redmond, lowly laid,
The bramble and the thorn may braid;
Or, pass'd for aye from me and mine,
It ne'er may shelter Rokeby's line.
Yet is this consolation given,
My Redmond,—'tis the will of heaven."
Her word, her action, and her praise,
Were kindly as in early days;
For cold reserve had lost its power
In sorrow's sympathetic hour.
Young Redmond dared not trust his voice;
But rather had it been his choice
To share that melancholy hour,
Than, arm'd with all a chieftain's power,
In full possession to enjoy
Slieve-Donard wide, and Clandeboy.

XIII.

The blood left Wilfrid's ashen cheek;
Matilda sees, and hastes to speak.—
"Happy in friendship's ready aid,
Let all my murmurs here be staid!
And Rokeby's Maiden will not part
From Rokeby's hall with moody heart.
This night at least, for Rokeby's fame,
The hospitable hearth shall flame,
And, ere its native heir retire,
Find for the wanderer rest and fire,
While this poor harper, by the blaze,
Recounts the tale of other days.
Bil Harpool ope the door with speed,
Admit him, and relieve each need.—
Meantime, kind Wycliffe, wilt thou try
Thy minstrel skill?—Nay, no reply—
And look not sad!—I guess thy thought,
Thy verse with laurels would be bought;
And poor Matilda, landless now,
Has not a garland for thy brow.
True, I must leave sweet Rokeby's glades,
Nor wander more in Greta shades;
But sure, no rigid jailor, thou
Wilt a short prison-walk allow,
Where summer flowers grow wild at will,
On Marwood-chase and Toller Hill;
Then holly green and lily gay
Shall twine in guerdon of thy lay."
The mournful youth, a space aside,
To tune Matilda's harp applied;
And then a low sad descant rung,
As prelude to the lay he sung.

XIII.

THE CYPRESS WREATH.

O, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree!

¹ See Appendix, Note 3 A.² Ibid., Note 3 B.³ See Appendix, Note 3 C.⁴ Ibid., Note 3 D.

Too lively glow the lilies light,
The varnish'd holly's all too bright,
The May-flower and the eglantine
May shade a brow less sad than mine;
But, Lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress-tree!

Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine
With tendrils of the laughing vine;
The manly oak, the pensive yew,
To patriot and to sage be due;
The myrtle bough bids lovers live,
But that Matilda will not give;
Then, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree!

Let merry England proudly rear
Her blended roses, bought so dear;
Let Albin bind her bonnet blue
With heath and harebell dipp'd in dew;
On favour'd Erin's crest be seen
The flower she loves of emerald green—
But, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree.

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
The ivy meet for minstrel's hair;
And, while his crown of laurel-leaves,
With bloody hand the victor weaves,
Let the loud trump his triumph tell;
But when you hear the passing-bell,
Then, Lady, twine a wreath for me,
And twine it of the cypress-tree.

Yes! twine for me the cypress bough;
But, O Matilda, twine not now!
Stay till a few brief months are past,
And I have look'd and loved my last!
When villagers my shroud bestrew
With panzies, rosemary, and rue,—
Then, Lady, weave a wreath for me,
And weave it of the cypress-tree.

XIV.

O'Neale observed the starting tear,
And spoke with kind and blithesome cheer—
"No, noble Wilfrid! ere the day
When mourns the land thy silent lay,
Shall many a wreath be freely wove
By hand of friendship and of love.
I would not wish that rigid Fate
Had doom'd thee to a captive's state,
Whose hands are bound by honour's law,
Who wears a sword he must not draw;
But were it so, in minstrel pride
The land together would we ride,
On prancing steeds, like harpers old,
Bound for the halls of barons bold,
Each lover of the lyre we'd seek,
From Michael's Mount to Skiddaw's Peak,
Survey wild Albin's mountain strand,
And roam green Erin's lovely land,
While thou the gentler souls should move,
With lay of pity and of love,
And I, thy mate, in rougher strain,
Would sing of war and warriors slain.
Old England's bards were vanquish'd then,
And Scotland's vaunted Hawthornden."

1 Drummond of Hawthornden was in the zenith of his reputation as a poet during the Civil Wars. He died in 1649.

2 See Appendix, Note 3 E.

3 Ibid. Note 3 F.

4 "But the Spirit of the Lord departed from Saul, and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him.

And, silenced on Iernian shore,
M'Curin's harp should charm no more!"²
In lively mood he spoke, to wile
From Wilfrid's woe-worn cheek a smile.

XV.

"But," said Matilda, "ere thy name,
Good Redmond, gain its destined fame,
Say, wilt thou kindly deign to call
Thy brother-minstrel to the hall!
Bid all the household, too, attend,
Each in his rank a humble friend;
I know their faithful hearts will grieve,
When their poor Mistress takes her leave;
So let the horn and beaker flow
To mitigate their parting woe."
The harper came:—in youth's first prime
Himself; in mode of olden time
His garb was fashion'd, to express
The ancient English minstrel's dress,³
A seemly gown of Kendal green,
With gorget closed of silver shewn;
His harp in silken scarf was slung,
And by his side an anlace hung.
It seem'd some masquer's quaint array,
For revel or for holiday.

XVI.

He made obeisance with a free
Yet studied air of courtesy.
Each look and accent, framed to please,
Seem'd to affect a playful ease;
His face was of that doubtful kind,
That wins the eye, but not the mind;
Yet harsh it seem'd to deem amiss
Of brow so young and smooth as this.
His was the subtle look and sly,
That, spying all, seems nought to spy;
Round all the group his glances stole,
Unmark'd themselves, to mark the whole.
Yet sunk beneath Matilda's look,
Nor could the eye of Redmond brook
To the suspicious, or the old,
Subtle and dangerous and bold
Had seem'd this self-invented guest;
But young our lovers,—and the rest,
Wrapt in their sorrow and their fear
At parting of their Mistress dear,
Tear-blinded to the Castle-hall,
Came as to bear her funeral pall.

XVII.

All that expression base was gone,
When waked the guest his minstrel tone
It fled at inspiration's call,
As erst the demon fled from Saul.⁴
More noble glance he cast around,
More free-drawn breath inspired the sound,
His pulse beat bolder and more high,
In all the pride of minstrelsy!
Alas! too soon that pride was o'er,
Sunk with the lay that bade it soar!
His soul resumed, with habit's chain,
Its vices wild and follies vain,
And gave the talent, with him born,
To be a common curse and scorn.
Such was the youth whom Rokeby's Maid,
With condescending kindness, pray'd

"And Saul said unto his servants, Provide me now a man that can play well, and bring him to me. And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp, and played with his hand: so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him."—1 Samuel, chap. xvi. 14, 17, 23.

Here to renew the strains she loved,
At distance heard and well approved.

XVIII.

SONG.

THE HARP.

I was a wild and wayward boy,
My childhood scorn'd each childish toy,
Retired from all, reserved and coy,
To musing prone,
I woo'd my solitary joy,
My Harp alone.

My youth, with bold Ambition's mood,
Despised the humble stream and wood,
Where my poor father's cottage stood,
To fame unknown:—
What should my soaring views make good?
My Harp alone!

Love came with all his frantic fire,
And wild rousance of vain desire:
The baron's daughter heard my lyre,
And praised the tone:—
What could presumptuous hope inspire?
My Harp alone!

At manhood's touch the bubble burst,
And manhood's pride the vision curst,
And all that had my folly nursed
Love's sway to own;
Yet spared the spell that lull'd me first
My Harp alone!

Woe came with war, and want with woe
And it was mine to undergo
Each outrage of the rebel foe:—
Can aught atone
My fields laid waste, my cot laid low?
My harp alone!

Ambition's dreams I've seen depart,
Have rued of penury the smart,
Have felt of love the venom'd dart,
When hope was flown;
Yet rests one solace to my heart,—
My Harp alone!

Then over mountain, moor, and hill,
My faithful Harp, I'll bear thee still;
And when this life of want and ill
Is wellnigh gone,
Thy strings mine elegy shall thrill,
My Harp alone!

XIX.

"A pleasing lay!" Matilda said;
But Harpool shook his old grey head,
And took his baton and his torch,
To seek his guard-room in the porch.
Edmund observed; with sudden change,
Among the strings his fingers range,
Until they waked a bolder glee
Of military melody:
Then paused amid the martial sound,
And look'd with well-feign'd fear around:—
"None to this noble house belong,"
He said, "that would a Minstrel wrong,
Whose fate has been, through good and ill,
To love his Royal Master still:
And with your honour'd leave, would fain
Rejoice you with a loyal strain."

Then, as assured by sign and look,
The warlike tone again he took;
And Harpool stopp'd, and turn'd to hear
A ditty of the Cavalier.

XX.

SONG.

THE CAVALIER.

While the dawn on the mountains was misty
and grey,
My true love has mounted his steed and away
Over hill, over valley, o'er dale, and o'er
down;
Heaven shield the brave Gallant that fights
for the Crown!

He has doff'd the silk doublet the breast-plate
to bear,
He has placed the steel-cap o'er his long flow-
ing hair,
From his belt to his stirrup his broadsword
hangs down,—
Heaven shield the brave Gallant that fights
for the Crown!

For the rights of Fair England that broad-
sword he draw,
Her King is his leader, her Church is his
cause;
His watchword is honour, his pay is renown,—
GOD strike with the Gallant that strikes for
the Crown!

They may boast of their Fairfax, their Waller,
and all
The roundheaded rebels of Westminster Hall;
But tell these bold traitors of London's proud
town,
That the spears of the North have encircled
the Crown.

There's Derby and Cavendish, dread of their
foes;
There's Erin's high Ormond, and Scotland's
Maitrose!
Would you match the base Skippon, and Mas-
sey, and Brown,
With the Barons of England, that fight for the
Crown!

Now joy to the crest of the brave Cavalier,
Be his banner unconquer'd, resistless his
spear,
Till in peace and in triumph his toils he may
drown,
In a pledge to fair England, her Church and
her Crown.

XXI.

"Alas!" Matilda said, "that strain,
Good harper, now is heard in vain!
The time has been, at such a sound,
When Rokeby's vassals gather'd round,
An hundred manly hearts would bound;
But now the stirring verse we hear,
Like tramp in dying soldier's ear!
Listless and sad the notes we own,
The power to answer them is flown.
Yet not without his meet applause,
Be he that sings the rightful cause,
Even when the crisis of its fate
To human eye seems desperate.

While Rokeby's Heir such power retains,
Let this slight guerdon pay thy pains:—
And, lend thy harp; I fain would try,
If my poor skill can aught supply,
Ere yet I leave my father's hall,
To mourn the cause in which we fall."

XXII.

The harper, with a downcast look,
And trembling hand, her bounty took.—
As yet, the conscious pride of art
Had steel'd him in his treacherous part;
A powerful spring, of force unguess'd,
That hath each gentler mood suppress'd,
And reign'd in many a human breast;
From his that plans the red campaign,
To his that wastes the woodland reign.
The failing wing, the blood-shot eye,—
The sportsman marks with apathy,
Each feeling of his victim's ill
Drown'd in his own successful skill.
The veteran, too, who now no more
Aspires to head the battle's roar,
Loves still the triumph of his art,
And traces on the pencil'd chart
Some stern invader's destined way,
Through blood and ruin, to his prey;
Patriots to death, and towns to flame,
He dooms, to raise another's name,
And shares the guilt, though not the fame.
What pays him for his span of time
Spent in premeditating crime?
What against pity arms his heart?—
It is the conscious pride of art.

XXIII.

But principles in Edmund's mind
Were baseless, vague, and undefined.
His soul, like bark with rudder lost,
On Passion's changeful tide was tost;
Nor Vice nor Virtue had the power
Beyond the impression of the hour;
And, O! when Passion rules, how rare
The hours that fall to Virtue's share!
Yet now she roused her—for the pride,
That lack of sterner guilt supplied,
Could scarce support him when arose
The lay that mourned Matilda's woes.

SONG.

THE FAREWELL.

The sound of Rokeby's woods I hear,
They mingle with the song:
Dark Greta's voice is in mine ear,
I must not hear them long.
From every loved and native haunt
The native Heir must stray,
And, like a ghost whom sunbeams daunt,
Must part before the day.

Soon from the halls my fathers rear'd,
Their scutcheons may descend,
A line so long beloved and fear'd
May soon obscurely end.
No longer here Matilda's tone
Shall bid those echoes swell;
Yet shall they hear her proudly own
The cause in which we fell.

The Lady paused, and then again
Resumed the lay in loftier strain.

XXIV.

Let our halls and towers decay,
Be our name and line forgot,
Lands and manors pass away,—
We but share our Monarch's lot.
If no more our annals show
Battles won and banners taken,
Still in death, defeat, and woe,
Ours be loyalty unshaken!

Constant still in danger's hour,
Princes own'd our fathers' aid;
Lands and honours, wealth and power,
Well their loyalty repaid.
Perish wealth, and power, and pride!
Mortal boons by mortals given;
But let Constancy abide,—
Constancy's the gift of Heaven.

XXV.

While thus Matilda's lay was heard,
A thousand thoughts in Edmund stirr'd.
In peasant life he might have known
As fair a face, as sweet a tone;
But village no'es could ne'er supply
That rich and varied melody;
And ne'er in cottage-maid was seen
The easy dignity of mien,
Claiming respect, yet waving state,
That marks the daughters of the great.
Yet not, perchance, had these alone
His scheme of purposed guilt o'erthrown;
But while her energy of mind
Superior rose to griefs combined,
Lending its kindling to her eye,
Giving her form new majesty,—
To Edmund's thoughts Matilda seem'd
The very object he had dream'd;
When, long ere guilt his soul had known,
In Winston bowers he mused alone,
Taxing his fancy to combine
The face, the air, the voice divine,
Of princess fair, by cruel fate
Reft of her honours, power, and state,
Till to her rightful realm restored
By destined hero's conquering sword.

XXVI.

"Such was my vision!" Edmund thought;
"And have I, then, the ruin wrought
Of such a maid, that fancy ne'er
In fairest vision form'd her peer?
Was it my hand that could unclose
The postern to her ruthless foes?
Foes, lost to honour, law, and faith,
Their kindest mercy sudden death!
Have I done this? I! who have sworn,
That if the globe such angel bore,
I would have traced its circle broad,
To kiss the ground on which she trod!—
And now—O! would that earth would rive,
And close upon me while alive!—
Is there no hope? Is all then lost?
Bertram's already on his post!
Even now, beside the Hall's arch'd door,
I saw his shadow cross the floor!
He was to wait my signal strain—
A little respite thus we gain:
By what I heard the menials say,
Young Wycliffe's troop are on their way—
Alarm precipitates the crime!
My harp must wear away the time."

And then, in accents faint and low,
He falter'd forth a tale of woe.

XXVII.

BALLAD.

"And whither would you lead me, then?"
Quoth the Friar of orders grey;
And the Ruffians twain replied again,
"By a dying woman to pray."

"I see," he said, "a lovely sight,
A sight bodes little harm,
A lady as a lily bright,
With an infant on her arm."—

"Then do thine office, Friar grey,
And see thou shrive her free!
Else shall the sprite, that parts to-night,
Fling all its gult on thee.

"Let mass be said, and trentals read,
When thou'rt to convent gone,
And bid the bell of St. Benedict
Toll out its deepest tone."

The shrift is done, the Friar is gone,
Blindfolded as he came—
Next morning, all in Littlecot Hall
Were weeping for their dame.

Wild Darrell is an alter'd man,
The village crones can tell;
He looks pale as clay, and strives to pray,
If he hears the convent bell.

If prince or peer cross Darrell's way,
He'll beard him in his pride—
If he meet a Friar of orders grey,
He droops and turns aside.¹

XXVIII.

"Harper! methinks thy magic lays,"
Matilda said, "can goblins raise!
Wellnigh my fancy can discern,
Near the dark porch, a visage stern;
E'en now, in yonder shadowy nook,
I see it!—Redmond, Wilfrid, loo!
A human form distinct and clear—
God, for thy mercy!—It draws near!"
She saw too true. Stride after stride,
The centre of that chamber wide
Fierce Bertram gain'd; then made a stand,
And proudly waving with his hand,
Thunder'd—"Be still, upon your lives!
He bleeds who speaks, he dies who strives."
Behind their chief, the robber crew
Forth from the darken'd portal drew
In silence—save that echo dread
Return'd their heavy measured tread.
The lamp's uncertain lustre gave
Their arms to gleam, their plumes to wave;
File after file in order pass,
Like forms on Banquo's mystic glass.
Then, halting at their leader's sign,
At once they form'd and curv'd their line,
Hemming within its crescent drear
Their victims, like a herd of deer.
Another sign, and to the aim
Levell'd at once their muskets came,
As waiting but their chieftain's word,
To make their fatal volley heard.

¹ See Appendix, Note 3 G.

XXIX.

Back in a heap the menials drew;
Yet, even in mortal terror, true,
Their pale and startled group oppose
Between Matilda and the foes.
"O haste thee, Wilfrid!" Redmond cried;
"Undo that wicket by thy side!
Bear hence Matilda—gain the wood—
The pass may be a while made good—
Thy band, ere this, must sure be nigh—
O speak not—dally not—but fly!"
While yet the crowd their motions hide,
Through the low wicket door they glide.
Through vaulted passages they wind,
In Gothic intricacy twined:
Wilfrid half led, and half he bore,
Matilda to the postern door,
And safe beneath the forest tree,
The Lady stands at liberty.
The moonbeams, the fresh gale's caress,
Renew'd suspended consciousness;—
"Where's Redmond?" eagerly she cries:
"Thou answer'st not—he dies! he dies!
And thou hast left him, all bereft
Of mortal aid—with murderers left!
I know it well—he would not yield
His sword to man—his doom is seal'd!
For my scorn'd life, which thou hast bought
At price of his, I thank thee not."

XXX.

The unjust reproach, the angry look,
The heart of Wilfrid could not brook.
"Lady," he said, "my hand so near,
In safety thou mayst rest thee here.
For Redmond's death thou shalt not mourn,
If mine can buy his safe return."
He turn'd away—his heart throbb'd high,
The tear was bursting from his eye;
The sense of her injustice press'd—
Upon the Maid's distracted breast,—
"Stay, Wilfrid, stay! all aid is vain!"
He heard, but turn'd him not again;
He reaches now the postern-door,
Now enters—and is seen no more.

XXXI.

With all the agony that e'er
Was gender'd 'twixt suspense and fear,
She watch'd the line of windows tall,
Whose Gothic lattice lights the Hall,
Distinguish'd by the paly red
The lamps in dim reflection shed.
While all beside in wan moonlight
Each grated casement glimmer'd white.
No sight of harm, no sound of ill,
It is a deep and midnight still.
Who look'd upon the scene, had guess'd
All in the Castle were at rest:
When sudden on the windows shone
A lightning flash, just seen and gone!
A shot is heard—Again the flame
Flash'd thick and fast—a volley came!
Then echo'd wildly, from within,
Of shout and scream the mingled din,
And weapon-clash and maddening cry,
Of those who kill, and those who die!
As fill'd the Hall with sulphurous smoke,
More red, more dark, the death-flash broke;
And forms were on the lattice cast,
That struck, or struggled, as they past.

XXXII.

What sounds upon the midnight wind
Approach so rapidly behind?
It is, it is, the tramp of steeds,
Matilda hears the sound, she speeds,
Seizes upon the leader's rein —
"O, haste to aid, ere aid be vain!
Fly to the postern — gain the Hall!"
From saddle spring the troopers all;
Their gallant steeds, at liberty,
Run wild along the moonlight lea.
But, ere they hurst upon the scene,
Full stubborn had the conflict been.
When Bertram mark'd Matilda's flight,
It gave the signal for the fight;
And Rokeby's veterans, seam'd with scars
Of Scotland's and of Erin's wars,
Their momentary panic o'er,
Stood to the arms which then they bore;
(For they were weapon'd, and prepared
Their Mistress on her way to guard.)
Then cheer'd them to the fight O'Neale,
Then pea'd the shot, and clash'd the steel,
The war-smoke soon with sable breath
Darken'd the scene of blood and death,
While on the few defenders close
The Bandits, with redoubled blows,
And, twice driven back, yet fierce and fell
Renew the charge with frantic yell.

XXXIII.

Wilfrid has fall'n — but o'er him stood
Young Redmond, soil'd with smoke and blood,
Cheering his mates with heart and hand
Still to make good their desperate stand.
"Up, comrades, up! In Rokeby halls
Ne'er be it said our courage falls.
What! faint ye for their savage cry,
Or do the smoke-wreaths daunt your eye?
These rafters have return'd a shout
As loud at Rokeby's wassail rout,
As thick a smoke these hearths have given
At Hallow-tide or Christmas-even.¹
Stand to it yet! renew the fight,
For Rokeby's and Matilda's right!
These slaves! they dare not, hand to hand,
Bide buffet from a true man's brand."
Impetuous, active, fierce, and young,
Upon the advancing foes he sprung.
Woe to the wretch at whom is bent
His brandish'd falchion's sheer descent!
Backward they scatter'd as he came,
Like wolves before the levin flame,
When, 'mid their howling conclave driven,
Hath glanced the thunderbolt of heaven.
Bertram rush'd on — but Harpoole clasp'd
His knees, although in death he gasp'd,
His falling corpse before him flung,
And round the trammell'd ruffian clung.
Just then, the soldiers fill'd the dome,
And, shouting, charged the felons home
So fiercely, that, in panic dread,
They broke, they yielded, fell, or fled,
Bertram's stern voice they heed no more,
Though heard above the battle's roar;
While, trampling down the dying man,
He strove, with volley'd threat and ban,
In scorn of odds, in fate's despite,
To rally up the desperate fight.

XXXIV.

Soon murkier clouds the Hall enfold,
Than e'er from battle-thunders roll'd;

So dense, the combatants scarce know
To aim or to avoid the blow.
Smothering and blindfold grows the fight —
But soon shall dawn a dismal light!
Mid cries, and clashing arms, there came
The hollow sound of rushing flame;
New horrors on the tumult dire
Arise — the Castle is on fire!
Doubtful, if chance had cast the brand,
Or frantic Bertram's desperate hand.
Matilda saw — for frequent broke
From the dim casements gusts of smoke.
Yon tower, which late so clear defined
On the fair hemisphere reclined,
That, pencil'd on its azure pure,
The eye could count each embrazure,
Now, swath'd within the sweeping cloud,
Seems giant-spectre in his shroud;
Till, from each loop-hole flashing light,
A spout of fire shines ruddy bright,
And, gathering to united glare,
Streams high into the midnight air;
A dismal beacon, far and wide
That waken'd Greta's slumbering side.
Soon all beneath, through gallery long,
And pendant arch, the fire flash'd strong,
Snatching whatever could maintain,
Raise, or extend, its furious reign;
Startling, with closer cause of dread,
The females who the conflict fled,
And now rush'd forth upon the plain,
Filling the air with clamours vain.

XXXV.

But ceased not yet, the Hall within,
The shriek, the shout, the carnage-din,
Till bursting lattices give proof
The flames have caught the rafter'd roof.
What! wait they till its beams amain
Crash on the slayers and the slain?
The alarm is caught — the drawbridge falls,
The warriors hurry from the walls,
But, by the conflagration's light,
Upon the lawn renew the fight,
Each struggling felon down was hew'd,
Not one could gain the sheltering wood;
But forth the affrighted harper sprung,
And to Matilda's robe he clung.
Her shriek, entreaty, and command,
Stopp'd the pursuer's lifted hand.
Denzil and he alive were ta'en;
The rest, save Bertram, all are slain.

XXXVI.

And where is Bertram? — Soaring high
The general flame ascends the sky:
In gather'd group the soldiers gaze
Upon the broad and roaring blaze,
When, like infernal demon, sent,
Red from his penal element,
To plague and to pollute the air, —
His face all gore, on fire his hair,
Forth from the central mass of smoke
The giant form of Bertram broke!
His brandish'd sword on high he rears,
Then plunged among opposing spears:
Round his left arm his mantle truss'd,
Received and foil'd three lances' thrust;
Nor these his headlong course withstood,
Like reeds he snapp'd the tough ash-wood.
In vain his foes around him clung;
With matchless force aside he flung
Their boldest, — as the bull, at bay,
Tosses the ban-dogs from his way,

¹ See Appendix, Note S H.

Through forty foes his path he made,
And safely gain'd the forest glade.

XXXVII.

Scarce was this final conflict o'er,
When from the postern Redmond bore
Wilfrid, who, as of life bereft,
Had in the fatal Hall been left,
Deserted there by all his train;
But Redmond saw, and turn'd again.—
Beneath an oak he laid him down,
That in the blaze gleam'd ruddy brown,
And then his mantle's clasp undid;
Matilda held his drooping head,
Till, given to breathe the freer air,
Returning life repaid their care.
He gazed on them with heavy sigh.—
"I could have wish'd even thus to die!"
No more he said—for now with speed
Each trooper had regain'd his steed;
The ready palfreys stood array'd,
For Redmond and for Rokeby's Maid;
Two Wilfrid on his horse sustain,
One leads his charger by the rein.
But oft Matilda look'd behind.
As up the Vale of Tees they wind,
Where far the mansion of her sires
Beacon'd the dale with midnight fires.
In gloomy arch above them spread,
The clouded heaven lower'd bloody red;
Beneath, in sombre light, the flood
Appear'd to roll in waves of blood.
Then, one by one, was heard to fall
The tower, the donjon-keep, the hall.
Each rushing down with thunder sound,
A space the conflagration drown'd;
Till, gathering strength, again it rose,
Announced its triumph in its close,
Shook wide its light the landscape o'er,
Then sunk—and Rokeby was no more!

~~~~~

Rokeby.

—

CANTO SIXTH.

## I.

The summer sun, whose early power  
Was wont to gild Matilda's bower,  
And rouse her with his matin ray  
Her duteous orisons to pay.—  
That morning sun has three times seen  
The flowers unfold on Rokeby green,  
But sees no more the slumbers fly  
From fair Matilda's hazel eye;  
That morning sun has three times broke  
On Rokeby's glades of elm and oak,  
But, rising from their silvan screen,  
Marks no grey turrets glance between.  
A shapeless mass lie keep and tower,  
That, hissing to the morning shower,  
Can but with smouldering vapour pay  
The early smile of summer day.  
The peasant, to his labour bound,  
Pauses to view the blacken'd mound,  
Striving, amid the ruin'd space,  
Each well remember'd spot to trace.

That length of frail and fire-scorch'd wall  
Once screen'd the hospitable hall;  
When yonder broken arch was whole,  
'Twas there was dealt the weekly dole;  
And where yon tottering columns nod,  
The chapel sent the hymn to God.—  
So fits the world's uncertain span!  
Nor zeal for God, nor love for man,  
Gives mortal monuments a date  
Beyond the power of Time and Fate.  
The towers must share the builder's doom;  
Ruin is theirs, and his a tomb:  
But better boon benignant Heaven  
To Faith and Charity has given,  
And bids the Christian hope sublime  
Transcend the bounds of Fate and Time.

## II.

Now the third night of summer came,  
Since that which witness'd Rokeby's flame.  
On Brignall cliffs and Scargill brake  
The owl's homilies awake,  
The bitter scream'd from rush and flag,  
The raven slumber'd on his crag,  
Forth from his den the otter drew.—  
Graying and trout their tyrant knew,  
As between reed and sedge he peers,  
With fierce round snout and sharpen'd ears,  
Or, prowling by the moonbeam cool,  
Watches the stream or swims the pool;—  
Perch'd on his wonted eyrie high,  
Sleep seal'd the tercelet's wearied eye,  
That all the day had watch'd so well  
The cushat dart across the dell.  
In dubious beam reflected shone  
That lofty cliff of pale grey stone,  
Beside whose base the secret cave  
To rapine late a refuge gave.  
The crag's wild crest of corpse and yew  
On Greta's breast dark shadows threw;  
Shadows that met or shunn'd the sight,  
With every change of fitful light;  
As hope and fear alternate chase  
Our course through life's uncertain race.

## III.

Gliding by crag and copsewood green,  
A solitary form was seen  
To trace with stealthy pace the wold,  
Like fox that seeks the midnight fold,  
And pauses oft, and covers dismay'd,  
At every breath that stirs the shade.  
He passes now the ivy bush,—  
The owl has seen him, and is hush;  
He passes now the dodder'd oak.—  
Ye heard the star-led raven croak;  
Lower and lower he descends,  
Rustle the leaves, the brushwood bends;  
The otter hears him tread the shore,  
And dives, and is beheld no more;  
And by the cliff of pale grey stone  
The midnight wanderer stands alone.  
Metinks, that by the moon we trace  
A well-remember'd form and face!  
That stripling shape, that cheek so pale,  
Combine to tell a rueful tale,  
Of powers misused, of passion's force,  
Of guilt, of grief, and of remorse!  
'Tis Edmund's eye, at every sound  
That flings that guilty glance around;  
'Tis Edmund's trembling haste divides  
The brushwood that the cavern hides;  
And, when its narrow porch lies bare,  
'Tis Edmund's form that enters there.



## IV.

His flint and steel have sparkled bright,  
 A lamp hath lent the cavern light.  
 Fearful and quick his eye surveys  
 Each angle of the gloomy maze.  
 Since last he left that stern abode,  
 It seem'd as none it's floor had trod;  
 Untouch'd appear'd the various spoil,  
 The purchase of his comrades' toil;  
 Masks and disguises grim'd with mud,  
 Arms broken and defiled with blood,  
 And all the nameless tools that aid  
 Night-felons in their lawless trade,  
 Upon the gloomy walls were hung,  
 Or lay in nooks obscurely flung.  
 Still on the sordid board appear  
 The relics of the noontide cheer:  
 Flagons and emptied flasks were there,  
 And bench o'erthrown, and shatter'd chair;  
 And all around the semblance show'd,  
 As when the final revel glow'd,  
 When the red sun was setting fast,  
 And parting pledge Guy Denzil past.  
 "To Rokeby treasure-vaults!" they quaff'd,  
 And shouted loud and wildly laugh'd,  
 Pour'd maddening from the rocky door,  
 And parted—to return no more!  
 They found in Rokeby vaults their doom,—  
 A bloody death, a burning tomb!

## V.

There his own peasant dress he spies,  
 Doff'd to assume that quaint disguise;  
 And, shuddering, thought upon his glee,  
 When prank'd in garb of minstrelsy.  
 "O, be the fatal art accurst,"  
 He cried, "that mov'd my folly first;  
 Till, bribed by bandits' base applause,  
 I burst through God's and Nature's laws!  
 Three summer days are scantily past  
 Since I have trod this cavern last,  
 A thoughtless wretch, and prompt to err—  
 But, O, as yet no murderer!  
 Even now I list my comrades' cheer,  
 That general laugh is in mine ear,  
 Which raised my pulse and steel'd my heart,  
 As I rehearsed my treacherous part—  
 And would that all since then could seem  
 The phantom of a fever's dream!  
 But fatal Memory notes too well  
 The horrors of the dying yell  
 From my despairing mates that broke,  
 When flash'd the fire and roll'd the smoke;  
 When the avengers shouting came,  
 And hemm'd us 'twixt the sword and flame!  
 My frantic flight,—the lifted brand,—  
 That angel's interposing hand!—  
 If, for my life from slaughter freed,  
 I yet could pay some grateful meed!  
 Perchance this object of my quest  
 May aid"—he turn'd, nor spoke the rest.

## VI.

Due northward from the rugged hearth,  
 With paces five he metes the earth,  
 Then toil'd with mattock to explore  
 The entrails of the cavern floor,  
 Nor paused till, deep beneath the ground,  
 His search a small steel casket found.  
 Just as he stoop'd to loose its hasp,  
 His shoulder felt a giant grasp;  
 He started, and look'd up agiast,  
 Then shriek'd!—"Twas Bertram held him fast.

"Fear not!" he said; but who could hear  
 That deep stern voice, and cease to fear?  
 "Fear not!—By heaven, he shakes as much  
 As partridge in the falcon's clutch:"—  
 He raised him and unloos'd his hold,  
 While from the opening casket roll'd  
 A chain and reliquaire of gold.  
 Bertram beheld it with surprise,  
 Gazed on its fashion and device,  
 Then, cheering Edmund as he could,  
 Somewhat he smooth'd his rugged mood:  
 For still the youth's half-lifted eye  
 Quiver'd with terror's agony,  
 And sidelong glanced, as to explore,  
 In meditated flight, the door.  
 "Sit," Bertram said, "from danger free:  
 Thou canst not, and thou shalt not, flee.  
 Chance brings me hither: hill and plain  
 I've sought for refuge—place in vain.  
 And tell me now, thou anguish boy,  
 What maketh thou here? what means this toy?  
 Denzil and thou, I mark'd; were ta'en;  
 What lucky chance unbound your chain?  
 I deem'd, long since on Balio's tower,  
 Your heads were warp'd with sun and shower.  
 Tell me the whole—and, mark! nought e'er  
 Chafes me like falsehood, or like fear."  
 Gathering his courage to his aid,  
 But trembling still, the youth obey'd.

## VII.

"Denzil and I two nights pass'd o'er  
 In fetters on the dungeon floor,  
 A guest the third sad morrow brought;  
 Our hold dark Oswald Wycliffe sought,  
 And eyed my comrade long askance,  
 With fix'd and penetrating glance.  
 'Guy Denzil art thou call'd?'—'The same.'—  
 'At Court who served wild Buckingham;  
 Thence banish'd, won a keeper's place,  
 So Villiers will'd, in Marwood-chase;  
 That lost—I need not tell thee why—  
 Thou madest thy wits thy wants supply,  
 Then fought for Rokeby:—Have I guess'd  
 My prisoner right?'—'At thy behest.'—  
 He paused a while, and then went on  
 With low and confidential tone;—  
 Me, as I judge, not then he saw,  
 Close nestled in my couch of straw.—  
 'List to me, Guy. Thou know'st the great  
 Have frequent need of what they hate;  
 Hence, in their favour oft we see,  
 Unscrupled, useful men like thee.  
 Were I disposed to bid thee live,  
 What pledge of faith hast thou to give?"

## VIII.

"The ready Fiend, who never yet  
 Hath fail'd to sharpen Denzil's wit,  
 Prompted his lie—'His only child  
 Should rest his pledge.'—The Baron smiled,  
 And turn'd to me—'Thou art his son?'  
 I bow'd—our fetters were undone,  
 And we were led to hear apart  
 A dreadful lesson of his art.  
 Wilfrid, he said, his heir and son,  
 Had fair Matilda's favour won;  
 And long since had their union been,  
 But for her father's bigot spleen,  
 Whose brute and blindfold party-rage  
 Would, force per force, her hand engage  
 To a base kern of Irish earth,  
 Unknown his lineage and his birth,

Save that a dying ruffian bore  
The infant brat to Rokeby door.  
Gentle restraint, he said, would lead  
Old Rokeby to enlarge his creed;  
But fair occasion he must find  
For such restraint well-meant and kind.  
The Knight being render'd to his charge  
But as a prisoner at large.

## IX.

"He school'd us in a well-forged tale,  
Of scheme the Castle walls to scale,  
To which was leagu'd each Cavalier  
That dwells upon the Tyne and Wear;  
That Rokeby, his parole forgot,  
Had dealt with us to aid the plot.  
Such was the charge which Denzil's zeal  
Of hate to Rokeby and O'Neale  
Proffer'd, as witness to make good,  
Even though the forfeit were their blood.  
I scrupled, until o'er and o'er  
His prisoners' safety Wycliffe swore;  
And then—alas! what needs there more!  
I knew I should not live to say  
The proffer I refused that day;  
Ashamed to live, yet loth to die,  
I soil'd me with their infamy!"—  
"Poor youth," said Bertram, "wavering still,  
Unfit alike for good or ill!  
But what fell next?"—"Soon as at large  
Was scroll'd and sign'd our fatal charge,  
There never yet, on tragic stage,  
Was seen so well a painted rage  
As Oswald's show'd! With loud alarm  
He call'd his garrison to arm;  
From tower to tower, from post to post,  
He hurried as if all were lost;  
Consign'd to dungeon and to chain  
The good old Knight and all his train;  
Warn'd each suspected Cavalier,  
Within his limits, to appear  
To-morrow, at the hour of noon,  
In the high church of Egliston."

## X.

"Of Egliston!—Even now I pass'd."  
Said Bertram, "as the night closed fast;  
Torches and cressets gleam'd around,  
I heard the saw and hammer sound,  
And I could mark they toil'd to raise  
A scaffold, hung with sable baize,  
Which the grim headsmen's scene display'd,  
Block, axe, and sawdust ready laid.  
Some evil deed will there be done,  
Unless Matilda wed his son;—  
She loves him not,—'tis shrewdly guess'd  
That Redmoud rules the damsel's breast.  
This is a turn of Oswald's skill;  
But I may meet, and foil him still!—  
How earnest thou to thy freedom?"—"There  
Lies mystery more dark and rare.  
In midst of Wycliffe's well-feign'd rage,  
A scroll was offer'd by a page,  
Who told, a muffled horseman late  
Had left it at the Castle-gate.  
He broke the seal—his cheek show'd change,  
Sudden, portentous, wild, and strange;  
The mimic passion of his eye  
Was turn'd to actual agony:  
His hand like summer sapling shook,  
Terror and guilt were in his look.  
Denzil he judged, in time of need,  
Fit counsellor for evil deed;

And thus apart his counsel broke,  
While with a ghastly smile he spoke:—

## XI.

"As in the pageants of the stage,  
The dead awake in this wild age.  
Mortham—whom all men deem'd decreed  
In his own deadly snare to bleed,  
Slain by a bravo, whom, o'er sea,  
He train'd to aid in murdering me.—  
Mortham has 'scaped! The coward shot  
The steed, but harm'd the rider not."  
Here, with an execration fell,  
Bertram leap'd up, and paced the cell:—  
"Thine own grey head, or bosom dark,"  
He mutter'd, "may be surer mark!"  
Then sat, and sign'd to Edmund, pale  
With terror, to resume his tale.  
"Wycliffe went on:—Mark with what flights  
Of wilder'd reverie he writes:—

## THE LETTER.

"Ruler of Mortham's destiny!  
Though dead, thy victim lives to thee.  
Once had he all that binds to life,  
A lovely child, a lovelier wife;  
Wealth, fame, and friendship, were his own—  
Thou gavest the word, and they are flown.  
Mark how he pays thee:—To thy hand  
He yields his honours and his land,  
One boon premised:—Restore his child!  
And, from his native land exiled,  
Mortham no more returns to claim  
His lands, his honours, or his name;  
Refuse him this, and from the slain  
Thou shalt see Mortham rise again."

## XII.

"This billet while the baron read,  
His faltering accents show'd his dread,  
He press'd his forehead with his palm,  
Then took a scornful tone and calm;  
'Wild as the winds, as billows wild!  
What wot I of his spouse or child?  
Hither he brought a joyous dame,  
Unknown her lineage or her name:  
Her, in some frantic fit, he slew;  
The nurse and child in fear withdrew.  
Heaven be my witness! wist I where  
To find this youth, my kinsman's heir,—  
Unguerdon'd, I would give with joy  
The father's arms to fold his boy,  
And Mortham's lands and towers resign  
To the just heirs of Mortham's line.'—  
Thou know'st that scarcely e'en his fear  
Suppresses Denzil's cynic sneer;—  
'Then happy is thy vassal's part.'  
He said, 'to ease his patron's heart!  
In thine own jailer's watchful care  
Liea Mortham's just and rightful heir;  
Thy generous wish is fully won,—  
Redmond O'Neale is Mortham's son.'—

## XIII.

"Up starting with a frenzied look,  
His clenched hand the Baron shook:  
'Is Hell at work? or dost thou rave,  
Or dar'st thou palter with me, slave!  
Perchance thou wot'st not, Barnard's towers  
Have racks, of strange and ghastly powers,  
Denzil, who well his safety knew,  
Firmly rejoin'd, 'I tell thee true.

Thy racks could give thee but to know  
 The proofs, which I, untortured, show.—  
 It chanced upon a winter night,  
 When early snow made Stanmore white,  
 That very night, when first of all  
 Redmond O'Neale saw Rokeby-hall,  
 It was my goodly lot to gain  
 A reliquary and a chain,  
 Twisted and chased of massive gold.  
 —Demand not how the prize I hold!  
 It was not given, nor leut, nor sold.—  
 Gilt tablets to the chain were hung,  
 With letters in the Irish tongue.  
 I hid my spoil, for there was need  
 That I should leave the land with speed;  
 Nor then I deem'd it safe to hear  
 On mine own person gems so rare.  
 Small heed I of the tablets took,  
 But since have spell'd them by the book,  
 When some sojourn in Ern's land  
 Of their wild speech had given command.  
 But darkling was the sense; the phrase  
 And language those of other days,  
 Involved of purpose, as to foil  
 An interloper's prying toil.  
 The words, but not the sense, I knew  
 Till fortune gave the guiding clew.

## XIV.

“Three days since, was that clew reveal'd,  
 In Thorsgill as I lay conceal'd,  
 And heard at foil when Rokely's Maid  
 Her uncle's history display'd;  
 And now I can interpret well  
 Each syllable the tablets tell,  
 Mark, then: Fair Edith was the joy  
 Of old O'Neale of Clandeboy;  
 But from her sire and country fled,  
 In secret Mortham's Lord to wed.  
 O'Neale, his first resentment o'er,  
 Despatch'd his son to Greta's shore.  
 Enjoining he should make him known  
 (Until his farther will were shown)  
 To Edith, but to her alone.  
 What of their ill-starr'd meeting fell,  
 Lord Wycliffe knows, and none so well.

## XV.

“O'Neale it was, who, in despair,  
 Robb'd Mortham of his infant heir;  
 He bred him in their nurture wild.  
 And call'd him murder'd Connel's child.  
 Soon died the nurse; the Clan believed  
 What from their Chieftain they received.  
 His purpose was, that ne'er again  
 The boy should cross the Irish main;  
 But, like his mountain sires, enjoy  
 The woods and wastes of Clandeboy.  
 Then on the land wild troubles came,  
 And stronger Chieftains urged a claim,  
 And wrested from the old man's hands  
 His native towers, his father's lands.  
 Unable then, amid the strife,  
 To guard young Redmond's rights or life,  
 Late and reluctant he restores  
 The infant to his native shores,  
 With goodly gifts and letters stored,  
 With many a deep conjuring word,  
 To Mortham and to Rokeby's Lord.  
 Nought knew the clod of Irish earth,  
 Who was the guide, of Redmond's birth;  
 But deem'd his Chief's commands were laid  
 On both, by both to be obey'd.

How he was wounded by the way,  
 I need not, and I list not say.—

## XVI.

“A wondrous tale! and, grant it true,  
 What, Wycliffe answer'd, 'might I do?  
 Heaven knows, as willingly as now  
 I raise the bonnet from my brow,  
 Would I my kinsman's manors fair  
 Restore to Mortham, or his heir;  
 But Mortham is distraught—O'Neale  
 Has drawn for tyranny his steel,  
 Malignant to our rightful cause,  
 And train'd in Rome's delusive laws.  
 Hark thee apart!—They whisper'd long,  
 Till Denzil's voice grew bold and strong:—  
 'My proofs! I never will,' he said,  
 'Show mortal man where they are laid.  
 Nor hope discovery to foreclose,  
 By giving me to feed the crows;  
 For I have mates at large, who know  
 Where I am wont such toys to stow.  
 Free me from peril and from band,  
 These tablets are at thy command;  
 Nor were it hard to form some train,  
 To wile old Mortham o'er the main.  
 Then, lunatic's nor papist's hand  
 Should wrest from thine the goodly land.'—  
 —'I like thy wit,' said Wycliffe, 'well;  
 But here in hostage shalt thou dwell.  
 Thy son, unless my purpose err,  
 May prove the trustier messenger.  
 A scroll to Mortham shall he bear  
 From me, and fetch these tokens rare.  
 Gold shalt thou have, and that good store,  
 And freedom, his commission o'er;  
 But if his faith should chance to fail,  
 The gibbet frees thee from the jail.'—

## XVII.

“Mesh'd in the net himself had twined,  
 What subterfuge could Denzil find?  
 He told me, with reluctant sigh,  
 That hidden here the tokens lie;  
 Conjured my swift return and aid,  
 By all he scoff'd and disobey'd,  
 And look'd as if the noose were tied,  
 And I the priest who left his side.  
 This scroll for Mortham Wycliffe gave,  
 Whom I must seek by Greta's wave;  
 Or in the hut where chief he hides,  
 Where Thorsgill's forester resides.  
 (Thence chanced it, wandering in the glade,  
 That he descried our ambushade.)  
 I was dismiss'd as evening fell,  
 And reach'd but now this rocky cell.”—  
 “Give Oswald's letter.”—Bertram read,  
 And tore it fiercely, shred by shred:—  
 “All lies and villany! to blind  
 His noble kinsman's generous mind,  
 And train him on from day to day,  
 Till he can take his life away.—  
 And now, declare thy purpose, youth,  
 Nor dare to answer, save the truth;  
 If aught I mark of Denzil's art,  
 I'll tear the secret from thy heart!”—

## XVIII.

“It needs not. I renounce,” he said,  
 “My tutor and his deadly trade.  
 Fix'd was my purpose to declare  
 To Mortham, Redmond is his heir,



To tell him in what risk he stands,  
 And yield these tokens to his hands.  
 Fix'd was my purpose to atone,  
 Far as I may, the evil done ;  
 And fix'd it rests—if I survive  
 This night, and leave this cave alive."—  
 "And Denzil?"—"Let them ply the rack,  
 Even till his joints and sinews crack !  
 If Oswald tear him limb from limb,  
 What ruth can Denzil claim from him,  
 Whose thoughtless youth he led astray,  
 And damn'd to this unhallow'd way ?  
 He school'd me faith and vows were vain ;  
 Now let my master reap his gain."—  
 "True," answer'd Bertram, " 'tis his meed ;  
 There's retribution in the deed.  
 But thou—thou art not for our course,  
 Hast fear, hast pity, hast remorse :  
 And he, with us the gale who braves,  
 Must heave such cargo to the waves,  
 Or lag with overloaded prone,  
 While barks unburden'd reach the shore."

## XIX.

He paused, and, stretching him at length,  
 Seem'd to repose his bulky strength.  
 Communing with his secret mind,  
 As balf he sat, and half reclin'd,  
 One ample hand his forehead press'd,  
 And one was dropp'd across his breast.  
 The shaggy eyebrows deeper came  
 Above his eyes of swardy flame ;  
 His lip of pride a while forbore  
 The haughty curve till then it wore ;  
 The unalter'd fierceness of his look  
 A shade of darken'd sadness took,—  
 For dark and sad a presage press'd  
 Resistlessly on Bertram's breast,—  
 And when he spoke, his wonted tone,  
 So fierce, abrupt, and brief, was gone.  
 His voice was steady, low, and deep,  
 Like distant waves when breezes sleep ;  
 And sorrow mix'd with Edmund's fear,  
 Its low unbroken depth to hear.

## XX.

"Edmund, in thy sad tale I find  
 The woe that warp'd my patron's mind :  
 'Twould wake the fountains of the eye  
 In other men, but mine are dry.  
 Mortham must never see the fool,  
 That sold himself base Wycliffe's tool ;  
 Yet less from thirst of sardid gain,  
 Than to avenge supposed disdain.  
 Say, Bertram rues his fault ;—a word,  
 Till now, from Bertram never heard :  
 Say, too, that Mortham's Lord he prays  
 To think but on their former days ;  
 On Quariana's beach and rock,  
 On Cayo's bursting battle-shock,  
 On Darien's sands and deadly dew,  
 And on the dart Tlatzeca threw :—  
 Perchance my patron yet may hear  
 More that may grace his comrade's bier.  
 My soul hath felt a secret weight,  
 A warning of approaching fate :  
 A priest had said, 'Return, repent !'  
 As well to bid that rock be rent,  
 Firm as that flint I face mine end ;  
 My heart may burst, but cannot bend.

## XXI.

"The dawning of my youth, with awe  
 And prophecy, the Dalesinen saw ;

For over Redesdale it came,  
 As baleful as their beacon-flame.  
 Edmund, thy years were scarcely mine,  
 When, challenging the Clans of Tyne,  
 To bring their best my brand to prove,  
 O'er Hexham's altar hung my glove ;<sup>1</sup>  
 But Tynedale, nor in tower nor town,  
 Held champion meet to take it down.  
 My nootide, India may declare ;  
 Like her fierce sun, I fired the air !  
 Like him, to wood and cave bade fly  
 Her natives, from mine angry eye.  
 Panama's maids shall long look pale  
 When Risingham inspires the tale ;  
 Chili's dark matrons long shall tame  
 The froward child with Bertram's name.  
 And now, my race of terror run,  
 Mine be the eve of tropic sun !  
 No pale gradations quench his ray,  
 No twilight dews his wrath allay ;  
 With disk like battle-target red,  
 He rushes to his burning bed,  
 Dyes the wide wave with bloody light,  
 'Then sink a at once—and all is night.—

## XXII.

"Now to thy mission, Edmund. Fly,  
 Seek Mortham out, and bid him hie  
 To Richmond, where his troops are laid,  
 And lead his force to Redmond's aid.  
 Say, till he reaches Egliston.  
 A friend will watch to guard his son.  
 Now, fare thee well ; for night draws on,  
 And I would rest me here alone."  
 Despite his ill-enslomb'd fear,  
 There swam in Edmund's eye a tear ;  
 A tribute to the courage high,  
 Which stoop'd not in extremity,  
 But strove, irregularly great,  
 To triumph o'er approaching fate !  
 Bertram beheld the dewdrop start,  
 It almost touch'd his iron heart :—  
 "I did not think there lived," he said,  
 "One, who would tear for Bertram shed."  
 He loosen'd then his baldric's hold,  
 A buckle broad of massive gold ;—  
 "Of all the spoil that paid his pains,  
 But this with Risingham remains ;  
 And this, dear Edmund, thou shalt take,  
 And wear it long for Bertram's sake.  
 Once more—to Mortham speed again ;  
 Farewell ! and turn thee not again."

## XXIII.

The night has yielded to the morn,  
 And far the hours of prime are worn.  
 Oswald, who, since the dawn of day,  
 Had curs'd his messenger's delay.  
 Impatient question'd now his train,  
 "Was Denzil's son return'd again ?"  
 It chanced there answer'd of the crew,  
 A menial, who young Edmund knew :  
 "No son of Denzil this,"—he said ;  
 "A peasant boy from Winston glade,  
 For song and minstrelsy renown'd,  
 And knavish pranks, the hamlets round."—  
 "Not Denzil's son !—From Winston vale !—  
 Then it was false, that specious tale ;  
 Or, worse—he hath despatch'd the youth  
 To show to Mortham's Lord its truth.  
 Fool that I was—but 'tis too late ;—  
 This is the very turn of fate !—

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note S I.

The tale, or true or false, relies  
On Denzil's evidence! — He dies! —  
Ho! Provost Marshal! instantly  
Lead Denzil to the gallows-tree!  
Allow him not a parting word;  
Short be the shrift, and sure the cord!  
'Then let his gory head appeal  
Marauders from the Castle-wall.  
Lead forth thy guard, that duty done,  
With best despatch to Eglinton. —  
Basil, tell Wilfrid he must straight  
Attend me at the Castle-gate." —

## XXIV.

"Alas!" the old domestic said,  
And shook his venerable head,  
"Alas, my Lord! full ill to-day  
May my young master brook the way!  
The leech has spoke with grave alarm,  
Of unseen hurt, of secret harm,  
Of sorrow lurking at the heart,  
That mars and lets his healing art." —  
"Tush, tell not me! — Romantic boys  
Pine themselves sick for airy toys,  
I will find cure for Wilfrid soon;  
Bid him for Eric's on be boune,  
And quick! — I hear the dull death-drum  
Till Denzil's hour of fate is come."  
He paused with scornful smile, and then  
Resumed his train of thought agen.  
"Now comes my fortune's crisis near!  
Entreaty boots not — instant fear,  
No gift else, can bend Matilda's pride,  
Or win her to be Wilfrid's bride.  
But when she sees the scaffold placed,  
With axe and block and headsman graced,  
And when she deems, that to deny  
Dooms Redmond and her sire to die,  
She must give way. — Then, were the line  
Of Rokeby once combined with mine,  
I gain the weather-gaze of fate!  
If Mortmain come, he comes too late,  
While I, allied thus and prepared,  
Bid him defiance to his beard —  
— If she prove stubborn, shall I dare  
To drop the axe? — Soft! pause we there.  
Mortmain still lives — yon youth may tell  
His tale — and Fairfax loves him well; —  
Else, wherefore should I now delay  
To sweep this Redmond from my way? —  
But she to piety perforce  
Must yield — Without there! Sound to horse."

## XXV.

'Twas bustle in the court below, —  
"Mount, and march forward!" — Forth they go;  
Steeds neigh and trample all around,  
Steel rings, spears glimmer, trumpets sound. —  
Just then was sung his parting hymn;  
And Denzil turn'd his eyeballs dim,  
And, scarcely conscious what he sees,  
Follows the horsemen down the Tees;  
And scarcely conscious what he hears,  
The trumpets tingle in his ears.  
O'er the long bridge they're sweeping now,  
The van is hid by greenwood bough;  
But ere the rearward had pass'd o'er,  
Guy Denzil heard and saw no more!  
One stroke, upon the Castle bell,  
To Oswald rung his dying knell.

## XXVI.

O, for that pencil, erst profuse  
Of chivalry's emblazon'd hues,

That traced of old, in Woods'ock bower,  
The pageant of the Leaf and Flower,  
And bodied forth the tourney high,  
Held for the hand of Emily!  
Then might I paint the tumult broad,  
That to the crowded abbey flow'd,  
And pour'd, as with an ocean's sound,  
Into the church's ample bound!  
Then might I show each varying mien,  
Exulting, woeful, or serene;  
Indifference, with his idiot stare,  
And Sympathy, with anxious air,  
Paint the dejected Cavalier,  
Doubtful, disarm'd, and sad of cheer;  
And his proud foe, whose formal eye  
Claim'd conquest now and mastery;  
And the brute crowd, whose envious zeal  
Huzzas each turn of Fortune's wheel,  
And loudest shouts when lowest lie  
Exalted worth and station high  
Yet what may such a wish avail?  
'Tis mine to tell an onward tale,  
Hurrying, as best I can, along,  
The hearers and the hasty song; —  
Like traveller when approaching home,  
Who sees the shades of evening come,  
And must not now his course delay,  
Or choose the fair, but winding way;  
Nay, scarcely may his pace suspend,  
Where o'er his head the wildings bend,  
To bless the breeze that cools his brow,  
Or snatch a blossom from the bough.

## XXVII.

The reverend pile lay wild and waste,  
Profaned, dishonour'd, and defaced.  
Through storied lattices no more  
In soften'd light the sunbeams pour,  
Gilding the Gothic sculpture rich  
Of shrine, and monument, and niche.  
The Civil fury of the time  
Made sport of sacrilegious crime;  
For dark Fanaticism rent  
Altar, and screen, and ornament,  
And peasant hands the tombs o'erthrew  
Of Bowes, of Rokeby, and Fitz-Hugh.  
And now was seen, unwonted sight,  
In holy walls a scaffold dight!  
Where once the priest, of grace divine  
Dealt to his flock the mystic sign;  
There stood the block display'd, and there  
The headsman grim his hatchet bare;  
And for the word of Hope and Faith,  
Resounded loud a doom of death.  
Thrice the fierce trumpet's breath was heard,  
And echo'd thrice the herald's word,  
Dooming, for breach of martial laws,  
And treason to the Common's cause,  
The Knight of Rokeby and O'Neale  
To stoop their heads to block and steel.  
The trumpets flourish'd high and shrill,  
Then was a silence dead and still;  
And silent prayers to heaven were cast,  
And stifled sobs were bursting fast,  
Till from the crowd begun to rise  
Murmurs of sorrow or surprise,  
And from the distant aisles there came  
Deep-mutter'd threats, with Wycliffe's name.

## XXVIII.

But Oswald, guarded by his band,  
Powerful in evil, waved his hand,  
And bade Sedition's voice be dead,  
On peril of the murmurer's head.

Then first his glance sought Rokeby's Knight ;  
 Who gazed on the tremendous sight,  
 As calm as if he came a guest  
 To kindred Baron's feudal feast,  
 As calm as if that trumpet-call  
 Were summons to the banner'd hall ;  
 Firm in his loyalty he stood,  
 And prompt to seal it with his blood.  
 With downcast look drew Oswald nigh.—  
 He durst not cope with Rokeby's eye !—  
 And said, with low and faltering breath,  
 "Thou know'st the terms of life and death."  
 The Knight then turn'd and sternly smiled ;  
 "The maiden is mine only child,  
 Yet shall my blessing leave her head,  
 If with a traitor's son she wed."  
 Then Redmond spoke : "The life of one  
 Might thy malignity atone,  
 On me be flung a double guilt !  
 Spare Rokeby's blood, let mine be spilt !"  
 Wycliffe had listen'd to his suit,  
 But dread prevail'd, and he was mute.

## XXIX.

And now he pours his choice of fear  
 In secret on Matilda's ear ;  
 "An union form'd with me and mine,  
 Ensures the faith of Rokeby's line.  
 Consent, and all this dread array,  
 Like morning dream, shall pass away ;  
 Refuse, and, by my duty press'd,  
 I give the word—thou know'st the rest."  
 Matilda, still and motionless,  
 With terror heard the dread address,  
 Pale as the sheeted maid who dies  
 To hopeless love a sacrifice ;  
 Then wrung her hands in agony,  
 And round her cast bewilder'd eye.  
 Now on the scaffold glanced, and now  
 On Wycliffe's unrelenting brow.  
 She veil'd her face, and, with a voice  
 Scarce audible,—"I make my choice !  
 Spare but their lives !—for aught beside,  
 Let Wilfrid's doom my fate decide.  
 He once was generous !"—As she spoke,  
 Dark Wycliffe's joy in triumph broke :—  
 "Wilfrid, where loiter'd ye so late !  
 Why upon Basil rest thy weight ?  
 Art spell-bound by enchanter's wand ?—  
 Kneel, kneel, and take her yielded hand ;  
 Thank her with raptures, simple boy !  
 Should tears and trembling speak thy joy ?"—  
 "O hush, my sire ! To prayer and tear  
 Of mine thou hast refused thine ear ;  
 But now the awful hour draws on,  
 When truth must speak in loftier tone."

## XXX.

He took Matilda's hand :—"Dear maid,  
 Couldst thou so injure me," he said,  
 "Of thy poor friend so basely deem,  
 As blend with him this barbarous scheme ?  
 Alas ! my efforts made in vain,  
 Might well have saved this added pain.  
 But now, bear witness earth and heaven,  
 That ne'er was hope to mortal given,  
 So twisted with the strings of life,  
 As this—to call Matilda wife !  
 I bid it now for ever part,  
 And with the effort bursts my heart !"  
 His feeble frame was worn so low,  
 With wounds, with watching, and with woe,  
 That nature could no more sustain  
 The agony of mental pain.

He kneel'd—his lip her hand had press'd,—  
 Just then he felt the stern arrest.  
 Lower and lower sunk his head.—  
 They raised him,—but the life was fled !  
 Then, first alarm'd, his sire and train  
 Tried every aid, but tried in vain.  
 The soul, too soft its ills to bear,  
 Had left our mortal hemisphere,  
 And sought in better world the meed,  
 To blameless life by Heaven decreed.

## XXXI.

The wretched sire beheld, aghast,  
 With Wilfrid all his projects past,  
 All turn'd and centred on his son,  
 On Wilfrid all—and he was gone.  
 "And I am childless now," he said ;  
 "Childless, through that relentless maid !  
 A lifetime's arts, in vain essay'd,  
 Are bursting on their artist's head !—  
 Here lies my Wilfrid dead—and there  
 Comes hated Mortham for his heir,  
 Eager to knit in happy band  
 With Rokeby's heiress Redmond's hand.  
 And shall their triumph soar o'er all  
 The scemes deep-laid to work their fall ?  
 No !—deeds, which prudence might not dare,  
 Appal not vengeance and despair.  
 The murd'ress weeps upon his bier—  
 I'll change to real that feigned tear !  
 They all shall share destruction's shock ;—  
 Ho ! lead the captives to the block !"  
 But ill his Provost could divine  
 His feelings, and forbore the sign.  
 "Slave ! to the block !—or I, or they,  
 Shall face the judgment-seat this day !"

## XXXII.

The outmost crowd have heard a sound,  
 Like horse's hoof on harden'd ground ;  
 Nearer it came, and yet more near,—  
 The very death's-mea paused to hear.  
 'Tis in the churchyard now—the tread  
 Hath waked the dwelling of the dead !  
 Fresh sod, and old sepulchral stone,  
 Return the tramp in varied tone.  
 All eyes upon the gateway hung.  
 When through the Gothic arch there sprung  
 A horseman arm'd, at headlong speed—  
 Sable his cloak, his plume, his steed.<sup>1</sup>  
 Fire from the flinty floor was spurn'd,  
 The vaults unwonted clang return'd !—  
 One instant's glance around he threw,  
 From saddlebow his pistol drew.  
 Grimly determined was his look !  
 His charger with the spurs he strook—  
 All scatter'd backward as he came,  
 For all knew Bertram Risingham !  
 Three bounds that noble courser gave ;  
 The first has reach'd the central nave,  
 The second clear'd the chancel wide,  
 The third—he was at Wycliffe's side.  
 Full levell'd at the Baron's head,  
 Rung the report—the bullet sped—  
 And to his long account, and last,  
 Without a groan dark Oswald past !  
 All was so quick, that it might seem  
 A flash of lightning, or a dream.

## XXXIII.

While yet the smoke the deed conceals,  
 Bertram his ready charger wheels ;

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 3 K.



But flounder'd on the pavement-floor  
 The steed, and down the rider bore,  
 And, bursting in the headlong sway,  
 The faithless saddle-girths gave way.  
 'Twas while he toil'd him to be freed,  
 And with the rein to raise the steed,  
 That from amazement's iron trance  
 All Wycliffe's soldiers waked at once.  
 Sword, halberd, musket-butt, their blows  
 Hail'd upon Bertram as he rose ;  
 A score of pikes, with each a wound,  
 Bore down and pinn'd him to the ground ;  
 But still his struggling force he rears,  
 'Gainst backing brands and stabbing spears ;  
 Thrice from assailants shook him free,  
 Once gain'd his feet, and twice his knee.  
 By tenfold odds oppress'd at length,  
 Despite his struggles and his strength,  
 He took a hundred mortal wounds,  
 As mute as fox 'mongst mangling hounds ;  
 And when he died, his parting groan  
 Had more of laughter than of moan !  
 —They gazed, as when a lion dies,  
 And hunters scarcely trust their eyes,  
 But bend their weapons on the slain,  
 Lest the grim king should rouse again !  
 Then blow and insult some renew'd,  
 And from the trunk, the head had hew'd,  
 But Basil's voice the deed forbade ;  
 A mantle o'er the corse he laid :—  
 " Fell as he was in act and mind,  
 He left no bolder heart behind :  
 Then give him, for a soldier meet,  
 A soldier's cloak for winding sheet."

## XXXIV.

No more of death and dying pang,  
 No more of trump and bugle clang,  
 Though through the sounding woods there  
 come  
 Banner and bugle, trump and drum.  
 Arm'd with such powers as well had freed  
 Young Redmond at his utmost need,

And back'd with such a band of horse,  
 As might less ample powers enforce ;  
 Possess'd of every proof and sign  
 That gave an heir to Mortham's line,  
 And yielded to a father's arms  
 An image of his Edith's charms,—  
 Mortham is come, to hear and see  
 Of this strange morn the history.  
 What saw he ?—not the church's floor,  
 Cumber'd with dead and stain'd with gore ;  
 What heard he ?—not the clamorous crowd,  
 That shout their gratulations loud :  
 Redmond he saw and heard alone,  
 Clasp'd him, and sobb'd, " My son ! my son !"—

## XXXV.

This chanced upon a summer morn,  
 When yellow waved the heavy corn :  
 But when brown August o'er the land  
 Call'd forth the reaper's busy band,  
 A gladsome sight the silvan road  
 From Egliston to Mortham show'd.  
 A while the harly rustic leaves  
 The task to bind and pile the sheaves,  
 And maids their sickles fling aside,  
 To gaze on bridegroom and on bride,  
 And childhood's wondering group draws near,  
 And from the gleauer's hands the ear  
 Drops, while she folds them for a prayer  
 And blessing on the lovely pair.  
 'Twas then the Maid of Rokeby gave  
 Her plighted troth to Redmond brave ;  
 And Teesdale can remember yet  
 How Fate to Virtue paid her debt,  
 And, for their troubles, had them prove  
 A lengthen'd life of peace and love.

Time and Tide had thus their sway,  
 Yielding, like an April day,  
 Smiling noon for sullen morrow,  
 Years of joy for hours of sorrow !

## APPENDIX.

## NOTE A.

*On Barnard's towers, and Tees's stream, &c.*  
 P. 254.

"Barnard Castle," saith old Leland, "standeth stately upon Tees." It is founded upon a very high bank, and its ruins impend over the river, including within the area a circuit of six acres and upwards. This once magnificent fortress derives its name from its founder, Barnard Baliol, the ancestor of the short and unfortunate dynasty of that name, which succeeded to the Scottish throne under the patronage of Edward I. and Edward III. Baliol's Tower, afterwards mentioned in the poem, is a round tower of great size, situated at the western extremity of the building. It

bears marks of great antiquity, and was remarkable for the curious construction of its vaulted roof, which has been lately greatly injured by the operations of some persons, to whom the tower has been leased for the purpose of making patent shot! The prospect from the top of Baliol's Tower commands a rich and magnificent view of the wooded valley of the Tees.

Barnard Castle often changed masters during the middle ages. Upon the forfeiture of the unfortunate John Baliol, the first king of Scotland of that family, Edward I. seized this fortress among the other English estates of his refractory vassal. It was afterwards vested in the Beauchamps of Warwick, and in the Staffords of Buckingham, and was also sometimes in the possession of the Bishops of Dur-

ham, and sometimes in that of the crown. Richard III is said to have enlarged and strengthened its fortifications, and to have made it for some time his principal residence, for the purpose of bridling and suppressing the Lancastrian faction in the northern counties. From the Stafforfs, Barnard Castle passed, probably by marriage, into the possession of the powerful Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland, and belonged to the last representative of that family, when he engaged with the Earl of Northumberland in the ill-concerted insurrection of the twelfth of Queen Elizabeth. Upon this occasion, however, Sir George Bowes of Sheatlam, who held great possessions in the neighbourhood, anticipated the two insurgent earls, by seizing upon and garrisoning Barnard Castle, which he held out for ten days against all their forces, and then surrendered it upon honourable terms. See Sadler's State Papers, vol. ii. p. 330. In a ballad, contained in Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. 1., the siege is thus commemorated:—

"Then Sir George Bowes he straight way rose,  
After them some spoyls to make;  
These noble erles turned back againe,  
And aye they vowed that knight to take.

"That barn he to his castle fled;  
To Barnard Castle then fled he;  
The uttermost walles were etafe to waa,  
The erles have won them presentlie.

"The uttermost walles were lime and brick;  
But though they won them soon anone,  
Long ere they was the innermost walles,  
For they were cut in rock and stone."

By the suppression of this rebellion, and the consequent forfeiture of the Earl of Westmoreland, Barnard Castle reverted to the crown, and was sold or leased out to Car, Earl of Somerset, the guilty and unhappy favourite of James I. It was afterwards granted to Sir Henry Vane the elder, and was therefore, in all probability, occupied for the Parliament, whose interest during the Civil War was so keenly espoused by the Vanes. It is now, with the other estates of that family, the property of the Right Honourable Earl of Darlington.

### NOTE B.

— no human ear,  
Unsharpen'd by revenge and fear,  
Could e'er distinguish horse's clank.—P. 255.

I have had occasion to remark, in real life, the effect of keen and fervent anxiety in giving acuteness to the organs of sense. My gifted friend, Miss Joanna Baillie, whose dramatic works display such intimate acquaintance with the operations of human passion, has not omitted this remarkable circumstance:—

"De Montfort. (*Off his guard.*) 'Tis Rozenvelt: I heard his well-known foot,  
From the first staircase mounting step by step  
Fred. How quick an ear thou hast for distant sound!  
I heard him not.  
(*De Montfort looks embarrassed, and is silent.*)"

### NOTE C.

*The morion's plumes his visage hide,  
And the buff-coat, in ample fold,  
Mantles his form's gigantic mould.*—P. 255.

The use of complete suits of armour was fallen into disuse during the Civil War, though they were still worn by leaders of rank and importance. "In the reign of King James I.," says our military antiquary, "no great alterations were made in the article of defensive armour, except that the buff-coat, or jerkin, which was originally worn under the cuirass, now became frequently a substitute for it, it having been found that a good buff leather would of itself resist the stroke of a sword; this, however, only occasionally took place among the light-armed cavalry and infantry, complete suits of armour being still used among the heavy horse. Buff-coats continued to be worn by the city trained-bands till within the memory of persons now living, so that defensive armour may, in some measure, be said to have terminated in the same materials with which it began, that is, the skins of animals, or leather."—*Grose's Military Antiquities*. Lond. 1801, 4to. vol. ii. p. 323.

Of the buff-coats, which were worn over the corslets, several are yet preserved; and Captain Grose has given an engraving of one which was used in the time of Charles I. by Sir Francis Rhodes, Bart. of Balbrough-Hall, Derbyshire. They were usually lined with silk or linen, secured before by buttons, or by a lace, and often richly decorated with gold or silver embroidery. From the following curious account of a dispute respecting a buff-coat between an old roundhead captain and a justice of peace, by whom his arms were seized after the Restoration, we learn, that the value and importance of this defensive garment were considerable:—"A party of horse came to my house, commanded by Mr. Peebles; and he told me he was come for my arms, and that I must deliver them. I asked him for his order. He told me he had a better order than Oliver used to give; and, clapping his hand upon his sword-hilt, he said, that was his order. I told him, if he had none but that, it was not sufficient to take my arms; and then he pulled out his warrant, and I read it. It was signed by Wentworth Armitage, a general warrant to search all persons they suspected, and so left the power to the soldiers at their pleasure. They came to us at Coalley-Hall, about sunset; and I caused a candle to be lighted, and conveyed Peebles into the room where my arms were. My arms were near the kitchen fire; and there they took away fowling-pieces, pistols, muskets, carbines, and such like, better than 20l. Then Mr. Peebles asked me for my buff-coat; and I told him they had no order to take away my apparel. He told me I was not to dispute their orders; but if I would not deliver it, he would carry me away prisoner, and had me out of doors. Yet he let me alone until the next morning, that I must wait upon Sir John, at Halifax; and, coming before him, he threatened me, and said, if I did not send the coat, for it was too good for me to keep. I told him it was not in his power to demand my apparel; and he, growing into a fit, called me rebel

and traitor, and said, if I did not send the coat with all speed, he would send me where I did not like well. I told him I was no rebel, and he did not well to call me so before these soldiers and gentlemen, to make me the mark for every one to shoot at. I departed the room; yet, notwithstanding all the threatenings, did not send the coat. But the next day he sent John Lyster, the son of Mr. Thomas Lyster, of Stupden Hall, for this coat, with a letter, verbatim thus:—"Mr. Hodson, I admire you will play the child so with me as you have done, in writing such an inconsiderate letter. Let me have the buff-coat sent forthwith, otherwise you shall so hear from me as will not very well please you." I was not at home when this messenger came; but I had ordered my wife not to deliver it, but, if they would take it, let them look to it; and he took it away; and one of Sir John's brethren wore it many years after. They sent Captain Butt to compound with my wife about it; but I sent word I would have my own again: but he advised me to take a price for it, and make no more ado. I said, it was hard to take my arms and apparel too; I had laid out a great deal of money for them; I hoped they did not mean to destroy me, by taking my goods illegally from me. He said he would make up the matter, if I pleased, betwixt us; and, it seems, had brought Sir John to a price for my coat. I would not have taken 10*l.* for it; he would have given about 4*l.*; but, wanting my receipt for the money, he kept both sides, and I had never satisfaction."—*Memoirs of Captain Hodgson.* Edm. 1806, p. 178.

## NOTE D.

*On his dark face a scorching clime,  
And toil, had done the work of time.*

*Death had he seen by sudden blow,  
By wasting plague, by tortures slow.*—P. 255.

In this character, I have attempted to sketch one of those West Indian adventurers, who, during the course of the seventeenth century, were popularly known by the name of Bucaniers. The successes of the English in the predatory incursions upon Spanish America, during the reign of Elizabeth, had never been forgotten; and, from that period downward, the exploits of Drake and Raleigh were imitated, upon a smaller scale indeed, but with equally desperate valour, by small bands of pirates, gathered from all nations, but chiefly French and English. The engrossing policy of the Spaniards tended greatly to increase the number of these freebooters, from whom their commerce and colonies suffered, in the issue, dreadful calamity. The Windward Islands, which the Spaniards did not deem worthy their own occupation, had been gradually settled by adventurers of the French and English nations. But Frederic of Toledo, who was despatched in 1630, with a powerful fleet against the Dutch, had orders from the Court of Madrid to destroy these colonies, whose vicinity at once offended the pride and excited the jealous suspicions of their Spanish neighbours. This order the Spanish Admiral executed with sufficient rigour; but the only

consequence was, that the planters, being rendered desperate by persecution, began, under the well-known name of Bucaniers, to commence a retaliation so horribly savage, that the perusal makes the reader shudder. When they carried on their depredations at sea, they boarded, without respect to disparity of number, every Spanish vessel that came in their way; and, demeaning themselves, both in the battle and after the conquest, more like demons than human beings, they succeeded in impressing their enemies with a sort of superstitious terror, which rendered them incapable of offering effectual resistance. From piracy at sea, they advanced to making predatory descents on the Spanish territories; in which they displayed the same furious and irresistible valour, the same thirst of spoil, and the same brutal inhumanity to their captives. The large treasures which they acquired in their adventures, they dissipated by the most unbounded licentiousness in gaming, women, wine, and debauchery of every species. When their spoils were thus wasted, they entered into some new association, and undertook new adventures. For farther particulars concerning these extraordinary banditti, the reader may consult Raynal, or the common and popular book called the History of the Bucaniers.

## NOTE E.

— *On Marston heath  
Met, front to front, the ranks of death.*—P. 256.

The well-known and desperate battle of Long-Marston Moor, which terminated so unfortunately for the cause of Charles, commenced under very different auspices. Prince Rupert had marched with an army of 20,000 men for the relief of York, then besieged by Sir Thomas Fairfax, at the head of the Parliamentary army, and the Earl of Leven, with the Scottish auxiliary forces. In this he so completely succeeded, that he compelled the besiegers to retreat to Marston Moor, a large open plain, about eight miles distant from the city. Thither they were followed by the Prince, who had now united to his army the garrison of York, probably not less than ten thousand men strong, under the gallant Marquis (then Earl) of Newcastle. Whitelocke has recorded, with much impartiality, the following particulars of this eventful day:—"The right wing of the Parliament was commanded by Sir Thomas Fairfax, and consisted of all his horse, and three regiments of the Scots horse; the left wing was commanded by the Earl of Manchester and Colonel Cromwell. One body of their foot was commanded by Lord Fairfax, and consisted of his foot, and two brigades of the Scots foot for reserve; and the main body of the rest of the foot was commanded by General Leven.

"The right wing of the Prince's army was commanded by the Earl of Newcastle; the left wing by the Prince himself; and the main body by General Goring, Sir Charles Lucas, and Major-General Porter. Thus were both sides drawn up into battalia.

"July 31, 1644. In this posture both armies faced each other, and about seven o'clock in



the morning the fight began between them. The Prince, with his left wing, fell on the Parliament's right wing, routed them, and pursued them a great way; the like did General Goring, Lucas, and Porter, upon the Parliament's main body. The three generals, giving all for lost, hasted out of the field, and many of their soldiers fled, and threw down their arms; the King's forces too eagerly following them, the victory, now almost achieved by them, was again snatched out of their hands. For Colonel Cromwell, with the brave regiment of his countrymen, and Sir Thomas Fairfax, having rallied some of his horse, fell upon the Prince's right wing, where the Earl of Newcastle was, and routed them; and the rest of their companions rallying, they fell altogether upon the divided bodies of Rupert and Goring, and totally dispersed them, and obtained a complete victory, after three hours' fight.

"From this battle and the pursuit, some reckon were buried 7000 Englishmen; all agree that above 3000 of the Prince's men were slain in the battle, besides those in the chase, and 3000 prisoners taken, many of their chief officers, twenty-five pieces of ordnance, forty-seven colours, 10,000 arms, two waggons of carabins and pistols, 130 barrels of powder, and all their bag and baggage."—*Whitelocke's Memoirs*, fol. p. 89. Lond. 1682.

Lord Clarendon informs us, that the King, previous to receiving the true account of the battle, had been informed, by an express from Oxford, "that Prince Rupert had not only relieved York, but totally defeated the Scots, with many particulars to confirm it, all which was so much believed there, that they had made public fires of joy for the victory."

### NOTE F.

*Monckton and Mitton told the news,  
How troops of Roundheads choked the Ouse,  
And many a bonny Scot, o'ghast,  
Spurring his palfrey nothward, post,  
Cursing the day when zeal or need  
First tured their Lesley o'er the Tweed.*—P. 257.

Monckton and Mitton are villages near the river Ouse, and not very distant from the field of battle. The particulars of the action were violently disputed at the time; but the following extract, from the Manuscript History of the Baronial House of Somerville, is decisive as to the flight of the Scottish general, the Earl of Leven. The particulars are given by the author of the history on the authority of his father, then the representative of the family. This curious manuscript has been published by consent of my noble friend, the present Lord Somerville.

"The order of the great battell, wherein both armies was neer of an equal number, consisting, to the best calculation, neer to three score thousand men upon both sides, I shall not take upon me to discrye; albeit, from the draughts then taken upon the place, and information I received from this gentleman, who being then a volunteer, as having no command, had opportunitie and libertie to ryde from the one wing of the armie to the other,

to view all ther several squadrons of horse and battallions of foot, how formed, and in what manner drawn up, with every other circumstance relating to the fight, and that both as to the King's armies and that of the Parliament's, amongst whom, until the engagement, he went from statione to statione to observe their order and forme; but that the descriptione of this battell, with the various success on both sides at the beginning, with the loss of the royal armie, and the sad effects that followed that misfortune as to his Majestie's interest, hes been so often done already by English authors, little to our commendation, how justly I shall not dispute, seeing the truth is, as our principal general fled that night neer fourtie mylles from the place of the fight, that part of the armie where he commanded being totalle routed; but it is as true, that much of the victorie is attributed to the good conduct of David Leselie, lievetennent-general of our horse. Cromwell himself, that minion of fortune, but the rod of God's wrath, to punish eſtward three rebellious nations, disdaind not to take orders from him, albeit then in the same qualitie of command for the Parliament, as being lievetennent-general to the Earl of Manchester's horse, whom, with the assistance of the Scots horse, having routed the Prince's right wing, as he had done that of the Parliament's. These two commanders of the horse upon that wing wisely restrained the great bodies of their horse from pursuing these brocken troupes, but, wheeling to the left-hand, falls in upon the naked flanks of the Prince's main battallion of foot, carrying them doune with great violence; neither mett they with any great resistance until they came to the Marques of Newcastle his battallione of White Coats, who, first peppering them soundly with ther shott, when they came to charge, stoutly bore them up with their picks that they could not enter to break them. Here the Parliament's horse of that wing received ther greatest losse, and a stop for sometyne putt to ther hoped-for victorie; and that only by the stout resistance of this gallant battallione, which consisted neer of four thousand foot, until at length a Scots regiment of dragoons, commanded by Collonell Frizeall, with other two, was brought to open them upon some hand, which at length they did, when all the ammunition was spent. Having refused quarters, every man fell in the same order and ranke wherein he had foughten.

"Be this execution was done, the Prince returned from the pursuit of the right wing of the Parliament's horse, which he had beaten and followed too farre, to the losse of the battell, which certanely, in all men's opinions, he might have caryed if he had not been too violent upon the pursuit; which gave his enemies upon the left-hand opportunitie to disperse and cut doune his infantrie, who, having cleared the field of all the standing bodies of foot, wer now, with many

of their owne, standing ready to receive the charge of his almost spent horses, if he should attempt it; which the Prince observeing, and seeing all lost, he retreated to Yorke with two thousand horse. Notwithstanding of this, ther was that night such a consternatione in the Parliament armies, that it's believed by most of those that wer there

present, that if the Prince, having so great a body of horse inteire, had made ane onfall that night, or the ensuing morning be-tyme, he had carryed the victorie out of their hands; for it's certane, by the morning's light, he had rallied a body of ten thousand men, wherof ther was neer three thousand gallant horse. These, with the assistance of the toune and garrison of York, might have done much to have recovered the victorie, for the losse of this battell in effect lost the king and his interest in the three kingdomes; his Majestie never being able efitr this to make head in the north, but lost his garrisons every day.

"As for Generall Lesselie, in the beginning of this flight havinge that part of the army quite brocken, where he had placed himself, by the valour of the Prince, he imagined, and was conferrmed by the opinione of others then upon the place with him, that the battell was irrecoverably lost, seeing they wer fleeing upon all hands; therefore they humble intreated his excellencie to reter and wait his better fortune, which, without farther advysemg, he did; and never drew bridle untill he came the leuth of Leads, having ridden all that night with a cloak of *drop de berrie* about him, belonging to this gentleman of whom I write, then in his retinue, with many other officers of good qualitie. It was neer twelve the next day before they had the certainty who was maister of the field, when at length ther arryves ane expresse, sent by David Lesselie, to acquaint the General they had obtained a most glorious victorie, and that the Prince, with his brocken troupes, was fled from Yorke. This intelligence was somewhat amazinge to these gentlemen that had been eye witnesses to the disorder of the armie before ther retearing, and had then accompanied the General in his flight; who, being much wearyed that evening of the battell with ordering of his armie, and now quite spent with his long journey in the night, had casten himselfe doune upon a bed to rest, when this gentleman comeing quyetyly into his chamber, he awoke, and hastily cries out, 'Lievetenant-collonell, what news?'—'All is safe. May it please your Excellence; the Parliament's armie hes obtained a great victorie;' and then delyers the letter. The General, upon the hearing of this, knocked upon his breast, and sayes, 'I would to God I had died upon the place!' and then opens the letter, which, in a few lines, gave ane account of the victorie, and in the close pressed his speedy returne to the armie, which he did the next day, being accompanied some mylles back by this gentleman, who then takes his leave of him, and received at parting many expressions of kyodnesse, with promises that he would never be unmyndful of his care and respect towards him; and in the end he intreats him to present his service to all his friends and acquaintances in Scotland. Ther-efor the General sets forward in his journey for the armie, as this gentleman did for

in order to his transportatione for Scotland, where he arryved sex dayes efitr the fight of Mestoune Muir, and gave the first true account and descriptione of that great battell, wherein the Covenanters then gloried soe much, that they impiously boasted the Lord had now signally appeared for his cause and people; it being ordinary for them, duringe

the whole time of this warre, to attribute the greatnes of their success to the goodnes and justice of ther cause, untill Divine Justice trysted them with some cross dispensatione, and then you might have heard this language from them, 'That it pleases the Lord to give his oune the heaviest end of the tree to bear, that the saints and the people of God must still be sufferers while they are here away, that the malignant party was God's rod to punish them for their unthankfulness, which in the end he will cast into the fire;' with a thousand other expressions and scripture citations, prophane and blasphemously uttered by them, to palliate ther villainie and rebellion."—*Memoires of the Somervilles*. Edin. 1815.

## NOTE G.

*With his barb'd horse, fresh tidings say,  
Stout Cromwell has redeem'd the day.*—P. 258.

Cromwell, with his regiment of cuirassiers, had a principal share in turning the fate of the day at Marston Moor; which was equally matter of triumph to the Independents, and of grief and heart-burning to the Presbyterians and to the Scottish. Principal Baillie expresses his dissatisfaction as follows:—

"The Independents sent up one quickly to assure that all the glory of that night was theirs; and they and their Major-General Cromwell had done it all there alone: but Captain Stuart afterward showed the vanity and falsehood of their disgraceful relation. God gave us that victory wonderfully. There were three generals on each side, Lesley, Fairfax, and Manchester; Rupert, Newcastle, and King. Within half an hour and less, all six took them to their heels;—this to you alone. The disadvantage of the ground, and violence of the flower of Prince Rupert's horse, carried all our right wing down; only Eglinton kept ground, to his great loss; his lieutenant-crowner, a brave man, I fear shall die, and his son Robert be mutilated of an arm. Lindsay had the greatest hazard of any; but the beginning of the victory was from David Lesly, who before was much suspected of evil designs: he, with the Scots and Cromwell's horse, having the advantage of the ground, did dissipate all before them."—*Baillie's Letters and Journals*. Edin. 1785, 8vo, ii. 36.

## NOTE H.

*Do not my native dales prolong  
Of Percy Rede the tragic song,  
Train'd forward to his bloody fall,  
By Girsoufield, that treacherous Hall?*—P. 258.

"In a poem, entitled 'The Lay of the Reed-water Minstrel,' Newcastle, 1809, this tale, with many others peculiar to the valley of the Reed, is commemorated:—"The particulars of the traditional story of Percy Reed of Troughend, and the Halls of Girsoufield, the author had from a descendant of the family of Reed. From bis account, it appears that Percival Reed, Esquire, a keeper of Reedsdale, was betrayed by the Halls (hence denominated

the false-hearted Ha's) to a band of moss-troopers of the name of Crosier, who slew him at Bathinghope, near the source of the Reed.

"The Halls were, after the murder of Parcy Reed, held in such universal abhorrence and contempt by the inhabitants of Reedsdale, for their cowardly and treacherous behaviour, that they were obliged to leave the country." In another passage, we are informed that the ghost of the injured Borderer is supposed to haunt the banks of a brook called the Pringle. These Redes of Troughend were a very ancient family, as may be conjectured from their deriving their surname from the river on which they had their mansion. An epitaph on one of their tombs affirms, that the family held their lands of Troughend, which are situated on the Reed, nearly opposite to Otterburn, for the incredible space of nine hundred years.

### NOTE I.

*And near the spot that gave me name,  
The mounded mound of Risingham,  
Where Reed upon her margin sees  
Sweet Woodburne's cottages and trees,  
Some ancient Sculptor's art has shown  
An outlaw's image on the stone.—P. 258.*

Risingham, upon the river Reed, near the beautiful hamlet of Woodburn, is an ancient Roman station, formerly called *Habitancum*. Camden says, that in his time the popular account bore, that it had been the abode of a deity, or giant, called Magon; and appeals, in support of this tradition, as well as to the etymology of Risingham, or Reisenham, which signifies, in German, the habitation of the giants, to two Roman altars taken out of the river, inscribed, *Deo Mogonti Cadenorum*. About half a mile distant from Risingham, upon an eminence covered with scattered birch-trees and fragments of rock, there is cut upon a large rock, in *alto relievo*, a remarkable figure, called Robin of Risingham, or Robin of Reedsdale. It presents a hunter, with his bow raised in one hand, and in the other what seems to be a hare. There is a quiver at the back of the figure, and he is dressed in a long coat, or kirtle, coming down to the knees, and meeting close, with a girdle bound round him. Dr. Horsely, who saw all monuments of antiquity with Roman eyes, inclines to think this figure a Roman archer; and certainly the bow is rather of the ancient size than of that which is so formidable in the hand of the English archers of the middle ages. But the rudeness of the whole figure prevents our founding strongly upon mere inaccuracy of proportion. The popular tradition is, that it represents a giant, whose brother resided at Woodburn, and he himself at Risingham. It adds, that they subsisted by hunting, and that one of them, finding the game become too scarce to support them, poisoned his companion, in whose memory the monument was engraved. What strange and tragic circumstance may be concealed under this legend, or whether it is altogether apocryphal, it is now impossible to discover.

The name of Robin of Reedsdale was given to one of the Umfravilles, Lords of Prudhoe, and afterwards to one Hilliard, a friend and follower of the king-making Earl of Warwick. This person commanded an army of Northamptonshire and northern men, who seized on and beheaded the Earl Kivers, father to Edward the Fourth's queen, and his son, Sir John Woodville.—See Holinshed, *ad annum*, 1469.

### NOTE K.

*Do thou revere  
The statutes of the Bucanier.—P. 258.*

The "statutes of the Bucaniers" were, in reality, more equitable than could have been expected from the state of society under which they had been formed. They chiefly related, as may readily be conjectured, to the distribution and the inheritance of their plunder.

When the expedition was completed, the fund of prize-money acquired was thrown together, each party taking his oath that he had retained or concealed no part of the common stock. If any one transgressed in this important particular, the punishment was, his being set ashore on some desert key or island, to shift for himself as he could. The owners of the vessel had then their share assigned for the expenses of the outfit. These were generally old pirates, settled at Tobago, Jamaica, St. Domingo, or some other French or English settlement. The surgeon's and carpenter's salaries, with the price of provisions and ammunition, were also defrayed. Then followed the compensation due to the maimed and wounded, rated according to the damage they had sustained; as six hundred pieces of eight, or six slaves, for the loss of an arm or leg, and so in proportion.

"After this act of justice and humanity, the remainder of the booty was divided into as many shares as there were Bucaniers. The commander could only lay claim to a single share, as the rest; but they complimented him with two or three, in proportion as he had acquitted himself to their satisfaction. When the vessel was not the property of the whole company, the person who had fitted it out, and furnished it with necessary arms and ammunition, was entitled to a third of all the prizes. Favour had never any influence in the division of the booty, for every share was determined by lot. Instances of such rigid justice as this are not easily met with, and they extended even to the dead. Their share was given to the man who was known to be their companion when alive, and therefore their heir. If the person who had been killed had no intimate, his part was sent to his relations, when they were known. If there were no friends nor relations, it was distributed in charity to the poor and to churches, which were to pray for the person in whose name these benefactions were given, the fruits of inhuman, but necessary piratical plunders."—Raynal's *History of European Settlements in the East and West Indies, by Justamond*. Lond. 1776, 8vo, iii. p. 41.



## NOTE L.

*The course of Tees.*—P. 260.

The view from Barnard Castle commands the rich and magnificent valley of Tees. Immediately adjacent to the river, the banks are very thickly wooded; at a little distance they are more open and cultivated: but, being interspersed with hedge-rows, and with isolated trees of great size and age, they still retain the richness of woodland scenery. The river itself flows in a deep trench of solid rock, chiefly limestone and marble. The finest view of its romantic course is from a handsome modern built bridge over the Tees, by the late Mr. Morrill of Rokeby. In Leland's time, the marble quarries seem to have been of some value. "Hard under the cliff by Egliston, is found on eche side of Tese very fair marble, wont to be taken up both by marblers of Barnardes Castelle and of Egliston, and partly to have been wrought by them, and partly sold onwrought to others."—*Itinerary*. Oxford, 1768, 8vo, p. 88.

## NOTE M.

*Egliston's grey ruins.*—P. 261.

The ruins of this abbey, or priory, (for Tanner calls it the former, and Leland the latter,) are beautifully situated upon the angle, formed by a little dell called Thorsgill, at its junction with the Tees. A good part of the religious house is still in some degree habitable, but the church is in ruins. Egliston was dedicated to St. Mary and St. John the Baptist, and is supposed to have been founded by Ralph de Multon about the end of Henry the Second's reign. There were formerly the tombs of the families of Rokeby, Bowes, and Fitz-Hugh.

## NOTE N.

— the mound,  
*Raised by that Legion long renown'd,  
Whose votive shrine asserts their claim,  
Of pious, faithful, conquering fame.*—P. 261.

Close behind the George Inn at Greta Bridge, there is a well-preserved Roman encampment, surrounded with a triple ditch, lying between the river Greta and a brook called the Tutta. The four entrances are easily to be discerned. Very many Roman altars and monuments have been found in the vicinity, most of which are preserved at Rokeby by my friend Mr. Morrill. Among others is a small votive altar, with the inscription, LEG. VI. VIC. P. F. F., which has been rendered, *Legio. Sexta. Victriz. Pia. Fortis. Fidelis.*

## NOTE O.

*Rokeby's turrets high.*—P. 261.

This ancient manor long gave name to a family by whom it is said to have been pos-

essed from the Conquest downward, and who are at different times distinguished in history. It was the Baron of Rokeby who finally defeated the insurrection of the Earl of Northumberland, *tempore Hen. IV.*, of which Holinshed gives the following account:—"The King, advertised hereof, caused a great armie to be assembled, and came forward with the same towards his enemies; but yer the King came to Nottingham, Sir Thomas, or (as other haue) Sir Rafe Rokesbie, Shiriffe of Yorkshire, assembled the forces of the countrie to resist the Earle and his power; coming to Grimbautbriz, beside Knaresborough, there to stop them the passage; but they returning aside, got to Weatherbie, and so to Tadcaster, and finally came forward unto Bramham-noor, near to Haizlewood, where they chose their ground meet to fight upon. The Shiriffe was as readie to giue battell as the Erle to receive it; and so with a standard of S. George spread, set fiercely vpon the Earle, who, vnder a standard of his owne armes, encountered his aduersaries with great manhood. There was a sore incounter and cruell conflict betwix the parties, but in the end the victorie fell to the Shiriffe. The Lord Bardolfe was taken, but sore wounded, so that he shortly after died of the hurts. As for the Earle of Northumberland, he was slain outright: so that now the prophecy was fulfilled, which gaue an inkling of this his heauy hap long before, namele,

'*Stirps Peritina periet confusa ruina.*'

For this Earle was the stocke and maine root of all that were left aliue, called by the name of Persie; and of manie more by diuers slaughters dispatched. For whose misfortune the people were not a little sorrie, making report of the gentleman's valiantnesse, renowne, and honour, and appliing vnto him certeine lamentable verses out of Lucaine, sauing,

'*Sed nos nec asanguis, nec tantam vulnera nostri  
Affecere seais: quantum gestata per urbem  
Ora ducis, quae transiitio deformia pilo  
Vidimas.*'

For his head, full of siluer horie haire, being put upon a stake, was openlie carried through London, and set vpon the bridge of the same citie: in like manner was the Lord Bardolfes."—Holinshed's *Chronicles*. Lond. 1608. 4to, iii. 45. The Rokeby, or Rokesby family, continued to be distinguished until the great Civil War, when, having embraced the cause of Charles I., they suffered severely by fines and confiscations. The estate then passed from its ancient possessors to the family of the Robinsons, from whom it was purchased by the father of my valued friend, the present proprietor.

## NOTE P.

*A stern and lone, yet lovely road,  
As e'er the foot of Minstrel trode.*—P. 261.

What follows is an attempt to describe the romantic glen, or rather ravine, through which the Greta finds a passage between Rokeby and Mortham; the former situated upon the left bank of Greta, the latter on the right bank, about half a mile nearer to its junction with

the Tees. The river runs with very great rapidity over a bed of solid rock, broken by many shelving descents, down which the stream dashes with great noise and impetuosity, vindicating its etymology, which has been derived from the Gothic, *Gridan*, to clamour. The banks partake of the same wild and romantic character, being chiefly lofty cliffs of limestone rock, whose grey colour contrasts admirably with the various trees and shrubs which find root among their crevices, as well as with the hue of the ivy, which clings around them in profusion, and hangs down from their projections in long sweeping tendrils. At other points the rocks give place to precipitous banks of earth, bearing large trees intermixed with copsewood. In one spot the dell, which is elsewhere very narrow, widens for a space to leave room for a dark grove of yew trees, intermixed here and there with aged pines of uncommon size. Directly opposite to this sombre thicket, the cliffs on the other side of the Greta are tall, white, and fringed with all kinds of deciduous shrubs. The whole scenery of this spot is so much adapted to the ideas of superstition, that it has acquired the name of Blockula, from the place where the Swedish witches were supposed to hold their Sabbath. The dell, however, has superstitions of its own growth, for it is supposed to be haunted by a female spectre, called the Dobie of Mortham. The cause assigned for her appearance is a lady's having been whilom murdered in the wood, in evidence of which, her blood is shown upon the stairs of the old tower at Mortham. But whether she was slain by a jealous husband, or by savage banditti, or by an uncle who coveted her estate, or by a rejected lover, are points upon which the traditions of Rokeby do not enable us to decide.

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### NOTE Q.

*How whistle rash bids tempests roar.*—P. 262.

That this is a general superstition, is well known to all who have been on ship-board, or who have conversed with seamen. The most formidable whistler that I remember to have met with was the apparition of a certain Mrs. Leakey, who, about 1636, resided, we are told, at Mynehead, in Somerset, where her only son drove a considerable trade between that port and Waterford, and was owner of several vessels. This old gentlewoman was of a social disposition, and so acceptable to her friends, that they used to say to her and to each other, it were pity such an excellent good-natured old lady should die; to which she was wont to reply, that whatever pleasure they might find in her company just now, they would not greatly like to see or converse with her after death, which nevertheless she was apt to think might happen. Accordingly, after her death and funeral, she began to appear to various persons by night and by noonday, in her own house, in the town and fields, at sea and upon shore. So far had she departed from her former urbanity, that she is recorded to have kicked a doctor of medicine for his impolite negligence in omitting to hand her over a stile.

It was also her humour to appear upon the quay, and call for a boat. But especially so soon as any of her son's ships approached the harbour, "this ghost would appear in the same garb and likeness as when she was alive, and, standing at the mainmast, would blow with a whistle, and though it were never so great a calm, yet immediately there would arise a most dreadful storm, that would break, wreck, and drown ship and goods." When she had thus proceeded until her son had neither credit to freight a vessel, nor could have procured men to sail in it, she began to attack the persons of his family, and actually strangled their only child in the cradle. The rest of her story, showing how the spectre looked over the shoulder of her daughter-in-law while dressing her hair at a looking-glass, and how Mrs. Leakey the younger took courage to address her, and how the beldam despatched her to an Irish prelate, famous for his crimes and misfortunes, to exhort him to repentance, and to apprise him that otherwise he would be hanged, and how the bishop was satisfied with replying, that if he was born to be hanged, he should not be drowned;—all these with many more particulars, may be found at the end of one of John Dunton's publications, called *Athenianism*, London, 1710, where the tale is engrossed under the title of *The Apparition Evidence*.

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### NOTE R.

*Of Erick's cap and Elmo's light.*—P. 262.

"This Ericus, King of Sweden, in his time was held second to none in the magical art; and he was so familiar with the evil spirits, which he exceedingly adored, that which way soever he turned his cap, the wind would presently blow that way. From this occasion he was called Windy Cap; and many men believed that Regnerus, King of Denmark, by the conduct of this Ericus, who was his nephew, did happily extend his piracy into the most remote parts of the earth, and conquered many countries and fenced cities by his cunning, and at last was his coadjutor; that by the consent of the nobles, he should be chosen King of Sweden, which continued a long time with him very happily, until he died of old age."—*Olaus, ut supra*, p. 45.

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### NOTE S.

*The Demon Frigate.*—P. 262.

This is an allusion to a well-known nautical superstition concerning a fantastic vessel, called by sailors the Flying Dutchman, and supposed to be seen about the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope. She is distinguished from earthly vessels by bearing a press of sail when all others are unable, from stress of weather, to show an inch of canvass. The cause of her wandering is not altogether certain; but the general account is, that she was originally a vessel loaded with great wealth, on board of which some horrid act of murder and piracy had been committed; that the plague broke out among the wicked crew who

had perpetrated the crime, and that they sailed in vain from port to port, offering, as the price of shelter, the whole of their ill-gotten wealth; that they were excluded from every harbour, for fear of the contagion which was devouring them; and that, as a punishment of their crimes, the apparition of the ship still continues to haunt those seas in which the catastrophe took place, and is considered by the mariners as the worst of all possible omens.

My late lamented friend, Dr. John Leyden, has introduced this phenomenon into his Scenes of Infancy, imputing, with poetical ingenuity, the dreadful judgment to the first ship which commenced the slave trade:—

“Stout was the ship, from Benin’s balmy shore  
That first the weight of barter’d captives bore;  
Bedim’d with blood, the sun with shrieking beams  
Beheld her bounding o’er the ocean streams;  
But, ere the moon her silver horns had rear’d,  
Amid the crew the speckled plague appear’d,  
Faint and despairing, on their watery hier,  
To every friendly shore the sailors steer;  
Repell’d from port to port, they sue in vain,  
And track with slow unsteady sail the main,  
Where ne’er the bright and buoyant wave is seen  
To streak with wandering foam the sea weeds green,  
Towers the tall mast, a lone and leafless tree,  
Till self-impell’d amid the waveless sea;  
Where summer breezes ne’er were heard to sing,  
Nor hovering snow-birds spread the downy wing,  
Fix’d as a rock amid the boundless plain,  
The yellow stream pollutes the stagnate main,  
Till far through night the funeral flames aspire,  
As the red lightning smites the ghastly pyre.

“Still doom’d by fate on weltering billows roll’d  
Along the deep their restless course to hold,  
Scenting the storm, the shadowy sailors guide  
The prow with sails opposed to wind and tide;  
The Spectre Ship, in livid glimpsing light,  
Glares baleful on the shuddering watch at night,  
Unblest of God and man!—Till time shall end,  
Its view strange horror to the storm shall lend.”

## NOTE T.

By some desert isle or key.—P. 262.

What contributed much to the security of the Bucaniers about the Windward Islands, was the great number of little islets, called in that country *keys*. These are small sandy patches, appearing just above the surface of the ocean, covered only with a few bushes and weeds, but sometimes affording springs of water, and, in general, much frequented by turtle. Such little uninhabited spots afforded the pirates good harbours, either for refitting or for the purpose of ambush: they were occasionally the hiding-place of their treasure, and often afforded a shelter to themselves. As many of the atrocities which they practised on their prisoners were committed in such spots, there are some of these keys which even now have an indifferent reputation among seamen, and where they are with difficulty prevailed on to remain ashore at night, on account of the visionary terrors incident to places which have been thus contaminated.

## NOTE U.

Before the gate of Mortham stood.—P. 263.

The castle of Mortham, which Leland terms “Mr. Rokeshy’s place, in *ripa citer*, scant a

quarter of a mile from Greta Bridge, and not a quarter of a mile beneath into Tees,” is a picturesque tower, surrounded by buildings of different ages, now converted into a farmhouse and offices. The battlements of the tower itself are singularly elegant, the architect having broken them at regular intervals into different heights; while those at the corners of the tower project into octangular turrets. They are also from space to space covered with stones laid across them, as in modern embrasures, the whole forming an uncommon and beautiful effect. The surrounding buildings are of a less happy form, being pointed into high and steep roofs. A wall, with embrasures, encloses the southern front, where a low portal arch affords an entry to what was the castle-court. At some distance is most happily placed, between the stems of two magnificent elms, the monument alluded to in the text. It is said to have been brought from the ruins of Egliston Priory, and from the armoury with which it is richly carved, appears to have been a tomb of the Fitz-Hughs.

The situation of Mortham is eminently beautiful, occupying a high bank, at the bottom of which the Greta winds out of the dark, narrow, and romantic dell, which the text has attempted to describe, and flows onward through a more open valley to meet the Tees about a quarter of a mile from the castle. Mortham is surrounded by old trees, happily and widely grouped with Mr. Morritt’s new plantations.

## NOTE V.

*There dig, and tomb your precious heap;  
And bid the dead your treasure keep.*—P. 263.

If time did not permit the Bucaniers to lavish away their plunder in their usual debaucheries, they were wont to hide it, with many superstitious solemnities, in the desert islands and keys which they frequented, and where much treasure, whose lawless owners perished without reclaiming it, is still supposed to be concealed. The most cruel of mankind are often the most superstitious; and these pirates are said to have had recourse to a horrid ritual, in order to secure an unearthly guardian to their treasures. They killed a Negro or Spaniard, and buried him with the treasure, believing that his spirit would haunt the spot, and terrify away all intruders. I cannot produce any other authority on which this custom is ascribed to them than that of maritime tradition, which is, however, amply sufficient for the purposes of poetry.

## NOTE W.

*The power* \* \* \* \* \*

*That un subdued and lurking lies  
To take the felon by surprise,  
And force him, as by magic spell,  
In his despite his guilt to tell.*—P. 264.

All who are conversant with the administration of criminal justice, must remember many



occasions in which malefactors appear to have conducted themselves with a species of infatuation, either by making unnecessary confidences respecting their guilt, or by sudden and involuntary allusions to circumstances by which it could not fail to be exposed. A remarkable instance occurred in the celebrated case of Eugene Aram. A skeleton being found near Knaresborough, was supposed, by the persons who gathered around the spot, to be the remains of one Clarke, who had disappeared some years before, under circumstances leading to a suspicion of his having been murdered. One Horseman, who had mingled in the crowd, suddenly said, while looking at the skeleton, and hearing the opinion which was buzzed around, "That is no more Dan Clarke's bone than it is mine!"—a sentiment expressed so positively, and with such peculiarity of manner, as to lead all who heard him to infer that he must necessarily know where the real body had been interred. Accordingly, being apprehended, he confessed having assisted Eugene Aram to murder Clarke, and to hide his body in Saint Robert's Cave. It happened to the author himself, while conversing with a person accused of an atrocious crime, for the purpose of rendering him professional assistance upon his trial, to hear the prisoner, after the most solemn and reiterated protestations that he was guiltless, suddenly, and, as it were, involuntarily, in the course of his communications, make such an admission as was altogether incompatible with innocence.

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### NOTE X.

—*Brackenbury's dismal tower.*—P. 265.

This tower has been already mentioned. It is situated near the north-eastern extremity of the wall which encloses Barnard Castle, and is traditionally said to have been the prison. By an odd coincidence, it bears a name which we naturally connect with imprisonment, from its being that of Sir Robert Brackenbury, lieutenant of the Tower of London, under Edward IV. and Richard III. There is, indeed, some reason to conclude, that the tower may actually have derived the name from that family, for Sir Robert Brackenbury himself possessed considerable property not far from Barnard Castle.

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### NOTE Y.

*Nobles and knights, so proud of late,  
Must fine for freedom and estate.*

*Right heavy shall his ransom be,  
Unless that maid compound with thee!*—P. 266.

After the battle of Marston Moor, the Earl of Newcastle retired beyond sea in disgust, and many of his followers laid down their arms, and made the best composition they could with the Committees of Parliament. Fines were imposed upon them in proportion to their estates and degrees of delinquency,

and these fines were often bestowed upon such persons as had deserved well of the Commons. In some circumstances it happened, that the oppressed cavaliers were fain to form family alliances with some powerful person among the triumphant party. The whole of Sir Robert Howard's excellent comedy of *The Committee* turns upon the plot of Mr and Mrs. Day to enrich their family, by compelling Arabella, whose estate was under sequestration, to marry their son Abel, as the price by which she was to compound with Parliament for delinquency; that is, for attachment to the royal cause.

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### NOTE Z.

*The Indian, prowling for his prey,  
Who hears the settlers track his way.*—P. 266.

The patience, abstinence, and ingenuity, exerted by the North American Indians, when in pursuit of plunder or vengeance, is the most distinguished feature in their character; and the activity and address which they display in their retreat is equally surprising. Adair, whose absurd hypothesis and turgid style do not affect the general authenticity of his anecdotes, has recorded an instance which seems incredible.

"When the Chickasah nation was engaged in a former war with the Muskohge, one of their young warriors set off against them to revenge the blood of a near relation. \* \* \* He went through the most unfrequented and thick parts of the woods, as such a dangerous enterprise required, till he arrived opposite to the great and old beloved town of refuge, Koosah, which stands high on the eastern side of a bold river, about 250 yards broad, that runs by the late dangerous Albehama-Fort, down to the black poisoning Mobile, and so into the Gulf of Mexico. There he concealed himself under cover of the top of a fallen pine-tree, in view of the ford of the old trading-path, where the enemy now and then pass the river in their light poplar canoes. All his war-store of provisions consisted of three stands of barbecued venison, till he had an opportunity to revenge blood, and return home. He waited with watchfulness and patience almost three days, when a young man, a woman, and a girl, passed a little wide of him an hour before sunset. The former he shot down, tomahawked the other two, and scalped each of them in a trice, in full view of the town. By way of bravo, he shook the scalps before them, sounding the awful death-whoop, and set off along the trading-path, trusting to his heels, while a great many of the enemy ran to their arms and gave chase. Seven miles from thence he entered the great blue ridge of the Apalache Mountains. About an hour before day he had run over seventy miles of that mountainous tract; then, after sleeping two hours in a sitting posture, leaning his back against a tree, he set off again with fresh speed. As he threw away the venison when he found himself pursued by the enemy, he was obliged to support nature with such herbs, roots, and nuts, as his sharp eyes, with a running glance, directed him to snatch up

in his course. Though I often have rode that war-path alone, when delay might have proved dangerous, and with as fine and strong horses as any in America, it took me five days to ride from the aforesaid Koosah to this sprightly warrior's place in the Chickasah country, the distance of 300 computed miles; yet he ran it, and got home safe and well at about eleven o'clock of the third day, which was only one day and a half and two nights."—*Adair's History of the American Indians*. Lond. 1775, 4to., p. 395.

## NOTE 2 A.

*In Redesdale his youth had heard  
Each art her wily dalesmen dared,  
When Rookan edge, and Redswair high,  
To buye rung and blood-hound's cry.*—P. 266.

"What manner of cattle-stealers they are that inhabit these valleys in the marches of both kingdoms, John Lesley, a Scotche man himself, and Bishop of Ross, will inform you. They sally out of their own borders in the night, in troops, through unfrequented by-ways and many intricate windings. All the day-time they refresh themselves and their horses in lurking holes they had pitched upon before, till they arrive in the dark in those places they have a design upon. As soon as they have seized upon the booty, they, in like manner, return home in the night, through blind ways, and fetching many a compass. The more skilful any captain is to pass through those wild deserts, crooked turnings, and deep precipices, in the thickest mists, his reputation is the greater, and he is looked upon as a man of an excellent head. And they are so very cunning, that they seldom have their booty taken from them, unless sometimes when, by the help of blood hounds following them exactly upon the tract, they may chance to fall into the hand of their adversaries. When being taken, they have so much persuasive eloquence, and so many smooth insinuating words at command, that if they do not move their judges, nay, and even their adversaries, (notwithstanding the severity of their natures,) to have mercy, yet they incite them to admiration and compassion."—*Canden's Britannia*.

The inhabitants of the valleys of Tyne and Reed were, in ancient times, so inordinately addicted to these depredations, that in 1564, the incorporated Merchant-adventurers of Newcastle made a law that none born in these districts should be admitted apprentice. The inhabitants are stated to be so generally addicted to rapine, that no faith should be reposed in those proceeding from "such lewde and wicked progenitors." This regulation continued to stand unrepealed until 1771. A beggar, in an old play, describes himself as "born in Redesdale, in Northumberland, and come of a wight-riding surname, called the Robsons, good honest men and true, *saving a little shifling for their living, God help them!*"—a description which would have applied to most Borderers on both sides.

Reidswair, famed for a skirmish to which it gives name, [see *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. ii. p. 15,] is on the very edge of the Carter-fell,

which divides England from Scotland. The Rookan is a place upon Reedwater. Bertram, being described as a native of these dales, where the habits of hostile depredation long survived the union of the crowns, may have been, in some degree, prepared by education for the exercise of a similar trade in the wars of the Buccaneers.

## NOTE 2 B.

*Hiding his face, lest foemen spy  
The sparkle of his swarthy eye.*—P. 266.

After one of the recent battles, in which the Irish rebels were defeated, one of their most active leaders was found in a bog, in which he was immersed up to the shoulders, while his head was concealed by an impending ledge of turf. Being detected and seized, notwithstanding his precaution, he became solicitous to know how his retreat had been discovered. "I caught," answered the Sutherland Highlander, by whom he was taken, "the sparkle of your eye." Those who are accustomed to mark haes upon their form usually discover them by the same circumstance.

## NOTE 2 C.

*Here stood a wretch prepared to change  
His soul's redemption for revenge!*—P. 267.

It is agreed by all the writers upon magic and witchcraft, that revenge was the most common motive for the pretended compact between Satan and his vassals. The ingenuity of Reginald Scot has very happily stated how such an opinion came to root itself, not only in the minds of the public and of the judges, but even in that of the poor wretches themselves who were accused of sorcery, and were often firm believers in their own power and their own guilt.

"One sort of such as are said to be witches, are women which be commonly old, lame, blear-eyed, pale, foul, and full of wrinkles; poor, sullen, superstitious, or papists, or such as know no religion; in whose drowsie minds the devil hath gotten a fine seat; so as what mischief, mischance, calamity, or slaughter is brought to pass, they are easily perswaded the same is done by themselves, imprinting in their minds an earnest and constant imagination thereof. . . . These go from house to house, and from door to door, for a pot of milk, yest, drink, pottage, or some such relief, without the which they could hardly live; neither obtaining for their service or pains, nor yet by their art, nor yet at the devil's hands, (with whom they are said to make a perfect and visible bargain,) either beauty, money, promotion, wealth, pleasure, honour, knowledge, learning, or any other benefit whatsoever.

"It falleth out many a time, that neither their necessities nor their expectation is answered or served in those places where they

beg or borrow, but rather their lewdness is by their neighbours reprov'd. And farther, in tract of time the witch waxeth odious and tedious to her neighbours, and they again are despised and despited of her; so as sometimes she cur-eth one, and sometimes another, and that from the master of the house, his wife, children, cattle, &c., to the little pig that lieth in the stie. Thus, in process of time, they have all displeas'd her, and she hath wish'd evil luck unto them all; perhaps with curses and imprecations made in form. Doubtless (at length) some of her neighbours die or fall sick, or some of their children are visited with diseases that vex them strangely, as apoplexies, epilepsies, convulsions, hot fevers, worms, &c., which, by ignorant parents, are supposed to be the vengeance of witches.

"The witch, on the other side, expecting her neighbours' mischances, and seeing things sometimes come to pass according to her wishes, curses, and incantations, (for Bodin himself confesses, that not above two in a hundred of their witchings or wishings take effect,) being called before a justice, by due examination of the circumstances, is driven to see her imprecations and desires, and her neighbours' harms and losses, to concur, and, as it were, to take effect; and so confesseth that she (as a goddess) hath brought such things to pass. Wherein not only she, but the accuser, and also the justice, are foully deceived and abused, as being, through her confession, and other circumstances, perswaded (to the injury of God's glory) that she hath done, or can do, that which is proper only to God himself."—*Scot's Discovery of Witchcraft*. Lond, 1655, fol. p. 4, 5.

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### NOTE 2 D.

*Of my marauding on the clovens  
Of Catverley and Bradford downs.*—P. 268.

The troops of the King, when they first took the field, were as well disciplined as could be expected from circumstances. But as the circumstances of Charles became less favourable, and his funds for regularly paying his forces decreased, habits of military license prevailed among them in greater excess. Lacy the player, who served his master during the Civil War, brought out, after the Restoration, a piece called *The Old Troop*, in which he seems to have commemorated some real incidents which occurred in his military career. The names of the officers of the Troop sufficiently express their habits. We have *Fleu-flat Plunder-Master-General*, *Captain Ferret-farm*, and *Quarter-Master Burn-drop*. The officers of the Troop are in league with these worthies, and connive at their plundering the country for a suitable share in the booty. All this was undoubtedly drawn from the life, which Lacy had an opportunity to study. The moral of the whole is comprehended in a rebuke given to the lieutenant, whose disorders in the country are said to prejudice the King's cause more than his courage in the field could recompense. The piece is by no means void of farcical humour.

### NOTE 2 E.

— *Brignall's woods, and Scargill's wave,  
E'en now, o'er many a sister cave.*—P. 268.

The banks of the Greta, below Rutherford Bridge, abound in seams of greyish slate, which are wrought in some places to a very great depth under ground, thus forming artificial caverns, which, when the seam has been exhausted, are gradually hidden by the under-wood which grows in profusion upon the romantic banks of the river. In times of public confusion, they might be well adapted to the purposes of handitti.

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### NOTE 2 F.

*When Spain waged warfare with our land.*  
P. 270.

There was a short war with Spain in 1625-6, which will be found to agree pretty well with the chronology of the poem. But probably Bertram held an opinion very common among the maritime heroes of the age, that "there was no peace beyond the Line." The Spanish *guarda-costas* were constantly employed in aggressions upon the trade and settlements of the English and French; and, by their own severities, gave room for the system of bucaniering, at first adopted in self-defence and retaliation, and afterwards persevered in from habit and thirst of plunder.

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### NOTE 2 G.

— *Our comrade's strife.*—P. 270.

The laws of the Bucaniers, and their successors the Pirates, however severe and equitable, were, like other laws, often set aside by the stronger party. Their quarrels about the division of the spoil fill their history, and they as frequently arose out of mere frolic, or the tyrannical humour of their chiefs. An anecdote of Teach, (called Blackbeard,) shows that their habitual indifference for human life extended to their companions, as well as their enemies and captives.

"One night, drinking in his cabin with Hands, the pilot, and another man, Blackbeard, without any provocation, privately draws out a small pair of pistols, and cocks them under the table, which, being perceived by the man, he withdrew upon deck, leaving Hands, the pilot, and the captain together. When the pistols were ready, he blew out the candles, and crossing his hands, discharged them at his company. Hands, the master, was shot through the knee, and lamed for life: the other pistol did no execution."—*Johnson's History of Pirates*. Lond. 1724, 8vo, vol. i. p. 38.

Another anecdote of this worthy may be also mentioned. "The hero of whom we are writing was thoroughly accomplished this way, and some of his frolics of wickedness were so extravagant, as if he aimed at making his men believe he was a devil incarnate; for, being



one day at sea, and a little flushed with drink, 'Come,' says he, 'let us make a hell of our own, and try how long we can bear it.' Accordingly, he, with two or three others, went down into the hold, and, closing up all the hatches, filled several pots full of brimstone and other combustible matter, and set it on fire, and so continued till they were almost suffocated, when some of the men cried out for air. At length he opened the hatches, not a little pleased that he held out the longest."—*Ibid.*, p. 90.

## NOTE 2 H.

—*my rangers go*  
Even now to track a milk-white doe.—P. 270.

"Immediately after supper, the huntsman should go to his master's chamber, and if he serve a king, then let him go to the master of the game's chamber, to know in what quarter he determineth to hunt the day following; that done, he may know his own quarter; that done, he may go to bed, to the end that he may rise the earlier in the morning, according to the time and season, and according to the place where he must hunt: then when he is up and ready, let him drinke a good draught, and fetch his hound, to make him breake his fast a little: and let him not forget to fill his bottel with good wine: that done, let him take a little vinegar into the palme of his hand, and put it in his nostrils if his hound, for to make him snuffe, to the end his scent may be the perfecter, then let him go to the wood. . . . When the huntsman perceiveth that it is time to begin to heat, let him put his hound before him, and beat the outsides of springs or thuckets; and if he find an hart or deer that likes him, let him mark well whether it be fresh or not, which he may know as well by the maner of his hounds drawing, as also by the eye. . . . When he hath well considered what maner of hart it may be, and hath marked every thing to judge by, then let him draw till he come to the covert where he is gone to; and let him harbour him if he can, still marking all his tokens, as well by the slot as by the entries, foyles, or such-like. That done, let him piash or bruse down small twiggcs, some aloft and some below, as the art requireth, and therewithall, whilst his hound is hote, let him beat the outsides, and make his ring-walkes, twice or thrice about the wood."—*The Noble Art of Venerie, or Hunting.* Lond. 1611, 4to, p. 76, 77.

## NOTE 2 I.

Song—*Adieu for evermore.*—P. 271.

The last verse of this song is taken from the fragment of an old Scottish ballad, of which I only recollected two verses when the first edition of Rokeby was published. Mr. Thomas Sheridan kindly pointed out to me an entire copy of this beautiful song, which seems to express the fortunes of some follower of the Stuart family:—

"It was a' for our rightfu' king  
That we left fair Scotland's strand,  
It was a' for our rightfu' king  
That we e'er saw Irish land,  
My dear,  
That we e'er saw Irish land.

"Now all is done that man can do,  
And all is done in vain!  
My love! my native land, adieu!  
For I must cross the main,  
My dear,  
For I must cross the main.

"He turn'd him round and right about,  
All on the Irish shore,  
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,  
With, Adieu for evermore,  
My dear!  
Adieu for evermore!

"The soldier frae the war returns,  
And the merchant frae the main,  
But I hae parted wi' my love,  
And ne'er to meet again,  
My dear,  
And ne'er to meet again.

"When day is gone and night is come,  
And a' are houn' to sleep,  
I think on them that's far awa  
The lee-lang night, and weep,  
My dear,  
The lee-lang night, and weep."

## NOTE 2 K.

*Rere-cross on Stanmore.*—P. 271.

This is a fragment of an old cross, with its pediment, surrounded by an intrenchment, upon the very summit of the waste ridge of Stanmore, near a small house of entertainment called the Spittal. It is called Rere-cross, or Ree-cross, of which Holinshed gives us the following explanation:—

"At length a peace was concluded betwixt the two kings vnder these conditions, that Malcolme should enjoy that part of Northumberland which lieth betwixt Tweed, Cumberland, and Stainmore, and doo homage to the Kinge of England for the same. In the midst of Stainmore there shall be a crosse set up, with the Kinge of England's image on the one side, and the Kinge of Scotland's on the other, to signifie that one is to march to England, and the other to Scotland. This crosse was called the Roi-cross, that is, the crosse of the King."—*Holinshed.* Lond. 1608, 4to, v. 280.

Holinshed's sole authority seems to have been Boethius. But it is not improbable that his account may be the true one, although the circumstance does not occur in Wintoun's Chronicle. The situation of the cross and the pains taken to defend it, seem to indicate that it was intended for a land-mark of importance.

## NOTE 2 L.

*Hast thou lodged our deer?*—P. 272.

The duty of the ranger, or pricker, was first to lodge or harbour the deer; *i. e.* to discover his retreat, as described at length in note, 2 H, and then to make his report to his prince, or master:—

"Before the King I come report to make,  
Then hush and peace for noble Tristram's sake . . .  
My liege, I went this morning on my quest,  
My bound did stick, and seem'd to vent some beast.  
I held him short, and drawing after him,  
I might behold the hart was feeling trim :  
His head was high, and large in each degree,  
Well pannel'd eke, and seem'd full sound to be.  
Of colour browne, he beareth eight and tenne,  
Of stately height, and long he seemed then.  
His beam seem'd grvat, in good proportion led,  
Well barred and round, well pearled neare his head.  
He seemed fayre tweene blacke and berrie brownde;  
He seemes well fed by all the signes I found.  
For when I had well mark'd him with eye,  
I stept aside, to watch where he would lye.  
And when I had so wayted full an houre,  
That he might be at layre and in his boure,  
I cast about to harbour him full sure;  
My bound by sent did me thereof assure . . .  
"Then if he ask what slot or view I found,  
I say the slot or view was long on ground;  
The toes were great, the joynt bones round and short,  
The shins bones large, the dew-claws close in port:  
Short ioynted was he, hollow-footed eke,  
An hart to hunt as any man can seek."

*The Art of Venery, ut supra, p. 97.*

### NOTE 2 M.

*When Denmark's raven soar'd on high,  
Triumphant through Northumbrian sky,  
Till, hovering near, her fatal croak  
Bade Reged's Britons dread the yoke.*—P. 271.

About the year of God 866, the Danes, under their celebrated leaders Ingvar (more properly Agnar) and Hubba, sons, it is said, of the still more celebrated Regnar Lodbrog, invaded Northumberland, bringing with them the magical standard, so often mentioned in poetry, called *Reafen*, or Rulfan, from its bearing the figure of a raven:—

"Wrought by the sisters of the Danish king,  
Of furious Ivar in a midnight hour:  
While the sick moon, at their enchanted song  
Wrept in pale tempest, labour'd through the clouds,  
The demons of destruction then, they say,  
Were all abroad, and mixing with the wof  
Their baleful power: The sister's ever sung,  
"Shake, standard, shake this rain on our foes."  
*Thomson and Malles's Alfred.*

The Danes renewed and extended their incursions, and began to colonize, establishing a kind of capital at York, from which they spread their conquests and incursions in every direction: Stanmore, which divides the mountains of Westmoreland and Cumberland, was probably the boundary of the Danish kingdom in that direction. The district to the west, known in ancient British history by the name of Reged, had never been conquered by the Saxons, and continued to maintain a precarious independence until it was eeded to Malcolm, King of Scots, by William the Conqueror, probably on account of its similarity in language and manners to the neighbouring British kingdom of Strath-Clyde.

Upon the extent and duration of the Danish sovereignty in Northumberland, the curious may consult the various authorities quoted in the *Gesta et Vestigia Danorum extra Daniam*, tom. ii. p. 40. The most powerful of their Northumbrian leaders seems to have been Ivar, called, from the extent of his conquests, *Widfan*, that is, *The Strider*.

### NOTE 2 N.

*Beneath the shade the Northmen came,  
Fix'd on each vale a Runic name.*—P. 272.

The heathen Danes have left several traces of their religion in the upper part of Teesdale. Balder-garth, which derives its name from the unfortunate son of Odm, is a tract of waste land on the very ridge of Stanmore: and a brook, which falls into the Tees near Barnard Castle, is named after the same deity. A field upon the banks of the Tees is also termed Woden-Croft, from the supreme deity of the Edda. Thorsgill, of which a description is attempted in stanza ii., is a beautiful little brook and dell, running up behind the ruins of Eglston Abbey. Thor was the Hercules of the Scandinavian mythology, a dreadful giant-queller, and in that capacity the champion of the gods, and the defender of Asgard, the northern Olympos, against the frequent attacks of the inhabitants of Jotannud. There is an old poem in the Edda of Sæmund, called the Song of Thrym, which turns upon the loss and recovery of the Mace, or Hammer, which was Thor's principal weapon, and on which much of his power seems to have depended. It may be read to great advantage in a version equally spirited and literal, among the Miscellaneous Translations and Poems of the Honourable William Herbert.

### NOTE 2 O.

*Who has not heard how brave O'Neale  
In English blood imbrued his steel?*—P. 273.

The O'Neale here meant, for more than one succeeded to the chieftainship during the reign of Elizabeth, was Hugh, the grandson of Con O'Neale, called Con Bacco, or the Lane. His father, Matthew O'Kelly, was illegitimate, and, being the son of a blacksmith's wife, was usually called Matthew the Blacksmith. His father, nevertheless, destined his succession to him; and he was created, by Elizabeth, Baron of Dungannon. Upon the death of Con Bacco, this Matthew was slain by his brother. Hugh narrowly escaped the same fate, and was protected by the English. Shane O'Neale, his uncle, called Shane Dymas, was succeeded by Turlough Lynogh O'Neale; after whose death Hugh, having assumed the chieftainship, became nearly as formidable to the English as any by whom it had been possessed. He rebelled repeatedly, and as often made submissions, of which it was usually a condition that he should not any longer assume the title of O'Neale; in lieu of which he was created Earl of Tyrone. But this condition he never observed longer than until the pressure of superior force was withdrawn. His baffling the gallant Earl of Essex in the field, and overreaching him in a treaty, was the induction to that nobleman's tragedy. Lord Mountjoy succeeded in finally subjugating O'Neale; but it was not till the succession of James, to whom he made personal submission, and was received with civility at court. Yet, according to Morrison, "no respect to him could containe many women in those parts,

who had lost husbandes and children in the Irish warres, from flinging dirt and stones at the earle as he passed, and from reuiling him with bitter words; yea, when the earle had been at court, and there obtaining his majestis direction for his pardon and performance of all conditions promised him by the Lord Mountjoy, was about September to returne, he durst not pass by those parts without direction to the shiriffes, to convey him with troops of horse from place to place, till he was safely imbarked and put to sea for Ireland."—*Itinerary*, p. 296.

## NOTE 2 P.

*But chief arose his victor pride,  
When that brave Marshal fought and died.*  
P. 273.

The chief victory which Tyrone obtained over the English was in a battle fought near Blackwater, while he besieged a fort garrisoned by the English, which commanded the passes into his country.

"This captain and his few warders did with no less courage suffer hunger, and, having eaten the few horses they had, lived vpon hearbes growing in the ditches and wals, suffering all extremities, till the lord-lieutenant, in the month of August, sent Sir Henry Bagnal, marshall of Ireland, with the most choice companies of foot and horse-troopes of the English army to victual this fort, and to raise the rebels siege. When the English entered the place and thicke woods beyond Armagh, on the east side, Tyrone (with all the rebels assembled to him) pricked forward with rage, enuy, and settled rancour against the marshall, assayed the English, and turning his full force against the marshall's person, had the successe to kill him, valiantly fighting among the thickest of the rebels. Whereupon the English being disuayed with his death, the rebels obtained a great victory against them. I terme it great, since the English, from their first arriual in that kingdome, neuer had received so great an ouerthrow as this, commonly called the Defeat of Blackewater; thirteene valiant captaines and 1500 common soldiars (whereof many were of the old companies which had serued in Brittany vnder General Norreys) were slain in the field. The yielding of the fort of Blackewater followed this disaster, when the assaulted guard saw no hope of relief; but especially vpon messagessent to Captain Williams from our broken forces, retired to Armagh, professing that all their safety depended vpon his yielding the fort into the hands of Tyrone, without which danger Captaine Williams professed that no want or miserie should have induced him thereunto."—*Fynes Morryson's Itinerary*. London, 1617, fol part ii. p. 21.

Tyrone is said to have entertained a personal animosity against the knight-marshal, Sir Henry Bagnal, whom he accused of detaining the letters which he sent to Queen Elizabeth, explanatory of his conduct, and offering terms of submission. The river, called by the English, Blackwater, is termed in Irish,

Avon-Duff, which has the same signification. Both names are mentioned by Spenser in his "Marriage of the Thames and the Medway." But I understand that his verses relate not to the Blackwater of Ulster, but to a river of the same name in the south of Ireland:—

"Swift Avon-Duff, which of the Englishmen  
Is called Blackwater"—

## NOTE 2 Q.

*The Tanist he to great O'Neale.—P. 273.*

"Eudox. What is that which you call Tanist and Tanistry? These he names and terms neuer heard of nor known to us.

"Iren. It is a custom amongst all the Irish, that presently after the death of one of their chiefe lords or captaines, they doe presently assemble themselves to a place generally appointed and knowne unto them, to choose another in his stead, where they do nominate and elect, for the most part not the eldest sonne, nor any of the children of the lord deceased, but the next to him in blood, that is, the eldest and worthiest, as commonly the next brother unto him, if he have any, or the next cousin, or so forth, as any is elder in that kindred or sept; and then next to them doe they choose the next of the blood to be Tanist, who shall next succeed him in the said captainry, if he live thereunto.

"Eudox. Do they not use any ceremony in this election, for all barbarous nations are commonly great observers of ceremonies and superstitious rites?

"Iren. They use to place him that shall be their captaine upon a stone, always reserved to that purpose, and placed commonly upon a hill. In some of which I have seen formed and engraven a foot, which they say was the measure of their first captaine's foot; whereon hee standing, receives an oath to preserve all the ancient former customes of the country inviolable, and to deliver up the succession peaceably to his Tanist, and then hath a wand delivered unto him by some whose proper office that is; after which, descending from the stone, he turneth himself round, thrice forwards and thrice backwards.

"Eudox. But how is the Tanist chosen?

"Iren. They say he setteth but one foot upon the stone, and receiveth the like oath that the captaine did."—*Spenser's View of the State of Ireland*, apud *Works*, Lond. 1805, 8vo. vol. viii. p. 306.

The Tanist, therefore, of O'Neale, was the heir-apparent of his power. This kind of succession appears also to have regulated, in very remote times, the succession to the crown of Scotland. It would have been imprudent, if not impossible, to have asserted a minor's right of succession in those stormy days, when the principles of policy were summed up in my friend Mr. Wordsworth's lines:—

..... "the good old rule  
Sufficeth them; the simple plan,  
That they should take w<sup>ch</sup> have the power,  
And they should keep who can."



## NOTE 2 R.

*His plaited hair in elf-locks spread, &c.*—P. 273.

There is here an attempt to describe the ancient Irish dress, of which a poet of Queen Elizabeth's day has given us the following particulars:—

"I marvelde in my mynde,  
and thereupon did muse,  
To see a bride of heavenly hewe  
an ouglie fere to chace.  
This bride it is the soile,  
the bridegroome is the karne.  
With writhed glibbes, like wicked spirits,  
with visage rough and stearne;  
With sculles upon their possies,  
instead of civill cappes;  
With speares in hand, and swordes besydes,  
to beare off after clappes;  
With jackettes long and large,  
which shroud simplicitie,  
Though spiffill darts which they do beare  
importe iniquitie.  
Their shirtes be very strange,  
not reaching past the thie;  
With plectes on plectes the plectes are  
as thick as plectes may lye.  
Whose sleeves hang trailing downe  
almost unto the shoe;  
And with a maotell commonlie  
the Irish karne do goe.  
Now come amongst the reste  
do use another weede;  
A coate I meane, of strange devise,  
which fancy first did breade.  
His skirts be very shorte,  
with plectes eck thick about,  
And Irish trouzes mee to pat  
their strange protectours out."  
*Derrick's Images of Ireland, apud Somers' Tracts.*  
Edin. 1803, 4to., vol. i. p. 685.

Some curious wooden engravings accompany this poem, from which it would seem that the ancient Irish dress was (the bonnet excepted) very similar to that of the Scottish Highlanders. The want of a covering on the head was supplied by the mode of plaiting and arranging the hair, which was called the *glibbe*. These glibbes, according to Spenser, were fit marks for a thief, since, when he wished to disguise himself, he could either cut it off entirely, or so pull it over his eyes as to render it very hard to recognize him. This, however, is nothing to the reprobation with which the same poet regards that favourite part of the Irish dress, the mantle.

"It is a fit house for an outlaw, a meet bed for a rebel, and an apt cloke for a thief. First, the outlaw being for his many crimes and villainies banished from the townes and houses of honest men, and wandring in waste places far from danger of law, maketh his mantle his house, and under it covereth himself from the wrath of heaven, from the offence of the earth, and from the sight of men. When it raineth, it is his pent-house; when it bloweth, it is his tent; when it freezeth, it is his tabernacle. In summer he can wear it loose, in winter he can wrap it close; at all times he can use it: never heavy, never cumbersome. Likewise for a rebel it is as serviceable; for in his warre that he maketh, (if at least it deserve the name of warre,) when he still flyeth from his foe, and lurketh in the thicke woods and strait passages, waiting for advantages, it is his bed, yea, and almost his household stuff. For the wood is his house against all weathers, and his mantle is his

couch to sleep in. Therein he wrappeth himself round, and coucheth himself strongly against the gnats, which, in that country, doe more annoy the naked rebels while they keep the woods, and doe more sharply wound them, than all their enemies swords or speares, which can seldom come nigh them: yea, and oftentimes their mantle serveth them when they are neere driven, being wrapped about their left arme, instead of a target, for it is hard to cut thorough with a sword; besides, it is light to beare, light to throw away, and being (as they commonly are) naked, it is to them all in all. Lastly, for a thiefe it is so handsome as it may seem it was first invented for him; for under it he may cleanly convey any fit pillage that cometh handsomely in his way, and when he goeth abroad in the night in freebooting, it is his best and surest friend; for lying, as they often do, two or three nights together abroad to watch for their booty, with that they can prettily shroud themselves under a bush or bankside till they may conveniently do their errand: and when all is over, he can in his mantle passe through any town or company, being close hooded over his head, as he useth, from knowledge of any to whom he is indangered. Besides this, he or any man els that is disposed to mischief or villany, may, under his mantle, goe privily armed without suspicion of any, carry his head-piece, his skean, or pistol, if he please, to be always in readiness."—*Spenser's View of the State of Ireland, apud Works, ut supra, viii. 367.*

The javelins, or darts, of the Irish, which they threw with great dexterity, appear, from one of the prints already mentioned, to have been about four feet long, with a strong steel head and thick knotted shaft.

## NOTE 2 S.

*With wild majestic port and tone,  
Like envoy of some barbarous throne.*—P. 273.

The Irish chiefs, in their intercourse with the English, and with each other, were wont to assume the language and style of independent royalty. Morrison has preserved a summons from Tyrone to a neighbouring chieftain, which runs in the following terms:—

"O'Neale commendeth him unto you, Morish Fitz-Thomas; O'Neale requesteth you, in God's name, to take part with him, and fight for your conscience and right; and in so doing, O'Neale will spend to see you righted in all your affairs, and will help you. And if you come not at O'Neale betwixt this und to-morrow at twelve of the clocke, and take his part, O'Neale is not beholding to you, and will doe to the uttermost of his power to overthrow you, if you come not to him at furthest by Saturday at noone. From Knocke Dunmayne in Calrie, the fourth of February, 1599.

"O'Neale requesteth you to come speake with him, and doth give you his word that you shall receive no harme neither in coming nor going from him, whether you be friend or not, and bring with you to O'Neale Gerat Fitzgerald.

(Subscribed) "O'NEALE."

Nor did the royalty of O'Neale consist in words alone. Sir John Harrington paid him a visit at the time of his truce with Essex, and, after mentioning his "fern table, and fern forms, spread under the stately canopy of heaven," he notices what constitutes the real power of every monarch, the love, namely, and allegiance of his subjects. "His guards, for the most part, were beardless boys without shirts; who in the frost wade as familiarly through rivers as water-spaniels. With what charm such a master makes them love him, I know not; but if he bid come, they come; if go, they do go; if he say do this, they do it."—*Nuxæ Antiquæ*. Lond. 1784, 8vo., vol. i. p. 251.

## NOTE 2 T.

*His foster-father was his guide.*—P. 274.

There was no tie more sacred among the Irish than that which connected the foster-father, as well as the nurse herself, with the child they brought up.

"Foster-fathers spend much more time, money, and affection on their foster-children than their own; and in return take from them clothes, money for their several professions, and arms, and, even for any vicious purposes, fortunes and cattle, not so much by a claim of right as by extortion; and they will even carry those things off as plunder. All who have been nursed by the same person preserve a greater mutual affection and confidence in each other than if they were natural brothers, whom they will even hate for the sake of these. When chid by their parents, they fly to their foster-fathers, who frequently encourage them to make open war on their parents, train them up to every excess of wickedness, and make them most abandoned miscreants; as, on the other hand, the nurses make the young women, whom they bring up for every excess. If a foster-child is sick, it is incredible how soon the nurses hear of it, however distant, and with what solicitude they attend it by day and night."—*Giraldus Cambrensis*, quoted by Camden, iv. 368.

This custom, like many other Irish usages, prevailed till of late in the Scottish Highlands, and was cherished by the chiefs as an easy mode of extending their influence and connexion; and even in the Lowlands, during the last century, the connexion between the nurse and foster-child was seldom dissolved but by the death of one party.

## NOTE 2 U.

*Great Nial of the Pledges Nine.*—P. 274.

Neal Naighvallach, or Of the Nine Hostages, is said to have been Monarch of all Ireland, during the end of the fourth or beginning of the fifth century. He exercised a predatory warfare on the coast of England and of Bretagne, or Armorica; and from the latter country brought off the celebrated Saint Patrick, a youth of sixteen, among other captives, whom he transported to Ireland. Neal derived his

epithet from nine nations, or tribes, whom he held under his subjection, and from whom he took hostages. From one of Neal's sons were derived the Kinel-eoguin, or Race of Tyrone, which afforded monarchs both to Ireland and to Ulster. Neal (according to O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*) was killed by a poisoned arrow, in one of his descents on the coast of Bretagne.

## NOTE 2 V.

*Shane-Dymas wild.*—P. 274.

This Shane-Dymas, or John the Wanton, held the title and power of O'Neale in the earlier part of Elizabeth's reign, against whom he rebelled repeatedly.

"This chieftain is handed down to us as the most proud and profligate man on earth. He was immoderately addicted to women and wine. He is said to have had 200 tuns of wine at once in his cellar at Dandram, but usquebaugh was his favourite liquor. He spared neither age nor condition of the fair sex. Altho' so illiterate that he could not write, he was not destitute of address, his understanding was strong, and his courage daring. He had 600 men for his guard; 4000 foot, 1000 horse for the field. He claimed superiority over all the lords of Ulster, and called himself king thereof. When commissioners were sent to treat with him, he said, 'That, tho' the Queen were his sovereign lady, he never made peace with her *but at her lodging*; that she had made a wise Earl of Macartymore, but that he kept as good a man as he; that he cared not for so mean a title as Earl; that his blood and power were better than the best; that his ancestors were Kings of Ulster; and that he would give place to none.' His kinsman, the Earl of Kildare, having persuaded him of the folly of contending with the crown of England, he resolved to attend the Queen, but in a style suited to his princely dignity. He appeared in London with a magnificent train of Irish Galloghlasses, arrayed in the richest habiliments of their country, their heads bare, their hair flowing on their shoulders, with their long and open sleeves dyed with saffron. Thus dressed, and surcharged with military harness, and armed with battle-axes, they afforded an astonishing spectacle to the citizens, who regarded them as the intruders of some very distant part of the globe. But at Court his versatility now prevailed; his title to the sovereignty of Tyrone was pleaded from English laws and Irish institutions, and his allegations were so specious, that the Queen dismissed him with presents and assurances of favour. In England this transaction was looked on as the humiliation of a repeating rebel: in Tyrone it was considered as a treaty of peace between two potentates."—*Camden's Britannia*, by Gough. Lond. 1806. fol. vol. iv. p. 442.

When reduced to extremity by the English, and forsaken by his allies, this Shane-Dymas fled to Clandeboey, then occupied by a colony of Scottish Highlanders of the family of Mac-Donell. He was at first courteously received; but by degrees they began to quarrel about the slaughter of some of their friends whom Shane-Dymas had put to death, and advancing

from words to deeds, fell upon him with their broadswords, and cut him to pieces. After his death a law was made that none should presume to take the name and title of O'Neale.

## NOTE 2 W.

—Geraldine.—P. 274.

The O'Neales were closely allied with this powerful and warlike family; for Henry Owen O'Neale married the daughter of Thomas Earl of Kildare, and their son Con-More married his cousin-german, a daughter of Gerald Earl of Kildare. This Con-More cursed any of his posterity who should learn the English language, sow corn, or build houses, so as to invite the English to settle in their country. Others ascribe this anathema to his son Con-Bacco. Fearfatha O'Gnive, hard to the O'Neales of Clannaboy, complains in the same spirit of the towers and ramparts with which the strangers had *disfigured* the fair sporting fields of Erin.—See *Walker's Irish Bards*, p. 140.

## NOTE 2 X.

*He chose that honour'd flag to bear.*—P. 275.

Lacy informs us, in the old play already quoted, how the cavalry raised by the country gentlemen for Charles's service were usually officered. "You, cornet, have a name that's proper for all cornets to be called by, for they are all beardless boys in our army. The most part of our horse were raised thus:—The honest country gentleman raises the troop at his own charge; then he gets a Low-country lieutenant to fight his troop safely; then he sends for his son from school to be his cornet: and then he puts off his child's coat to put on a buff-coat: and this is the constitution of our army."

## NOTE 2 Y.

—his page, the next degree  
In that old time to chivalry.—P. 275.

Originally, the order of chivalry embraced three ranks:—1. The Page; 2. The Squire; 3. The Knight;—a gradation which seems to have been imitated in the mystery of freemasonry. But, before the reign of Charles I., the custom of serving as a squire had fallen into disuse, though the order of the page was still, to a certain degree, in observance. This state of servitude was so far from inferring any thing degrading, that it was considered as the regular school for acquiring every quality necessary for future distinction. The proper nature, and the decay of the institution, are pointed out by old Ben Jonson, with his own forcible moral colouring. The dialogue occurs between Lovell, "a compleat gentleman, a soldier, and a scholar, known to have been page to the old Lord Beaufort, and so to have followed him in the French wars, after companionship of his studies, and left guardian to his son," and the facetious Goodstock, host of the Light Heart. Lovell had offered to take Good-

stock's son for his page, which the latter, in reference to the recent abuse of the establishment, declares as "a desperate course of life:"—

"*Lovell*. Call you that desperate, which by a line

Of institution, from our ancestors  
Hath been derived down to us, and received  
In a succession, for the noblest way  
Of breeding up our youth, in letters, arms,  
Fair mien, discourses, civil exercise,  
And all the blazon of a gentleman?  
Where can he learn to vault, to ride, to fence,  
To move his body gracefully; to speak  
His language purer; or to tune his mind,  
Or manners, more to the harmony of nature,  
Than in the nurseries of nobility?

"*Host*. Ay, that was when the nursery's  
self was noble.

And only virtue made it, not the market,  
That titles were not vented at the drum,  
Or common outcry. Goodness gave the great-  
ness,

And greatness worship: every house became  
An academy of honour; and those parts  
We see departed, in the practice, now,  
Quite from the institution.

"*Lovell*. Why do you say so?  
Or think so enviously? Do they not still  
Learn there the Centaur's skill, the art of  
Thrace,

To ride? or, Pollux' mystery, to fence?  
The Pyrrhic gestures, both to dance and  
spring

In armour, to be active in the wars?  
To study figures, nonibers, and proportions,  
May yield them great in counsels, and the arts  
Grave Nestor and the wise Ulysses practised?  
To make their English sweet upon their  
tongue,

As reverend Chaucer says?

"*Host*. Sir, you mistake;  
To play Sir Pandarus, my copy hath it,  
And carry messages to Madame Cressida;  
Instead of backing the brave steed o' mornings,  
To court the chambermaid; and for a leap  
O' the vaulting horse, to ply the vaulting house:  
For exercise of arms, a bale of dice,  
Or two or three packs of cards to show the  
cheat,

And nimbleness of hand; mistake a cloak  
Upon my lord's back, and pawn it; ease his  
pocket

Of a superfluous watch; or geld a jewel  
Of an odd stone or so; twinge two or three  
buttons

From off my lady's gown: These are the arts  
Or seven liberal deadly sciences

Of pagery, or rather paganism.  
As the tides run; to which if he apply him,  
He may perhaps take a degree at Tyburn  
A year the earlier; come to take a lecture  
Upon Aquinas at St. Thomas a Watering's,  
And so go forth a laureat in hemp circle!"

*Ben Jonson's New Inn*, Act I. Scene III.

## NOTE 2 Z.

*Seem'd half abandon'd to decay*—P. 278.

The ancient castle of Rokeby stood exactly upon the site of the present mansion, by which



a part of its walls is enclosed. It is surrounded by a profusion of fine wood, and the park in which it stands is adorned by the junction of the Greta and of the Tees. The title of Baron Rokeby of Armagh was, in 1777, conferred on the Right Reverend Richard Robinson, Primate of Ireland, descended of the Robinsons, formerly of Rokeby, in Yorkshire.

## NOTE 3 A.

*Rokeby's lords of martial fame,  
I can count them name by name.*—P. 280.

The following brief pedigree of this very ancient and once powerful family, was kindly supplied to the author by Mr. Rokeby of Northamptonshire, descended of the ancient Barons of Rokeby:—

## "Pedigree of the House of Rokeby.

1. Sir Alex. Rokeby, Knt. married to Sir Hump. Liftle's<sup>1</sup> daughter.
2. Ralph Rokeby, Esq. to Tho. Lumley's daughter.
3. Sir Tho. Rokeby, Knt. to Tho. Hubborn's daughter.
4. Sir Ralph Rokeby, Knt. to Sir Ralph Biggot's daughter.
5. Sir Thos. Rokeby, Knt. to Sir John de Melsass' daughter of Bennet-Hall, in Holderness.
6. Ralph Rokeby, Esq. to Sir Brian Stapleton's daughter of Weighill.
7. Sir Thos. Rokeby, Knt. to Sir Ralph Ury's daughter.<sup>2</sup>
8. Ralph Rokeby, Esq. to daughter of Mansfield, heir of Morton.<sup>3</sup>
9. Sir Tho. Rokeby, Knt. to Stroode's daughter and heir.
10. Sir Ralph Rokeby, Knt. to Sir James Strangeways' daughter.
11. Sir Thos. Rokeby, Knt. to Sir John Hotham's daughter.
12. Ralph Rokeby, Esq. to Danby of Yaffurth's daughter and heir.<sup>4</sup>
13. Tho. Rokeby, Esq. to Rob. Constable's daughter of Cliff, serjt. at law.
14. Christopher Rokeby, Esq. to Lasscells of Brackenburgh's daughter.<sup>5</sup>
15. Thos. Rokeby, Esq. to the daughter of Thweng.
16. Sir Thomas Rokeby, Knt. to Sir Ralph Lawson's daughter of Brough.
17. Fraas. Rokeby, Esq. to Faucett's daughter, citizen of London.
18. Thos. Rokeby, Esq. to the daughter of Wickliffe of Gales.

*High Sheriffs of Yorkshire.*

1337. 11 Edw. 3. Ralph Hastings and Thos. de Rokeby.
1343. 17 Edw. 3. Thos. de Rokeby, pro sept. annis.
1358. 25 Edw. 3. Sir Thomas Rokeby, Justice of Ireland for six years; died at the castle of Kilk.

1407. 8 Hen. 4. Thos. Rokeby Miles, defeated and slew the Duke of Northumberland at the battle of Bramham Moor.
1411. 12 Hen. 4. Thos. Rokeby Miles.
- 1486 . . . . . Thomas Rokeby, Esq.
1539. . . . . Robert Holgate, Bish. of Landaff, afterwards P. of York, Ld. President of the Council for the Preservation of Peace in the North.
1564. 6 Eliz. Thomas Younge, Archbishop of Yorke, Ld. President.
- 30 Hen. 8. Tho. Rokeby, LL.D. one of the Council.
- Ju. Rokeby, LL.D. one of the Council.
1572. 15 Eliz. Henry Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon, Ld. President.
- Jo Rokeby, Esq. one of the Council.
- Jo. Rokeby, LL.D. ditto.
- Ralph Rokeby, Esq. one of the Secretaries.
1574. 17 Eliz. Jo. Rokeby, Precentor of York.
- 7 Will. 3. Sir J. Rokeby, Knt. one of the Justices of the King's Bench.

The family of De Rokeby came over with the Conqueror.

The old motto belonging to the family is *In Bimo Dextra*.

The arms, argent, chevron sable, between three rooks proper.

There is somewhat more to be found in our family in the Scottish history about the affairs of Dun-Bretton town, but what it is, and in what time, I know not, nor can have convenient leisure to search. But Parson Blackwood, the Scottish chaplain to the Lord of Shrewsbury, recited to me once a piece of a Scottish song, wherein was mentioned, that William Wallis, the great deliverer of the Scots from the English bondage, should, at Dun-Bretton, have been brought up under a Rokeby, captain then of the place; and as he walked on a cliff, should thrust him on a sudden into the sea, and thereby have gotten that hold, which, I think, was about the 33d of Edw. I. or before. Thus, leaving our ancestors of record, we must also with them leave the Chronicle of Malmesbury Abbey, called *Eulogium Historiarum*, out of which Mr. Leland reporteth this history, and copy down unwritten story, the which have yet the testimony of later times, and the fresh memory of men yet alive, for their warrant and credit, of whom I have learned it, that in K. Henry the 7th's reign, one Ralph Rokeby, Esq. was owner of Morton, and I guess that this was he that deceived the fryars of Richmond with his felon swine, on which a jargon was made."

The above is a quotation from a manuscript written by Ralph Rokeby; when he lived is uncertain.

To what metrical Scottish tradition Parson Blackwood alluded, it would be now in vain to enquire. But in *Blind Harry's History of*

<sup>1</sup> Lisle. <sup>2</sup> Temp. Edw. 2<sup>li</sup>. <sup>3</sup> Temp. Edw. 3<sup>li</sup>.  
<sup>4</sup> Temp. Henr 7<sup>th</sup>, and from him is the house of Skyers, of a fourth brother.

<sup>5</sup> From him is the house of Hotham, and of the second brother that had issue.

Sir William Wallace, we find a legend of one Rukkie, whom he makes keeper of Stirling Castle under the English usurpation, and whom Wallace slays with his own hand:—

"In the great press Wallace and Rukkie met,  
With his good sword a stroke upon him set;  
Dearly to death the old Rukkie he drave,  
But his two sons escaped among the lave."

These sons, according to the romantic Minstrel, surrendered the castle on conditions, and went back to England, but returned to Scotland in the days of Bruce, when one of them became again keeper of Stirling Castle. Immediately after this achievement follows another engagement, between Wallace and those Western Highlanders who embraced the English interest, at a pass in Glendonchart, where many were precipitated into the lake over a precipice. These circumstances may have been confused in the narrative of Parson Blackwood, or in the recollection of Mr. Rokeby.

In the old ballad of Chevy Chase, there is mentioned, among the English warriors, "Sir Raff the ryche Ruebe," which may apply to Sir Ralph Rokeby, the tenth baron in the pedigree. The more modern copy of the ballad runs thus:—

"Good Sir Ralph Raby ther was stain,  
Whose prowess did armonut."

This would rather seem to relate to one of the Nevilles of Raby. But, as the whole ballad is romantic, accuracy is not to be looked for.

### NOTE 3 B.

—The Felon Sow.—P. 280.

The ancient minstrels had a comic as well as a serious strain of romance; and although the examples of the latter are by far the most numerous, they are, perhaps, the less valuable. The comic romance was a sort of parody upon the usual subjects of minstrel poetry. If the latter described deeds of heroic achievement, and the events of the battle, the tourney, and the chase, the former, as in the Tournament of Tottenham, introduced a set of clowns debating in the field, with all the assumed circumstances of chivalry: or, as in the Hunting of the Hare, (see Weber's *Metrical Romances*, vol. iii.,) persons of the same description following the chase, with all the grievous mistakes and blunders incident to such unpractised sportsmen. The idea, therefore, of Don Quixote's frenzy, although inimitably embodied and brought out, was not, perhaps, in the abstract, altogether original. One of the very best of these mock romances, and which has no small portion of comic humour, is the Hunting of the Felon Sow of Rokeby by the Friars of Richmond. Ralph Rokeby, who (for the jest's sake apparently) bestowed this intractable animal on the convent of Richmond, seems to have flourished in the time of Henry VII., which, since we know not the date of Friar

Theobald's wardenship, to which the poem refers us, may indicate that of the composition itself. Morton, the Mortham of the text, is mentioned as being this facetious baron's place of residence: accordingly, Leland notices, that "Mr Rokeby hath a place called Mortham, a little beneath Grentey bridge, almost on the mouth of Grentey." That no information may be lacking which is in my power to supply, I have to notice, that the Mistress Rokeby of the romance, who so charitably refreshed the sow after she had discomfited Friar Middleton and his auxiliaries, was, as appears from the pedigree of the Rokeby family, daughter and heir of Danby of Yaforth.

This curious poem was first published in Mr. Whitaker's History of Craven, but, from an inaccurate manuscript, not corrected very happily. It was transferred by Mr. Evans to the new edition of his Ballads, with some well-judged conjectural improvements. I have been induced to give a more authentic and full, though still an imperfect, edition of this humorous composition, from being furnished with a copy from a manuscript in the possession of Mr. Rokeby, to whom I have acknowledged my obligations in the last Note. It has three or four stanzas more than that of Mr. Whitaker, and the language seems, where they differ, to have the more ancient and genuine readings.

#### *The Felon Sow of Rokeby and the Friars of Richmond.*

Ye men that will of auters<sup>1</sup> winne,  
That late within this land hath beene,  
Of one I will you tell;  
And of a sew<sup>2</sup> that was sea<sup>3</sup> strang,  
Alas! that ever she lived sae lang,  
For fell<sup>4</sup> folk did she wae lang.<sup>5</sup>

She was mare<sup>6</sup> than other three,  
The grisliest beast that ere might be,  
Her head was great and gray:  
She was bred in Rokeby wood,  
There were few that thither goed,<sup>7</sup>  
That came on live<sup>8</sup> away.

Her walk was endlong<sup>9</sup> Greta side;  
There was no bren<sup>10</sup> that durst her bide,  
That was free<sup>11</sup> heaven to hell;  
Nor never man that had that might,  
That ever durst come in her sight,  
Her force it was so fell.

Ralph of Rokeby, with good will,  
The Fryers of Richmond gave her till,<sup>12</sup>  
Full well to garre<sup>13</sup> them fare.  
Fryar Middleton by his name,  
He was sent to fetch her hame,  
That rued him sine<sup>14</sup> full sare.

With him tooke he wicht men two,  
Peter Dale was one of thoe,  
That ever was brim as beare;<sup>15</sup>  
And well durst strike with sword and knife,  
And fight full manly was his life,  
What time as mister ware.<sup>16</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Both the MS. and Mr. Whitaker's copy read *ancestors*, a corruption of *outers*, adventures, as corrected by Mr. Evans.—<sup>2</sup> Sow, according to provincial pronunciation.—<sup>3</sup> Sea; Yorkshire dialect.—<sup>4</sup> Felle, many; Sax.—<sup>5</sup> A corruption of *quell*, to kill.—<sup>6</sup> More, greater.—<sup>7</sup> Went.—<sup>8</sup> Alive.—<sup>9</sup> Along the side of Greta.—<sup>10</sup> Barn, child,

man in general.—<sup>11</sup> From.—<sup>12</sup> To.—<sup>13</sup> Make.—<sup>14</sup> Since.—<sup>15</sup> Fierce as a bear. Mr. Whitaker's copy reads, perhaps in consequence of mistaking the MS. "T'other was Bryan of Bear."—<sup>16</sup> Need were. Mr. Whitaker reads *musters*.

These three men went at God's will,  
This wicked sew while they came till,  
Liggan<sup>1</sup> under a tree;  
Rugg and rusty was her haire;  
She raise up with a felon fare,<sup>2</sup>  
To fight against the three.

She was so grisely for to meete,  
She rave the earth up with her feete,  
And hark came from the tree:  
When Fryar Middleton her saugh,<sup>3</sup>  
Weet ye well he might not laugh,  
Full earnestly look't hee.

These men of aunters that was so wight,<sup>4</sup>  
They bound them haultly<sup>5</sup> for to fight,  
And strike at her full sare:  
Untill a kiln they garred her flee,  
Wold God send them the victory,  
The wold ask him noa mare.

The sew was in the kiln hole down,  
As they were on the balke aboon,<sup>6</sup>  
For hurting of their feet;  
They were so saulted<sup>8</sup> with this sew,  
That among them was a stalworth stew,  
The kiln began to reeke.

Durst noe man neigh her with his hand,  
But put a rape<sup>9</sup> down with his wand,  
And haltered her full meete;  
They hurled her forth against her will,  
Whiles they came into a hill  
A litle fro the street.<sup>10</sup>

And there she made them such a fray,  
If they should live to Doomes-day,  
They tharrow<sup>11</sup> it ne'er forgett;  
She braded<sup>12</sup> upon every side,  
And ran on them gaping full wide,  
For nothing would she lett.<sup>13</sup>

She gave such brades<sup>14</sup> at the baud  
That Peter Dale had in his hand,  
He might not hold his feet.  
She chafed them to and fro,  
The wight men was never soe woe,  
Their measure was not so meete.

She bound her boldly to abide;  
To Peter Dale she came asidle,  
With many a hideous yell;  
She gaped soe wide and cried soe hee,  
The Fryar seid, "I conjure thee,<sup>15</sup>  
Thou art a fend of hell.

"Thou art come hither for some traine,<sup>16</sup>  
I conjure thee to go againe  
Where thou wast wont to dwell."  
He sayned<sup>17</sup> him with crosse and creede,  
Took forth a hook, began to reade  
In St. John his gospell.

The sew she wold not Latin heare,  
But rudely rushed at the Frear,  
That blinked all his lee; <sup>18</sup>  
And when she wold have taken her hold,  
The Fryar leaped as Jesus wold,  
And bealed him<sup>19</sup> with a tree.

She was as brim<sup>20</sup> as any beare,  
For all their meete to labour there,<sup>21</sup>  
To them it was no boote:  
Upon trees and bushes that by her stood,  
She ranged as she was wood,<sup>22</sup>  
And rave them up by roote.

He said, "Alas, that I was Frear!  
And I shall be rugged<sup>23</sup> in sunder here,  
Herd is my destinie!  
Wist<sup>24</sup> my brethren in this houre,  
That I was sett in such a stoure,<sup>25</sup>  
They wold pray for me."

This wicked beast that wrought this woe,  
Tooke that rape from the other two,  
And then they fledd all three;  
They fledd away by Watling-street,  
They had no succour but their feet,  
It was the more pity.

The feild it was both lost and wonne;<sup>26</sup>  
The sew went hame, and that full soone,  
To Morton on the Greene;  
When Ralph of Rokeby saw the rape,<sup>27</sup>  
He wist<sup>28</sup> that there had been debate,  
Whereat the sew had beene.

He had them stand out of her way,  
For she had had a sudden fray,—  
"I saw never so keene;  
Some new things shall we heare  
Of her and Middleton the Frear,  
Some battell hath there beene."

But all that served him for nought  
Had they not better succour sought,  
They were served therefore loe.  
Then Mistress Rokeby came anon,  
And for her brought shiee meate full soone,  
The sew came her unto.

She gave her meate upon the flower,

\* \* \* \* \*

[*Hiatus valde defendus.*]

When Fryar Middleton came hame,  
His brethren was full fain ilkone,<sup>30</sup>  
He thanked God of his life;  
He told them all unto the end,  
How he had foughten with a fiend,  
And lived through mickle strife.

"We gave her battell half a day,  
And sithin<sup>31</sup> was fain to fly away,

"She was brim as any boar,  
And gave a grisly hideous roar,  
To them it was no boot."

Besides the want of connection between the last line and the two former, the second has a very modern sound, and the reading of the Rokeby MS. with the slight alteration in the text, is much better.

<sup>22</sup> Mad. — <sup>23</sup> Torn, pulled. — <sup>24</sup> Knew. — <sup>25</sup> Combat, perilous fight. — <sup>26</sup> This stanza, with the two following, and the fragment of a fourth, are not in Mr. Whitaker's edition — <sup>27</sup> The rope about the sow's neck. — <sup>28</sup> Knew. — <sup>29</sup> This line is almost illegible. — <sup>30</sup> Each one. — <sup>31</sup> Since then, after that.

<sup>1</sup> Lying. — <sup>2</sup> A fierce countenance or manner. — <sup>3</sup> Saw. — <sup>4</sup> Wight, brave. The Rokeby MS. reads *incounters*, and Mr. Whitaker, *successors*. — <sup>5</sup> Boldly. — <sup>6</sup> On the beam above. — <sup>7</sup> To prevent. — <sup>8</sup> Assaulted. — <sup>9</sup> Rope. — <sup>10</sup> Watling Street. See the sequel. — <sup>11</sup> Dare. — <sup>12</sup> Rushed. — <sup>13</sup> Leave it. — <sup>14</sup> Pulls. — <sup>15</sup> This line is wanting in Mr. Whitaker's copy, whence it has been conjectured that something is wanting after this stanza, which now there is no occasion to suppose. — <sup>16</sup> Evil device. The text seems to mean, that all their labour to obtain their intended meat was of no use to them. Mr. Whitaker reads,



For saving of our life;<sup>1</sup>  
 And Peter Dale would never blinn,<sup>2</sup>  
 But as fast as he could ryn,<sup>3</sup>  
 Till he came to his wife."

The warden said, "I am full of woe,  
 That ever ye should be torment so,  
 But wea with you had beene!  
 Had he been there your brethern all,  
 Wee should have garred the warle<sup>4</sup> fall,  
 That wrought you all this teyne."<sup>5</sup>

Fryar Middleton said soon, "Nay,  
 In faith you would have fled away,  
 When most mister<sup>6</sup> had beene;  
 You will all speake words at hame,  
 A man would ding<sup>7</sup> you every ilk ane,  
 And if it he as I weine."

He look't so griesly all that night,  
 The warden said, "You man will fight  
 If you say ought hut good;  
 You guest<sup>8</sup> hath grieved him so sare,  
 Hold your tongues and speake no mate,  
 He looks as he were woode."

The warden waged<sup>9</sup> on the morne,  
 Two boldest men that ever were borne,  
 I weine, or ever shall be;  
 The one was Gihbert Griffn's son,  
 Full nickle worship has he wonne,  
 Both by land and sea.

The other was a bastard son of Spain,  
 Many a Sarazin hath he slain,  
 His dint<sup>10</sup> hath gart them die.  
 These two men the battle undertooke,  
 Against the sew, as says the booke,  
 And sealed security.

That they should boldly hide and fight,  
 And skomit her in maine and might,  
 Or therefore should they die.  
 The warden sealed to them againe,  
 And said, "In feild if ye be slain,  
 'This conditioo make I:

"We shall for you pray, sing, and read  
 To doomesday with hearty speede,  
 With all our progeny."  
 Then the letters well was made,  
 Bands bound with seales brade,<sup>11</sup>  
 As deedes of armes should be.

These men of armes that weere so wight,  
 With armour and with brandes bright,  
 They went this sew to see;  
 She made on them slike a rerd,<sup>12</sup>  
 That for her they were sare afer'd,  
 And almost bound to flee.

She came roveing them egaine;  
 'That saw the bastard son of Spaine,

He braded<sup>13</sup> out his brand;  
 Full spiteously at her he strake,  
 For all the fence that he could make,  
 She gat sword out of hand;  
 And rave in sunder half his shielde,  
 And bare him backward in the feilde,  
 He might not her gunstand.

She would have riven his privich geare,  
 But Gilbert with his sword of werre,  
 He strake at her full strong,  
 On her shoulder till she held the sword;  
 Theo was good Gilbert sore afer'd,  
 When the blade brake in throug.<sup>14</sup>

Since in his hands he hath her tane,  
 She tooke him by the shoulder bane,<sup>15</sup>  
 And held her hold full fast;  
 She strave so stiffly in that stower,<sup>13</sup>  
 That through all his rich armour  
 'The blood came at the last.

Then Gilbert grieved was sea sare,  
 That he rave off both hide and haire,  
 'The flesh came fro the bone;  
 And with all force he felled her there,  
 And wann her worthily in werre,  
 And band her him alone.

And lift her on a horse sea hee,  
 Into two paniers well-made of a tre,  
 And to Richmond they did hay:<sup>17</sup>  
 When they saw her come,  
 They sang merily Te Deum,  
 'The Fryers on that day.<sup>18</sup>

They thanked God and St. Francis,  
 As they had won the best of pris,<sup>19</sup>  
 And never a man was slaine:  
 There did never a man more manly,  
 Knight Marcus, nor yett Sir Gui,  
 Nor Loth of Louthyane.<sup>20</sup>

If ye will any more of this,  
 In the Fryers of Richmond 'tis  
 In parchnient good and fine;  
 And how Fryar Middleton that was so  
 kend,<sup>21</sup>  
 At Greta Bridge conjured a feind  
 In likeness of a swine.

It is well known to many a man,  
 That Fryar Theobold was warden than,  
 And this fell in his time;  
 And Christ them hless both farre and neare,  
 All that for solace list this to heare,  
 And him that made the rhyme.

Ralph Rokeby with full good will,  
 The Fryers of Richmond he gave her till,  
 This sew to mend their fare:  
 Fryar Middleton by his nanie,  
 Would needs bring the fat sew hame,  
 That rued him since full sare.

1 The above lines are wanting in Mr. Whitaker's copy.  
 —2 Cease, stop.—3 Run.—4 Warlock, or wizard.—  
 5 Harm.—6 Need.—7 Beat. The copy in Mr. Whitaker's  
 History of Crayes reads, perhaps better,—

"The send would ding yoe down ilk oae."

8 "You guest," may be you *gest*, i. e., that adventore; or  
 it may mean you *ghast*, or apparition, which in old  
 poems is applied sometimes to what is supernaturally  
 hideous. The printed copy reads,—"The beast hath," &c.

—9 Hired, a Yorkshire phrase.—10 Slow.—11 Broad, large.  
 —12 Such like a roar.—13 Drew out.—14 In the combat—  
 15 Booe.—16 Meeting, battle.—17 He, haste.—18 The  
 MS reads, mistakenly, every day.—19 Price.—20 The  
 father of Sir Gawain, in the romance of Arthur and Mer-  
 lin. The MS. is thus corrupted—

More loth of Louth Ryme.

31 Well known, or perhaps kind, well disposed.

## NOTE 3 C.

*The Filea of O'Neale was he.*—P. 230.

The Filea, or Ollamb Re Dan, was the proper bard, or, as the name literally implies, poet. Each chieftain of distinction had one or more in his service, whose office was usually hereditary. The late ingenious Mr. Cooper Walker has assembled a curious collection of particulars concerning this order of men, in his Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards. There were itinerant bards of less elevated rank, but all were held in the highest veneration. The English, who considered them as chief supporters of the spirit of national independence, were much disposed to proscribe this race of poets, as Edward I. is said to have done in Wales. Spenser, while he admits the merit of their wild poetry, as "savouring of sweet wit and good invention, and sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device," yet rigorously condemns the whole application of their poetry, as abased to "the gracing of wickedness and vice." The household minstrel was admitted even to the feast of the prince whom he served, and sat at the same table. It was one of the customs of which Sir Richard Sewry, to whose charge Richard II. committed the instruction of four Irish monarchs in the civilization of the period, found it most difficult to break his royal disciples, though he had also much ado to subject them to other English rules, and particularly to reconcile them to wear breeches. "The kyng, my souereigne lord's entent was, that in maner, countenance, and apparel of clothyng, they sholde use according to the maner of Englande, for the kyng thought to make them all four knyghtes: they had a fayre house to lodge in, in Duvelyn, and I was charged to abyde styll with them, and not to departe: and so two or three dayes I suffered them to do as they lyst, and sayde nothing to them, but folowed their owne appetytes: they wolde sitte at the table, and make countenance nother good nor fayre. Than I thought I shulde cause them to change that maner; they wolde cause their mysirells, their seruantes, and varlettes, to sytte with them, and to eate in their owne dyssche, and to drinke of their cuppes; and they shewed me that the usage of their countre was good, for they sayd in all thyngs (except their beddes) they were and lyved as comen. So the fourthe day I ordayned other tables to be covered in the hall, after the usage of Englande, and I made these four knyghtes to sytte at the hyzhe table, and there mynstrels at another borde, and their seruantes and varlettes at another byneth them, whereof by semyng they were displeased, and beheld each other, and wolde not eate, and sayde, how I wolde take fro them their good usage, wherein they had been nourished. Then I answered them, smylyng, to apeace them, that it was not honourable for their estates to do as they dyde before, and that they must leave it, and use the custom of Englande, and that it was the kyng's pleasure they shulde so do, and how he was charged so to order them. When they harde that, they suffred it, because they had putte themselves under the obsevance of the Kyng of England, and parcenered in the same as long as I was

with them; yet they had one use which I knew was well used in their countre, and that was, they dyde were no breeches; I caused breeches of linnen clothe to be made for them. Whye I was with them I caused them to leaue many rude thynges, as well in clothyng as in other causes. Moche ado I had at the first to cause them to weare gownes of sylke, furred with mynevere and gray; for before these kynges thought themselves well apparelled when they had on a mantell. They rode alwayes without saddles and styropes, and with great payne I made them to ride after our usage."—*Lord Berners' Froissart*. Lond. 1812, 4to vol. ii. p. 621.

The influence of these bards upon their patrons, and their admitted title to interfere in matters of the weightiest concern, may be also proved from the behaviour of one of them at an interview between Thomas Fitzgerald, son of the Earl of Kildare, then about to renounce the English allegiance, and the Lord Chancellor Cromer, who made a long and goodly oration to dissuade him from his purpose. The young lord had come to the council "armed and weaponed," and attended by seven score horsemen in their shirts of mail; and we are assured that the chancellor, having set forth his oration "with such a lamentable action as his cheekes were all blubbered with teares, the horsemen, namelie, such as understood not English, began to divine what the lord-chancellor meant with all this long circumstance; some of them reporting that he was preaching a sermon, others said that he stood making of some heroical poetry in the praise of the Lord Thomas. And thus as every idiot shot his foolish bolt at the wise chancellor his dis-course, who in effect had nought else but drop pretious stones before hogs, one Bard de Nelan, an Irish rithmour, and a rotten sheepe to infect a whole flocke, was chatting of Irish verses, as though his tong had run on pattens, in commendation of the Lord Thomas, investing him with the title of Silken Thomas, because his horsemen's jacks were gorgeously imbroidered with silke: and in the end he told him that he lingered there over long; whereat the Lord Thomas being quickened,"<sup>1</sup> as Holinshed expresses it, bid defiance to the chancellor, threw down contemptuously the sword of office, which, in his father's absence, he held as deputy, and rushed forth to engage in open insurrection.

## NOTE 3 D.

*Ah, Clandeboy! thy friendly floor  
Slieve-Donard's oak shall light no more.*

P. 280.

<sup>1</sup> Clandeboy is a district of Ulster, formerly possessed by the sept of the O'Neales, and Slieve-Donard, a romantic mountain in the same province. The clan was ruined after Tyrone's great rebellion, and their places of abode laid desolate. The ancient Irish, wild and uncultivated in other respects, did not yield even to their descendants in practising the most free and extended hospitality; and

doubtless the bards mourned the decay of the mansion of their chiefs in strains similar to the verses of the British Llywarch Hen on a similar occasion, which are affecting, even through the discouraging medium of a literal translation;—

“Silent-breathing gale, long wilt thou be heard!

There is scarcely another deserving praise,  
Since Urien is no more.

Many a dog that scented well the prey, and aerial hawk,

Have been trained on this floor  
Before Erleon became polluted.

This hearth, ah, will it not be covered with nettles!

Whilst its defender lived,  
More congenial to it was the foot of the needy petitioner.

This hearth, will it not be covered with green sod!

In the lifetime of Owain and Elphin,  
Its ample cauldron boiled the prey taken from the foe.

This hearth, will it not be covered with toad-stools!

Around the viand it prepared, more cheering was

The clattering sword of the fierce dauntless warrior.

This hearth, will it not be overgrown with spreading brambles!

Till now, logs of burning wood lay on it,  
Accustom'd to prepare the gifts of Reged!

This hearth, will it not be covered with thorns!  
More congenial on it would have been the mixed group  
Of Owain's social friends united in harmony.

This hearth, will it not be covered with ants!  
More adapted to it would have been the bright torches

And harmless festivities!

This hearth, will it not be covered with dock-leaves!

More congenial on its floor would have been  
The mead, and the talking of wine-cheer'd warriors.

This hearth, will it not be turned up by the swine!

More congenial to it would have been the clamour of men,

And the circling horns of the banquet.”

*Heroic Elegies of Llywarch Hen, by Owen.*  
Lond 1792, 8vo, p. 41.

“The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,  
Without fire, without bed—  
I must weep a while, and then be silent!

The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,  
Without fire, without candle—  
Except God doth, who will endue me with patience!

The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,  
Without fire, without being lighted—  
Be thou encircled with spreading silence!

The hall of Cynddylan, gloomy seems its roof  
Since the sweet smile of humanity is no more—  
Woe to him that saw it, if he neglects to do good!

The hall of Cynddylan, art thou not bereft of thy appearance?

Thy shield is in the grave;  
Whilst he lived there was no broken roof!

The hall of Cynddylan is without love this night,

Since he that own'd it is no more—  
Ah, death: it will be but a short time he will leave me!

The hall of Cynddylan is not easy this night,  
On the top of the rock of Hydwyth,

Without its lord, without company, without the circling feasts!

The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,  
Without fire, without songs—  
Tears afflict the cheeks!

The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,  
Without fire, without family—  
My overflowing tears gush out!

The hall of Cynddylan pierces me to see it,  
Without a covering, without fire—  
My general dead, and I alive myself!

The hall of Cynddylan is the seat of chill grief this night.

After the respect I experienced;  
Without the men, without the women, who reside there!

The hall of Cynddylan is silent this night,  
After losing its master—

The great merciful God, what shall I do!”  
*Ibid.* p. 77.

### NOTE 3 E.

*MacCurtin's harp*—P. 281.

“MacCurtin, hereditary Ollamh of North Munster, and Filea to Donough, Earl of Thomond, and President of Munster. This nobleman was amongst those who were prevailed upon to join Elizabeth's forces. Soon as it was known that he had basely abandoned the interests of his country, MacCurtin presented an adulatory poem to MacCarthy, chief of South Munster, and of the Eugenan line, who, with O'Neil, O'Donnell, Lacy, and others, were deeply engaged in protecting their violated country. In this poem he dwells with rapture on the courage and patriotism of MacCarthy; but the verse that should (according to an established law of the order of the bards) be introduced in the praise of O'Brien, he turns into severe satire:—“How am I afflicted (says he) that the descendant of the great Brian Boironn cannot furnish me with a theme worthy the honour and glory of his exalted race!” Lord Thomond, hearing this, vowed vengeance on the spirited bard, who fled for refuge to the county of Cork. One day observing the exasperated nobleman and his equipage at a small distance, he thought it was in vain to fly, and pretended to be suddenly seized with the pangs of death; direct-



ing his wife to lament over him, and tell his lordship, that the sight of him, by awakening the sense of his ingratitude, had so much affected him that he could not support it; and desired her at the same time to tell his lordship, that he entreated, as a dying request, his forgiveness. Soon as Lord Thomond arrived, the feigned tale was related to him. That nobleman was moved to compassion, and not only declared that he most heartily forgave him, but, opening his purse, presented the fair mourner with some pieces to inter him. This instance of his lordship's pity and generosity gave courage to the trembling bard; who, suddenly springing up, recited an extemporaneous ode in praise of Donough, and re-entering into his service, became once more his favourite."—*Walker's Memoirs of the Irish Bards*. Lond. 1786, 4to, p. 141.

## NOTE 3 F.

*The ancient English minstrel's dress*.—P. 281.

Among the entertainments presented to Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle, was the introduction of a person designed to represent a travelling minstrel, who entertained her with a solemn story out of the acts of King Arthur. Of this person's dress and appearance Mr. Laneham has given us a very accurate account, transferred by Bishop Percy to the preliminary Dissertation on Minstrels, prefixed to his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. i.

## NOTE 3 G.

*Littlecote Hall*.—P. 284.

The tradition from which the ballad is founded, was supplied by a friend, (the late Lord Webb Seymour,) whose account I will not do the injustice to abridge, as it contains an admirable picture of an old English hall:—"Littlecote House stands in a low and lonely situation. On three sides it is surrounded by a park that spreads over the adjoining hill; on the fourth, by meadows which are watered by the river Kennet. Close on one side of the house is a thick grove of lofty trees, along the verge of which runs one of the principal avenues to it through the park. It is an irregular building of great antiquity, and was probably erected about the time of the termination of feudal warfare, when defence came no longer to be an object in a country mansion. Many circumstances, however, in the interior of the house, seem appropriate to feudal times. The hall is very spacious, floored with stones, and lighted by large transom windows, that are clothed with casements. Its walls are hung with old military accoutrements, that have long been left a prey to rust. At one end of the hall is a range of coats of mail and helmets, and there is an every side abundance of old-fashioned pistols and guns, many of them with matchlocks. Immediately below the cornice hangs a row of leathern jerkins, made in the form of a shirt, supposed to have been worn as armour by the vassals. A large oak table, reaching nearly from one end of the

room to the other, might have feasted the whole neighbourhood, and an appendage to one end of it made it answer at other times for the old game of shuffleboard. The rest of the furniture is in a suitable style, particularly an arm-chair of cumbersome workmanship constructed of wood, curiously turned, with a high back and triangular seat, said to have been used by Judge Popham in the reign of Elizabeth. The entrance into the hall is at one end, by a low door, communicating with a passage that leads from the outer door in the front of the house to a quadrangle<sup>1</sup> within; at the other, it opens upon a gloomy staircase, by which you ascend to the first floor, and, passing the doors of some bedchambers, enter a narrow gallery, which extends along the back front of the house from one end to the other of it, and looks upon an old garden. This gallery is hung with portraits, chiefly in the Spanish dresses of the sixteenth century. In one of the bedchambers, which you pass in going towards the gallery, is a bedstead with blue furniture, which time has now made dingy and threadbare, and in the bottom of one of the bed curtains you are shown a place where a small piece has been cut out and sewn in again,—a circumstance which serves to identify the scene of the following story:—

"It was on a dark rainy night in the month of November, that an old midwife sat nursing by her cottage fire-side, when on a sudden she was startled by a loud knocking at the door. On opening it she found a horseman, who told her that her assistance was required immediately by a person of rank, and that she should be handsomely rewarded; but that there were reasons for keeping the affair a strict secret, and, therefore, she must submit to be blindfolded, and to be conducted in that condition to the bedchamber of the lady. With some hesitation the midwife consented; the horseman bound her eyes, and placed her on a pillow behind him. After proceeding in silence for many miles through rough and dirty lanes, they stopped, and the midwife was led into a house, which from the length of her walk through the apartments, as well as the sounds about her, she discovered to be the seat of wealth and power. When the bandage was removed from her eyes, she found herself in a bedchamber, in which were the lady on whose account she had been sent for, and a man of a haughty and ferocious aspect. The lady was delivered of a fine boy. Immediately the man commanded the midwife to give him the child, and catching it from her, he hurried across the room, and threw it on the back of the fire that was blazing in the chimney. The child, however, was strong, and, by its struggles, rolled itself upon the hearth, when the ruffian again seized it with fury, and, in spite of the intercession of the midwife, and the more piteous entreaties of the mother, thrust it under the grate, and, raking the live coals upon it, soon put an end to its life. The midwife, after spending some time in affording all the relief in her power to the wretched mother, was told that she must be gone. Her former conductor appeared, who again bound her eyes, and conveyed her behind him to her

<sup>1</sup> I think there is a chapel on one side of it, but am not quite sure.

own home; he then paid her handsomely, and departed. The midwife was strongly agitated by the horrors of the preceding night; and she immediately made a deposition of the facts before a magistrate. Two circumstances afforded hopes of detecting the house in which the crime had been committed; one was, that the midwife, as she sat by the bedside, had with a view to discover the place, cut out a piece of the bed-curtain, and sewn it in again; the other was, that as she had descended the staircase she had counted the steps. Some suspicions fell upon one Darrell, at that time the proprietor of Littlecote House, and the domain around it. The house was examined, and identified by the midwife, and Darrell was tried at Salisbury for the murder. By corrupting his judge, he escaped the sentence of the law; but broke his neck by a fall from his horse in hunting, in a few months after. The place where this happened is still known by the name of Darrell's Style,—a spot to be dreaded by the peasant whom the shades of evening have overtaken on his way.

"Littlecote House is two miles from Hungerford, in Berkshire, through which the Bath road passes. The fact occurred in the reign of Elizabeth. All the important circumstances I have given exactly as they are told in the country; some trifles only are added, either to render the whole connected, or to increase the impression."

To Lord Webb's edition of this singular story, the author can now add the following account, extracted from Aubrey's Correspondence. It occurs among other particulars respecting Sir John Popham:—

"Sir \* \* \* Dayrell, of Littlecote, in Corn. Wilts, having gott his lady's waiting woman with child, when her travell came, sent a servant with a horse for a midwife, whom he was to bring hood-winked. She was brought, and layd the woman, but as soon as the child was born, she sawe the knight take the child and murder it, and burn it in the fire in the chamber. She having done her businesse, was extraordinarily rewarded for her paines, and sent blindfolded away. This horrid action did much run in her mind, and she had a desire to discover it, but knew not where 'twas. She considered with herself the time that she was riding, and how many miles she might have rode at that rate in that time, and that it must be some great person's house, for the roome was 12 foot high; and she should know the chamber if she sawe it. She went to a Justice of Peace, and search was made. The very chamber found. The Knight was brought to his tryall; and, to be short, this judge had this noble house, parke and manner, and (I thinke) more, for a bribe to save his life.

"Sir John Popham gave sentence according to lawe, but being a great person and a favourite, he procured a *noli prosequi*."

With this tale of horror the author has combined some circumstances of a similar legend, which was current at Edinburgh during his childhood.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the large castles of the Scottish nobles, and even the secluded hotels, like those of the French noblesse, which they possessed in Edinburgh, were sometimes the

scenes of strange and mysterious transactions, a divine of singular sanctity was called up at midnight to pray with a person at the point of death. This was no unusual summons; but what followed was alarming. He was put into a sedan-chair, and after he had been transported to a remote part of the town, the bearers insisted upon his being blindfolded. The request was enforced by a cocked pistol, and submitted to; but in the course of the discussion, he conjectured, from the phrases employed by the chairmen, and from some part of their dress, not completely concealed by their cloaks, that they were greatly above the menial station they had assumed. After many turns and windings, the chair was carried up stairs into a lodging, where his eyes were uncovered, and he was introduced into a bedroom, where he found a lady, newly delivered of an infant. He was commanded by his attendants to say such prayers by her bedside as were fitting for a person not expected to survive a mortal disorder. He ventured to remonstrate, and observe that her safe delivery warranted better hopes. But he was sternly commanded to obey the orders first given, and with difficulty recollected himself sufficiently to acquit himself of the task imposed on him. He was then again hurried into the chair; but as they conducted him down stairs, he heard the report of a pistol. He was safely conducted home; a purse of gold was forced upon him; but he was warned, at the same time, that the least allusion to this dark transaction would cost him his life. He betook himself to rest, and, after long and broken musing, fell into a deep sleep. From this he was awakened by his servant, with the dismal news that a fire of uncommon fury had broken out in the house of \* \* \* \*, near the head of the Canongate, and that it was totally consumed; with the shocking addition, that the daughter of the proprietor, a young lady eminent for beauty and accomplishments, had perished in the flames. The clergyman had his suspicions, but to have made them public would have availed nothing. He was timid; the family was of the first distinction; above all, the deed was done, and could not be amended. Time wore away, however, and with it his terrors. He became unhappy at being the solitary depositary of this fearful mystery, and mentioned it to some of his brethren, through whom the anecdote acquired a sort of publicity. The divine, however, had been long dead, and the story in some degree forgotten, when a fire broke out again on the very same spot where the house of \* \* \* \* had formerly stood, and which was now occupied by buildings of an inferior description. When the flames were at their height, the tumult, which usually attends such a scene, was suddenly suspended by an unexpected apparition. A beautiful female, in a night-dress, extremely rich, but at least half a century old, appeared in the very midst of the fire, and uttered these tremendous words in her vernacular idiom; "*Aves burned, twice burned; the third time I'll scare you all!*" The belief in this story was formerly so strong, that on a fire breaking out, and seeming to approach the fatal spot, there was a good deal of anxiety testified, lest the apparition should make good her denunciation.

## NOTE 3 H.

*As thick a smoke these hearths have given  
At Hallow-tide or Christmas-even.—P. 285.*

Such an exhortation was, in similar circumstances, actually given to his followers by a Welsh chieftain:—

“Ennity did continue Howells ap Rys ap Howell Vaughan and the sonnes of John ap Meredith. After the death of Evan ap Rebert, Griffith ap Gronw (cosen-german to John ap Meredith’s sonnes of Gwynfryn, who had long served in France, and had charge there) coming home to live in the country, it happened that a servant of his, coming to fish in Stymlyn, his fish was taken away, and the fellow beaten by Howell ap Rys his servants, and by his commandment. Griffith ap John ap Gronw took the matter in such dudgeon that he challenged Howell ap Rys to the field, which he refusing, assembling his cosins John ap Meredith’s sonnes and his friends together, assaulted Howell in his own house, after the manner he had seen in the French warres, and consumed with fire his barnes and his out-houses. Whilst he was thus assaulting the hall, which Howell ap Rys and many other people kept, being a very strong house, he was shot, out of a crevice of the house, through the sight of his heaver into the head, and slayne outright, being otherwise armed at all points. Notwithstanding his death, the assault of the house was continued with great vehemence, the doores fired with great burthens of straw; besides this, the smoake of the out-houses and barnes not farre distant annoyed greatly the defendants, for that most of them lay under boordes and benches upon the floore, in the hall, the better to avoyd the smoake. During this scene of confusion onely the old man, Howell ap Rys, never stooped, but stood valiantly in the midst of the floore, armed with a gleeve in his hand, and called unto them, and bid them arise like men, for shame, for he had knowne there as great a smoake in that hall upon Christmas-even. In the end, seeing the house could noe longer defend them, being overlayed with a multitude, upon parley betweene them, Howell ap Rys was content to yeald himself prisoner to Morris ap John ap Meredith, John ap Meredith’s eldest sonne, soe as he would swear unto him to bring him safe to Carnarvon Castle, to abide the triall of the law for the death of Graff ap John ap Gronw, who was cosen-german removed to the said Howell ap Rys, and of the very same house he was of. Which Morris ap John ap Meredith undertaking, did put a guard about the said Howell of his trustiest friends and servants, who kept and defended him from the rage of his kindred, and especially of Owes ap John ap Meredith, his brother, who was very eager against him. They passed by leisure thence like a campe to Carnarvon: the whole countrie being assembled, Howell his friends posted a horseback from one place or other by the way, who brought word that he was come thither safe, for they were in great fear lest he should be murdered, and that Morris ap John ap Meredith could not be able to defend him, neither durst any of Howell’s friends be there, for fear of the kin-

dred In the end, being delivered by Morris ap John ap Meredith to the Constable of Carnarvon Castle, and there kept safely in ward untill the assises, it fell out by law, that the burning of Howell’s houses, and assaulting him in his owne house, was a more heynous offence in Morris ap John ap Meredith and the rest, than the death of Graff ap John ap Gronw in Howell, who did it in his owne defence: whereupon Morris ap John ap Meredith, with thirty-five more, were indicted of felony, as appeareth by the copie of the indictment, which I had from the records.”—*Sir John Wynne’s History of the Gwydir Family.* Lond. 1770, 8vo, p. 116.

## NOTE 3 I.

*O’er Hezham’s altar hung my glove.—P. 290.*

This custom among the Redesdale and Tyndale Borderers is mentioned in the interesting Life of Barnard Gilpin, where some account is given of these wild districts, which it was the custom of that excellent man regularly to visit.

“This custom (of duels) still prevailed on the Borders, where Saxon barbarism held its latest possession. These wild Northumbrians, indeed, went beyond the ferocity of their ancestors. They were not content with a duel: each contending party used to muster what adherents he could, and commence a kind of petty war. So that a private grudge would often occasion much bloodshed.

“It happened that a quarrel of this kind was on foot when Mr. Gilpin was at Rothbury, in those parts. During the two or three days of his preaching, the contending parties observed some decorum, and never appeared at church together. At length, however, they met. One party had been early at church, and just as Mr. Gilpin began his sermon, the other entered. They stood not long silent. Inflamed at the sight of each other, they began to clash their weapons, for they were all armed with javelins and swords, and mutually approached. Awed, however, by the sacredness of the place, the tumult in some degree ceased. Mr. Gilpin proceeded: when again the combatants began to brandish their weapons, and draw towards each other. As a fray seemed near, Mr. Gilpin stepped from the pulpit, went between them, and addressed the leaders, put an end to the quarrel, for the present, but could not effect an entire reconciliation. They promised him, however, that till the sermon was over they would make no more disturbance. He then went again into the pulpit, and spent the rest of the time in endeavouring to make them ashamed of what they had done. His behaviour and discourse affected them so much, that, at his farther entreaty, they promised to forbear all acts of hostility while he continued in the country. And so much respected was he among them, that whoever was in fear of his enemy used to resort where Mr. Gilpin was, esteeming him presence the best protection.

“One Sunday morning, coming to a church in those parts, before the people were assembled, he observed a glove hanging up, and was



informed by the sexton, that it was meant as a challenge to any one who should take it down. Mr. Gilpin ordered the sexton to reach it to him; but upon his utterly refusing to touch it, he took it down himself, and put it into his breast. When the people were assembled, he went into the pulpit, and, before he concluded his sermon took occasion to rebuke them severely for these inhuman challenges. 'I hear,' saith he, 'that one among you hath hanged up a glove, even in this sacred place, threatening to fight any one who taketh it down: see, I have taken it down;' and, pulling out the glove, he held it up to the congregation, and then showed them how unsuitable such savage practices were to the profession of Christianity, using such persuasiveness to mutual love as he thought would most affect them."—*Life of Barnard Gilpin*. Lond. 1753, 8vo, p. 177.

### NOTE 3 K.

*A Horseman arm'd, at headlong speed.*—P. 292.

This, and what follows, is taken from a real achievement of Major Robert Philipson, called from his desperate and adventurous courage, Robin the Devil; which, as being very inaccurately noticed in this note upon the first edition, shall be now given in a more authentic form. The chief place of his retreat was not Lord's Island, in Derwentwater, but Curwen's Island, in the Lake of Windermere:—

"This island formerly belonged to the Philipsons, a family of note in Westmoreland. During the Civil Wars, two of them, an elder and a younger brother, served the King. The former, who was the proprietor of it, commanded a regiment; the latter was a major.

"The major, whose name was Robert, was a man of great spirit and enterprise; and for his many feats of personal bravery had obtained, among the Oliverians of those parts, the appellation of Robin the Devil.

"After the war had subsided, and the direful effects of public opposition had ceased, revenge and malice long kept alive the animosity of individuals. Colonel Briggs, a steady friend to usurpation, resided at this time at Kendal, and, under the double character of a leading magistrate (for he was a Justice-of-Peace) and an active commander,

held the country in awe. This person having heard that Major Philipson was at his brother's house on the island in Windermere, resolved, if possible, to seize and punish a man who had made himself so particularly obnoxious. How it was conducted, my authority does not inform us—whether he got together the navigation of the lake, and blockaded the place by sea, or whether he landed and carried on his approaches in form. Neither do we learn the strength of the garrison within, nor of the works without. All we learn is, that Major Philipson endured a siege of eight months with great gallantry, till his brother, the Colonel, raised a party and relieved him.

"It was now the Major's turn to make reprisals. He put himself, therefore, at the head of a little troop of horse, and rode to Kendal. Here, being informed that Colonel Briggs was at prayers, (for it was on a Sunday morning,) he stationed his men properly in the avenues, and himself armed, rode directly into the church. It probably was not a regular church, but some large place of meeting. It is said he intended to seize the Colonel and carry him off; but as this seems to have been totally impracticable, it is rather probable that his intention was to kill him on the spot, and in the midst of the confusion to escape. Whatever his intention was, it was frustrated, for Briggs happened to be elsewhere.

"The congregation, as might be expected, was thrown into great confusion on seeing an armed man on horseback make his appearance among them; and the Major, taking advantage of their astonishment, turned his horse round, and rode quietly out. But having given an alarm, he was presently assaulted as he left the assembly, and being seized, his girths were cut, and he was unhorsed.

"At this instant his party made a furious attack on the assailants, and the Major killed with his own hand the man who had seized him, clapped the saddle ungrithed as it was, upon his horse, and, vaulting into it, rode full speed through the streets of Kendal, calling his men to follow him; and, with his whole party made a safe retreat to his asylum in the lake. The action marked the man. Many knew him: and they who did not, knew as well from the exploit that it could be nobody but Robin the Devil."

1 Dr. Burn's History of Westmoreland.

## The Bridal of Triermaln:

OR,

The Vale of St. John.

A LOVER'S TALE.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.<sup>1</sup>

In the Edinburgh Annual Register for the year 1809, Three Fragments were inserted, written in imitation of Living Poets. It must have been apparent, that by these proflusions, nothing burlesque, or disrespectful to the authors, was intended, but that they were offered to the public as serious, though certainly very imperfect, imitations of that style of composition, by which each of the writers is supposed to be distinguished. As these exercises attracted a greater degree of attention than the author anticipated, he has been induced to complete one of them, and present it as a separate publication.

It is not in this place that an examination of the works of the master whom he has here adopted as his model, can, with propriety, be introduced; since his general acquiescence in the favourable suffrage of the public must necessarily be inferred from the attempt he has now made. He is induced, by the nature of his subject, to offer a few remarks on what has been called Romantic Poetry;—the popularity of which has been revived in the present day, under the auspices, and by the unparalleled success, of one individual.

The original purpose of poetry is either religious or historical, or, as must frequently happen, a mixture of both. To modern readers, the poems of Homer have many of the features of pure romance; but in the estimation of his contemporaries, they probably derived their chief value from their supposed historical authenticity. The same may be generally said of the poetry of all early ages. The marvels and miracles which the poet blends with his song, do not exceed in number or extravagance the figments of the historians of the same period of society; and, indeed, the difference betwixt poetry and prose, as the vehicles of historical truth, is always of late introduction. Poets, under various denominations of Bards, Scalds, Chroniclers, and so forth, are the first historians of all nations. Their intention is to relate the events they have witnessed, or the traditions that have reached them; and they clothe the relation in rhyme, merely as the means of rendering it more solemn in the narrative or more easily committed to memory. But as the poetical historian improves in the art of conveying information, the authenticity of his narrative unavoidably declines. He is tempted to dilate and dwell upon the events that are interesting to his imagination, and, conscious how indifferent his audience is to the naked truth of his poem, his history gradually becomes a romance.

It is in this situation that those epics are found, which have been generally regarded the standards of poetry; and it has happened somewhat strangely, that the moderns have pointed out as the characteristics and peculiar excellencies of narrative poetry, the very circumstances which the authors themselves adopted, only because their art involved the duties of the historian as well as the poet. It cannot be believed, for example, that Homer selected the siege of Troy as the most appropriate subject for poetry; his purpose was to write the early history of his country; the event he has chosen, though not very fruitful in varied incident, nor perfectly well adapted for poetry, was nevertheless combined with traditionary and genealogical anecdotes extremely interesting to those who were to listen to him; and this he has adorned by the exertions of a genius, which, if it has been equaled, has certainly been never surpassed. It was not till comparatively a late period that the general accuracy of his narrative, or his purpose in composing it, was brought into question.

Δοκεῖ πρῶτος [ὁ Αναξαγόρας] (καθα φησι Φαβορίνος ἐν παντοδαπῇ Ἱστορίᾳ) τὴν Ὀμήρου ποιήναι ἀποφῆναι εἶναι περὶ ἀρετῆς καὶ δικαιοσύνης.<sup>2</sup> But whatever theories might be framed by speculative men, his work was of an historical, not of an allegorical nature. Ἐναντιῆλετο μετὰ τῷ Μέντω καὶ ὅπῃ ἐκάστοτε ἀφίκοιτο, πάντα τὰ ἐπιχώρια διερωτᾶτο, καὶ ἱστορέων ἐπυνθάνετο· εἰκὸς δὲ μιν ἦν καὶ μνημοσύνα πάντων γράφεισθαι.<sup>3</sup> Instead of recommending the choice of a subject similar to that of Homer, it was to be expected that critics should have exhorted the poets of these latter days to adopt or invent a narrative in itself more susceptible of poetical ornament, and to avail themselves of that advantage in order to compensate, in some degree, the inferiority of genius. The contrary course has been inculcated by almost all the writers upon the *Epopœia*; with what success, the fate of Homer's numerous imitators may best show. The *ul-timum supplicium* of criticism was inflicted on the author if he did not choose a subject which at once deprived him of all claim to originality, and placed him, if not in actual contest, at least in fatal comparison, with those giants in the land whom it was most his interest to avoid. The celebrated receipt for writing an epic poem, which appeared in *The Guardian*, was the first instance in which common sense was applied to this department of poetry;

<sup>1</sup> Published in March, 1823, by John Ballantyne and Co. 12mo., 7s. 6d.

<sup>2</sup> Diogenes Laertian, lib. ii. Anaxag. Sægn. II.

<sup>3</sup> Homer's Vita, in Herod. *Hist. Steph.* 1570, p. 356.

and, indeed, if the question be considered on its own merits, we must be satisfied that narrative poetry, if strictly confined to the great occurrences of history, would be deprived of the individual interest which it is so well calculated to excite.

Modern poets may therefore be pardoned in seeking simpler subjects of verse, more interesting in proportion to their simplicity. Two or three figures, well grouped, suit the artist better than a crowd, for whatever purpose assembled. For the same reason, a scene immediately presented to the imagination, and directly brought home to the feelings, though involving the fate of but one or two persons, is more favourable for poetry than the political struggles and convulsions which influence the fate of kingdoms. The former are within the reach and comprehension of all, and, if depicted with vigour, seldom fail to fix attention: The other, if more sublime, are more vague and distant, less capable of being distinctly understood, and infinitely less capable of exciting those sentiments which it is the very purpose of poetry to inspire. To generalize is always to destroy effect. We would, for example, be more interested in the fate of an individual soldier in combat, than in the grand event of a general action; with the happiness of two lovers raised from misery and anxiety to peace and union, than with the successful exertions of a whole nation. From what causes this may originate, is a separate and obviously an immaterial consideration. Before ascribing this peculiarity to causes decidedly and odiously selfish, it is proper to recollect, that while men see only a limited space, and while their affections and conduct are regulated, not by aspiring to an universal good, but by exerting their power of making themselves and others happy within the limited scale allotted to each individual, so long will

individual history and individual virtue be the readier and more accessible road to general interest and attention; and, perhaps, we may add, that it is the more useful, as well as the more accessible, inasmuch as it affords an example capable of being easily imitated.

According to the author's idea of Romantic Poetry, as distinguished from Epic, the former comprehends a fictitious narrative, framed and combined at the pleasure of the writer; beginning and ending as he may judge best: which neither exacts nor refuses the use of supernatural machinery: which is free from the technical rules of the *Epee*; and is subject only to those which good sense, good taste, and good morals, apply to every species of poetry without exception. The date may be in a remote age, or in the present; the story may detail the adventures of a prince or of a peasant. In a word, the author is absolute master of his country and its inhabitants, and every thing is permitted to him, excepting to be heavy or prosaic, for which, free and unembarrassed as he is, he has no manner of apology. Those, it is probable, will be found the peculiarities of this species of composition; and before joining the outcry against the vitiated taste that fosters and encourages it, the justice and grounds of it ought to be made perfectly apparent. If the want of sieges, and battles, and great military evolutions, in our poetry, is complained of, let us reflect, that the campaigns and heroes of our days are perpetuated in a record that neither requires nor admits of the aid of fiction; and if the complaint refers to the inferiority of our bards, let us pay a just tribute to their modesty, limiting them, as it does, to subjects which, however indifferently treated, have still the interest and charm of novelty, and which thus prevents them from adding insipidity to their other more insuperable defects.

## The Bridal of Criermain.

### INTRODUCTION.

#### I.

Come, Lucy! while 'tis morning hour,  
The woodland brook we needs must pass;  
So, ere the sun assume his power,  
We shelter in our poplar bow,  
Where dew lies long upon the flower,  
Though vanish'd from the velvet grass.  
Curbing the stream, this stony ridge  
May serve us for a silvan bridge;  
For here compell'd to disunite,  
Round petty isles the runnels glide,  
And chafing off their puny spite,  
The shallow murmurers waste their might,  
Yielding to footstep free and light  
A dry-shod pass from side to side.

#### II.

Nay, why this hesitating pause?  
And, Lucy, as thy step withdraws,

Why sidelong eye the streamlet's brim?  
Titania's foot without a slip,  
Like lute, though timid, light, and slim,  
From stone to stone might safely trip,  
Nor risk the glow-worm clasp to dip  
That binds her slipper's silken rim.  
Or trust thy lover's strength: nor fear  
That this same stalwart arm of mine,  
Which could yon oak's prone trunk uprear,  
Shall shrink beneath the burden dear  
Of form so slender, light, and fine—  
So,—now, the danger dared at last,  
Look back, and smile at perils past!

#### III.

And now we reach the favourite glade,  
Paled in by copsewood, cliff, and stone,  
Where never harsher sounds invade,  
To break affection's whispering tone,  
Than the deep breeze that waves the shade,  
Than the small brooklet's feeble moan.



Come! rest thee on thy wonted seat;  
Moss'd is the stone, the turf is green,  
A place where lovers best may meet.  
Who would that not their love be seen.

The boughs, that dim the summer sky,  
Shall hide us from each lurking spy,  
That fain would spread the invidious tale,  
How Lucy of the lofty eye,  
Noble in birth, in fortunes high,  
She for whom lords and barons sigh,  
Meets her poor Arthur in the dale.

## IV.

How deep that blush! — how deep that sigh!  
And why does Lucy shun mine eye?  
Is it because that crimson draws  
Its colour from some secret cause,  
Some hidden movement of the breast,  
She would not that her Arthur guess'd?  
O! quicker far is lover's ken  
Than the dull glance of common men,  
And, by strange sympathy, can spell  
The thoughts the loved one will not tell!  
And mine, in Lucy's blush, saw met  
The hues of pleasure and regret;

Pride mingled in the sigh her voice,  
And shared with Love the crimson glow;  
Well pleased that thou art Arthur's choice,  
Yet shamed thine own is placed so low:  
Thou turn'st thy self-confessing cheek,  
As if to meet the breeze's cooling;  
Then, Lucy, hear thy tutor speak,  
For Love, too, has his hours of schooling.

## V.

Too oft my anxious eye has spied  
That secret grief thou fain wouldst hide,  
The passing pang of humbled pride;  
Too oft, when through the splendid hall,  
The load-star of each heart and eye,  
My fair one leads the glittering ball,  
Will her stol'n glance on Arthur fall,  
With such a blush and such a sigh!  
Thou wouldst not yield, for wealth or rank,  
The heart thy worth and beauty won,  
Nor leave me on this mossy bank,  
To meet a rival on a throne:  
Why, then, should vain repinings rise,  
That to thy lover fate denies  
A nobler name, a wide domain,  
A baron's birth, a menial train,  
Since Heaven assign'd him, for his part,  
A lyre, a falchion, and a heart?

## VI.

My sword — its master must be dumb;  
But, when a soldier names my name,  
Approach, my Lucy! fearless come,  
Nor dread to hear of Arthur's shame.  
My heart — 'mid all yon courtly crew,  
Of lordly rank and lofty line,  
Is there to love and honour true,  
That boasts a pulse so warm as mine?  
They praised thy diamonds' lustre rare —  
Match'd with thine eyes, I thought it faded;  
They praised the pearls that bound thy hair —  
I only saw the locks they braided;  
They talked of wealthy dower and land,  
And titles of high birth the token —  
I thought of Lucy's heart and hand,  
Nor knew the sense of what was spoken.

1 The Mocking Bird.

And yet, if rank'd in Fortune's roll,  
I might have learn'd their choice unwise,  
Who rate the dower above the soul,  
And Lucy's diamonds o'er her eyes.

## VII.

My lyre — it is an idle toy,  
That borrows accents not its own,  
Like warbler of Colombian sky,  
That sings but in a mimic tone.<sup>1</sup>  
Ne'er did it sound o'er santed well,  
Nor boasts it aught of Border spell;  
Its strings no feudal slogan pour,  
Its heroes draw no broad claymore;  
No shouting clans applauses raise,  
Because it sung their father's praise;  
On Scottish moor, or English down,  
It ne'er was graced by fair renown;  
Nor won — best meed to minstrel true, —  
One favouring smile from fair Buccleuch!  
By one poor streamlet sounds its tone,  
And heard by one dear maid alone.

## VIII.

But, if thou hid'st, these tones shall tell  
Of errant knight, and damozelle;  
Of the dread knot a Wizard tied,  
In punishment of maiden's pride,  
In notes of marvel and of fear,  
That best may charm romantic ear.  
For Lucy loves, — like Collins, ill-starred name;<sup>2</sup>  
Whose lay's requital, was that tardy fame,  
Who bound no laurel round his living head,  
Should hang it o'er his monument when  
dead, —

For Lucy loves to tread enchanted strand,  
And thread, like him, the maze of fairy land;  
Of golden battlements to view the gleam,  
And slumber soft by some Elysian stream:  
Such lays she loves, — and, such my Lucy's  
choice.

What other song can claim her Poet's voice?

~~~~~

The Bridal of Triermaln.

—

CANTO FIRST.

—

I.

Where is the maiden of mortal strain,
That may match with the Baron of Triermaln?³

She must be lovely, and constant, and kind,
Holy and pure, and humble of mind,
Blithe of cheer, and gentle of mood,
Courteous, and generous, and noble of blood —
Lovely as the sun's first ray,
When it breaks the clouds of an April day;
Constant and true as the widow'd love,
Kind as a minstrel that sings of love;
Pure as the fountain in rocky cave,
Where never sunbeam kisses the wave;
Humble as maiden that loves in vain,
Holy as Hermit's vesper strain;
Gentle as breeze that but whispers and dies,
Yet blithe as the light leaves that dance in its
sighs;

2 See Appendix, Note A.

3 Ibid, Note B.

Courteous as monarch the moru he is crown'd,
 Generous as spring-dews that bless the glad
 ground;
 Noble her blood as the currents that met
 In the veins of the noblest Plantagenet—
 Such must her form be, her mood, and her
 strain,
 That shall match with Sir Roland of Trier-
 main.

II.

Sir Roland de Vaux he hath laid him to steep,
 His blood it was fever'd, his breathing was
 deep.

He had been pricking against the Scot,
 The foray was long, and the skirmish hot;
 His diuted helm and his buckler's plight
 Bore token of a stubborn fight.

All in the castle must hold them still,
 Harpers must lull him to his rest,
 With the slow soft tunes he loves the best,
 Till sleep sink down upon his breast,
 Like the dew on a summer hill.

III.

It was the dawn of an autumn day;
 The sun was struggling with frost-fog grey,
 That like a silvery crape was spread
 Round Skiddaw's dim and distant head,
 And faintly gleam'd each painted pane
 Of the lordly halls of Triermain.

When that Baron hold awoke.
 Starting he woke, and loudly did call,
 Rousing his menials in bower and hall,
 While hastily he spoke.

IV.

"Hearken, my minstrels! Which of ye all
 Touch'd his harp with that dying fall,
 So sweet, so soft, so faint,
 It seem'd an angel's whisper'd call
 To an expiring saint?"

And hearken, my merry-men! What time or
 where
 Did she pass, that maid with her heavenly
 brow,

With her look so sweet and her eyes so fair,
 And her graceful step and her angel air,
 And the eagle plume in her dark-brown hair,
 That pass'd from my bower e'en now?"

V.

Answer'd him Richard de Bretville; he
 Was chief of the Baron's minstrelsy,—
 "Silent, noble chieftain, we

Have sat since midnight close,
 When such lulling sounds as the brooklet
 sings,

Murmur'd from our melting strings,
 And hush'd you to repose.

Had a harp-note sounded here,
 It had caught my watchful ear,
 Although it fell as faint and shy
 As bashful maiden's half form'd sigh,
 When she thinks her lover near"—

Answer'd Philip of Fastwaite tall,
 He kept guard in the outer-hall,—
 "Since at eve our watch took post,
 Not a foot has thy portal cross'd;

Else had I heard the steps, though low
 And light they fell, as when earth receives,
 In morn of frost, the wither'd leaves,
 That drop when no winds blow."—

VI.

"Then come thou hither, Henry, my page,
 Whom I saved from the sack of Hermitage,
 When that dark castle, tower, and spire,
 Rose to the skies a pile of fire.

And redden'd all the Nine-stane Hill,
 And the shrieks of death, that wildly broke
 Through the devouring flame and smothering
 smoke,

Made the warrior's heart-blood chill.
 The truest thou of all my train,
 My fleetest courser thou must rein,

And ride to Lyulph's tower,
 And from the Baron of Triermain
 Greet well that sage of power.

He is sprung from Druid sires,
 And British bards that tuned their lyres
 To Arthur's and Pendragon's praise,
 And his who sleeps at Dunmailraise.¹

Gifted like his gifted race,
 He the characters can trace,
 Graven deep in elder time
 Upon Hellyvellyn's cliffs sublime;
 Sign and sigil well doth he know,
 And can bode of weal and woe,
 Of kingdoms' fall, and fate of wars,
 From mystic drearish and course of stars.
 He shall tell if middle earth
 To that enchanting shape gave birth,
 Or if 'twas but an airy thing,

Such as fantastic slumbers bring,
 Framed from the rainbow's varying dyes,
 Or fading tints of western skies.
 For, by the Blessed Rood I swear,
 If that fair form breathe vital air,
 No other maiden by my side
 Shall ever rest De Vaux's bride!"

VII.

The faithful Page he mounts his steed,
 And soon he cross'd green Irthing's mead,
 Dash'd o'er Kirkoswald's verdant plain,
 And Eden barr'd his course in vain.
 He pass'd red Penrith's Table Round,²
 For feats of chivalry renown'd,
 Left Mayburgh's mound³ and stones of power,
 By Druids raised in magic hour,
 And traced the Eamont's winding way,
 Till Ulfo's⁴ lake beneath him lay.

VIII.

Onward he rode, the pathway still
 Winding betwixt the lake and hill;
 Till, on the fragment of a rock,
 Struck from its base by lightning shock,
 He saw the hoary Sage:

The silver moss and lichen twined,
 With fern and deer-hair check'd and lined,
 A cushion fit for age;

And o'er him shook the aspin-tree,
 A restless rustling canopy.
 Then sprung young Henry from his selle,
 And greeted Lyulph grave,

And then his master's tale did tell,
 And then for counsel crave.

¹ Dunmailraise is one of the grand passes from Cumberland into Westmoreland. It takes its name from a cairn, or pile of stones, erected, it is said, to the memory of Dunmail, the last King of Cumberland.

² See Appendix, Note C.

³ See Appendix, Note D.

⁴ Ulwaster.

The Man of Years mused long and deep,
Of time's lost treasures taking keep,
And then, as rousing from a sleep,
His solemn answer gave.

IX.

"That maid is born of middle earth,
And may of man be won,
Though there have glided since her birth
Five hundred years and one.
But where's the Knight in all the north,
That dare the adventure follow forth,
So perilous to knightly worth,
In the valley of St. John ?
Listen, youth, to what I tell,
And bind it on thy memory well ;
Nor muse that I commence the rhyme
Far distant 'mid the wrecks of time.
The mystic tale, by bard and sage,
Is handed down from Merlin's age.

X.

LYULPH'S TALE.

"King Arthur has ridden from merry Carlisle
When Pentecost was o'er :
He journey'd like errant-knight the while,
And sweetly the summer sun did smile
On mountain, moss, and moor.
Above his solitary track
Rose Glaramara's ridgy back,
Amid whose yawning gulfs the sun
Cast amber'd radiance red and dun,
Though never sunbeam could discern
The surface of that sable tarn,¹
In whose black mirror you may spy
The stars, while noontide lights the sky.
The gallant King he skirted still
The margin of that mighty hill :
Rock upon rocks incumbent hung,
And torrents, down the gullies flung,
Join'd the rude river that brawl'd on,
Recoiling now from crag and stone,
Now diving deep from human ken,
And raving down its darksome glen,
The Monarch judged this desert wild,
With such romantic ruin piled,
Was theatre by Nature's hand
For feat of high achievement plann'd.

XI.

"O rather he chose, that Monarch bold,
On vent'rous quest to ride,
In plate and mail, by wood and wald,
Than, with ermine trapp'd and cloth of gold,
In princely bower to bide ;
The bursting crash of a foeman's spear,
As it shiver'd against his mail,
Was merrier music to his ear
Than courtier's whisper'd tale :
And the clash of Caliburn more dear,
When on the hostile casque it rung,
Than all the lays
To their monarch's praise
That the harpers of Reged sung.
He loved better to rest by wood or river,
Than in bower of his bride, Dame Guenever,
For he left that lady, so lovely of cheer,
To follow adventures of danger and fear ;

And the frank-hearted Monarch full little did
wot,
That she smiled, in his absence, on brave
Lancelot.

XII.

"He rode, till over down and dell
The shade more broad and deeper fell ;
And though around the mountain's head
Flow'd streams of purple, and gold, and red,
Dark at the base, unblest by beam,
Frown'd the black rocks, and roar'd the
stream.
With toil the King his way pursued
By lonely Threlkeld's waste and wood,
Till on his course obliquely shone
The narrow valley of Saint John,
Down sloping to the western sky,
Where lingering sunbeams love to lie.
Right glad to feel those beams again,
The King drew up his charger's rein ;
With gauntlet raised he screen'd his sight,
As dazzled with the level light,
And, from beneath his glove of mail,
Scann'd at his ease the lovely vale,
While 'gainst the sun his armour bright
Gleam'd ruddy like the beacon's light.

XIII.

"Paled in by many a lofty hill,
The narrow dale lay smooth and still,
And, down its verdant bosom led,
A winding brooklet found its bed.
But, midst of the vale, a mound
Arose with airy turrets crown'd,
Buttress, and rampire's circling bound,
And mighty keep and tower ;
Seem'd some primeval giant's hand
The castle's massive walls had plann'd,
A ponderous bulwark to withstand
Ambitious Nimrod's power.
Above the mounted entrance slung,
The balanced drawbridge trembling hung,
As jealous of a foe ;
Wicket of oak, as iron hard,
With iron studded, clenched, and barr'd,
And prong'd portcullis, join'd to guard
The gloomy pass below.
But the grey walls no banners crown'd,
Upon the watch-tower's airy round
No warder stood his horn to sound,
No guard beside the bridge was found,
And, where the Gothic gateway frown'd
Glanced neither bill nor bow.

XIV.

"Beneath the castle's gloomy pride,
In ample round did Arthur ride
Three times ; nor living thing he spied,
Nor heard a living sound.
Save that, awakening from her dream,
The owllet now began to scream,
In concert with the rushing stream,
That wash'd the battled mound.
He lighted from his goodly steed,
And he left him to graze on bank and mead ;
And slowly he climb'd the narrow way,
That reach'd the entrance grim and grey,
And he stood the outward arch below,
And his huge-born prepared to blow,

¹ The small lake called Scales-tarn lies so deeply embosomed in the recesses of the huge mountain called Saddleback, more poetically Glaramara, is of such great depth,

and so completely hidden from the sun, that it is said its beams never reach it, and that the reflection of the stars may be seen at mid-day.

In summons blithe and bold,
Deeming to rouse from iron sleep
The guardian of this dismal keep,
Which well he guess'd the hold
Of wizard stern, or goblin grim,
Or pagan of gigantic limb,
The tyrant of the wold.

XV.

"The ivory hugh's golden tip
Twice touch'd the monarch's manly lip,
And twice his hand withdrew.
—Think not but Arthur's heart was good!
His shield was cross'd by the blessed rood,
Had a pagan host before him stood,
He had charged them through and
through;
Yet the silence of that ancient place
Sunk on his heart, and he paused a space
Ere yet his horn he blew.
But, instant as its 'larum rung,
The castle gate was open flung,
Portcullis rose with crashing groan
Full harshly up its groove of stone;
The balance-beams obey'd the blast,
And down the trembling drawbridge cast;
The vaulted arch before him lay,
With nought to bar the gloomy way,
And onward Arthur paced, with hand
On Caliburn's¹ resistless brand.

XVI.

"A hundred torches, flashing bright,
Dispell'd at once the gloomy night
That lour'd along the walls,
And show'd the King's astonish'd sight
The inmates of the halls.
Nor wizard stern, nor goblin grim,
Nor giant huge of form and limb,
Nor heathen knight, was there;
But the cressets, which odours flung aloft,
Show'd by their yellow light and soft,
A band of damsels fair.
Onward they came, like summer wave
That dances to the shore;
An hundred voices welcome gave,
And welcome o'er and o'er!
An hundred lovely hands assail
The bucklers of the monarch's mail,
And busy labour'd to unhasp
Rivet of steel and iron clasp.
One wrapp'd him in a mantle fair,
And one flung odours on his hair;
His short curl'd ringlets one smooth'd down,
One wreathed them with a myrtle crown.
A bride upon her wedding-day,
Was tended ne'er by troop so gay.

XVII.

"Loud laugh'd they all,—the King, in vain,
With questions task'd the giddy train;
Let him retreat, or crave, or call,
'Twas one reply,—loud laugh'd they all
Then o'er him mimic chains they fling,
Framed of the fairest flowers of spring.
While some their gentle force unite,
Onward to drag the wondering knight,
Some, bolder, urge his pace with blows,
Dealt with the lily or the rose.
Behind him were in triumph borne
The warlike arms he late had won.

Four of the train combined to rear
The terrors of Tintadgel's spear;²
Two, laughing at their lack of strength,
Dragg'd Caliburn in cumbrous length;
One, while she aped a martial stride,
Placed on her brows the helmet's pride:
Then scream'd, 'twixt laughter and surprise,
To feel its depth o'erwhelm her eyes.
With revel-shout, and triumph-song,
Thus gaily march'd the giddy throng.

XVIII.

"Through many a gallery and hall
They led, I ween, their royal thrall;
At length, beneath a fair arcade
Their march and song at once they staid.
The eldest maiden of the band,
(The lovely maid was scarce eighteen,)
Raised, with imposing air, her hand,
And reverent silence did command,
On entrance of their Queen,
And they were mute.—But as a glance
They steal on Arthur's countenance
Bewilder'd with surprise,
Their smother'd mirth again 'gan speak,
In archly dimpled chin and cheek,
And laughter-lighted eyes.

XIX.

"The attributes of those high days
Now only live in minstrel-lays;
For Nature, now exhausted, still
Was then profuse of good and ill.
Strength was gigantic, valour high,
And wisdom soar'd beyond the sky,
And beauty had such matchless beam
As lights out now a lover's dream.
Yet e'en in that romantic age,
Ne'er were such charms by mortal seen,
As Arthur's dazzled eyes engage.
When forth on that enchanted stage,
With glittering train of maid and page,
Advanced the castle's Queen!
While up the hall she slowly pass'd,
Her dark eye on the King she cast,
That flash'd expression strong;
The longer dwelt that lingering look,
Her cheek the livelier colour took,
And scarce the shame-faced King could brook
The gaze that lasted long.
A sage, who had that look espied,
Where kindling passion strove with pride,
Had whisper'd, 'Prince, beware!
From the chafed tiger read the prey,
Rush on the lion when at bay,
Bar the fell dragon's blighted way
But shun that lovely snare!'

XX.

"At once that inward strife suppress'd,
The dame approach'd her warlike guest,
With greeting in that fair degree,
Where female pride and courtesy
Are blended with such passing art
As awes at once and charms the heart.
A courtly welcome first she gave,
Then of his goodness 'gan to crave
Construction fair and true
Of her light maidens' idle mirth,
Who drew from lonely glens their birth,
Nor knew to pay to stranger worth

¹ This was the name of King Arthur's well-known sword, sometimes also called Excalibur.

² Tintadgel Castle, in Cornwall, is reported to have been the birth-place of King Arthur.

And dignity their due;
 And then she pray'd that he would rest
 That night her castle's honour'd guest.
 The Monarch meetly thanks express'd;
 The hanquet rose at her behest,
 With lay and tale, and laugh and jest,
 Apace the evening flew.

XXI.

"The Lady sate the Monarch by,
 Now in her turn abash'd and shy,
 And with indifference seem'd to hear
 The toys he whisper'd in her ear.
 Her bearing modest was and fair,
 Yet shadows of constraint were there,
 That show'd an over-cautious care
 Some inward thought to hide;
 Oft did she pause in full reply,
 And oft cast down her large dark eye,
 Oft check'd the soft voluptuous sigh,
 That heaved her bosom's pride.
 Slight symptoms these, but shepherds know
 How hot the mid-day sun shall glow,
 From the mist of morning sky;
 And so the wily Monarch guess'd,
 That this assumed restraint express'd
 More ardent passions in the breast,
 Than ventured to the eye.
 Closer he press'd, while beakers rang,
 While maidens laugh'd and minstrels sang,
 Still closer to her ear—
 But why pursue the common tale?
 Or wherefore show how knights prevail
 When ladies dare to hear?
 Or wherefore trace, from what slight cause
 Its source one tyrant passion draws,
 Till, mastering all within,
 Where lives the man that has not tried,
 How nirth can into folly glide,
 And folly into sin!"

~~~~~

## The Bridal of Triermaln.

## CANTO SECOND.

## I.

## LYULPH'S TALE, CONTINUED.

"Another day, another day,  
 And yet another glides away!  
 The Saxon stern, the pagan Dane,  
 Maraud on Britain's shores again.  
 Arthur, of Christendom the flower,  
 Lies loitering in a lady's bower;  
 The horn, that foemen wont to fear,  
 Sounds but to wake the Cambrian deer,  
 And Calhurn, the British pride,  
 Hangs useless by a lover's side.

## II.

"Another day, another day,  
 And yet another, glides away!  
 Heroic plans in pleasure drown'd,  
 He thinks not of the Table Round;  
 In lawless love dissolved his life,  
 He thinks not of his beauteous wife:  
 Better he loves to snatch a flower  
 From bosom of his paramour,

Than from a Saxon knight to wrest  
 The honours of his heathen crest!  
 Better to wreathe, 'mid tresses brown,  
 The heron's plume her hawk struck down,  
 Than o'er the altar give to flow  
 The banners of a Paynim foe.  
 Thus, week by week, and day by day,  
 His life inglorious glides away:  
 But she, that sooths his dream, with fear  
 Beholds his hour of waking near!

## III.

"Much force have mortal charms to stay  
 Our peace in Virtue's toilsome way;  
 But Guendolen's might far outshies  
 Each maid of merely mortal line.  
 Her mother was of human birth,  
 Her sire a Genie of the earth,  
 In days of old deem'd to preside  
 O'er lovers' wiles and beauty's pride.  
 By youths and virgins worshipp'd long,  
 With festive dance and choral song,  
 Till, when the cross to Britain came,  
 On heathen altars died the flame.  
 Now, deep in Wastdale solitude,  
 The downfall of his rights he rued,  
 And, born of his resentment heir,  
 He train'd to guile that lady fair,  
 To sink in slothful sin and shame  
 The champions of the Christian name.  
 Well skill'd to keep vain thoughts alive,  
 And all to promise, nought to give,—  
 The timid youth had hope in store,  
 The bold and pressing gain'd no more.  
 As wilder'd children leave their home,  
 After the rainbow's arch to roam,  
 Her lovers barter'd fair esteem,  
 Faith, fame, and honour, for a dream.

## IV.

"Her sire's soft arts the soul to tame  
 She practis'd thus—till Arthur came;  
 Then, frail humanity had part,  
 And all the mother claim'd her heart.  
 Forgot each rule her father gave,  
 Sunk from a princess to a slave,  
 Too late must Guendolen deplore,  
 He, that has all, can hope no more!  
 Now must she see her lover strain,  
 At every turn, her feeble chain;  
 Watch, to new-bind each knot, and shrink  
 To view each fast-decaying link.  
 Art she invokes to Nature's aid,  
 Her vest to zone, her locks to braid;  
 Each varied pleasure heard her call,  
 The feast, the tourney, and the ball:  
 Her storied lore she next applies,  
 Taxing her mind to aid her eyes:  
 Now more than mortal wise, and then  
 In female softness stunk again;  
 Now, raptur'd, with each wish complying,  
 With feign'd reluctance now denying,  
 Each charm she varied, to retain  
 A varying heart, and all in vain!

## V.

"Thus in the garden's narrow bound,  
 Flank'd by some castle's Gothic round,  
 Fain would the artist's skill provide,  
 The limits of his realms to hide.  
 The walks in labyrinths lie twines,  
 Shade after shade with skill combines,

With many a varied flowery knot,  
 And copse, and arbour, decks the spot,  
 Tempting the hasty foot to stay,  
 And linger on the lovely way—  
 Vain art! vain hope! 'tis fruitless all!  
 At length we reach the bounding wall,  
 And, sick of flower and trim-dress'd tree,  
 Long for rough glades and forest free.

## VI.

"Three summer months had scantily flown  
 When Arthur, in embarrass'd tone,  
 Spoke of his liegemen and his throne;  
 Said, all too long had been his stay,  
 And duties, which a Monarch sway,  
 Duties, unknown to humbler men,  
 Must tear her knight from Guendolen.—  
 She listen'd silently the while,  
 Her mood express'd in bitter smile;  
 Beneath her eye must Arthur quail,  
 And oft resume the unfinished tale,  
 Confessing, by his downcast eye,  
 The wrong he sought to justify.  
 He ceased. A moment mute she gazed,  
 And then her looks to heaven she raised.  
 One palm her temples veil'd, to hide  
 The tear that sprung in spite of pride!  
 The other for an instant press'd  
 The foldings of her silken vest!

## VII.

"A ner reproachful sign and look,  
 The hint the Monarch's conscience took.  
 Eager he spoke—'No, lady, no!  
 Deem not of British Arthur so,  
 Nor think he can deserter prove  
 To the dear pledge of mutual love.  
 I swear by sceptre and by sword,  
 As belted knight and Britain's lord,  
 That if a boy shall claim my care,  
 That boy is born a kingdom's heir;  
 But, if a maiden Fate allows,  
 To choose that maid a fitting spouse,  
 A summer-day in lists shall strive  
 My knight—the bravest knights alive.—  
 And he, the best and bravest tried,  
 Shall Arthur's daughter claim for bride.'—  
 He spoke, with voice resolved and high—  
 The lady deign'd him not reply.

## VIII.

"At dawn of morn, ere on the brake  
 His matins did a warbler make,  
 Or stirr'd his wing to brush away  
 A single dew-drop from the spray.  
 Ere yet a sunbeam, through the mist,  
 The castle-battlements had kiss'd,  
 The gates revolve, the drawbridge falls,  
 And Arthur sallies from the walls.  
 Doff'd his soft garb of Persia's loom,  
 And steel from spur to helmet-plume,  
 His Lybian steed full proudly trode,  
 And joyful neigh'd beneath his load.  
 The Monarch gave a passing sigh  
 To penitence and pleasures by,  
 When, lo! to his astonish'd ken  
 Appear'd the form of Guendolen.

1 The author has an indistinct recollection of an adventure, somewhat similar to that which is here ascribed to King Arthur, having befallen one of the ancient Kings of Denmark. The horn in which the burning liquor was presented to that Monarch, is said still to be preserved in the Royal Museum at Copenhagen.

## IX.

"Beyond the outmost wall she stood,  
 Attired like huntress of the wood  
 Sandal'd her feet, her ankles bare,  
 And eagle-plumage deck'd her hair;  
 Firm was her look, her bearing bold,  
 And in her hand a cup of gold.  
 'Thou goest!' she said, 'and ne'er again  
 Must we two meet, in joy or pain.  
 Full fain would I this hour delay,  
 Though weak the wish—yet, wilt thou stay?  
 —No! thou look'st forward. Still attend,—  
 Part we like lover and like friend,  
 She raised the cup—'Not this the juice  
 The sluggish vines of earth produce:  
 Pledge we, at parting, in the draught  
 Which Genii love!'—she said, and quaff'd;  
 And strange unwonted iustres fly  
 From her flush'd cheek and sparkling eye.

## X.

"The courteous Monarch bent him low,  
 And, stooping down from saddlebow,  
 Lifted the cup, in act to drink.  
 A drop escaped the goblet's brink—  
 Intense as liquid fire from hell,  
 Upon the charger's neck it fell.  
 Screaming with agony and fright,  
 He bolted twenty feet upright—  
 —The peasant still can show the dint,  
 Where his hoofs lighted on the flint.—  
 From Arthur's hand the goblet flew,  
 Scattering a shower of fiery dew,  
 That burn'd and blighted where it fell!<sup>1</sup>  
 The frantic steed rush'd up the dell,  
 As whistles from the bow the reed,  
 Nor bit nor rein could check his speed,  
 Until he gain'd the hill;  
 Then breath and sieww fail'd apace,  
 And, reeling from the desperate race,  
 He stood, exhausted, still.  
 The Monarch, breathless and amazed,  
 Back on the fatal castle gazed—  
 Nor tower nor dojon could he spy,  
 Darkening against the morning sky;<sup>2</sup>  
 But, on the spot where once they frown'd,  
 The lonely streamlet brawl'd around  
 A tufted knoll, where dimly shone  
 Fragments of rock and rifted stone.  
 Musing on this strange hap the while,  
 The king wends back to fair Carlisle;  
 And cares, that cumber royal sway,  
 Wore memory of the past away.

## XI.

"Full fifteen years, and more, were sped,  
 Each brought new wreaths to Arthur's head.  
 Twelve bloody fields, with glory fought,  
 The Saxons to subjection brought:<sup>3</sup>  
 Rythou, the mighty giant, slain  
 By his good brand, relieved Bretagne:  
 The Pictish Gillamore in fight,  
 And Roman Lucius, own'd his might;  
 And wide were through the world renown'd  
 The glories of his Table Round.  
 Each knight who sought adventurous fame,  
 To the bold court of Britain came,

2 See Appendix, Note E.

3 Arthur is said to have defeated the Saxons in twelve pitched battles, and to have achieved the other feats alluded to in the text.



And all who suffer'd causeless wrong,  
From tyrant proud, or faitour strong,  
Sought Arthur's presence to complain,  
Nor there for aid implored in vain.

## XII.

"For this the King, with pomp and pride,  
Held solemn court at Whitsuntide,  
And summon'd Prince and Peer,  
All who owed homage for their land,  
Or who craved knighthood from his hand,  
Or who had succour to demand,  
To come from far and near.  
At such high tide, were glee and game  
Mingled with feats of martial fame,  
For many a stranger champion came,  
In lists to break a spear;  
And not a knight of Arthur's host,  
Save that he trode some foreign coast,  
But at this feast of Pentecost  
Before him must appear.  
Ah, Minstrels! when the Table Round  
Arose, with all its warriors crown'd,  
There was a theme for bards to sound  
In triumph to their string!  
Five hundred years are past and gone,  
But time shall draw his dying groan,  
Ere he behold the British throne  
Begirt with such a ring!

## XIII.

"The heralds named the appointed spot,  
As Caerleon or Camelot,  
Or Carlisle fair and free.  
At Penrith, now, the feast was set,  
And in fair Eamont's vale were met  
The flower of Chivalry.  
There Galaad safe with manly grace,  
Yet maiden meekness in his face;  
There Morolt of the iron mace,<sup>1</sup>  
And love-lorn Tristrem there:  
And Dinadam with lively glance,  
And Lanval with the fairy lance,  
And Mordred with his look askance,  
Brunor and Bevidere.  
Why should I tell of numbers more!  
Sir Cay, Sir Banier, and Sir Bore,  
Sir Carodac the keen.  
The gentle Gawain's courteous lore,  
Hector de Mares and Pellinore,  
And Lancelot, that ever more  
Look'd stol'n-wise on the Queen.<sup>2</sup>

## XIV.

"When wine and mirth did most abound,  
And harpers play'd their blythestound,  
A shrilly trumpet shook the ground,  
And marshals clear'd the ring;  
A maiden, on a palfrey white,  
Heading a band of damsels bright,  
Paced through the circle, to alight  
And kneel before the King.  
Arthur, with strong emotion, saw  
Her graceful boldness check'd by awe,  
Her dress, like huntress of the wold,  
Her bow and baldric trapp'd with gold,  
Her sandall'd feet, her ankles bare,  
And the eagle-plume that deck'd her hair.  
Graceful her veil she backward flung—  
The King, as from his seat he sprung,  
Almost cried, 'Guendolen!'

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note F.

But 'twas a face more frank and wild,  
Betwixt the woman and the child,  
Where less of magic beauty smiled  
Than of the race of men;  
And in the forehead's haughty grace,  
The lines of Britain's royal race,  
Pendragon's you might ken.

## XV.

"Faltering, yet gracefully, she said—  
'Great Prince! behold an orphan maid,  
In her departed mother's name,  
A father's vow'd protection claim!  
The vow was sworn in desert lone,  
In the deep valley of St. John.'  
At once the King the suppliant raised,  
And kiss'd her brow, her beauty praised;  
His vow, he said, should well be kept,  
Ere in the sea the sun was dipp'd,—  
Then, conscious, glanced upon his queen;  
But she, unrufl'd at the scene  
Of human frailty, coustrued mild,  
Look'd upon Lancelot and smiled.

## XVI.

"Up! up! each knight of gallant crest  
'Take buckler, spear, and brand!  
He that to-day shall bear him best,  
Shall win my Gyneth's hand.  
And Arthur's daughter, when a bride,  
Shall bring a noble dower;  
Both fair Strath-Clyde and Reged wide,  
And Carlisle town and tower.'  
Then might you hear each valiant knight,  
To page and squire that cried,  
'Bring my armour bright, and my courser  
wight!  
'Tis not each day that a warrior's might  
May win a royal bride.'  
Then cloaks and caps of maintenance  
In haste aside they fling;  
The helmets glance, and gleams the lance,  
And the steel-weaved hauberk's ring.  
Small care had they of their peaceful array,  
They might gather it that, wolde;  
For brake and bramble glitter'd gay,  
With pearls and cloth of gold.

## XVII.

"Within trumpet sound of the Table Round  
Were fifty champions free,  
And they all arise to fight that prize,—  
They all arise but three.  
Nor love's fond troth, nor wedlock's oath,  
One gallant could withhold,  
For priests will allow of a broken vow,  
For penance or for gold.  
But sigh and glance from ladies bright  
Among the troop were thrown,  
To plead their right, and true-love plight,  
And 'plain of honour flown.  
The knights they busied them so fast,  
With buckling spur and belt,  
That sigh and look, by ladies cast,  
Were neither seen nor felt,  
From pleading, or upbraiding glance,  
Each gallant turos aside,  
And only thought, 'If speeds my lance,  
A queen becomes my bride!  
She has fair Strath-Clyde, and Reged wide,

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix, Note G.

And Carlisle tower and town ;  
She is the loveliest maid, beside,  
That ever heir'd a maid.<sup>1</sup>  
So in haste their coursers they bestride,  
And strike their visors down.

## XVIII.

"The champions, arm'd in martial sort,  
Have throng'd into the list,  
And but three knights of Arthur's court  
Are from the tourney miss'd.  
And still these lovers' fame survives  
For faith so constant shown,—  
There were two who loved their neighbour's  
wives,  
And one who loved his own.<sup>1</sup>  
The first was Lancelot de Lac,  
The second Tristrem bold,  
The third was valiant Carodac,  
Who won the cup of gold,  
What time, of all King Arthur's crew,  
(Thereof came jeer and laugh,)  
He, as the mate of lady true,  
Alone the cup could quaff.  
Though envy's tongue would fain surmise,  
That but for very shame,  
Sir Carodac, to fight that prize,  
Had given both cup and dame ;  
Yet, since but one of that fair court  
Was true to wedlock's shrine,  
Braid him who will with base report,—  
He shall be free from mine.

## XIX.

"Now caracoled the steeds in air,  
Now plumes and pennons wanton'd fair,  
As all around the lists so wide  
In panoply the champions ride,  
King Arthur saw with startled eye,  
The flower of chivalry march by,  
The bulwark of the Christian creed,  
The kingdom's shield in hour of need.  
Too late he thought him of the woe  
Nigh from their civil conflict flow ;  
For well he knew they would not part  
Till cold was many a gallant heart.  
His hasty vow he gan to rue,  
And Gyneth then apart he drew ;  
To her his leading-staff resign'd,  
But added caution grave and kind.

## XX.

"Thou see'st, my child, as promise-bonnd,  
I bid the trump for tourney sound.  
Take thou my warder as the queen  
And umpire of the martial scene ;  
But mark thou this:—as Beauty bright  
Is polar star to valiant knight,  
As at her word his sword he draws,  
His fairest guerdon her applause,  
So gentle maid should never ask  
Of knighthood vain and dangerous task ;  
And Beauty's eyes should ever be  
Like the twin stars that soothe the sea,  
And Beauty's breath shall whisper peace,  
And bid the storm of battle cease.  
I tell thee this, lest all too far,  
These knights urge tourney into war.  
Blithe at the trumpet let them go,  
And fairly counter blow for blow ;—  
No striplings these, who succour need  
For a razed helm or falling steed.

But, Gyneth, when the strife grows warm,  
And threatens death or deadly harm,  
Thy sire entreats, thy king commands,  
Thou drop the warder from thy hands.  
Trust thou thy father with thy fate,  
Doubt not he choosa thee fitting mate ;  
Nor be it said, through Gyneth's pride  
A rose of Arthur's chaplet died.<sup>1</sup>

## XXI.

"A proud and discontented glow  
O'ershadow'd Gyneth's brow of snow ;  
She put the warder by:—  
'Reserve thy boon, my liege,' she said,  
'Thus chaffer'd down and limited,  
Debased and narrow'd for a maid  
Of less degree than I.  
No petty chief, but holds his heir  
At a more honour'd price and rare  
Than Britain's King holds me !  
Although the sun-burn'd maid, for dower,  
Has but her father's rugged tower,  
His barren hill and lee.—  
King Arthur swore, "By crown and sword,  
As belted knight and Britain's lord,  
That a whole summer's day should strive  
His knights, the bravest knights alive !"  
Recall thine oath ! and to her glen  
Poor Gyneth can return agen ;  
Not on thy daughter will the stain  
That soils thy sword and crown remain.  
But think not she will e'er be bride  
Save to the bravest, proved and tried ;  
Pendragon's daughter will not fear  
For clashing sword or splinter'd spear,  
Nor shrink though blood should flow ;  
And all too well sad Guendolen  
Hath taught the faithlessness of men,  
That child of hers should pity, when  
Their need they undergo.—

## XXII.

"He frown'd and sigh'd, the Monarch bold:—  
'I give—what I may not withhold ;  
For, not for danger, dread, or death,  
Must British Arthur break his faith.  
Too late I mark, thy mother's art  
Hath taught thee this relentless part.  
I blame her not, for she had wrong,  
But not to these my faults belong.  
Use, then, the warder as thou wilt ;  
But trust me, that, if life be spilt,  
In Arthur's love, in Arthur's grace,  
Gyneth shall lose a daughter's place.'  
With that he turn'd his head aside,  
Nor brook'd to gaze upon her pride,  
As, with the truncheon raised, she sate  
The arbitress of mortal fate ;  
Nor brook'd to mark, in ranks disposed,  
How the bold champions stood opposed,  
For shrill the trumpet-flourish fell  
Upon his ear like passing bell !  
Then first from sight of martial fray  
Did Britain's hero turn away.

## XXIII.

"But Gyneth heard the clangour high,  
As hears the hawk the partridge cry.  
Oh, blame her not ! the blood was hers,  
That at the trumpet's summons stirs !—  
And e'en the gentlest female eye  
Might the brave strife of chivalry

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note H.

A while untroubled view ;  
 So well accomplish'd was each knight,  
 To strike and to defend in fight,  
 Their meeting was a goodly sight,  
 White plate and mail held true,  
 The lists with painted plunics were strown,  
 Upon the wind at random thrown,  
 But helm and breastplate bloodless shone,  
 It seem'd their feather'd crests alone  
 Should this encounter rue.  
 And ever, as the combat grows,  
 The trumpet's cheery voice arose,  
 Like lark's shrill song the flourish flows,  
 Heard while the gale of April blows  
 The merry greenwood through.

## XXIV.

"But soon to earnest grew their game,  
 The spears drew blood, the swords struck  
 flame,  
 And, horse and man, to ground there came  
 Knights, who shall rise no more !  
 Gone was the pride the war that graced,  
 Gay shields were cleft, and crests defaced,  
 And steel coats riven, and helms unbraced,  
 And pennons stream'd with gore.  
 Gone, too, were fence and fair array,  
 And desperate strength made deadly way  
 At random through the bloody fray,  
 And blows were dealt with headlong sway,  
 Unheeding where they fell ;  
 And now the trumpet's clamours seem  
 Like the shrill sea-bird's wailing scream,  
 Heard o'er the whirlpool's gulging stream,  
 The sinking seaman's knell !

## XXV.

"Seem'd in this dismal hour, that Fate  
 Would Camlan's ruin antedate,  
 And spare dark Mordred's crime ;  
 Already gasping on the ground  
 Lie twenty of the Table Round,  
 Of chivalry the prime.  
 Arthur, in anguish, tore away  
 From head and beard his tresses grey,  
 And she, proud Gyneth, felt dismay,  
 And quaked with ruth and fear ;  
 But still she deem'd her mother's shade  
 Hung o'er the tumult, and forshade  
 The sign that had the slaughter staid,  
 And chid the rising tear.  
 Then Brunor, Taulas, Mador, fell,  
 Helias the White, and Lionel,  
 And many a champion more ;  
 Rochemont and Dinadam are down,  
 And Ferraud of the Forest Brown  
 Lies gasping in his gore  
 Vanoc, by mighty Morolt press'd  
 Even to the confines of the list,  
 Young Vanoc of the beardless face,  
 (Fame spoke the youth of Merlin's race,)  
 O'erpower'd at Gyneth's footstool bled,  
 His heart's-blood dyed her sandals red.  
 But then the sky was overcast,  
 Then howl'd at once a whirlwind's blast,  
 And, rent by sudden throes,  
 Yawn'd in mid lists the quaking earth,  
 And from the gulf,—tremendous birth !—  
 The form of Merlin rose.

## XXVI.

"Sternly the Wizard Prophet eyed  
 The dreary lists with slaughter dyed,

And sternly raised his hand :—  
 'Madmen,' he said, 'your strife forbear ;  
 And thou, fair cause of roischief, hear

The doom thy fates demand !  
 Long shall close in stony sleep  
 Eyes for ruth that would not weep ;  
 Iron lethargy shall seal  
 Heart that pity scorn'd to feel.  
 Yet, because thy mother's art  
 Warp'd thine unsuspecting heart,  
 And for love of Arthur's race,  
 Punishment is blent with grace,  
 Thou shalt bear thy penance lone  
 In the Valley of Saint John.  
 And this weird ! shall overtake thee ;  
 Sleep, until a knight shall wake thee,  
 For feats of arms as far renown'd  
 As warrior of the Table Round.  
 Long endurance of thy slumber  
 Well may teach the world to number  
 All their woes from Gyneth's pride,  
 When the Red Cross champions died.'

## XXVII.

"As Merlin speaks, on Gyneth's eye  
 Slumber's load begins to lie ;  
 Fear and anger vainly strive  
 Still to keep its light alive.  
 Twice, with effort and with pause,  
 O'er her brow her hand she draws ;  
 Twice her strength in vain she tries,  
 From the fatal chair to rise.  
 Merlin's magic doom is spoken,  
 Vanoc's death must now be broken.  
 Slow the dark-fringed eyelids fall,  
 Curtaining each azure ball,  
 Slowly as on summer eyes  
 Violets fold their dusky leaves.  
 The weighty baton of command  
 Now bears down her sinking hand.  
 On her shoulder droops her head ;  
 Net of pearl and golden thread,  
 Bursting, gave her locks to flow  
 O'er her arm and breast of snow.  
 And so lovely seem'd she there,  
 Spell-bound in her ivory chair,  
 That her angry sire, repenting,  
 Craved stern Merlin for relenting,  
 And the champions, for her sake,  
 Would again the contest wake ;  
 Till, in necromantic night,  
 Gyneth vanish'd from their sight.

## XXVIII.

"Still she bears her weird alone,  
 In the Valley of Saint John :  
 And her semblance oft will seem,  
 Mingling in a champion's dream,  
 Of her weary lot to 'plain,  
 And crave his aid to burst her chain.  
 While her wondrous tale was new,  
 Warriors to her rescue drew,  
 East and west, and south and north,  
 From the Liffy, Thames, and Forth.  
 Most have sought in vain the glen,  
 Tower nor castle could they ken ;  
 Not at every time or tide,  
 Nor by every eye, descried.  
 Fast and vigil must be borne,  
 Many a night in watching worn,



Ere an eye of mortal powers  
 Can discern those magic towers,  
 Of the persevering few,  
 Some from hopeless task withdrew,  
 When they read the dismal threat  
 Graved upon the gloomy gate.  
 Few have unrav'd the yawning door,  
 And those few return'd no more.  
 In the lapse of time forgot,  
 Wellnigh lost is Gyneth's lot;  
 Sound her sleep as in the tomb,  
 Till waken'd by the trump of doom."

## END OF LYULPH'S TALE.

## I.

Here pause my tale; for all too soon,  
 My Lucy, comes the hour of noon.  
 Already from thy lofty donis  
 Its courtly inmates 'gin to roam,  
 And each, to kill the goodly day  
 That God has granted them, his way  
 Of lazy sauntering has sought;  
 Lordlings and wittings not a few,  
 Incapable of doing aught,  
 Yet ill at ease with nought to do.  
 Here is no longer place for me;  
 For, Lucy, thou wouldst blush to see  
 Some phantom, fashionably thin,  
 With limb of lath and kerchief'd chin,  
 And lounging gape, or sneering grin,  
 Steal sudden on our privacy.  
 And how should I, so humbly born,  
 Endure the graceful spectre's scorn?  
 Faith! ill, I fear, while conjuring wand  
 Of English oak is hard at hand.

## II.

Or grant the hour be all too soon  
 For Hessian boot and pantaloen,  
 And grant the lounger seldom strays  
 Beyond the smooth and gravell'd maze,  
 Laud we the gods, that Fashion's train  
 Holds hearts of more adventurous strain.  
 Artists are hers, who scorn to trace  
 Their rules from Nature's boundless grace,  
 But their right paramount assert  
 To limit her by pedant art,  
 Damning whate'er of vast and fair  
 Exceeds a canvass three feet square.  
 This thicket, for their *gumption* fit,  
 May furnish such a happy *bit*.  
 Bards, too, are hers, wont to recite  
 Their own sweet lays by waxen light,  
 Half in the *salver's* tingle drown'd,  
 While the *chasse-café* glides around;  
 And such may hither secret stray,  
 To labour an extempore:  
 Or sportsman, with his boisterous hollo,  
 May here his wiser spaniel follow,  
 Or stage-struck Juliet may presume  
 To choose this bower for tiring-room;  
 And we alike must shun regard,  
 From painter, player, sportman, bard.  
 Insects that skim in Fashion's sky,  
 Wasp, blue-bottle, or butterfly,  
 Lucy, have all alarms for us,  
 For all can hum and all can bazz.

## III.

But oh, my Lucy, say how long  
 We still must dread this trifling throng,

And stoop to hide, with coward art,  
 The genuine feelings of the heart!  
 No parents thine whose just command  
 Should rule their child's obedient hand;  
 Thy guardians, with contending voice,  
 Press each his individual choice.  
 And which is Lucy's?—Can it be  
 That puffy fop, trimm'd cap-a-pee,  
 Who loves in the saloon to show  
 The arms that never knew a foe;  
 Whose sabre trails along the ground,  
 Whose legs in shapeless boots are drown'd;  
 A new Achilles, sure,—the steel  
 Fleed from his breast to fence his heel;  
 One, for the simple manly grace  
 That wont to deck our martial race,  
 Who comes in foreign trashery  
 Of tinkling chain and spur,  
 A walking haberdashery,  
 Of feathers, lace, and fur:  
 In Rowley's antiquated phrase,  
 Horse-milliner of modern days?

## IV.

Or is it he, the wordy youth,  
 So early train'd for statesman's part,  
 Who talks of honour, faith, and truth,  
 As theines that he has got by heart;  
 Whose ethics Chesterfield can teach,  
 Whose logic is from Single-speech;  
 Who scorns the meanest thought to vent,  
 Save in the phrase of Parliament;  
 Who in a tale of cat and mouse,  
 Calls "order," and "divides the house,"  
 Who "craves permission to reply,"  
 Whose "noble friend is in his eye;"  
 Whose loving tender some have reckon'd  
 A *motion*, you should gladly *second*?

## V.

What, neither? Can there be a third,  
 To such restless swains preferr'd I—  
 O why, my Lucy, turn aside,  
 With that quick glance of injured pride?  
 Forgive me, love, I cannot bear  
 That alter'd and resentful air.  
 Were all the wealth of Russel mine,  
 And all the rank of Howard's line,  
 All would I give for leave to dry  
 That dewdrop trembling in thine eye.  
 Think not I fear such fops can smile  
 From Lucy more than careless spite;  
 But yet if wealth and high degree  
 Give gilded counters currency,  
 Must I not fear, when rank and birth  
 Stamp the pure ore of genuine worth?  
 Nobles there are, whose martial fires  
 Rival the flame that raised their sires,  
 And patriots, skill'd through storms of fate  
 To guide and guard the reeling state.  
 Such, such there are—If such should come,  
 Arthur must tremble and be dumb,  
 Self-exiled seek some distant shore,  
 And moura till life and grief are o'er.

## VI.

What sight, what signal of alarm,  
 That Lucy clings to Arthur's arm?  
 Or is it, that the rugged way  
 Makes Beauty lean on lover's stay?  
 Oh, no! for on the vale and brake,  
 Nor sight nor sounds of danger wake,  
 And this trim sward of velvet green,  
 Were carpet for the Fairy Queen.

That pressure slight was but to tell,  
That Lucy loves her Arthur well,  
And fain would brush from his mind  
Suspicious fear and doubt unkind.

## VII.

But wouldst thou bid the demons fly  
Like mist before the dawning sky,  
There is but one resistless spell—  
Say, wilt thou guess, or must I tell?  
'Twere hard to name, in minstrel phrase,  
A landaulet and four blood-bays,  
But hards agree this wizard band  
Can but be bound in Northern land.  
'Tis there—nay, draw not back thy hand!—  
'Tis there this slender finger round  
Most golden annulet be bound,  
Which, bless'd with many a holy prayer,  
Can change to rapture lovers' care,  
And doubt and jealousy shall die,  
And fear give place to ecstasy.

## VIII.

Now, trust me, Lucy, all too long  
Has been thy lover's tale and song.  
O, why so silent, love, I pray?  
Have I not spoke the livelong day?  
And will not Lucy deign to say  
One word her friend to bless?  
I ask but one—a simple sound,  
Whin three little letters bound,  
O, let the word be YES!

~~~~~

The Bridal of Triermaln.

CANTO THIRD.

INTRODUCTION.

I.

Long loved, long woo'd, and lately won,
My life's best hope, and now mine own!
Doth not this rude and Alpine glen
Recall our favourite haunts agen?
A wild resemblance we can trace,
Though reft of every softer grace,
As the rough warrior's brow may bear
A likeness to a sister fair.
Full well advised our Highland host,
That this wild pass on foot be cross'd,
While round Ben Crouch's mighty base
Wheel the slow steeds and lingering chaise.
'The keen old carle, with Scottish pride,
He praised his glen and mountains wide;
An eye he bears for nature's face,
Ay, and for woman's lovely grace.
Even in such mean degree we find
The subtle Scot's observing mind,
For, nor the chariot nor the train
Could gape of vulgar wonder gain,
But when old Allan would expound
Of Beal-na-paish¹ the Celtic sound.
His bonnet do't'd, and bow, applied
His legend to my honny bride;

¹ Beal-na-paish, the Vale of the Bridal.

While Lucy blush'd beneath his eye,
Courteous and cautious, shrewd and sly.

II.

Enough of him.—Now, ere we lose,
Plunged in the vale, the distant views,
Turn thee, my love! look back once more
To the blue lake's retiring shore.
On its smooth breast the shadows seem
Like objects in a morning dream,
What time the slumberer is aware
He sleeps, and all the vision's air:
Even so, on yonder liquid lawn,
In hues of bright reflection drawn,
Distinct the shaggy mountains lie,
Distinct the rocks, distinct the sky;
The summer-clouds so plain we note,
That we might count each dappled spot:
We gaze and we admire, yet know
The scene is all delusive show.
Such dreams of bliss would Arthur draw,
When first his Lucy's form he saw;
Yet sigh'd and sicken'd as he drew,
Despairing they could ere prove true!

III.

But, Lucy, turn thee now, to view
Up the fair glen, our destined way.
The fairy path that we pursue,
Distinguish'd but by greener hue,
Winds round the purple brae,
While Alpine flowers of varied dye
For carpet serve, or tapestry.
See how the little runnels leap,
In threads of silver, down the steep,
To swell the brooklet's moan!
Seems that the Highland Naïad grieves,
Fantastic while her crown she weaves,
Of rowan, birch, and alder leaves,
So lovely, and so lone.
There's no illusion there; these flowers,
That wailing brook, these lovely bowers,
Are, Lucy, all our own;
And, since thine Arthur call'd thee wife,
Such seems the prospect of his life,
A lovely path, on-winding still,
By gurgling brook and sloping hill.
'Tis true, that mortals cannot tell
What waits them in the distant dell;
But be it hap, or be it harm,
We tread the pathway arm in arm.

IV.

And now, my Lucy, wot'st thou why
I could thy bidding twice deny,
When twice you pray'd I would again
Resume the legendary train
Of the bold knight of Triermaln?
At length yon peevish vow you swore,
That you would sue to me no more,
Until the minstrel fit drew near,
And made me prize a listening ear.
But, loveliest, when thou first didst pray
Continuance of the knightly lay,
Was it not on the happy day
That made thy hand mine own?
When, dizzied with mine ecstasy,
Nought past, or present, or to be,
Could I or think on, hear, or see,
Save, Lucy, thee alone!
A giddy draught my rapture was,
As ever chemist's magic gas.

V.

Again the summons I denied
 In you fair capital of Clyde:
 My Harp—or let me rather choose
 The good old classic form—my Muse,
 (For Harp's an over-scuted phrase,
 Worn out by bards of modern days.)
 My Muse, then—seldom will she wake,
 Save by dim wood and silent lake;
 She is the wild and rustic Maid,
 Whose foot unsandall'd loves to tread
 Where the soft greensward is inland
 With varied moss and thyme;
 And, lest the simple lily-braid,
 That coronets her temples, fade,
 She hides her still in greenwood shade,
 To meditate her rhyme.

VI.

And now she comes! The murmur dear
 Of the wild brook hath caught her ear,
 The glade hath won her eye;
 She longs to join with each blithe rill
 That dances down the Highland hill,
 Her blither melody.
 And now, my Lucy's way to cheer,
 She bids Ben-Cruach's echoes hear
 How closed the tale, my love whilere
 Loved for its chivalry.
 List how she tells, in notes of flame,
 "Child Roland to the dark tower came!"

~~~~~

## The Bridal of Triferman.

### CANTO THIRD.

## I.

Bewcastle now must keep the Hold,  
 Speir-Adam's steeds must bide in stall,  
 Of Hartley-burn the bowmen bold  
 Must only shoot from battled wall;  
 And Liddesdale may buckle spur,  
 And Teviot now may belt the brand,  
 Taras and Ewes keep nightly stir,  
 And Eskdale foray Cumberland.  
 Of wasted fields and plunder'd flocks  
 The Borderers bootless may complain;  
 They lack the sword of brave De Vaux,  
 There comes no aid from Triermain.  
 That lord, on high adventure bouud,  
 Hath wander'd forth alone,  
 And day and night keeps watchful round  
 In the valley of Saint John.

## II.

When first began his vigil hold,  
 The moon twelve summer nights was old,  
 And shone both fair and full;  
 High in the vault of cloudless blue,  
 O'er streamlet, dale, and rock, she threw  
 Her light composed and cool.  
 Stretch'd on the brown lull's heathy breast,  
 Sir Roland eyed the vale;  
 Chief where, distinguish'd from the rest,  
 Those clustering rocks appear'd their crest,  
 The dwelling of the fair distress'd,  
 As told grey Lyulph'a tale.

Thus as he lay, the lamp of night  
 Was quivering on his armour bright,  
 In beams that rose and fell,  
 And danced upon his buckler's boss,  
 That lay beside him on the moss,  
 As on a crystal well.

## III.

Ever he watch'd, and oft he deem'd,  
 While on the mound the moonlight stream'd,  
 It alter'd to his eyes;  
 Fain would he hope the rocks 'gan change  
 To buttress'd walls their shapeless range,  
 Fain think, by transmutation strange,  
 He saw grey turrets rise.  
 But scarce his heart with hope throbb'd high,  
 Before the wild illusions fly,  
 Which fancy had conceived,  
 Abetted by an anxious eye  
 That long'd to be deceived.  
 It was a fond deception all,  
 Such as, in solitary hall,  
 Beguiles the musing eye,  
 When, gazing on the sinking fire,  
 Bulwark, and battlement, and spire,  
 In the red gulf we spy.  
 For, seen by moon of middle night,  
 Or by the blaze of noontide bright,  
 Or by the dawn of morning light,  
 Or evening's western flame,  
 In every tide, at every hour,  
 In mist, in sunshine, and in shower,  
 The rocks remain'd the same.

## IV.

Oft has he traced the charmed mound,  
 Oft climb'd its crest, or paced it round,  
 Yet nothing might explore,  
 Save that the crags so rudely piled,  
 At distance seen, resemblance wild  
 To a rough fortress bore.  
 Yet still his watch the Warrior keeps,  
 Feeda hard and spare, and seldom sleeps,  
 And drinks but of the well;  
 Ever by day he walks the hill,  
 And when the evening gale is chill,  
 He seeks a rocky cell.  
 Like hermit poor to bid his bead,  
 And tell his Ave and his Creed,  
 Invoking every saint at need,  
 For aid to burst his spell.

## V.

And now the moon her orb has hid,  
 And dwindled to a silver thread,  
 Dim seen in middle heaven,  
 While o'er its curve careering fast,  
 Before the fury of the blast  
 The midnight clouds are driven.  
 The brooklet raved, for on the hills  
 The upland showers had swoln the rills,  
 And down the torrents came;  
 Mutter'd the distant thunder dread,  
 And frequent o'er the vale was spread  
 A sheet of lightning flame.  
 De Vaux, within his mountain cave,  
 (No human step the storm durst brave,  
 To moody meditation gave  
 Each faculty of soul.  
 Till, lull'd by distant torrent sound,  
 And the sad winds that whistled round,  
 Upon his thoughts, in musing down'd,  
 A broken slumber atole.



## VI.

'Twas then was heard a heavy sound,  
 (Sound, strange and fearful there to hear,  
 'Mongst desert hills, where, leagues around,  
 Dwelt but the goroock and the deer :)  
 As, starting from his couch of fern,  
 Again he heard in clangor stern,  
 That deep and solemn swell,—  
 Twelve times, in measured tone, it spoke,  
 Like some proud minster's pealing clock,  
 Or city's larum-bell.  
 What thought was Roland's first when fell,  
 In that deep wilderness, the knell  
 Upon his startled ear?  
 To slander warrior were I loth,  
 Yet must I hold my minstrel troth,—  
 It was a thought of fear.

## VII.

But lively was the mingled thrill  
 That chased that momentary chill,  
 For Love's keen wish was there,  
 And eager Hope, and Valour high,  
 And the proud glow of Chivalry,  
 That burn'd to do and dare.  
 Forth from the cave the Warrior rush'd,  
 Long ere the mountain-voice was hush'd,  
 That answer'd to the knell;  
 For long and far the unwonted sound,  
 Eddying in echoes round and round,  
 Was toss'd from fell to fell;  
 And Glaramara answer flung,  
 And Grisdale-pike responsive rung,  
 And Legbert heights their echoes swung,  
 As far as Derwent's dell.

## VIII.

Forth upon trackless darkness gazed  
 The Knight, bedeafen'd and amazed,  
 Till all was hush'd and still,  
 Save the swollen torrent's sullen roar,  
 And the night-blast that wildly bore  
 Its course along the hill.  
 Then on the northern sky there came  
 A light, as of reflected flame,  
 And over Legbert-head,  
 As if by magic art controll'd,  
 A mighty meteor slowly roll'd  
 Its orb of fiery red;  
 Thou wouldst have thought some demon dire  
 Came mounted on that car of fire,  
 To do his errand dread.  
 Far on the sloping valley's course,  
 On thicket, rock, and torrent hoarse,  
 Shingle and Scrae,<sup>1</sup> and Fell and Force,<sup>2</sup>  
 A dusky light arose:  
 Display'd, yet alter'd was the scene;  
 Dark rock, and brook of silver sheen,  
 Even the gay thicket's summer green,  
 In bloody tincture glows.

## IX.

De Vaux had mark'd the sunbeams set,  
 At eve, upon the coronet  
 Of that enchanted mound,  
 And seen but crags at random flung,  
 That, o'er the brawling torrent hung,  
 In desolation frown'd.  
 What sees he by that meteor's lur'—  
 A banner'd Castle, keep, and tower,

Return the lurid gleam,  
 With battled walls and buttress fast,  
 And barbican<sup>3</sup> and balliun<sup>4</sup> vast,  
 And airy flanking towers, that cast  
 Their shadows on the stream.  
 'Tis no deceit!—distinctly clear  
 Crenell<sup>5</sup> and parapet appear,  
 While o'er the pile that meteor drear  
 Makes momentary pause;  
 Then forth its solemn path it drew,  
 And fainter yet and fainter grew  
 Those gloomy towers upon the view,  
 As its wild light withdraws.

## X.

Forth from the cave did Roland rush,  
 O'er crag and stream, through brier and bush;  
 Yet far he had not sped,  
 Ere sunk was that portentous light  
 Behind the hills, and utter night  
 Was on the valley spread.  
 He paused perforce, and blew his horn,  
 And, on the mountain-echoes borne,  
 Was heard an answering sound,  
 A wild and lonely trumpet-note,—  
 In middle air it seem'd to float  
 High o'er the battled mound;  
 And sounds were heard, as when a guard,  
 Of some proud castle, holding ward,  
 Pace forth their nightly round.  
 The valiant Knight of Triermain  
 Rung forth his challenge-blast again,  
 But answer came there none;  
 And 'mid the mingled wind and rain,  
 Darkling he sought the vale in vain,  
 Until the dawning shone;  
 And when it dawn'd, that wondrous sight,  
 Distinctly seen by meteor light,  
 It all had pass'd away!  
 And that enchanted mount once more  
 A pile of granite fragments bore,  
 As at the close of day.

## XI.

Steel'd for the deed, De Vaux's heart,  
 Scorn'd from his vent'rous quest to part,  
 He walks the vale once more;  
 But only sees, by night or day,  
 That shatter'd pile of rocks so grey,  
 Hears but the torrent's roar.  
 Till when, through hills of azure borne,  
 The moon renew'd her silver horn,  
 Just at the time her waning ray  
 Had faded in the dawning day,  
 A summer mist arose;  
 Adown the vale the vapours float,  
 And cloudy undulations moat  
 That tufted mound of mystic note,  
 As round its base they close.  
 And higher now the fleecy tide  
 Ascends its stern and shaggy side,  
 Until the airy billows hide  
 The rock's majestic isle;  
 It seem'd a veil of filmy lawn,  
 By some fantastic fairy drawn  
 Around enchanted pile.

## XII.

The breeze came softly down the brook,  
 And, sighing as it blew,  
 The veil of silver mist it shook,  
 And to De Vaux's eager look  
 Renew'd that wondrous view.

<sup>1</sup> Bank of loose stones.<sup>3</sup> The outer defence of the castle gate.<sup>2</sup> Waterfall.<sup>4</sup> Fortified court.<sup>5</sup> Aperture for shooting arrows.

For, though the loitering vapour braved  
The gentle breeze, yet oft it waved  
Its mantle's dewy fold ;  
And still, when shook that filmy screen,  
Were towers and bastions dimly seen,  
And Gothic battlements between  
Their gloomy length unroll'd.  
Speed, speed, De Vaux, ere on thine eye  
Once more the fleeting vision die !  
—The gallant knight 'gan speed  
As prompt and light as, when the hound  
Is opening, and the horn is wound,  
Career the hunter's steed.  
Down the steep dell his course amain  
Hath rivall'd archer's shaft ;  
But ere the mound he could attain,  
The rocks their shapeless form regain,  
Aud, mocking loud his labour vain,  
The mountain spirits laugh'd.  
Far up the echoing dell was borne  
Their wild unearthly shout of scorn.

## XIII.

Wrath wax'd the Warrior.—“ Am I then  
Fool'd by the enemies of men,  
Like a poor hind, whose homeward way  
Is haunted by malicious fay ?  
Is Triermain become your taunt,  
De Vaux your scorn ? False fiends, avaunt !”  
A weighty curtal-axe he bare ;  
The baleful blade so bright and square,  
And the tough shaft of heben wood,  
Were oft in Scottish gore imbued.  
Backward his stately form he drew,  
And at the rocks the weapon threw,  
Just where one crag's projected crest  
Hung proudly balanced o'er the rest.  
Hurl'd with main force, the weapon's shock  
Rent a huge fragment of the rock.  
If by mere strength, 'twere hard to tell,  
Or if the blow dissolved some spell,  
But down the headlong ruin came,  
With cloud of dust and flash of flame.  
Down hark, o'er bush, its course was borne,  
Crust'd lay the copse, the earth was torn,  
Till staid at length, the ruin dread  
Cumber'd the torrent's rocky bed,  
And bade the waters' high-swoln tide  
Seek other passage for its pride.

## XIV.

When ceased that thunder, Triermain  
Survey'd the mound's rude front again ;  
An, lo ! the ruin had laid bare,  
Hewn in the stone, a winding stair,  
Whose moss'd and fractured steps might lend  
The means the summit to ascend ;  
And by whose aid the brave De Vaux  
Began to scale these magic rocks,  
And soon a platform won,  
Where, the wild witchery to close,  
Within three lances' length arose  
The Castle of Saint John !  
No misty phantom of the air,  
No meteor-blazon'd show was there ;  
In morning splendour, full and fair,  
The massive fortress shone.

## XV.

Embattled high and proudly tower'd,  
Shaded by pond'rous flankers, lower'd  
The portal's gloomy way.  
Though for six hundred years and more,

Its strength had brook'd the tempest's roar,  
The scutcheon'd emblems which it bore  
Had suffer'd no decay :  
But from the eastern battlement  
A turret had made sheer descent,  
And, down in recent ruin rent,  
In the mid torrent lay.  
Else, o'er the Castle's brow sublime,  
Insults of violence or of time  
Unfelt had pass'd away.  
In shapeless characters of yore,  
The gate this stern inscription bore :—

## XVI.

## INSCRIPTION.

“ Patience waits the destined day,  
Strength can clear the cumber'd way.  
Warrior, who hast waited long,  
Firm of soul, of sinew strong,  
It is given thee to gaze  
On the pile of ancient days.  
Never mortal builder's hand  
This enduring fabric plan'd ;  
Sign and sigil, word of power,  
From the earth raised keep and tower.  
View it o'er, and pace it round,  
Rampart, turret, battled mound.  
Dare no more ! To cross the gate  
Were to tamper with thy fate ;  
Strength and fortitude were vain,  
View it o'er—and turn again.”—

## XVII.

“ That would I,” said the Warrior bold,  
“ If that my frater were bent and old,  
And my thin blood dropp'd slow and cold  
As icicle in thaw ;  
But while my heart can feel it dance,  
Blithe as the sparkling wine of France,  
And this good arm yields sword or lance,  
I nock these words of awe !”  
He said : the wicket felt the sway  
Of his strong hand, and straight gave way,  
And, with rude crash and jarring bray,  
The rusty bolts withdraw ;  
But o'er the threshold as he strode,  
And forward took the vaulted road,  
An unseen arm, with force amain,  
The ponderous gate flung close again,  
And rusted bolt and bar  
Spontaneous took their place once more,  
While the deep arch with sullen roar  
Return'd their surly jar.  
“ Now closed is the gin and the prey within  
By the Rood of Lanercost !  
But he that would win the war-wolf's skin,  
May rue him of his boast.”  
Thus muttering, on the Warrior went,  
By dubious light down steep descent.

## XVIII.

Unharr'd, unlock'd, unwatch'd, a port  
Led to the Castle's outer court :  
There the main fortress, broad and tall,  
Spread its long range of bower and hall,  
And towers of varied size,  
Wrought with each ornament extreme,  
That Gothic art, in wildest dream  
Of fancy, could devise ;  
But full between the Warrior's way  
And the main portal arch, there lay

An inner moat;  
 Nor bridge nor boat  
 Affords De Vaux the means to cross  
 The clear, profound, and silent fosse.  
 His arms aside in haste he flings,  
 Cuirass of steel and hauberk rings,  
 And down falls helm, and down the shield,  
 Rough with the dints of many a field.  
 Fair was his manly form, and fair  
 His keen dark eye, and close curl'd hair,  
 When, all unarm'd, save that the brand  
 Of well-proved metal graced his hand,  
 With nought to fence his dauntless breast  
 But the close gipon's<sup>1</sup> under-vest,  
 Whose sullied buff the sable stains  
 Of hauberk and of mail retains,—  
 Roland De Vaux upon the brim  
 Of the broad moat stood prompt to swi

## XIX.

Accoutred thus he dared the tide,  
 And soon he reach'd the farther side,  
 And enter'd soon the Hold,  
 And paced a hall, whose walls so wide  
 Were blazon'd all with feats of pride,  
 By warriors done of old.  
 In middle lists they counter'd here,  
 While trumpets seem'd to blow;  
 And there, in den or desert drear,  
 They quell'd gigantic foe,  
 Braved the fierce griffon in his ire,  
 Or faced the dragon's breath of fire.  
 Strange in their arms, and strange in face,  
 Heroes they seem'd of ancient race,  
 Whose deeds of arms, and race, and name,  
 Forgotten long by later fame.  
 Were here depicted, to appal  
 Those of an age degenerate,  
 Whose bold intrusion braved their fate  
 In this enchanted hall.  
 For some short space the venturesome knight  
 With these high marvels fed his sight,  
 Then sought the chamber's upper end,  
 Where three broad easy steps ascend  
 To an arch'd portal door.  
 In whose broad folding leaves of state  
 Was framed a wicket window-grate,  
 And, ere he ventured more,  
 The gallant Knight took earnest view  
 The grated wicket-window through.

## XX.

O, for his arms! Of martial weed  
 Had never mortal Knight such need!—  
 He spied a stately gallery; all  
 Of snow-white marble was the wall,  
 The vaulting, and the floor;  
 And, contrast strange! on either hand  
 There stood array'd in sable band  
 Four Maids whom Afric bore;  
 And each a Lybiao tiger led,  
 Held by as bright and frail a thread  
 As Lucy's golden hair,—  
 For the leash that bound these monsters  
 dread  
 Was but of gossamer.  
 Each Maiden's short barbaric vest  
 Left all unclosed the knee and breast,  
 And limbs of shapely jet;  
 White was their vest and turban's fold,  
 On arms and ankles rings of gold  
 In savage pomp were set;

<sup>1</sup> A sort of doublet, worn beneath the armour.

A quiver on their shoulders lay,  
 And in their hand an assagay.  
 Such and so silent stood they there,  
 That Roland wellnigh hoped  
 He saw a band of statues rare,  
 Station'd the gazer's soul to scare;  
 But when the wicket oped,  
 Each grisly beast 'gan upward draw,  
 Roll'd his grim eye, and spread his claw,  
 Scented the air, and lick'd his jaw;  
 While these weird Maids, in Moorish tongue,  
 A wild and dismal warning sung.

## XXI.

"Rash Adventurer, bear thee back!  
 Dread the spell of Dahomay!  
 Fear the race of Zaharak,<sup>2</sup>  
 Daughters of the burning day!"

"When the whirlwind's gusts are wheeling,  
 Ours it is the dance to braid;  
 Zarah's sands in pillars reeling,  
 Join the measure that we tread,  
 When the Moon has donn'd her cloak,  
 And the stars are red to see,  
 Shril when pipes the sad Siroc,  
 Music meet for such as we.

"Where the shatter'd columns lie,  
 Showing Carthage once had been,  
 If the wandering Santon's eye  
 Our mysterious rites hath seen,—  
 Oft he cons the prayer of death,  
 To the nations preches doom,  
 'Azrael's brand hath left the sheath!  
 Moslems, think upon the tomb!"

"Ours the scorpion, ours the snake,  
 Ours the hydra of the fen,  
 Ours the tiger of the brake,  
 All that plague the sons of men.  
 Ours the tempest's midnight wrack,  
 Pestilence that wastes by day—  
 Dread the race of Zaharak!  
 Fear the spell of Dahomay!"

## XXII.

Uncouth and strange the accents shrill  
 Rung those vaulted roofs among,  
 Long it was ere, faint and still,  
 Died the far resounding song.  
 While yet the distant echoes roll,  
 The Warrior communed with his soul.  
 "When first I took this venturesome quest,  
 I swore upon the rood,  
 Neither to stop, nor turn, nor rest,  
 For evil or for good.  
 My forward path too well I ween,  
 Lies yonder fearful ranks between!  
 For man unarm'd, 'tis bootless hope  
 With tigers and with fiends to cope—  
 Yet, if I turn, what waits me there,  
 Save famine dire and fell despair!—  
 Other conclusion let me try,  
 Since, choose howe'er I list, I die.  
 Forward, lies faith and knightly fame;  
 Behind, are perjury and shame.  
 In life or death I hold my word!"  
 With that he drew his trusty sword,  
 Caught down a banner from the wall,  
 And enter'd thus the fearful hall.

<sup>2</sup> Zaharak or Zaharah is the Arab name of the Great Desert.



## XXIII.

On high each wayward Maiden threw  
Her swarthy arm, with wild halloo!  
On either side a tiger sprung—  
Against the leftward foe he flung  
The ready banner, to engage  
With tugging folds the brutal rage,  
The right-hand monster in mid air  
He struck so fiercely and so fair,  
Through gullet and through spinal bone,  
The trenchant blade had sheerly gone.  
His grisly brethren ramp'd and yell'd,  
But the slight leash their rage withheld,  
Whilst, 'twixt their ranks, the dangerous road  
Firmly, though swift, the champion strode.  
Safe to the gallery's bound he drew,  
Safe pass'd an open portal through;  
And when against pursuit he flung  
The gate, judge if the echoes rung!  
Onward his daring course he bore,  
While, mix'd with dying growl and roar,  
Wild jubilee and loud hurra  
Pursued him on his venturous way.

## XXIV.

"Hurra, hurra! Our watch is done!  
We hail once more the tropic sun.  
Pallid beams of northern day,  
Farewell, farewell! Hurra, hurra!"

"Five hundred years o'er this cold glen  
Hath the pale sun come round agen;  
Foot of man, till now, hath ne'er  
Dared to cross the Hall of Fear.

"Warrior! thou, whose dauntless heart  
Gives us from our ward to part,  
Be as strong in future trial,  
Where resistance is denial.

"Now for Afric's glowing sky,  
Zwenera wide, and Atlas high,  
Zaharak and Dahomay!—  
Mount the winds! Hurra, hurra!"

## XXV.

The wizard song at distance died,  
As if in ether borne astray,  
While through waste halls and chambers wide  
The Knight pursued his steady way,  
Till to a lofty dome he came,  
That flash'd with such a brilliant flame,  
As if the wealth of all the world  
Were there in rich confusion hurl'd.  
For here the gold, in saudy heaps,  
With duller earth, incorporate, sleeps;  
Was there in ingots piled, and there  
Coin'd badge of empery it bare;  
Yonder, huge bars of silver lay,  
Dimm'd by the diamond's neighbouring ray,  
Like the pale moon in morning day;  
And in the midst four Maidens stand,  
The daughters of some distant land.  
Their hue was of the dark-red dye,  
That fringes oft a thunder sky;  
Their hands palmetto baskets bare,  
And cotton filets bound their hair;  
Shm was their form, their mien was shy,  
To earth they bent the humbled eye,  
Folded their arms, and suppliant kneel'd,  
And thus their proffer'd gifts reveal'd.

## XXVI.

## CHORUS.

"See the treasures Merlin piled,  
Portion meet for Arthur's child.  
Bathe in Wealth's unbounded stream,  
Wealth that Avarice ne'er could dream!"

## FIRST MAIDEN.

"See these clots of virgin gold!  
Sever'd from the sparry mould,  
Nature's mystic alchemy  
In the mine thus bade them lie;  
And their orient smile can win  
Kings to stoop, and saints to sin."—

## SECOND MAIDEN.

"See these pearls, that long have slept:  
These were tears by Naiads wept  
For the loss of Marinel.  
Tritons in the silver shell  
Treasured them, till hard and white  
As the teeth of Amphitrite."—

## THIRD MAIDEN.

"Does a livelier hue delight?  
Here are rubies blazing bright,  
Here the emerald's fairy green,  
And the topaz gloves between;  
Here their varied hues unite,  
In the changeful chrysolite."—

## FOURTH MAIDEN.

"Leave these gems of poorer shine,  
Leave them all, and look on mine!  
While their glories I expand,  
Shade thine eyebrows with thy hand.  
Mid day sun and diamond's blaze  
Blind the rash beholder's gaze."

## CHORUS.

"Warrior, seize the splendid store:  
Would 'twere all our mountains bore!  
We should ne'er in future story,  
Read, Peru, thy perished glory!"

## XXVII.

Calmly and unconcern'd, the Knight  
Waved aside the treasures bright:—  
"Gentle Maidens, rise, I pray!  
Bar not thus my destined way.  
Let these boasted brilliant toys  
Braid the hair of girls and boys!  
Bid your streams of gold expand  
O'er proud London's thirsty land.  
De Vaux of wealth saw never need,  
Save to purvey him arms and steed,  
And all the ore he deign'd to hoard  
Inlays his helm, and hilts his sword."  
Thus gently parting from their hold,  
He left, unmoved, the dome of gold.

## XXVIII.

And now the morning sun was high,  
De Vaux was weary, faint, and dry;  
When, lo! a plashing sound he hears,  
A gladsome signal that he hears  
Some frolic water-run;  
And soon he reach'd a court-yard square,  
Where, dancing in the sultry air,  
Toss'd high aloft, a fountain fair  
Was sparkling in the sun.  
On right and left, a fair arcade.  
In long perspective view display'd  
Alleys and bowers, for sun or shade:

But, full in front, a door,  
Low-brow'd and dark, seem'd as it led  
To the lone dwelling of the dead,  
Whose memory was no more.

## XXIX.

Here stopp'd De Vaux an instant's space,  
To bathe his parched lips and face.  
And mark'd with well-pleas'd eye,  
Refracted on the fountain stream,  
In rainbow hues the dazzling beam  
Of that gay summer sky.  
His senses felt a mild control,  
Like that which lulls the weary soul,  
From contemplation high  
Relaxing, when the ear receives  
The music that the greenwood leaves  
Make to the breezes' sigh.

## XXX.

And oft in such a dreamy mood,  
The half-shut eye can frame  
Fair apparitions in the wood,  
As if the nymphs of field and flood  
In gay procession came.  
Are these of such fantastic mould,  
Seen distant down the fair arcade,  
These Maids enlink'd in sister-fold,  
Who, late at bashful distance staid,  
Now tripping from the greenwood shade,  
Nearer the musing champion draw,  
And, in a pause of seeming awe,  
Again stand doubtful now?—  
Ah, that sly pause of witching powers!  
That seems to say, "To please be ours,  
Be yours to tell us how."  
Their hue was of the golden glow  
That suits of Candahar bestow,  
O'er which in slight suffusion flows  
A frequent tinge of paly rose;  
Their limbs were fashion'd fair and free,  
In nature's justest symmetry;  
And, wreath'd with flowers, with odours  
graced.  
Their raven ringlets reach'd the waist:  
In eastern pomp, its gilding pale  
The hennah lent each shapely nail,  
And the dark sumah gave the eye  
More liquid and more lustrous dye.  
The spotless veil of misty lawn,  
In studied disarrangement, drawn  
The form and bosom o'er,  
To win the eye, or tempt the touch,  
For modesty show'd all too much—  
Too much—yet promised more.

## XXXI.

"Gentle Knight, a while delay."  
Thus they sung, "thy toilsome way,  
While we pay the duty due  
To our Master and to you.  
Over Avarice, over Fear,  
Love triumphant led thee here;  
Warrior, list to us, for we  
Are slaves to Love, are friends to thee.  
Though no treasured gems have we,  
To proffer on the bended knee,  
Though we boast nor arm nor heart,  
For the assagay or dart,  
Swains allow each simple girl  
Ruby lip and teeth of pearl;  
Or, if dangers more you prize,  
Flatterers find them in our eyes.

"Stay, then, gentle Warrior, stay,  
Rest till evening steal on day;  
Stay, O, stay!—in yonder bowers  
We will braid thy locks with flowers,  
Spread the feast and fill the wine,  
Charm thy ear with sounds divine,  
Weave our dances till delight  
Yield to languor, day to night.  
"Then shall she you most approve,  
Sing the lays that best you love,  
Soft thy mossy couch shall spread,  
Watch thy pillow, prop thy head,  
Till the weary might be o'er—  
Gentle Warrior, wouldst thou more?  
Wouldst thou more, fair Warrior,—she  
Is slave to Love and slave to thee."

## XXXII.

O, do not hold it for a crime  
In the bold hero of my rhyme,  
For Stoic look,  
And meet rebuke.  
He lack'd the heart or time;  
As round the band of sirens trip,  
He kiss'd one damsel's laughing lip,  
And press'd another's proffer'd hand.  
Spoke to them all in accents bland,  
But broke their magic circle through;  
"Kind Maids," he said, "adieu, adieu!  
My fate, my fortune, forward lies."  
He said, and vanish'd from their eyes;  
But, as he dared that darksome way,  
Still heard behind their lovely lay:  
"Fair Flower of Courtesy, depart!  
Go, where the feelings of the heart  
With the warm pulse in concord move;  
Go, where Virtue sanctions Love!"

## XXXIII.

Downward De Vaux through darksome ways  
And ruin'd vaults has gone,  
Till issue from their wilder'd maze,  
Or safe retreat, seem'd none,—  
And e'en the dismal path he strays  
Grew worse as he went on.  
For cheerful sun, for living air,  
Foul vapours rise and mine-fires glare,  
Whose fearful light the dangers show'd  
That dogg'd him on that dreadful road.  
Deep pits, and lakes of waters dun,  
They show'd, but show'd not how to shun.  
These scenes of desolate despair,  
These smothering clouds of poison'd air,  
How gladly had De Vaux exchanged,  
Though 'twere to face yon tigers ranged!  
Nay, soothful bards have said  
So perilous his state seem'd now,  
He wish'd him under arbour bough  
With Asia's willing maid.  
When, joyful sound! at distance near  
A trumpet flourish'd loud and clear,  
And as it ceased, a lofty lay  
Seem'd thus to chide his lagging way.

## XXXIV.

"Son of Honour, theme of story,  
Think on the reward before ye!  
Danger, darkness, toil despise;  
'Tis Ambition bids thee rise.  
"He that would her heights ascend,  
Many a weary step must wend;  
Hand and foot and knee he tries;  
Thus Ambition's minions rise.

"Lag not now, though rough the way,  
 Fortune's mood brooks no delay;  
 Grasp the boon that's spread before ye,  
 Monarch's power, and Conqueror's glory!"

It ceased. Advancing on the sound,  
 A steep ascent the Wanderer found  
 And then a turret stair:  
 Nor climb'd he far its steep round  
 Till fresher blew the air,  
 And next a welcome glimpse was given.  
 That cheer'd him with the light of heaven.  
 At length his toil had won  
 A lofty hall with trophies dress'd,  
 Where, as to greet imperial guest,  
 Four Maidens stood, whose crimson vest  
 Was bound with golden zone.

## XXXV.

Of Europe seem'd the damsels all;  
 The first a nymph of lively Gaul,  
 Whose easy step and laughing eye  
 Her borrow'd air of awe belie;  
 The next a maid of Spain,  
 Dark-eyed, dark-hair'd, sedate, yet bold;  
 White ivory skin and tress of gold,  
 Her shy and hashful comrade told  
 For daughter of Almaine.  
 These maidens bore a royal robe,  
 With crown, with sceptre, and with globe,  
 Emblems of empery;  
 The fourth a space behind them stood,  
 And leant upon a harp, in mood  
 Of minstrel ecstasy.  
 Of merry England she, in dress  
 Like ancient British Druidess,  
 Her hair an azure fillet bound,  
 Her graceful vesture swept the ground,  
 And, in her hand display'd,  
 A crown did that fourth Maiden hold,  
 But unadorn'd with gems and gold,  
 Of glossy laurel made.

## XXXVI.

At once to brave De Vaux knelt down  
 These foremost Maidens three,  
 And proffer'd sceptre, robe, and crown,  
 Liegedom and seignorie.  
 O'er many a region wide and fair,  
 Destined, they said, for Arthur's heir;  
 But homage would he none:—  
 "Rather," he said, "De Vaux would ride,  
 A Warden of the Border-side,  
 In plate and mail, than, robed in pride,  
 A monarch's empire own;  
 Rather, far rather, would he be  
 A free-born knight of England free,  
 Than sit on Despot's throne."  
 So pass'd he on, when that fourth Maid,  
 As starting from a trance,  
 Upon the harp her finger laid;  
 Her magic touch the chords obey'd,  
 Their soul awak'd at once!

## SONG OF THE FOURTH MAIDEN.

"Quake to your foundations deep,  
 Stately Towers, and Banner'd Keep,  
 Bid your vaulted echoes moan,  
 As the dreaded step they own.

"Fiends, that wait on Merlin's spell,  
 Hear the foot-fall! mark it well!  
 Spread your dusky wings abroad,  
 Boune ye for your homeward road!

"It is His, the first who e'er  
 Dared the dismal Hall of Fear;  
 His, who hath the snares defied  
 Spread by Pleasure, Wealth, and Pride

Quake to your foundations deep,  
 Bastion huge, and 'Turret steep!  
 Tremble, Keep! and totter, Tower!  
 This is Gyneth's waking hour."

## XXXVII.

Thus while she sung, the ventures Knight  
 Has reach'd a bower, where milder light  
 Through crimson curtains fell;  
 Such soften'd shade the hill receives,  
 Her purple veil when twilight leaves  
 Upon its western swell.  
 That bower, the gazer to bewitch,  
 Hath wondrous store of rare and rich  
 As e'er was seen with eye;  
 For there by magic skill, I wis,  
 Form of each thing that living is  
 Was limn'd in proper dye.  
 All seem'd to sleep—the timid hare  
 On form, the stag upon his lair,  
 The eagle in her eyrie fair  
 Between the earth and sky.  
 But what of pictured rich and rare  
 Could win De Vaux's eye-glance, where,  
 Deep slumbering in the fatal chair,  
 He saw King Arthur's child!  
 Doubt, and anger, and dismay,  
 From her brow had pass'd away,  
 Forgot was that fell toorney-day,  
 For, as she slept, she smiled:  
 It seem'd, that the repentant Seer  
 Her sleep of many a hundred year  
 With gentle dreams beguiled.

## XXXVIII.

That form of maiden loveliness,  
 'Twixt childhood and 'twixt youth,  
 That ivory chair, that silvan dress,  
 The arms and ankles bare, express  
 Of Lynph's tale the truth.  
 Still upon her garnet's hem  
 Vanoc's blood made purple gem,  
 And the warder of command  
 Cumber'd still her sleeping hand;  
 Still her dark locks dishevell'd flow  
 From uet of pearl o'er breast of snow;  
 And so fair the slumberer seems,  
 That De Vaux impeach'd his dreams,  
 Vapid all and void of might,  
 Hiding half her charms from sight.  
 Motionless a while he stands,  
 Folds his arms and clasps his hands,  
 Trembling in his fitful joy,  
 Doubtful how he should destroy  
 Long-enduring spell;  
 Doubtful, too, when slowly rise  
 Dark-fringed lids of Gyneth's eyes,  
 What these eyes shall tell.—  
 "St. George! St. Mary! can it be,  
 That they will kindly look on me!

## XXXIX.

Gently, lo! the Warrior kneels,  
 Soft that lovely hand he steals,  
 Soft to kiss, and soft to clasp—  
 But the warder leaves his grasp;



Lightning flashes, rolls the thunder !  
 Gyneth startles from her sleep,  
 Totters Tower, and trembles Keep,  
 Burst the Castle-walls asunder !  
 Fierce and frequent were the shocks,—  
 Melt the magic halls away ;  
 —But beneath their mystic rocks,  
 In the arms of bold De Vaux,  
 Safe the princess lay ;  
 Safe and free from magic power,  
 Blushing like the rose's flower  
 Opening to the day ;  
 And round the Champion's brows were bound  
 The crown that Druids had wound,  
 Of the green laurel-bay.  
 And this was what remain'd of all  
 The wealth of each enchanted hall,  
 The Garland and the Dame :  
 But where should Warrior seek the meed,  
 Due to high worth for daring deed,  
 Except from Love and Fame !

## CONCLUSION.

## I.

My Lucy, when the maid is won,  
 The Minstrel's task, thou know'st, is done :  
 And to require of hard  
 That to his dregs the tale should run,  
 Were ordinance too hard.  
 Our lovers, briefly be it said,  
 Wedded as lovers wont to wed,  
 When tale or play is o'er ;  
 Lived long and blest, loved fond and true,  
 And saw a numerous race renew  
 The honours that they bore.  
 Know, too, that when a pilgrim strays,  
 In morning mist or evening maze,

Along the mountain lone,  
 That fairy fortress often mocks  
 His gaze upon the castled rocks  
 Of the Valley of St. John :  
 But never man since brave De Vaux  
 The charmed portal won.  
 'Tis now a vain illusive show,  
 That melts whene'er the sunbeams glow  
 Or the fresh breeze hath blown.

## II.

But see, my love, where far below  
 Our lingering wheels are moving slow,  
 The whiles, up-gazing still,  
 Our menials eye our steepy way,  
 Marvelling, perchance, what whim can stay  
 Our steps, when eve is sinking grey,  
 On this gigantic hill.  
 So think the vulgar—Life and time  
 Ring all their joys in one dull chime  
 Of luxury and ease ;  
 And, O ! beside these simple knaves,  
 How many better born are slaves  
 To such coarse joys as these,—  
 Dead to the nobler sense that glows  
 When nature's grander scenes unclose !  
 But, Lucy, we will love them yet,  
 The mountain's misty coronet,  
 The greenwood, and the wold ;  
 And love the more, that of their maze  
 Adventure high of other days  
 By ancient bards is told,  
 Bringing, perchance, like my poor tale,  
 Some moral truth in fiction's veil :  
 Nor love them less, that o'er the hill  
 The evening breeze, as now, comes chill ;—  
 My love shall wrap her warm,  
 And, fearless of the slippery way,  
 While safe she trips the heathery brae,  
 Shall hang on Arthur's arm.

## APPENDIX.

## NOTE A.

*Like Collins, thread the maze of Fairy land.*  
 P. 323

Collins, according to Johnson, "by indulging some peculiar habits of thought, was eminently delighted with those flights of imagination which pass the bounds of nature, and to which the mind is reconciled only by a passive acquiescence in popular traditions. He loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens."

## NOTE B.

*The Baron of Triermain.*—P. 323.

Triermain was a fief of the Barony of Gilsland, in Cumberland; it was possessed by a

Saxon family at the time of the Conquest, but, "after the death of Gilmore, Lord of Triermaine and Torcrossock, Hubert Vaux gave Triermaine and Torcrossock to his second son, Ranulph Vaux; which Ranulph afterwards became heir to his elder brother Robert, the founder of Lanercost, who died without issue. Ranulph, being Lord of all Gilsland, gave Gilmore's laods to his younger son, named Roland, and let the Barony descend to his eldest son Robert, son of Ranulph. Roland had issue Alexander, and he Ranulph, after whom succeeded Robert, and they were named Rolands successively, that were lords thereof, until the reign of Edward the Fourth. That house gave for arms, Vert, a bend dexter, chequy, or and gules."—*Burn's Antiquities of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, vol. ii. p. 482.

This branch of Vaux, with its collateral alliances, is now represented by the family of Braddyl of Conishead Priory, in the county palatine of Lancaster; for it appears that about the time above mentioned, the house

of Triermain was united to its kindred family Vaux of Caterlen, and, by marriage with the heiress of Delamore and Leybourne, became the representative of those ancient and noble families. The male line failing in John de Vaux, about the year 1665, his daughter and heiress, Mabel, married Christopher Richmond, Esq., of Highhead Castle, in the county of Cumberland, descended from an ancient family of that name, Lords of Corby Castle, in the same county, soon after the Conquest, and which they alienated about the 15th of Edward the Second, to Andrea de Harcla, Earl of Carlisle. Of this family was Sir Thomas de Raigemont, (miles auratus,) in the reign of King Edward the First, who appears to have greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Kaerlaveroc, with William, Baron of Leybourne. In an ancient heraldic poem, now extant, and preserved in the British Museum, describing that siege,<sup>1</sup> his arms are stated to be, Or, 2 Bars Gemelles Gules, and a Chief Or, the same borne by his descendants at the present day. The Richmonds removed to their Castle of Highhead in the reign of Henry the Eighth, when the then representative of the family married Margaret, daughter of Sir Hugh Lowther, by the Lady Dorothy de Clifford, only child by a second marriage of Henry Lord Clifford, great grandson of John Lord Clifford, by Elizabeth Percy, daughter of Henry (surnamed Hotspur) by Elizabeth Mortimer, which said Elizabeth was daughter of Edward Mortimer, third Earl of Marche, by Philippa, sole daughter and heiress of Lionel, Duke of Clarence.

The third in descent from the above-mentioned John Richmond, became the representative of the families of Vaux, of Triermain, Caterlen, and Torcrossock, by his marriage with Mabel de Vaux, the heiress of them. His grandson, Henry Richmond, died without issue, leaving five sisters co-heiresses, four of whom married; but Margaret, who married William Gale, Esq., of Whitehaven, was the only one who had male issue surviving. She had a son, and a daughter married to Henry Curwen of Workington, Esq., who represented the county of Cumberland for many years in Parliament, and by her had a daughter, married to John Christian, Esq. (now Curwen.) John, son and heir of William Gale, married Sarah, daughter and heiress of Christopher Wilson of Bardsea Hall, in the county of Lancaster, by Margaret, aunt and co-heiress of Thomas Braddyl, Esq., of Braddyl, and Conishead Priory, in the same county, and had issue four sons and two daughters. 1st, William Wilson, died an infant; 2d, Wilson, who upon the death of his cousin, Thomas Braddyl, without issue, succeeded to his estates, and took the name of Braddyl, in pursuance of his will, by the King's sign-manual; 3d, William, died young; and, 4th, Henry Richmond, a lieutenant-general of the army, married Sarah, daughter of the Rev. R. Baldwin; Margaret married Richard Greaves Townley, Esq., of Fulborne, in the county of Cambridge, and of Bellfield, in the county of Lancaster; Sarah married to George Bigland of Bigland Hall, in the same county. Wilson Braddyl, eldest son of John Gale, and grandson of Mar-

garet Richmond, married Jane, daughter and heiress of Matthias Gale, Esq., of Catgill Hall, in the county of Cumberland, by Jane, daughter and heiress of the Rev. S. Bennet, D.D.; and, as the eldest surviving male branch of the families above-mentioned, he quarters, in addition to his own, their paternal coats in the following order, as appears by the records in College of Arms. 1st, Argent, a fess azure, between 3 saltires of the same, charged with an anchor between 2 lions' heads erased, or.—Gale. 2d, Or, 2 bars gemelles gules, and a chief or.—Richmond. 3d, Or, a fess chequy, or and gules between 9 gerbes of gules.—Vaux of Caterlen. 4th, Gules, a fess chequy, or and gules between 6 gerbes or.—Vaux of Torcrossock. 5th, Argent, (not vert, as stated by Burn,) a bend chequy, or and gules, for Vaux of Triermain. 6th, Gules, a cross patonce, or.—Delamore. 7th, Gules, 6 lions rampant argent, 3, 2, and 1.—Leybourne.—This more detailed genealogy of the family of Triermain was obligingly sent to the author by Major Braddyl of Conishead Priory.

### NOTE C.

*He pass'd red Penrith's Table Round.*—P. 324.

A circular intrenchment, about half a mile from Penrith, is thus popularly termed. The circle within the ditch is about one hundred and sixty paces in circumference, with openings, or approaches, directly opposite in each other. As the ditch is on the inner side, it could not be intended for the purpose of defence, and it has reasonably been conjectured, that the enclosure was designed for the solemn exercise of feats of chivalry, and the embankment around for the convenience of the spectators.

### NOTE D.

*Mayburgh's mound.*—P. 324.

Higher up the river Eamont than Arthur's Round Table, is a prodigious enclosure of great antiquity, formed by a collection of stones upon the top of a gently sloping hill, called Mayburgh. In the plain which it encloses there stands erect an unheven stone of twelve feet in height. Two similar masses are said to have been destroyed during the memory of man. The whole appears to be a monument of Druidical times.

### NOTE E.

*The Monarch, breathless and amazed,  
Back on the fatal castle gazed—  
Nor tower nor donjon could he spy,  
Darkening against the morning sky.*—P. 328.

—“We now gained a view of the Vale of St. John's, a very narrow dell, hemmed in by mountains, through which a small brook makes many meanderings, washing little enclosures of grass-ground, which stretch up the rising of the hills. In the widest part of the dale you are struck with the appearance

<sup>1</sup> This poem has been recently edited by Sir Nicholas Harris Nicholas, 1833.

of an ancient ruined castle, which seems to stand upon the summit of a little mount, the mountains around forming an amphitheatre. This massive bulwark shows a front of various towers, and makes an awful, rude, and Gothic appearance, with its lofty turrets and ragged battlements; we traced the galleries, the bending arches, the buttresses. The greatest antiquity stands characterised in its architecture; the inhabitants near it assert it is an antediluvian structure.

"The traveller's curiosity is roused, and he prepares to make a nearer approach, when that curiosity is put upon the rack, by his being assured, that, if he advances, certain genii who govern the place, by virtue of their supernatural art and necromancy, will strip it of all its beauties, and by enchantment, transform the magic walls. The vale seems adapted for the habitation of such beings; its gloomy recesses and retirements look like haunts of evil spirits. There was no delusion in the report; we were soon convinced of its truth; for this piece of antiquity, so venerable and noble in its aspect, as we drew near, changed its figure, and proved no other than a shaken massive pile of rocks, which stand in the midst of this little vale, disunited from the adjoining mountains, and have so much the real form and resemblance of a castle, that they bear the name of the Castle Rocks of St. John."—*Hutchinson's Excursion to the Lakes*, p. 121.

## NOTE F.

*The flower of Chivalry.*

*There Galaad sate with manly grace,*

*Yet maiden meekness in his face;*

*There Moralt of the iron mace,*

*And love-lorn Tristrem there.—P. 339.*

The characters named in the stanza are all of them more or less distinguished in the romances which treat of King Arthur and his Round Table, and their names are strung together according to the established custom of minstrels upon such occasions; for example, in the ballad of the Marriage of Sir Gawaine:—

"Sir Lancelot, Sir Stephen bolde,

They rode with them that daye,

And, foremost of the companye,

There rode the stewarde Kaye.

"Soe did Sir Banier, and Sir Bore,  
And eke Sir Garratte keen,  
Sir Tristrem too, that gentle knight,  
To the forest fresh and greene."

## NOTE G.

*Lancelot, that ever more  
Look'd stolen-wise on the Queen.—P. 329.*

Upon this delicate subject hear Richard Robinson, citizen of London, in his Assertion of King Arthur:—"But as it is a thing sufficiently apparent that she (Guenever, wife of King Arthur,) was beautiful, so it is a thing doubted whether she was chaste, yea or no. Truly, so far as I can with honestie, I would spare the impayred honour and fame of noble women. But yet the truth of the historie pluckes me by the eare, and willet not oney, but commandeth me to declare what the ancients have deemed of her. To wrestle or contend with so great authoritie were indeede unto mei a controversie, and that greate."—*Assertion of King Arthure. Imprinted by John Wolfe, London, 1582.*

## NOTE H.

*There were two who loved their neighbour's wives,  
And one who loved his own.—P. 330.*

"In our forefather's tyme, when Papistrie, as a standing poole, covered and overflowed all England, fewe booke were read in our tongue, sayyng certaine bookes of chevalrie, as they said, for pastime and pleasure; which, as some say, were made in the monasteries, by idle monks or wanton chonons. As one, for example, *La Morte d'Arthure*; the whole pleasure of which booke standeth in two speciall poynts, in open manslaughter and bold bawdrye; in which booke they be counted the noblest knights that do kill most men without any quarrell, and committ fowlest adulteries by sutlest shifts; as Sir Lancelot, with the wife of King Arthur, his master; Sir Tristram, with the wife of King Marke, his uncle; Sir Lamerocke, with the wife of King Lote, that was his own aunt. This is good stuffe for wise men to laugh at; or honest men to take pleasure at: yet I know when God's Bible was banished the Court, and *La Morte d'Arthure* received into the Prince's chamber."—*Ascham's Schoolmaster.*



# The Lord of the Isles:

A POEM, IN SIX CANTOS.

## NOTICE TO EDITION 1833.

The composition of "The Lord of the Isles," as we now have it in the Author's MS., seems to have been begun at Abbotsford, in the autumn of 1814, and it ended at Edinburgh the 16th of December. Some part of Canto I. had probably been committed to writing in a rougher form earlier in the year. The original quarto appeared on the 2d of January 1815.<sup>1</sup>

It may be mentioned, that those parts of this Poem which were written at Abbotsford, were composed almost all in the presence of Sir Walter Scott's family, and many in that of casual visitors also: the original cottage which he then occupied not affording him any means of retirement. Neither conversation nor music seemed to disturb him.

## INTRODUCTION TO EDITION 1833.

I could hardly have chosen a subject more popular in Scotland, than any thing connected with the Bruce's history, unless I had attempted that of Wallace. But I am decidedly of opinion, that a popular, or what is called a *taking* title, though well qualified to ensure the publishers against loss, and clear their shelves of the original impression, is rather apt to be hazardous than otherwise to the reputation of the author. He who attempts a subject of distinguished popularity, has not the privilege of awakening the enthusiasm of his audience; on the contrary, it is already awakened, and glows, it may be, more ardently than that of the author himself. In this case, the warmth of the author is inferior to that of the party whom he addresses, who has, therefore, little chance of being, in Bayes's phrase, "elevated and surprised" by what he has thought of with more enthusiasm than the writer. The sense of this risk, joined to the consciousness of striving against wind and tide, made the task of composing the proposed Poem somewhat heavy and hopeless; but, like the prize-fighter in "As You Like it," I was to wrestle for my reputation, and not neglect any advantage. In a most agreeable pleasure-voyage, which I have tried to commemorate in the Introduction to the new edition of the "Pirate," I visited, in social and friendly company, the coasts and islands of Scotland, and made myself acquainted with the localities of which I meant to treat. But this voyage, which was in every other effect so delightful, was in its conclusion saddened by one of those strokes of fate which so often

mingle themselves with our pleasures. The accomplished and excellent person who had recommended to me the subject for "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and to whom I proposed to inscribe what I already suspected might be the close of my poetical labours, was unexpectedly removed from the world, which she seemed only to have visited for purposes of kindness and benevolence. It is needless to say how the author's feelings, or the composition of his trifling work, were affected by a circumstance which occasioned so many tears and so much sorrow.<sup>2</sup> True it is, that "The Lord of the Isles" was concluded, unwillingly and in haste, under the painful feelings of one who has a task which must be finished, rather than with the ardour of one who endeavours to perform that task well. Although the Poem cannot be said to have made a favourable impression on the public, the sale of fifteen thousand copies enabled the author to retreat from the field with the honours of war.

In the meantime, what was necessarily to be considered as a failure, was much reconciled to my feelings by the success attending my attempt in another species of composition. "Waverley" had, under strict incognito, taken its flight from the press just before I set out upon the voyage already mentioned; it had now made its way to popularity, and the success of that work and the volumes which followed, was sufficient to have satisfied a greater appetite for applause than I have at any time possessed.<sup>3</sup>

I may as well add in this place, that, being much urged by my intimate friend, now unhappily no more, William Erskine, (a Scottish judge, by the title of Lord Kinnedder,) I agreed to write the little romantic tale called the "Bridal of Triermain;" but it was on the condition, that he should make no serious effort to disown the composition, if report should lay it at his door. As he was more than suspected of a taste for poetry, and as I took care, in several places, to mix something which might resemble (as far as was in my power) my friend's feeling and manner, the train easily caught, and two large editions were sold. A third being called for, Lord Kinnedder became unwilling to aid any longer a deception which was going farther than he expected or desired, and the real author's name was given. Upon another occasion, I sent up another of these trifles, which, like schoolboy's kites, served to show how the wind of popular taste was setting. The manner was supposed to be that of a rude minstrel or Scald, in opposition to the "Bridal of Trier-

<sup>1</sup> Published by Archibald Constable and Co., 21, 22.

<sup>2</sup> Harriet, Duchess of Buccleuch, died 24th August 1814. Sir Walter Scott received the mournful intelligence while

visiting the Giant's Causeway, and immediately returned home.

<sup>3</sup> The first edition of Waverley appeared in July 1814.

main," which was designed to belong rather to the Italian school. This new fugitive piece was called "Harold the Dauntless;"<sup>1</sup> and I am still astonished at my having committed the gross error of selecting the very name which Lord Byron had made so famous. It encountered rather an odd fate. My ingenious friend, Mr. James Hogz, had published, about the same time, a work called the "Poetic Mirror," containing imitations of the principal living poets. There was in it a very good imitation of my own style, which bore such a

resemblance to "Harold the Dauntless," that there was no discovering the original from the imitation; and I believe that many who took the trouble of thinking upon the subject, were rather of opinion that my ingenious friend was the true, and not the fictitious Simon Pure. Since this period, which was in the year 1817, the Author has not been an intruder on the public by any poetical work of importance.

W. S.

Abbotsford, April, 1830.

## The Lord of the Isles.

### ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

*The Scene of this Poem lies, at first, in the Castle of Artornish, on the coast of Argyleshire; and, afterwards, in the Islands of Skye and Arran, and upon the coast of Ayrshire. Finally, it is laid near Stirling. The story opens in the spring of the year 1307, when Bruce, who had been driven out of Scotland by the English, and the Barons who adhered to that foreign interest, returned from the Island of Racin on the coast of Ireland, again to assert his claims to the Scottish crown. Many of the personages and incidents introduced are of historical celebrity. The authorities used are chiefly those of the venerable Lord Hailes, as well entitled to be called the restorer of Scottish history, as Bruce the restorer of Scottish monarchy; and of Archdeacon Barbour, a correct edition of whose Metrical History of Robert Bruce,<sup>2</sup> will soon, I trust, appear, under the care of my learned friend, the Rev. Dr. Jamieson.*

Abbotsford, 10th December, 1814.

## The Lord of the Isles.

### CANTO FIRST.

Autumn departs—but still his mantle's fold  
Rests on the groves of noble Somerville,  
Beneath a shroud of russet dropp'd with  
gold

Tweed and his tributaries mingle still:  
Hoarser the wind, and deeper sounds the rill.  
Yet lingering notes of silvan music swell,  
The deep-toned cushat, and the redbreast  
shrill;

And yet some tints of summer splendour tell  
When the broad sun sinks down on Ettrick's  
western fell.

Autumn departs—from Gala's fields no more  
Come rural sounds our kindred banks to  
cheer;

Blent with the stream, and gale that wafts  
it o'er,

No more the distant reaper's mirth we hear,  
The last blithe shout hath died upon our ear,  
And harvest-home hath hush'd the clanging  
wain,

On the waste hill no forms of life appear,  
Save where, sad laggard of the autumnal  
train,

Some age-struck wanderer gleans few ears of  
scatter'd grain.

<sup>1</sup> "Harold the Dauntless" was first published in a small 12mo. volume, January, 1817

Deem'st thou these sadden'd scenes have  
pleasure still,  
Lovest thou through Autumn's fading realms  
to stray,

To see the heath-flower wither'd on the hill,  
To listen to the wood's expiring lay,  
To note the red leaf shivering on the spray,  
To mark the last bright tints the mountain  
stain,

On the waste fields to trace the gleaner's  
way,

And moralize on mortal joy and pain?—  
O! if such scenes thou lovest, scorn not the  
minstrel strain.

No! do not scorn, although its hoarser note  
Scarce with the cushat's homely song can  
vie.

Though faint its beauties as the tints remote  
That gleam through mist in autumn's even-  
ing sky,

And few as leaves that tremble, sear and dry,  
When wild November hath his bugle wound;  
Nor mock my toil—a lonely gleaner I,  
Through fields time-wasted, or sad inquest  
bound.

Where happier herds of yore have richer  
harvest found.

So shalt thou list, and haply not unmoved,  
To a wild tale of Albyn's warrior day;  
In distant lands, by the rough West reproved,  
Still live some relics of the ancient lay

<sup>2</sup> The work alluded to appeared in 1820, under the title of "The Bruce and Wallace." 2 vols. 4to.

For, when on Coolin's hills the lights decay,  
 With such the Seer of Skye the eve be-  
 guiles;  
 'Tis known amid the pathless wastes of  
 Reay,  
 In Harries known, and in Iona's piles,  
 Where rest from mortal coil the Mighty of the  
 Isles.

## I.

"Wake, Maid of Lorn!" the Minstrels sung.  
 Thy rugged halls, Artornish! rung,<sup>1</sup>  
 And the dark seas, thy towers that lave,  
 Heaved on the beach a softer wave,  
 As 'mid the toneful choir to keep  
 The drapason of the Deep.  
 Lull'd were the winds on Inninmore,  
 And green Loch-Alline's woodland shore,  
 As if wild woods and waves had pleasure  
 In listing to the lovely measure.  
 And ne'er to symphony more sweet  
 Gave mountain echoes answer meet,  
 Since, met from mainland and from isle,  
 Ross, Arran, Ilay, and Argyle,  
 Each minstrel's tributary lay  
 Paid homage to the festal day.  
 Dull and dishonour'd were the hard,  
 Worthless of guerdon and regard,  
 Deaf to the hope of minstrel fame,  
 Or lady's smiles, his noblest aim,  
 Who on that mora's resistless call  
 Were silent in Artornish hall.

## II.

"Wake, Maid of Lorn!" 'twas thus they sung,  
 And yet more proud the descant rung,  
 "Wake, Maid of Lorn! high right is ours,  
 To charm dull sleep from Beauty's bowers;  
 Earth, Ocean, Air, have nought so shy  
 But owns the power of minstrelsy.  
 In Lettermore the timid deer  
 Will pause, the harp's wild chime to hear;  
 Rude Heiskar's seal through surges dark  
 Will long pursue the minstrel's bark;<sup>2</sup>  
 To list his notes, the eagle proud  
 Will poise him on Ben-Caillach's cloud;  
 Then let not Maiden's ear disdain  
 The summons of the minstrel train.  
 But, while our harps wild music make,  
 Edith of Lorn, awake, awake!"

## III.

"O wake, while Dawn, with dewy shine,  
 Wakes Nature's charms to vie with thine!  
 She bids the mottled thrush rejoice  
 To mate thy melody of voice;  
 The dew that on the violet lies  
 Mocks the dark lustre of thine eyes;  
 But, Edith, wake, and all we see  
 Of sweet and fair shall yield to thee!"—  
 "She comes not yet," grey Ferrand cried;  
 "Brethren, let softer spell be tried.  
 Those notes prolong'd, that soothing theme,  
 Which best may mix with Beauty's dream,  
 And whisper, with their silvery tone,  
 The hope she loves, yet fears to own."  
 He spoke, and on the harp-strings died  
 The strains of flattery and of pride;  
 More soft, more low, more tender fell  
 The lay of love he bade them tell.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note A.

## IV.

"Wake, Maid of Lorn! the moments fly,  
 Which yet that maiden-name allow;  
 Wake, Maiden, wake! the hour is nigh,  
 When Love shall claim a plighted vow.  
 By Fear, thy bosom's fluttering guest,  
 By Hope, that soon shall fears remove,  
 We bid thee break the bonds of rest,  
 And wake thee at the call of Love!"

"Wake, Edith, wake! in yonder bay  
 Lies many a galley gaily mann'd,  
 We hear the merry pibrochs play,  
 We see the streamers' silken band.  
 What Chieftain's praise these pibrochs swell,  
 What crest is on these banners wove,  
 The harp, the minstrel, dare not tell—  
 The riddle must be read by Love."

## V.

Retired her maiden train among,  
 Edith of Lorn received the song,  
 But tamed the minstrel's pride had been  
 That had her cold demeanour seen;  
 For not upon her cheek awoke  
 The glow of pride when Flattery spoke.  
 Nor could their tenderest numbers bring  
 One sigh responsive to the string.  
 As vainly had her maidens vied  
 In skill to deck the princely bride.  
 Her locks, in dark-brown length array'd,  
 Cathleen of Ulna, 'twas thine to braid;  
 Young Eva with meet reverence drew  
 On the light foot the silken shoe,  
 While on the ankle's slender round  
 Those strings of pearl fair Bertha wound,  
 That, bleach'd Lochryan's depths within,  
 Seem'd dusky still on Edith's skin.  
 But Eunon, of experience old,  
 Had weightiest task—the mantle's fold  
 In many an artful plait she tied,  
 To show the form it seem'd to hide,  
 Till on the floor descending roll'd  
 Its waves of crimson blent with gold.

## VI.

O! lives there now so cold a maid,  
 Who thus in beauty's pomp array'd,  
 In beauty's proudest pitch of power,  
 And conquest won—the bridal hour—  
 With every charm that wins the heart,  
 By Nature given, enhanced by Art,  
 Could yet the fair reflection view,  
 In the bright mirror pictured true,  
 And not one dimple on her cheek  
 A tell-tale consciousness bespeak?  
 Lives still such maid?—Fair damsels, say,  
 For further vouches not my lay,  
 Save that such lived in Britain's isle,  
 When Lorn's bright Edith scorn'd to smile.

## VII.

But Morag, to whose fostering care  
 Proud Lorn had given his daughter fair,  
 Morag, who saw a mother's aid  
 By all a daughter's love repaid,  
 (Strict was that bond—most kind of all—  
 Involate in Highland hall!—  
 Grey Morag sate a space apart,  
 In Edith's eyes to read her heart,  
 In vain the attendants' fond appeal  
 To Morag's skill, to Morag's zeal;

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix, Note B.



She mark'd her child receive their care,  
Cold as the image sculptured fair,  
(Form of some sainted patroness.)  
Which cloister'd maids combine to dress;  
She mark'd—and knew her nursing's heart  
In the vain pomp took little part.  
Wistful a while she gazed—then press'd  
The maiden to her anxious breast  
In flush'd loveliness—and led  
To where a turret's airy head,  
Slender and steep, and battled round,  
O'erlook'd, dark Mull thy mighty Sound,<sup>1</sup>  
Where thwarting tides, with mingled roar,  
Part thy swarth hills from Morven's shore.

## VIII.

"Daughter," she said, "these seas behold,  
Round twice a hundred islands roll'd,  
From Hirt, that hears their northern roar,  
To the green Ilay's fertile shore;<sup>2</sup>  
Or mainland turn, where many a tower  
Owns thy bold brother's feudal power,  
Each on its own dark cape reclined,  
And listening to its own wild wind,  
From where Mingarry, sternly placed,  
O'erawes the woodland and the waste,<sup>3</sup>  
To where Dunstaffnage hears the raging  
Of Connal with his rocks engaging.  
Think'st thou, amid this ample round,  
A single brow but thine has frown'd,  
To sadden this auspicious morn,  
That bids the daughter of high Lorn  
Impledge her spousal faith to wed  
The heir of mighty Somerled!<sup>4</sup>  
Ronald, from many a hero sprung,  
The fair, the valiant, and the young,  
Lord of the Isles, whose lofty name<sup>5</sup>  
A thousand bards have given to fame,  
The mate of monarchs, and allied  
On equal terms with England's pride.—  
From chieftain's tower to boudsman's cot,  
Who hears the tale, and triumphs not?  
The damsel dons her best attire,  
The shepherd lights his beltane fire,  
Joy, joy! each warder's horn hath sung,  
Joy, joy! each matin bell hath rung;  
The holy priest says grateful mass,  
Loud shouts each hardy galla-glass,  
No mountain den holds outcast boor,  
Of heart so dull, of soul so poor,  
But he hath flung his tusk aside,  
And clam'd this morn for holy-tide;  
Yet, empress of this joyful day,  
Edith is sad while all are gay."

## IX.

Proud Edith's soul came to her eye,  
Resentment check'd the struggling sigh.  
Her hurrying hand indignant dried  
The burning tears of injured pride—  
"Morag, forbear! or lend thy praise  
To swell yon hireling harpers' lays;  
Make to you maids thy boast of power,  
That they may waste a wondering hour,  
Telling of banners proudly borne,  
Of pealing bell and bugle-horn,  
Or, theme more dear, of robes of price,  
Crownlets and gauds of rare device.  
But thou, experienced as thou art,  
Think'st thou with these to cheat the heart,

That, bound in strong affection's chain,  
Looks for return and looks in vain?  
No! sum thine Edith's wretched lot  
In these brief words—He loves her not!

## X.

"Debate it not—too long I strove  
To call his cold observance love,  
All blinded by the league that stvled  
Edith of Lorn,—while yet a child,  
She tripp'd the heath by Morag's side,—  
The brave Lord Ronald's destined bride.  
Ere yet I saw him, while afar  
His broadsword blazed in Scotland's war,  
Train'd to believe our fates the same,  
My bosom throbb'd when Roland's name  
Came gracing Fame's heroic tale,  
Like perfume on the summer gale.  
What pilgrim sought our halls, nor told  
Of Roland's deeds in battle bold;  
Who touch'd the harp to heroes' praise,  
But his achievements swell'd the lays!  
Even Morag—not a tale of fame  
Was hers but closed with Ronald's name.  
He came! and all that had been told  
Of his high worth seem'd poor and cold,  
Tame, lifeless, void of energy,  
Unjust to Ronald and to me!

## XI.

"Since then, what thought had Edith's heart  
And gave not plighted love its part!—  
And what requital! cold delay—  
Excuse that shunn'd the spousal day.—  
It dawns, and Ronald is not here!—  
Hunts he Bentalla's nimble deer,  
Or loiters he in secret dell  
To hid some lighter love farewell,  
And swear, that though he may not scorn  
A daughter of the House of Lorn,<sup>6</sup>  
Yet, when these formal rites are o'er,  
Again they meet, to part no more!"

## XII.

—"Hush, daughter, hush! thy doubts remove,  
More nobly think of Ronald's love.  
Look, where beneath the castle grey  
His fleet unmoor from Aros bay!  
See'st not each galley's topmast bend,  
As on the yards the sails ascend?  
Hiding the dark-blue land, they rise  
Like the white-clouds on April skies;  
The shouting vassals man the oars,  
Behind them sink Mull's mountain shores,  
Onward their merry course they keep,  
Through whistling breeze and foaming deep.  
And mark the headmost, seaward cast,  
Stoop to the freshening gale her mast,  
As if she veil'd its banner'd pride,  
To greet afar her prince's bride!  
Thy Ronald comes, and while in speed  
His galley mates the flying steed,  
He chides her sloth!"—Fair Edith sigh'd,  
Blush'd, sadly smiled, and thus replied:—

## XIII.

"Sweet thought, but vain!—No, Morag! mark,  
Type of his course, yon lonely bark,  
That oft hath shifted helm and sail,  
To win its way against the gale.

1 See Appendix, Note C.

2 Ibid, Note D.

3 See Appendix, Note E.

4 Ibid, Note F.

5 See Appendix, Note G.

6 Ibid, Note H.

Since peep of morn. my vacant eyes  
Have view'd by fits the course she tries;  
Now, though the darkening send comes on,  
And dawn's fair promises be gone,  
And though the weary crew may see  
On sheltering haven on their lee,  
Still closer to the rising wind  
They strive her shivering sail to bind,  
Still nearer to the shelves' dread verge  
At every tack her course they urge,  
As if they fear'd Artornish surge  
Than adverse winds and breakers' roar."

## XIV.

Sooth spoke the maid.—Amid the tide  
The skiff she mark'd lay tossing sore,  
And shifted oft her stooping side.  
In weary tack from shore to shore.  
Yet on her destined course no more  
She gain'd, of forward way,  
Than what a minstrel may compare  
To the poor meed which peasants share,  
Who toil the livelong day;  
And such the risk her pilot braves,  
That oft, before she wore,  
Her boltsprit kiss'd the broken waves,  
Where in white foam the ocean raves  
Upon the shelving shore.  
Yet, to their destined purpose true,  
Undaunted toil her hardy crew,  
Nor look'd where shelter lay,  
Nor for Artornish Castle drew,  
Nor steer'd for Aros bay.

## XV.

Thus while they strove with wind and seas,  
Borne onward by the willing breeze,  
Lord Ronald's fleet swept by,  
Steamer'd with silk, and trick'd with gold,  
Mann'd with the noble and the bold  
Of Island chivalry.  
Around their prow the ocean roars,  
And chafes beneath their thousand oars,  
Yet bears them on their way:  
So chafes the war-horse in his might,  
That fieldward bears some valiant knight,  
Champs, till both bit and boss are white,  
But, foaming, must obey.  
On each gay deck they might behold  
Lances of steel and crests of gold,  
And hauberks with their burnish'd fold,  
That shimmer'd fair and free;  
And each proud galley, as she pass'd,  
To the wild cadence of the blast  
Gave wilder minstrelsy.  
Full many a shrill triumphant note  
Saline and Scalastle bade float  
Their misty shores around;  
And Morven's echoes answer'd well,  
And Duart heard the distant swell  
Come down the darksome Sound.

## XVI.

So bore they on with mirth and pride,  
And if that labouring bark they spied,  
'Twas with such idle eye  
As nobles cast on lowly boor,  
When, toiling in his task obscure,  
They pass him careless by.  
Let them aweep on with heedless eyes!  
But, had they known what mighty prize

In that frail vessel lay,  
The famish'd wolf, that prowls the wold,  
Had scatheless pass'd the unguarded fold,  
Ere, drifting by these galleys bold,  
Unchallenged were her way!  
And thou, Lord Ronald, sweep thou on  
With mirth, and pride, and minstrel tone!  
But had'st thou known who sail'd so nigh,  
Far other glance were in thine eye!  
Far other flush were on thy brow,  
That, shaded by the bonnet, now  
Assumes but ill the blithesome cheer  
Of bridegroom when the bride is near!

## XVII.

Yes, sweep they on!—We will not leave,  
For them that triumph, those who grieve.  
With that armada gay  
Be laughter loud and jocund shout,  
And bards to cheer the wassail route,  
With tale, romance, and lay:  
And of wild mirth each clamorous art,  
Which, if it cannot cheer the heart,  
May stupify and stun its smart,  
For one loud busy day.  
Yes, sweep they on!—But with that skiff  
Abides the minstrel tale,  
Where there was dread of surge and cliff,  
Labour that strain'd each sinew stiff,  
And one sad Maiden's wail.

## XVIII.

All day with fruitless strife they toil'd,  
With eve the ebbing currents boil'd  
More fierce from strait and lake;  
And midway through the channel met  
Conflicting tides that foam and fret,  
And high their mingled billows jet,  
As spears, that, in the battle set,  
Spring upward as they break.  
Then, too, the lights of eve were past,  
And louder sung the western blast  
On rocks of Innimore;  
Rent was the sail, and strain'd the mast,  
And many a leak was gaping fast,  
And the pale steersman stood aghast,  
And gave the conflict o'er.

## XIX.

'Twas then that One, whose lofty look  
Nor labour dull'd nor terror shook,  
Thus to the Leader spoke:—  
"Brother, how hopest thou to abide  
The fury of this wilder'd tide,  
Or how avoid the rock's rude side,  
Until the day has broke?  
Didst thou not mark the vessel reel  
With quivering planks, and groaning keel,  
At the last billow's shock?  
Yet how of better counsel tell,  
Though here thou see'st poor Isabel  
Half dead with want and fear;  
For look on sea, or look on land,  
On yon dark sky—on every hand  
Despair and death are near.  
For her alone I grieve.—on me  
Danger sits light, by land and sea,  
I follow where thou wilt:  
Either to bide the tempest's lour,  
Or wend to yon unfriendly tower,  
Or rush amid their naval power,  
With war-cry wake their wassail-hour,  
And die with hand on hilt."

## XX.

That elder Leader's calm reply  
 In steady voice was given,  
 "In man's most dark extremity  
 Oft succour dawns from Heaven.  
 Edward, trim thou the shatter'd sail,  
 The helm be mine, and down the gale  
 Let our free course be driven;  
 So shall we 'scape the western bay,  
 The hostile fleet, the unequal fray,  
 So safely hold our vessel's way  
 Beneath the Castle wall;  
 For if a hope of safety rest,  
 'Tis on the sacred name of guest,  
 Who seeks for shelter, storm-distress'd,  
 Within a chieftain's hall  
 If not—it best beseems our worth,  
 Our name, our right, or lofty birth,  
 By noble hauds to loll."

## XXI.

The helm, to his strong arm consign'd,  
 Gave the reef'd sail to meet the wind,  
 And on her alter'd way,  
 Fierce bounding, forward sprung the ship,  
 Like greyhound starting from the ship  
 To seize his flying prey.  
 Awaked before the rushing prow,  
 The mimic fires of ocean glow,  
 Those lightnings of the wave;<sup>1</sup>  
 Wild sparkles crest the broken tides;  
 And, flashing round, the vessel's sides  
 With elvish lustre lave,  
 While, far behind, their livid light  
 To the dark billows of the night  
 A gloomy splendour gave.  
 It seems as if old Ocean shakes  
 From his dark brow the lucid flakes  
 In envious pagantry,  
 To match the meteor-light that streaks  
 Grim Hecla's midnight sky.

## XXII.

Nor lack'd they steadier light to keep  
 Their course upon the darken'd deep;—  
 Artornish, on her frowning steep  
 'Twixt cloud and ocean hung.  
 Glanced with a thousand lights of glee,  
 And landward far, and far to sea,  
 Her festal radiance flung  
 By that lithe beacon-light they steer'd,  
 Whose lustre mingled well  
 With the pale beam that now appear'd,  
 As the cold moon her head uprear'd  
 Above the eastern fell.

## XXIII.

Thus guided, on their course they bore,  
 Until they near'd the mainland shore,  
 When frequent on the hollow blast  
 Wild shouts of merriment were cast,  
 And wind and wave and sea-birds' cry  
 With wassail sounds in concert vie,  
 Like funeral shrieks with revelry,  
 Or like the battle-shout  
 By peasants heard from cliffs on high,  
 When Triumph, Rage, and Agony,  
 Madden the fight and rout.  
 Now nearer yet, through mist and storm  
 Dimly arose the Castle's form,

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note I.

And deepen'd shadow made,  
 Far lengthen'd on the main below,  
 Where, dancing in reflected glow,  
 A hundred torches play'd,  
 Spangling the wave with lights as vain  
 As pleasures in this vale of pain,  
 'Tnat dazzle as they fade.

## XXIV.

Beneath the Castle's sheltering lee,  
 They staid their course in quiet sea.  
 Hewn in the rock, a passage there  
 Sought the dark fortress by a stair,  
 So straight, so high, so steep.  
 With peasant's staff one valiant hand  
 Might well the dizzy pass have mann'd,  
 'Gainst hundreds arm'd with spear and brand,  
 And plunged them in the deep.<sup>2</sup>  
 His bugle then the helmsman wound,  
 Loud answer'd every echo round,  
 From turret, rock, and bay,  
 The postern's hinges crash and groan,  
 And soon the warder's cresset shone  
 On those rude steps of slippery stone,  
 To light the upward way  
 "Thrice welcome, holy Sire!" he said;  
 "Full long the spousal train have staid,  
 And, vex'd at thy delay,  
 Fear'd lest, amidst these wildering seas,  
 The darksome night and freshening breeze  
 Had driven thy bark astray."—

## XXV.

"Warder," the younger stranger said,  
 "Thine erring guess some mirth had made  
 In mirthful hour; but nigh's like these,  
 When the rough winds wake western seas,  
 Brook not of glee. We crave some aid  
 And needful shelter for this maid  
 Until the break of day;  
 For, to ourselves, the deck's rude plank  
 Is easy as the mossy bank  
 That's breath'd upon by May.  
 And for our storm-toss'd skiff we seek  
 Short shelter in this leeward creek,  
 Prompt when the dawn the east shall streak  
 Again to bear away."—  
 Answer'd the Warder,—"In what name  
 Assert ye hospitable claim?  
 Whence come, or whither bound?  
 Hath Erin seen your parting sails?  
 Or come ye on Norwegian gales?  
 And seek ye England's fertile vales,  
 Or Scotland's mountain ground?"—

## XXVI.

"Warriors—for other title none  
 For some brief space we list to own,  
 Bound by a vow—warriors are we;  
 In strife by land, and storm by sea,  
 We have been known to fame;  
 And these brief words have import dear,  
 When sounded in a noble ear,  
 To harbour safe, and friendly cheer,  
 That gives us rightful claim.  
 Grant us the trivial boon we seek,  
 And we in other realms will speak  
 Fair of your courtesies;  
 Deny—and be your niggard Hold  
 Scorn'd by the noble and the bold,  
 Shunn'd by the pilgrim on the wold,  
 And wanderer on the lea!"—

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix, Note K.



## XXVII.

"Bold stranger, no—'gainst claim like thine,  
No bolt revolves by hand of mine,  
Though urged in tone that more express'd  
A monarch than a suppliant guest.  
Be what ye will, Artornish Hall  
On this glad eve is free to all.  
Though ye had drawn a hostile sword  
'Gainst our ally, great England's Lord,  
Or mail upon your shoulders borne,  
To battle with the Lord of Lorn.  
Or, outlaw'd, dwelt by greenwood tree  
With the fierce Knight of Ellerslie,<sup>1</sup>  
Or aided even the murderous strife,  
When Comyn fell beneath the knife  
Of that fell homicide The Bruce,<sup>2</sup>  
This night had been a term of truce.—  
Ho, vassals! give these guests your care,  
And show the narrow postern stair."

## XXVIII.

To land these two bold brethren leapt,  
(The weary crew their vessel kept.)  
And, lighted by the torches' flare,  
That seaward flung their smoky glare,  
The younger knight that maiden bare  
Half lifeless up the rock;  
On his strong shoulder leann'd her head,  
And down her long dark tresses shed,  
As the wild vine in tendrils spread,  
Droops from the mountain oak.  
Him follow'd close that elder Lord,  
And in his hand a sheathed sword.  
Such as few arms could wield;  
But when he boun'd him to such task,  
Well could it cleave the strongest casque,  
And rend the surest shield.

## XXIX.

The raised portcullis' arch they pass,  
The wicket with its bars of brass,  
The entrance long and low,  
Flank'd at each turn by loop-holes strait,  
Where bowmen might in ambush wait,  
(If force or fraud should burst the gate.)  
To gall an entering foe.  
But every jealous post of ward  
Was now defenceless and unbarr'd,  
And all the passage free  
To one low-brow'd and vaulted room,  
Where squire and yeoman, page and groom,  
Plied their loud revelry.

## XXX.

And "Rest ye here," the Warder bade,  
"Till to our Lord your suit is said.—  
And, comrades, gaze not on the maid,  
And on these men who ask our aid,  
As if ye ne'er had seen  
A damsel tired of midnight bark,  
Or wanderers of a moulding stark,  
And bearing martial mien."  
But not for Eachin's reproof  
Would page or vassal stand aloof,  
But crowded on to stare,  
As men of courtesy untaught,  
Till fiery Edward roughly caught,  
From one the foremost there,  
His chequer'd plaid, and in its shroud,  
To hide her from the vulgar crowd,  
Involved his sister fair.

1 Sir William Wallace.

His brother, as the clansman bent  
His sullen brow in discontent,  
Made brief and stern excuse;—  
"Vassal, were thine the cloak of pall  
That decks thy Lord in bridal hall,  
'Twere honour'd by her use."

## XXXI.

Proud was his tone, but calm; his eye  
Had that compelling dignity,  
His mien that bearing haught and high,  
Which common spirits fear!  
Needed nor word nor signal more,  
Nod, wink, and laughter, all were o'er;  
Upon each other back they bore,  
And gazed like startled deer.  
But now appear'd the Seneschal,  
Commission'd by his Lord to call  
The strangers to the Baron's hall,  
Where feasted fair and free  
That Island Prince in nuptial tide,  
With Edith there his lovely bride,  
And her bold brother by her side,  
And many a chief, the flower and pride  
Of Western land and sea.

Here pause we, gentles, for a space;  
And, if our tale hath won your grace,  
Grant us brief patience, and again  
We will renew the minstrel strain.

~~~~~

The Lord of the Isles.

CANTO SECOND.

I.

Fill the bright goblet, spread the festive board!
Summon the gay, the noble, and the fair!
Through the loud hall in joyous concert pour'd.
Let mirth and music sound the dirge of Care!
But ask thou not if Happiness be there,
If the loud laugh disguise convulsive throes,
Or if the brow the heart's true livery wear;
Lift not the festal mask!—enough to know,
No scene of mortal life but teems with mortal
woe.

II.

With beakers' clang, with harpers' lay,
With all that olden time deem'd gay,
The Island Chieftain feasted high;
But there was in his troubled eye
A gloomy fire, and on his brow
Now sudden flush'd, and faded now,
Emotions such as draw their birth
From deeper source than festal mirth.
By fits he paused, and harper's strain
And jester's tale went round in vain,
Or fell but on his idle ear
Like distant sounds which dreamers hear.
Then would he rouse him, and employ
Each art to aid the clamorous joy,
And call for pledge and lay,
And, for brief space, of all the crowd,
As he was loudest of the loud,
Seem gayest of the gay.

2 See Appendix, Note L.

III.

Yet nought amiss the bridal throng
Mark'd in brief mirth, or musing long:
The vacant brow, the unlistening ear,
They gave to thoughts of raptures near,
And his fierce starts of sudden glee
Seem'd bursts of bridegroom's ecstasy.
Nor thus alone misjudged the crowd,
Since lofty Lorn, suspicious, proud,
And jealous of his honour'd line,
And that keen knight, De Argentine,
(From England sent on errand high,
The western league more firm to tie.)¹
Both deem'd in Ronald's mood to find
A lover's transport-troubled mind.
But one sad heart, one tearful eye,
Pierced deeper through the mystery,
And watch'd, with agony and fear,
Her wayward bridegroom's varied cheer.

IV.

She watch'd—yet fear'd to meet his glance,
And he shunn'd hers:—till when by chance
They met, the point of foeman's lance
Had given a milder pang!
Beneath the intolerable smart
He writhed—then sternly mann'd his heart
To play his hard but destined part,
And from the table sprang
"Fill me the mighty cup!" he said,
"Erst own'd by royal Somerset:"²
Fill it, till on the studded brim
In burning gold the bubbles swim,
And every gem of varied shine
Glow doubly bright in rosy wine!
To you, brave lord, and brother mine,
Of Lorn, this pledge I drink—
The union of Our House with thine,
By this fair bridal-link!"—

V.

"Let it pass round!" quoth He of Lorn,
"And in good time—that winded horn
Must of the Abbot tell;
The laggard monk is come at last."
Lord Ronald heard the bugle-blast,
And on the floor at random cast,
The untasted goblet fell.
But when the warden in his ear
Tells other news, his blither cheer
Returns like sun of May,
When through a thunder-cloud it beams!—
Lord of two hundred isles, he seems
As glad of brief delay,
As some poor criminal might feel,
When, from the gibbet or the wheel,
Respited for a day.

VI.

"Brother of Lorn," with hurried voice
He said, "And you, fair lords, rejoice!
Here, to augment our glee,
Come wandering knights from travel far,
Well proved, they say, in strife of war,
And tempest on the sea.—
Hol! give them at your hoard such place
As best their presences may grace,
And bid them welcome free!"

¹ See Appendix, Note L.² See Appendix, Note M.³ See Appendix, Note N.

With solemn step, and silver wand,
The Seneschal the presence scann'd
Of these strange guests; and well he knew
How to assign their rank its due;³

For though the costly furs
That erst had deck'd their caps were torn,
And their gay robes were over-worn,
And soil'd their gilded spurs,
Yet such a high commanding grace
Was in their mien and in their face,
As suited best the princely dais.⁴

And royal canopy:
And there he marshal'd them their place,
First of that company.

VII.

Then lords and ladies spake aside,
And angry looks the error chide,
That gave to guests unnamed, unknown,
A place so near their prince's throne;

But Owen Erraught said,
"For forty years a seneschal,
To marshal guests in bower and hall
Has been my honour'd trade.
Worship and birth to me are known,
By look, by bearing, and by tone,
Not by furr'd robe or broider'd zone;
And 'gainst an oaken bough
I'll gage my silver wand of state,
That these three strangers oft have sate
In higher place than now."—

VIII.

"I, too," the aged Ferrand said,
"Am qualified by minstrel trade
Of rank and place to tell;—
Mark'd ye the younger stranger's eye,
My mates, how quick, how keen, how high,
How fierce its flashes fell,
Glancing among the noble rout
As if to seek the noblest out,
Because the owner might not brook
On any save his peers to look?
And yet it moves me more,
That stendy, calm, majestic brow,
With which the elder chief even now
Scann'd the gay presence o'er,
Like being of superior kind,
In whose high-toned impartial mind
Degrees of mortal rank and state
Seem objects of indifferent weight.
The lady too—though closely tied
The mantle veil both face and eye,
Her motions' grace it could not hide,
Nor could her form's fair symmetry."⁵

IX.

Suspicious doubt and lordly scorn
Lour'd on the haughty front of Lorn.
From underneath his brows of pride,
The stranger guests he sternly eyed,
And whisper'd closely what the ear
Of Argentine alone might hear;
Then question'd, high and brief,
If, in their voyage, aught they knew
Of the rebellious Scottish crew,
Who to Rath-Erin's shelter drew,
— With Carrick's outlaw'd Chief?⁵

⁴ Dais — the great hall-table — elevated a step or two above the rest of the room.⁵ See Appendix, Note O.

And if, their winter's exile o'er,
They harbour'd still by Ulster's shore,
Or launch'd their galleys on the main,
To vex their native land again ?

X.

That younger stranger, fierce and high,
At once confronts the Chieftain's eye
With look of equal scorn :—
"Of rebels have we nought to show ;
But if of Royal Bruce thou'dst know,
I warn thee he has sworn,
Ere thrice three days shall come and go,
His banner Scottish winds shall blow,
Despite each mean or mighty foe,
From England's every hill and bow,
To Allaster of Lorn."
Kindled the mountain Chieftain's ire,
But Ronald quench'd the rising fire ;
"Brother, it better suits the time
To chase the night with Ferrand's rhyme,
Than wake, 'midst mirth and wine, the jars
That flow from these unhappy wars."—
"Content," said Lorn ; and spoke apart
With Ferrand, master of his art,
Then whisper'd Argentine,—
"The lay I named will carry smart
To these bold strangers' haughty heart,
If right this guess of mine."
He ceased, and it was silence all.
Until the minstrel waked the hall.

XI.

THE BROOCH OF LORN.¹

"Whence the brooch of burning gold,
That clasps the Chieftain's mantle-fold,
Wrought and chased with rare device,
Studded fair with gems of price,²
On the varied tartans beaming,
As, through night's pale rainbow gleaming,
Fainter now, now seen afar,
Fitful shines the northern star ?
"Gem ! ne'er wrought on Highland mountain,
Did the fairy of the fountain,
Or the mermaid of the wave,
Frame thee in some coral cave ?
Did, in Iceland's darksome mine,
Dwarf's swart hands thy metal twine ?
Or, mortal-moulded, comest thou here,
From England's love, or France's fear ?

XII.

SONG CONTINUED.

"No !—thy splendours nothing tell
Foreign art or faery spell.
Moulded thou for monarch's use,
By the overweening Bruce,
When the royal robe he tied
O'er a heart of wrath and pride ;
Thence in triumph wert thou torn,
By the victor hand of Lorn !

"When the gem was won and lost,
Widely was the war-ery toss'd !
Rang aloud Bendourish fell,
Answer'd Douchart's sounding dell,

¹ See Appendix, Note P.
² See Appendix, Note K.

³ Ibid, Note Q.
⁴ Ibid, Note S.

Fled the deer from wild Teyndrum,
When the homicide, o'ercome,
Hardly 'scaped, with scathe and scorn,
Left the pledge with conquering Lorn !

XIII.

SONG CONCLUDED.

"Vain was then the Douglas brand,³
Vain the Campbell's vaulted hand,
Vain Kirkpatrick's bloody dirk,
Making sure of murder's work ;⁴
Barendown fled fast away,
Fled the fiery De la Haye,⁵
When this brooch, triumphant borne,
Beam'd upon the breast of Lorn.

"Farthest fled its former Lord,
Left his men to brand and cord,
Bloody brand of Highland steel,
English gibbet, axe, and wheel.
Let him fly from coast to coast,
Dogg'd by Comyn's vengeful ghost,
While his spoils, in triumph worn,
Long shall grace victorious Lorn !"

XIV.

As glares the tiger on his foes,
Hemm'd in by hunters, spears, and bows,
And, ere he hounds upon the ring,
Selects the object of his spring,—
Now on the hard, now on his Lord,
So Edward glared and grasp'd his sword—
But stern his brother spoke,— "Be still.
What ! art thou yet so wild of will,
After high deeds and sufferings long,
To chafe thee for a menial's song !—
Well hast thou framed, Old Man, thy strains,
To praise the hand that pays thy pains !⁶
Yet something might thy song have told
Of Lorn's three vassals, true and bold,
Who rent their Lord from Bruce's hold,
As underneath his knee he lay,
And died to save him in the fray.
I've heard the Bruce's cloak and clasp
Was clench'd within their dying grasp,
What time a hundred foemen more
Rush'd in, and back the victor bore,
Long after Lorn had left the atrife,
Full glad to 'scape with limb and life.—
Enough of this—And, Minstrel, hold,
As minstrel-hire, this chain of gold,
For future lays a fair excuse.
To speak more nobly of the Bruce."—

XV.

"Now, by Columba's shrine, I swear,
And every saint that's buried there,
'Tis he himself !" Lorn sternly cries,
"And for my kinsman's death he dies."
As loudly Ronald calls,— "Forbear !
Not in my sight while brand I wear,
O'ermatch'd by odds, shall warrior fall,
Or blood of stranger stain my hall !
This ancient fortress of my race
Shall be misfortune's resting-place,
Shelter and shield of the distress'd,
No slaughter-house for shipwreck'd gnest. —
"Talk not to me," fierce Lorn replied,
"Of odds or match !—when Comyn died,
Three daggers clash'd within his side !

⁵ See Appendix, Note T.

⁶ Ibid, Note U.

Talk not to me of sheltering hail,
The Church of God saw Comyn fall!
On God's own altar stream'd his blood,
While o'er my prostrate kinsman stood
The ruthless murderer—e'en as now—
With armed hand and scornful brow!—
Up, all who love me! blow on blow!
And lay the outlaw'd felons low!"

XVI.

Then up sprang many a mainland Lord,
Obedient to their Chieftain's word.
Barcaldine's arm is high in air,
And Kinloch-Aline's blade is bare,
Black Murthok's dirk has left its sheath,
And clenched is Dermid's hand of death.
Their mutter'd threats of vengeance swell
Into a wild and warlike yell:
Onward they press with weapons high,
The affrighted females shriek and fly,
And, Scotland, then thy brightest ray
Had darken'd ere its noon of day,—
But every chief of birth and fame,
That from the Isles of Ocean came,
At Ronald's side that hour withstood
Fierce Lorn's relentless thirst for blood.

XVII.

Brave Torquil from Dunvegan high,
Lord of the misty hills of Skye,
Mac-Niel, wild Bara's ancient thane,
Duart, of bold Clan-Gillun's strain,
Fergus, of Canna's castled bay,
Mac-Duffith, Lord of Colonsay,
Soon as they saw the broadsword's glance,
With ready weapons rose at once,
More prompt, that many an ancient feud,
Full oft suppress'd, full oft renew'd,
Glow'd 'twixt the chieftains of Argyle,
And many a lord of ocean's isle.
Wild was the scene—each sword was bare,
Back stream'd each chieftain's shaggy hair,
In gloomy opposition set,
Eyes, hands, and brandish'd weapons met;
Blue gleaming o'er the social board,
Flash'd to the torches many a sword:
And soon those bridal lights may shine
On purple blood for rosy wine.

XVIII.

While thus for blows and death prepared,
Each heart was up, each weapon bared,
Each foot advanced,—a surly pause
Still revered hospitable laws.
All menaced violence, but alike
Reluctant each the first to strike,
(For aye accurs'd in minstrel line
Is he who brawls 'mid song and wine.)
And, match'd in numbers and in night,
Doubtful and desperate seem'd the fight,
Thus threat and murmur died away,
Till on the crowded hall there lay
Such silence, as the deadly still,
Ere bursts the thunder on the hill.
With blade advanced, each Chieftain bold
Show'd like the Swordsman's form of old,
As wanting still the torch of life,
To wake the marble into strife.

XIX.

That awful pause the stranger maid,
And Edith, seized to pray for aid.
As to De Argentine she clung,
Away her veil the stranger flung,

And, lovely 'mid her wild despair,
Fast stream'd her eyes, wide flow'd her hair.
"O thou, of knighthood once the flower,
Sure refuge in distressful hour,
Thou, who in Judah well hast fought
For our dear faith, and oft hast sought
Renown in knightly exercise,
When this poor hand has dealt the prize,
Say, can thy soul of honour brook
On the unequal strife to look,
When, butcher'd thus in peaceful hall,
Those once thy friends, my brethren, fall!"
To Argentine she turn'd her word,
But her eye sought the Island Lord.
A flush like evening's setting flame
Glow'd on his cheek; his hardy frame,
As with a brief convulsion, shook:
With hurried voice and eager look,—
"Fear not," he said, "my Isabel!
What said I—Edith!—all is well—
Nay, fear not—I will well provide
The safety of my lovely bride—
My bride!"—but there the accents clung
In tremor to his faltering tongue.

XX.

Now rose De Argentine, to claim
The prisoners in his sovereign's name,
To England's crown, who, vassals sworn,
'Gainst their liege lord had weapon borne—
(Such speech, I ween, was but to hide
His care their safety to provide;
For knight more true in thought and deed
Than Argentine ne'er spur'd a steed)—
And Ronald, who his meaning guess'd,
Seem'd half to sanction the request.
This purpose fiery Torquil broke:—
"Somewhat we've heard of England's yoke,"
He said, "and, in our islands, Fame
Hath whisper'd of a lawful claim,
That calls the Bruce fair Scotland's Lord,
Though dispossess'd by foreign sword.
This craves reflection—but though right
And just the charge of England's Knight,
Let England's crown her rebels seize
Where she has power;—in towers like these,
'Midst Scottish Chieftains summon'd here
To bridal mirth and bridal cheer,
Be sure, with no consent of mine,
Shall either Lorn or Argentine
With chains or violence, in our sight,
Oppress a brave and banish'd Knight."

XXI.

Then waked the wild debate again,
With brawling threat and clamour vain.
Vassals and menials, thronging in,
Lent their brute rage to swell the din;
When, far and wide, a bugle-clang
From the dark ocean upward rang.
"The Abbot comes!" they cry at once,
"The holy man, whose favour'd glance
Hath sainted visions known:
Angels have met him on the way,
Beside the blessed martyrs' bay,
And by Columba's stone.
His monks have heard their hymnings high
Sound from the summit of Duu-Y,
To cheer his penance lone.
When at each cross, on girth and wold,
(Their number thrice a hundred-fold.)
His prayer he made, his beads he told,
With Aves many a one—

He comes our fends to reconcile,
A sainted man from sainted isle;
We will his holy doom abide,
The Abbot shall our strife decide."

XXII.

Scarcely this fair accord was o'er,
When through the wide revolving door
The black-stoed brethern wind;
Twelve sandall'd monks, who relics bore,
With many a torch-bearer before,
And many a cross behind.
Then sunk each fierce uplifted hand,
And dagger bright and flashing brand
Dropp'd swiftly at the sight;
They vanish'd from the Churchman's eye,
As shooting stars, that glance and die,
Dart from the vault of night.

XXIII.

The Abbot on the threshold stood,
And in his hand the holy rood;
Back on his shoulders flow'd his hood,
The torch's glaring ray
Show'd, in its red and flashing light,
His wither'd cheek and amice white,
His blue eye glistening cold and bright,
His tresses scant and grey.
"Fair Lords," he said, "Our Lady's love,
And peace be with you from above,
—And Benedicite!—
—But what means this? no peace is here!—
Do dirks unsheathed smit bridal cheer?
Or are these naked brands
A seemly show for Churchman's sight,
When he comes summon'd to unite
Betrothed hearts and hands?"

XXIV.

Then, cloaking hate with fiery zeal,
Proud Lorn first answer'd the appeal;—
"Thou comest, O holy Man,
True sons of blessed church to greet,
But little deeming here to meet
A wretch, beneath the ban
Of Pope and Church, for murder done
Even on the sacred altar-stone!—
Well mayst thou wonder we should know
Such miscreant here, nor lay him low,
Or dream of greeting, peace, or truce,
With excommunicated Bruce!
Yet well I grant, to end debate,
Thy sainted voice decide his fate."

XXV.

Then Ronald pled the stranger's cause,
And knight-hood's oath and honour's laws;
And Isabel, on bended knee,
Brought prayers and tears to back the plea:
And Edith lent her generous aid,
And wept, and Lorn for mercy pray'd.
"Hence," he exclaim'd, "degenerate maid!
Was't not enough to Ronald's bower
I brought thee, like a paramour,¹
Or bond-maid at her master's gate,
His careless cold approach to wait?—
But the bold Lord of Cumberland,
The gallant Clifford, seeks thy hand;
His it shall be—Nay, no reply!
Hence! till those rebel eyes be dry."
With grief the Abbot heard and saw,
Yet nought relax'd his brow of awe.

XXVI.

Then Argentine, in England's name,
So highly urged his sovereign's claim,
He waked a spark, that, long suppress'd,
Had smoulder'd in Lord Ronald's breast;
And now, as from the flint the fire,
Flash'd forth at once his generous ire.
"Enough of noble blood," he said,
"By English Edward had been shed,
Since matchless Wallace first had been
In mock'ry crown'd with wreaths of green,²
And done to death by felon hand,
For guarding well his father's land.
Where's Nigel Bruce? and De la Haye,
And valiant Seton—where are they?
Where Somerville, the kind and free?
And Fraser, flower of chivalry?³
Have they not been on gibbet bound,
Their quarters flung to hawk and hound,
And hold we here a cold debate,
To yield more victims to their fate?
What! can the English Leopard's mood
Never be gorged with northern blood?
Was not the life of Athole shed,
To soothe the tyrant's sicken'd bed?⁴
And must his word, till dying day,
Be nought but quarter, hang, and slay!—
Thou frown'st, De Argentine,—My gage
Is prompt to prove the strife I wage."

XXVII.

"Nor deem," said stout Dunvegan's knight,
"That thou shalt brave alone the fight!
By saints of isle and mainland both,
By Woden wild, (my grandsire's oath.)
Let Rome and England do their worst,
Howe'er attainted or accurs'd,
If Bruce shall e'er find friends again,
Once more to brave a battle-plain,
If Douglas couch again his lance,
Or Randolph dare another chance,
Old Torquil will not be to lack
With twice a thousand at his back.—
Nay, chafe not at my hearing bold,
Good Abbot! for thou know'st of old,
Torquil's rude thought and stubborn will
Smack of the wild Norwegian still;
Nor will I barter Freedom's cause
For England's wealth, or Rome's applause."

XXVIII.

The Abbot seem'd with eye severe
The hardy Chieftain's speech to hear;
Then on King Robert turn'd the Monk,
But twice his courage came and sunk,
Confronted with the hero's look;
Twice fell his eye, his accents shook;
At length, resolved in tone and brow,
Sternly he question'd him—"And thou,
Unhappy! what hast thou to plead,
Why I denounce not on thy deed
That awful doom which canons tell
Shuts paradise, and opens hell;
Anathema of power so dread,
It blends the living with the dead,
Bids each good angel soar away,
And every ill one claim his prey;
Expels thee from the church's care,
And defends Heaven against thy prayer;

¹ See Appendix, Note V.
³ See Appendix, Note X.

² *Ibid.*, Note W.

⁴ See Appendix, Note Y.

⁵ *Ibid.*, Note Z.

Arms every hand against thy life,
 Bans all who aid thee in the strife,
 Nay, each whose succour, cold and scant,
 With meanest alms relieves thy want;
 Haunts thee while living,—and, when dead,
 Dwells on thy yet devoted head,
 Rends Honour's scutcheon from thy hearse,
 Stills o'er thy bier the holy verse,
 And spurns thy corpse from hallow'd ground,
 Flung like vile carrion to the pound;
 Such is the dire and desperate doom
 For sacrilege, decreed by Rome;
 And such the well-deserved meed
 Of thine unhallow'd, ruthless deed."

XXIX.

"Abbot!" The Bruce replied, "thy charge
 It hoots not to dispute at large.
 'This much, howe'er, I hid thee know,
 No selfish vengeance dealt the blow,
 For Conyn died his country's foe.
 Nor blame I friends whose ill-timed speed
 Fulfill'd my soon-repeated deed,
 Nor censure those from whose stern tongue
 The dire anathema has rung.
 I only blame mine own wild ire,
 By Scotland's wrongs incensed to fire.
 Heaven knows my purpose to atone,
 Far as I may, the evil done,
 And hears a penitent's appeal
 From papal curse and prelate's zeal.
 My first and dearest task achieved,
 Fair Scotland from her thrall relieved,
 Shall many a priest in cope and stole
 Say requiem for Red Conyn's soul,
 While I the blessed cross advance,
 And expiate this unhappy chance
 In Palestine, with sword and lance.¹
 But, while content the Church should know
 My conscience owns the debt I owe,
 Unto De Argentine and Lorn
 The name of traitor I return,
 Bid them defiance stern and high,
 And give them in their throats the lie!
 These brief words spoke, I speak no more.
 Do what thou wilt; my shrift is o'er."

XXX.

Like man by prodigy amazed,
 Upon the King the Abbot gazed;
 Then o'er his pallid features glance
 Convulsions of ecstatic trance.
 His breathing came more thick and fast,
 And from his pale blue eyes were cast
 Strange rays of wild and wandering light;
 Uprise his locks of silver white,
 Flush'd is his brow, through every vein
 In azure tide the currents strain,
 And undistinguish'd accents broke
 The awful silence ere he spoke.

XXXI.

"De Bruce I rose with purpose dread
 To speak my curse upon thy head,²
 And give thee as an outcast o'er
 To him who hurls to shed thy gore;—
 But, like the Midianite of old,
 Who stood on Zophim, heaven-controll'd,
 I feel within mine aged breast
 A power that will not be repress'd³
 It prompts my voice, it swells my veins,
 It burns, it maddens, it constrains!—

De Bruce, thy sacrilegious blow
 Hath at God's altar slain thy foe:
 O'ermaster'd yet by high behest,
 I bless thee, and thou shalt be bless'd!"
 He spoke, and o'er the astonished throng
 Was silence, awful, deep, and long.

XXXII.

Again that light has fired his eye,
 Again his form swells bold and high,
 The broken voice of awe is gone,
 'Tis vigorous manhood's lofty tone:—
 "Thrice vanquish'd on the battle-plain,
 Thy followers slaughter'd, fled, or ta'en,
 A hunted wanderer on the wild,
 On foreign shores a man exiled,⁴
 Disown'd, deserted, and distress'd,
 I bless thee, and thou shalt be bless'd!
 Bless'd in the hall and in the field,
 Under the mantle as the shield,
 Avenger of thy country's shame,
 Restorer of her injured fame,
 Bless'd in thy sceptre and thy sword,
 De Bruce, fair Scotland's rightful Lord,
 Bless'd in thy deeds and in thy fame,
 What lengthen'd honours wait thy name!
 In distant ages, sire to son
 Shall tell thy tale of freedom won,
 And teach his infants, in the use
 Of earliest speech, to falter Bruce.
 Go, then, triumphant! sweep along
 Thy course, the theme of many a song!
 The Power, whose dictates swell my breast,
 Hath bless'd thee, and thou shalt be bless'd!—
 Enough—my short-lived strength decays,
 And sinks the momentary blaze.—
 Heaven hath our destined purpose broke,
 Not here must nuptial vow be spoke;
 Brethren, our errand here is o'er,
 Our task discharged—Unmoor, unmoor!"—
 His priests received the exhausted Monk,
 As breathless in their arms he sunk.
 Punctual his orders to obey,
 The train refused all longer stay,
 Embark'd, raised sail, and bore away.

The Lord of the Isles.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

Hast thou not mark'd, when o'er thy startled
 head
 Sudden and deep the thunder-peal has roll'd,
 How, when its echoes fell, a silence dead
 Sunk on the wood, the meadow, and the wild?
 The rye-grass shakes not on the sod-built fold,
 The rustling aspen's leaves are mute and still,
 The wall-flower waves not on the ruin'd hold,
 Till, murmuring distant first, then near and
 shrill,
 The savage whirlwind wakes, and sweeps the
 groaning hill.

II.

Artornish! such a silence sunk
 Upon thy halls, when that grey Monk

1 See Appendix, Note 2 A.

2 Ibid. Note 2 B.

3 See Appendix, Note 2 C.

4 Ibid, Note 2 D.

His prophet-speech had spoke ;
 And his obedient brethren's sail
 Was stretch'd to meet the southern gale
 Before a whisper woke.
 Then murmuring sounds of doubt and fear,
 Close pour'd in many an anxious ear,
 The solemn stillness broke ;
 And still they gazed with eager guess,
 Where, in an oriel's deep recess,
 The Island Prince seem'd hent to press
 What Lorn, by his impatient cheer,
 And gesture fierce, scarce deign'd to hear.

III.

Starting at length, with frowning look,
 His hand he clench'd, his head he shook,
 And sternly flung apart :—
 " And deem'st thou me so mean of mood,
 As to forget the mortal feud,
 And clasp the hand with blood imbued
 From my dear Kinsman's heart ?
 Is this thy rede ?—a due return
 For ancient league and friendship sworn !
 But well our mountain proverb shows
 The faith of Islesmen ebbs and flows.
 Be it even so—believe, ere long,
 He that now bears shall wreak the wrong.—
 Call Edith—call the Maid of Lorn !
 My sister, slaves !—for further scorn,
 Be sure nor she nor I will stay.—
 Away, De Argentine, away !—
 We nor ally nor brother know,
 In Bruce's friend, or England's foe."

IV.

But who the Chieftain's rage can tell,
 When, sought from lowest dungeon cell
 To highest tower the castle round,
 No Lady Edith was there found !
 He shouted, " Falsehood !—treachery !—
 Revenge and blood !—a lordly need
 To him that will avenge the deed !
 A Baron's lands !"—His frantic mood
 Was scarcely by the news withstood,
 That Morag shared his sister's flight,
 And that, in hurry of the night,
 'Scaped oteless, and without remark,
 Two strangers sought the Abbot's hark.—
 " Man every galley !—fly—pursue !
 The priest his treachery shall rue !
 Ay, and the time shall quickly come,
 When we shall hear the thanks that Rome
 Will pay his fierce prophecy !"
 Such was fierce Lorn's indignant cry ;
 And Cormac Doil in haste obey'd,
 Hoisted his sail, his anchor weigh'd,
 (For, glad of each pretext for spoil,
 A pirate sworn was Cormac Doil)¹
 But others, lingering, spoke apart,—
 " The Maid has given her maiden heart
 To Ronald of the Isles,
 And, fearful lest her brother's word
 Bestow her on that English Lord,
 She seeks Iona's piles.
 And wisely deems it best to dwell
 A votaress in the holy cell,
 Until these feuds so fierce and fell
 The Abbot reconciles."

V.

As, impotent of ire, the hall
 Echo'd to Lorn's impatient call,

" My horse, my mantle, and my train !
 Let none who honours Lorn remain !"—
 Courteous, but stern, a bold request
 To Bruce De Argentine express'd.
 " Lord Earl," he said,— " I cannot chuse
 But yield such title to the Bruce,
 Though name and earldom both are gone,
 Since he braced rebel's armour on—
 But, Earl or Serf—rude phrase was thine
 Of late, and launch'd at Argentine ;
 Such as compels me to demand
 Redress of honour at thy hand.
 We need not to each other tell,
 That both can wield their weapons well ;
 Then do me but the soldier grace,
 This glove upon thy helm to place
 Where we may meet in fight ;
 And I will say, as still I've said,
 Though by ambition far misled,
 Thou art a noble knight."

VI.

" And I," the princely Bruce replied,
 " Might term it stain on knighthood's pride,
 That the bright sword of Argentine
 Should in a tyrant's quarrel shine ;
 But, for your brave request,
 Be sure the honour'd pledge you gava
 In every battle-field shall wava
 Upon my helmet-crest ;
 Believe, that if my hasty tongue
 Hath done thine honour causeless wrong,
 It shall he well redress'd.
 Not dearer to my soul was glove,
 Bestow'd in youth by lady's love,
 Than this which thou hast given !
 Thus, then, my noble foe I greet ;
 Health and high fortune till we meet,
 And then—what pleases Heaven."

VII.

Thus parted they—for now, with sound
 Like waves roll'd back from rocky ground,
 The friends of Lorn retire ;
 Each mainland chieftain, with his train,
 Draws to his mountain towers again,
 Pondering how mortal schemes prove vain,
 And mortal hopes expire.
 But through the castle double guard,
 By Ronald's charge, kept wakeful ward,
 Wicket and gate were trebly barr'd,
 By beam and bolt and chain ;
 Then of the guests, in courteous sort,
 He pray'd excuse for mirth broke short,
 And bade them in Arnornish fort
 In confidence remain.
 Nor torch and menial teudance led
 Chieftain and knight to bower and bed,
 And beads were told, and Aves said,
 And soon they sunk away
 Into such sleep, as wont to shed
 Oblivion on the weary head,
 After a toilsome day.

VIII.

But soon uproused, the Monarch cried
 To Edward slumbering by his side,
 " Awake, or sleep for aye !
 Even now there jarr'd a secret door—
 A taper-light gleams on the floor—
 Up, Edward, up, I say !
 Some one glides in like midnight ghost—
 Nay, strike not ! 'tis our noble Host."

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 E.

Advancing then his taper's flame,
 Ronald stept forth, and with him came
 Dunvegan's chief—each bent the knee
 To Bruce in sign of fealty,
 And proffer'd him his sword,
 And hail'd him, in a monarch's style,
 As king of mainland and of isle,
 And Scotland's rightful lord.
 "And O," said Ronald, "Own'd of Heaven!
 Say, is my erring youth forgiven,
 By falsehood's arts from duty driven,
 Who rebel falchion drew,
 Yet ever to thy deeds of fame,
 Even while I strove against thy claim,
 Paid homage just and true!"—
 "Alas! dear youth, the unhappy time,"
 Answer'd the Bruce, "must bear the crime,
 Since, guiltier far than you,
 Even I!"—he paused; for Falkirk's woes
 Upon his conscious soul arose.¹
 The Chieftain to his breast he press'd,
 And in a sigh conceal'd the rest.

IX.

They proffer'd aid, by arms and might,
 To repossess him in his right;
 But well their counsels must be weigh'd
 Ere banners raised and musters made,
 For English lure and Lorn's intrigues
 Bound many chiefs in southern leagues.
 In answer, Bruce his purpose bold
 To his new vassals frankly told.
 "The winter worn in exile o'er,
 I long'd for Carrick's kindred shore.
 I thought upon my native Ayr,
 And long'd to see the burly fare
 That Clifford makes, whose lordly call
 Now echoes through my father's hall.
 But first my course to Arran led,
 Where valiant Lennox gathers head,
 And on the sea, by tempest toss'd,
 Our barks dispersed, our purpose cross'd,
 Mine own, a hostile sail to shun,
 Far from her destined course had run,
 When that wise will, which masters ours,
 Compell'd us to your friendly towers."

X.

Then Torquil spoke:—"The time craves speed!
 We must not linger in our deed,
 But instant pray our Sovereign Liege,
 To shun the perils of a siege.
 The vengeful Lorn, with all his powers,
 Lies hut too near Artornish towers,
 And England's light-arm'd vessels ride,
 Not distant far, the waves of Clyde,
 Prompt at these tidings to unmoor,
 And sweep each strait, and guard each shore.
 Then, till this fresh alarm pass by,
 Secret and safe my Liege must lie
 In the far bounds of friendly Skye,
 Torquil thy pilot and thy guide"—
 "Not so, brave Chieftain," Ronald cried;
 "Myself will on my Sovereign wait,
 And raise in arms the men of Sleate,
 Whilst thou, renown'd where chiefs debate,
 Shalt sway their souls by council sage,
 And awe them by thy locks of age."
 —"And if my words in weight shall fail,
 This ponderous sword shall turn the scale."

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 F.

XI.

—"The scheme," said Bruce, "contents me
 well;
 Meantime, 'twere best that Isabel,
 For safety, with my bark and crew,
 Again to friendly Erin drew.
 There Edward, too, shall with her wend,
 In need to cheer her and defend,
 And muster up each scatter'd friend."
 Here seem'd it as Lord Ronald's ear
 Would other counsel gladder hear;
 But, all achieved as soon as plann'd,
 Both barks, in secret arm'd and mann'd,
 From out the haven bore;
 On different voyage forth they ply,
 This for the coast of winged Skye,
 And that for Erin's shore.

XII.

With Bruce and Ronald bides the tale.
 To favouring winds they gave the sail,
 Till Mull's dark headlands scarce they knew,
 And Ardnamurchan's hills were blue.
 But then the squalls blew close and hard,
 And, fast to strike the galley's yard,
 And take them to the oar,
 With these rude seas, in weary plight,
 They strove the livelong day and night,
 Nor till the dawning had a sight
 Of Skye's romantic shore.
 Where Coolin stoops him to the west,
 They saw upon his shiver'd crest
 The sun's arising gleam;
 But such the labour and delay,
 Ere they were moor'd in Scavigh bay,
 (For calmer heaven compell'd to stay,)
 He shot a western beam.
 Then Ronald said, "If true mine eye,
 These are the savage wilds that lie
 North of Strathardill and Dunsbye;²
 No human foot comes here,
 And, since these adverse breezes blow,
 If my good Liege love hunter's bow,
 What hinders that on land we go,
 And strike a mountain-deer?
 Allan, my page, shall with us wend;
 A bow full deftly can he bend,
 And, if we meet a herd, may send
 A shaft shall mend our cheer."
 Then each took bow and bolts in hand.
 Their row-boat launch'd and leapt to land,
 And left their skiff and train,
 Where a wild stream, with headlong shock,
 Came brawling down its bed of rock,
 To mingle with the main.

XIII.

A while their route they silent made,
 As men who stalk for mountain-deer,
 Till the good Bruce to Ronald said,
 "St. Mary! what a scene is here!
 I've traversed many a mountain-strand,
 Aboard and in my native land,
 And it has been my lot to tread
 Where safely more than pleasure led;
 Thus, many a waste I've wander'd o'er,
 Clombè many a crag, cross'd many a moor,
 But, by my halidome,
 A scene so rude, so wild as this,
 Yet so sublime in barrenness,
 Ne'er did my wandering foot steps press,
 Where'er I happ'd to roam."

² See Appendix, Note 2 G.

XIV.

No marvel thus the Monarch spake;
 For rarely human eye has known
 A scene so stern as that dread lake,
 With its dark ledge of barren stone.
 Seems that primeval earthquake's sway
 Hath rent a strange and shatter'd way
 Through the rude bosom of the hill,
 And that each naked precipice,
 Sable ravine, and dark abyss,
 Tells of the outrage still.
 The wildest glen, but this, can show
 Some touch of Nature's genial glow;
 On high Benmore green mosses grow,
 And heath-bells bud in deep Glencroe,
 And cospse on Cruchan-Ben;
 But here,—above, around, below,
 On mountain or in glen,
 Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
 Nor aught of vegetative power,
 The weary eye may ken.
 For all is rocks at random thrown,
 Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone,
 As if were here denied
 The summer sun, the spring's sweet dew,
 That clothe with many a varied hue
 The bleakest mountain-side.

XV.

And wilder, forward as they wound,
 Were the proud cliffs and lake profound.
 Huge terraces of granite black
 Afforded rude and cumber'd track:
 For from the mountain hoar,
 Hurl'd headlong in some night of fear,
 When yell'd the wolf and fled the deer,
 Loose crags had toppled o'er;
 And soon, chance-poised and balanced, lay,
 So that a stripling arm might sway
 A mass no host could raise,
 In Nature's rage at random thrown,
 Yet trembling like the Druid's stone
 On its precarious base.
 The evening mists, with ceaseless change
 Now clothed the mountains' lofty range,
 Now left their foreheads bare,
 And round the skirts their mantle furl'd,
 Or on the sable waters curl'd,
 Or in the eddying breezes whirl'd,
 Dispersed in middle air.
 And oft, condensed, at once they lower,
 When, brief and fierce, the mountain shower
 Pours like a torrent down,
 And when return the sun's glad beams,
 Whiten'd with foam a thousand streams
 Leap from the mountain's crown.

XVI.

"This lake," said Bruce, "whose barriers
 drear
 Are precipices sharp and sheer,
 Yielding no track for goat or deer,
 Save the black shelves we tread,
 How term you its dark waves, and how
 Yon northern mountain's pathless brow,
 And yonder peak of dread,
 That to the evening sun uplifts
 The griesly gulfs and slaty rifts,
 Which seem its shiver'd head?"—
 "Coriskin call the dark lake's name,
 Coolin the ridge, as bards proclaim,
 From old Cuchillin, chief of fame,

But bards, familiar in our isles
 Rather with Nature's frowns than smiles,
 Full oft their careless humours please
 By sportive names for scenes like these.
 I would old Torquil were to show
 His maidens with their breasts of snow,
 Or that my noble liege were nigh
 To hear his Nurse sing lullaby!
 (The Maids—tall cliffs with breakers white,
 The Nurse—a torrent's roaring might)
 Or that your eye could see the mood
 Of Corryvrekinn's whirlpool rude.
 When dons the Hag her whiten'd hood—
 'Tis thus our islemen's fancy frames,
 For scenes so stern, fantastic names."

XVII.

Answer'd the Bruce, "And musing mind
 Might here a graver moral find.
 These mighty cliffs, that heave on high
 Their naked brows to middle sky,
 Indifferent to the sun or snow,
 Where nought can fade, and nought can blow,
 May they not mark a Monarch's fate,—
 Raised high 'mid storms of strife and state,
 Beyond life's lowlier pleasures placed,
 His soul a rock, his heart a waste?
 O'er hope and love and fear aloft
 High rears his crowned head.—But soft!
 Look, underneath yon jutting crag
 Are hunters and a slaughter'd stag.
 Who may they be? But late you said
 No steps these desert regions tread?"—

XVIII.

"So said I—and believed in sooth."
 Ronald replied, "I spoke the truth.
 Yet now I spy, by yonder stone,
 Five men—they mark us, and come on;
 And by their hudge on bonnet borne,
 I guess them of the land of Lorn,
 Foes to my Liege."—"So let it be;
 I've faced worse odds than five to three—
 —But the poor page can little aid;
 Then be our battle thus array'd,
 If our free passage they contest;
 Cope thou with two, I'll match the rest."
 "Not so, my Liege—for, by my life,
 This sword shall meet the treble strife;
 My strength, my skill in arms, more small,
 And less the loss should Ronald fail.
 But islemen soon to soldiers grow,
 Allan has sword as well as bow,
 And were my Monarch's order given,
 Two shafts should make our number even."
 "No! not to save my life!" he said;
 "Enough of blood rests on my head,
 Too rashly spill'd—we soon shall know,
 Whether they come as friend or foe."

XIX.

Nigh came the strangers, and more nigh;—
 Still less they pleased the Monarch's eye.
 Men were they all of evil mien,
 Down-look'd, unwilling to be seen;¹
 They moved with half-resolved pace,
 And bent on earth each gloomy face.
 The foremost two were fair array'd,
 With brogue and bonnet, trows and plaid,
 And bore the arms of mountaineers.
 Daggers and broadswords, bows and spears.
 The three, that lugg'd small space behind,
 Seem'd serfs of more degraded kind;
 Goat-skins or deer-ludes o'er them cast,
 Made a rude fence against the blast;

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 H.

Their arms and feet and heads were bare,
Matted their beards, unshorn their hair;
For arms, the cut-throats bore in hand,
A club, an axe, a rusty brand.

XX.

Onward, still mute, they kept the track;—
"Tell who ye be, or else stand back,"
Said Bruce; "In deserts when they meet,
Men pass not as in peaceful street."
Still, at his stern command, they stood,
And proffer'd greeting brief and rude,
But acted courtesy so ill,
As seem'd of fear, and not of will.
"Wanderers we are, as you may be;
Men hither driven by wind and sea,
Who, if you list to taste our cheer,
Will share with you this fallow deer."—
"If from the sea, where lies your bark?"—
"Ten fathom deep in ocean dark!
Wreck'd yesternight: but we are men,
Who little sense of peril ken.
The shades come down—the day is shut—
Will you go with us to our hut?"—
"Our vessel waits us in the bay;
Thanks for your proffer—have good-day."—
"Was that your galley, then, which rode
Not far from shore when evening glow'd?"—
"It was."—"Then spare your needless pain,
There will she now be sought in vain.
We saw her from the mountain head,
When, with St. George's blazon red,
A southern vessel bore in sight,
And yours raised sail, and took to flight."—

XXI.

"Now, by the rood, unwelcome news!"
Thus with Lord Ronald comminued Bruce;
"Nor rests there light enough to show
If this their tale be true or no.
The men seem bred of churlish kind,
Yet mellow nuts have hardest rind;
We will go with them—food and fire
And sheltering roof our wants require.
Sure guard 'gainst treachery will we keep,
And watch by turns our comrades' sleep—
Good fellows, thanks: your guests we'll be,
And well will pay the courtesy.
Come, lead us where your lodging lies,—
—Nay, soft! we mix not companies.—
Show us the path o'er crag and stone,
And we will follow you;—lead on."

XXII.

They reach'd the dreary cabin, made
Of sails against a rock display'd,
And there, on entering, found
A slender boy, whose form and mien
Ill suited with such savage scene,
In cap and cloak of velvet green,
Low seated on the ground.
His garb was such as minstrels wear,
Dark was his hue, and dark his hair,
His youthful cheek was marr'd by care,
His eyes in sorrow drown'd.
"Whence this poor boy?"—As Ronald spoke,
The voice his trance of anguish broke;
As if awaked from ghastly dream,
He raised his head with start and scream,
And wildly gazed around;
Then to the wall his face he turn'd,
And his dark neck with blushes burn'd.

XXIII.

"Whose is the boy?" again he said.
"By chance of war our captive made;
He may be yours, if you should hold
That music has more charms than gold;
For, though from earliest childhood mute,
The lad can deftly touch the lute,
And on the rote and viol play,
And well can drive the time away
For those who love such glee;
For me, the favouring breeze, when loud
It pipes upon the galley's shroud,
Makes blither melody."—
"Hath he, then, sense of spoken sound?"—
"Aye; so his mother bade us know,
A crone in our late shipwreck drown'd,
And hence the silly strippling's woe.
More of the youth I cannot say,
Our captive but since yesterday;
When wind and weather wax'd so grim,
We little list'd think of him.—
But why waste time in idle words?
Sit to your cheer—unbelt your swords."
Sudden the captive turn'd his head,
And one quick glance to Ronald sped.
It was a keen and warning look,
And well the Chief the signal took.

XXIV.

"Kind host," he said, "our needs require
A separate board and separate fire;
For know, that on a pilgrimage
Wend I, my comrade, and this page.
And, sworn to vigil and to fast,
Long as this hallow'd task shall last,
We never doff the plaid or sword,
Or feast us at a stranger's board;
And never share one common sleep,
But one must still his vigil keep.
Thus, for our separate use, good friend,
We'll hold this hut's remotest end."—
"A churlish vow," the eldest said,
"And hard, methinks, to be obey'd.
How say you, if, to wreak the scorn
That pays our kindness harsh return,
We should refuse to share our meal?"—
"Then say we, that our swords are steel!
And our vow binds us not to fast,
Where gold or force may buy repast."—
Their host's dark brow grew keen and fell,
His teeth are clench'd, his features swell;
Yet sunk the felon's moody ire
Before Lord Ronald's glance of fire,
Nor could his craven courage brook
The Monarch's calm and dauntless look.
With laugh constrain'd,—
"Let every man
Follow the fashion of his clan!
Each to his separate quarters keep,
And feed or fast, or wake or sleep."

XXV.

Their fire at separate distance burns,
By turns they eat, keep guard by turns;
For evil seem'd that old man's eye,
Dark and designing, fierce yet shy.
Still he avoided forward look,
But slow and circumspectly took
A circling, never-ceasing glance,
By doubt and cunning mark'd at once,
Which shot a mischief-boding ray,
From under eyebrows shagg'd and grey.

The younger, too, who seem'd his son,
 Had that dark look the timid shun ;
 The half-clad serfs behind them safe,
 And scowl'd a glare 'twixt fear and hate—
 Till all, as darkness onward crept,
 Couch'd down, and seem'd to sleep, or slept.
 Nor he, that boy, whose powerless tongue
 Must trust his eyes to wail his wrong,
 A longer watch of sorrow made,
 But stretch'd his limbs to slumber laid.

XXVI.

Not in his dangerous host confides
 The King, but wary watch provides.
 Ronald keeps ward till midnight past,
 Then wakes the King, young Allan last ;
 Thus rank'd, to give the youthful page
 The rest required by tender age.
 What is Lord Ronald's wakeful thought,
 To chase the languor toil had brought !—
 (For deem not that he deign'd to throw
 Much care upon such onward foe,)—
 He thinks of lovely Isabel.
 When at her foeman's feet she fell,
 Nor less when, placed in princely selle,
 She glanced on him with favouring eyes,
 At Woodstocke when he won the prize.
 Nor, fair in joy, in sorrow fair,
 In pride of place as 'mid despair,
 Must she alone engross his care.
 His thoughts to his betrothed bride,
 To Edith, turn—O how decide,
 When here his love and heart are given,
 And there his faith stands plight to Heaven !
 No drowsy ward 'tis his to keep,
 For seldom lovers long for sleep.
 Till sung his midnight hymn the owl,
 Answer'd the dog-fox with his howl,
 Then waked the King—at his request,
 Lord Ronald stretch'd himself to rest.

XXVII.

What spell was good King Robert's, say,
 To drive the weary night away ?
 His was the patriot's burning thought,
 Of Freedom's battle bravely fought,
 Of castles storm'd, of cities freed,
 Of deep design and daring deed,
 Of England's roses reft and torn,
 And Scotland's cross in triumph worn,
 Of rout and rally, war and truce,—
 As heroes think, so thought the Bruce.
 No marvel, 'mid such musings high,
 Sleep shunn'd the Monarch's thoughtful eye.
 Now over Coolin's eastern head
 The greyish light begins to spread,
 The otter to his cavern drew,
 And clamour'd shrill the wakening mew ;
 Then watch'd the page—to needful rest
 The King resign'd his anxious breast.

XXVIII.

To Allan's eyes was harder task,
 The weary watch their safeties ask,
 He trimm'd the fire, and gave to shine
 With bickering light the splinter'd pine ;
 Then gazed awhile, where silent laid
 Their hosts were shrouded by the plaid.
 But little fear waked in his mind,
 For he was bred of martial kind,
 And, if to manhood he arrive,
 May match the boldest knight alive.
 Then thought he of his mother's tower,
 His little sister's greenwood bower,

How there the Easter-gambols pass,
 And of Dan Joseph's lengthen'd mass,
 But still before his weary eye
 In rays prolong'd the blazes die—
 Again he roused him—on the lake
 Look'd forth, where now the twilight-flake
 Of pale cold dawn began to waka.
 On Coolin's cliffs the mist lay fur'd,
 The morning breeze the lake had curl'd,
 The short dark waves, heav'd to the land,
 With ceaseless plash kiss'd cliff or sand ;—
 It was a slumbrous sound—he turn'd
 To tales at which his youth had burn'd,
 Of pilgrim's path by demon cross'd
 Of sprightly elf or yelling ghost,
 Of the wild witch's baneful cot,
 And mermaid's alabaster grot,
 Who hathes her limbs in sunless well,
 Deep in Strathaird's enchanted cell,¹
 Thither in fancy rapt he flies,
 And on his sight the vaults arise ;
 The hut's dark walls lie sees no more,
 His foot is on the marble floor,
 And o'er his head the dazzling spars
 Gleam like a firmament of stars !
 —Hark ! hears he not the sea nymph speak
 Her anger in that thrilling shriek !—
 No ! all too late, with Allan's dream
 Mingled the captive's warning scream.
 As from the ground he strives to start,
 A ruffian's dagger finds his heart !
 Upward he casts his dizzy eyes, . . .
 Murmurs his master's name, . . . and dies !

XXIX.

Not so awoke the King ! his hand
 Snatch'd from the flame a knotted brand,
 The nearest weapon of his wrath ;
 With this he cross'd the murderer's path,
 And venged young Allan well !
 The spatter'd brain and bubbling blood
 Hiss'd on the half-extinguish'd wood,
 The miscreant gasp'd and fell !
 Nor rose in peace the Island Lord ;
 One catiff died upon his sword,
 And one beneath his grasp lies prone,
 In mortal grapple overthrown.
 But while Lord Ronald's dagger drank
 The life-blood from his panting flank,
 The Father-ruffian of the band
 Behind him rears a coward hand !
 —O for a moment's aid,
 Till Bruce, who deals no double blow,
 Dash to the earth another foe,
 Above his comrade laid !—
 And it is gain'd—the captive sprung
 On the rais'd arm, and closely clung,
 And, ere he shook him loose,
 The master'd felon press'd the ground,
 And gasp'd beneath a mortal wound,
 While o'er him stands the Bruce.

XXX.

“ Miscreant ! while lasts thy flitting spark,
 Give me to know the purpose dark,
 That arm'd thy hand with murderous knife,
 Against offenceless stranger's life ? ”—
 “ No stranger thou ! ” with accent fell,
 Murmur'd the wretch ; “ I know thee well ;
 And know thee for the foeman sworn
 Of my high chief, the mighty Lorn. ”—

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 L.

"Speak yet again, and speak the truth
For thy soul's sake!—from whence this youth?
His country, birth, and name declare,
And thus one evil deed repair."—
—"Vex me no more! . . . my blood runs cold . . .
No more I know than I have told.
We found him in a bark we sought
With different purpose . . . and I thought" . . .
Fate cut him short; in blood and boil,
As he had lived, died Cormac Doil.

XXXI.

Then resting on his bloody blade,
The valiant Bruce to Ronald said,
"Now shame upon us both!—that hoy
Lifts his mute face to heaven,
And clasps his hands, to testify
His gratitude to God on high,
For strange deliverance given.
His speechless gesture thanks hath paid,
Which our free tongues have left unsaid!"
He raised the youth with kindly word,
But mark'd him shudder at the sword;
He cleansed it from its hue of death,
And plunged the weapon in its sheath.
"Alas, poor child! unfitting part
Fate doom'd, when with so soft a heart,
And form so slight as thine,
She made thee first a pirate's slave,
Then, in his stead, a patron gave
Of wayward lot like mine;
A landless prince, whose wandering life
Is but one scene of blood and strife—
Yet scant of friends the Bruce shall be,
But he'll find resting place for thee.—
Come, noble Ronald! o'er the dead
Enough thy generous grief is paid,
And well has Allan's fate been wroke:
Come, wend we hence—the day has broke—
Seek we our bark—I trust the tale
Was false, that she had hoisted sail."

XXXII.

Yet, ere they left that charnel-cell,
The Island Lord bade sad farewell
To Allan:—"Who shall tell this tale,"
He said, "in halls of Donogaile!
Oh, who his widow'd mother tell,
That, ere his bloom, her fairest fell!—
Rest thee, poor youth, and trust my care
For mass and knell and funeral prayer;
While o'er those catiffs, where they lie,
The wolf shall snarl, the raven cry!"
And now the eastern mountain's head
On the dark lake threw lustre red;
Bright gleams of gold and purple streak
Ravine and precipice and peak—
(So earthly power at distance shows;
Reveals his splendour, hides his woes.)
O'er sheets of granite, dark and broad,
Rent and unequal, lay the road.
In sad discourse the warriors wind,
And the mute captive moves behind.

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## The Lord of the Isles.

## CANTO FOURTH.

## I.

Stranger! if e'er thine ardent step hath traced  
The northern realms of ancient Caledon,

Where the proud Queen of Wilderness hath  
placed,  
By lake and cataract, her lonely throne;  
Sublime but sad delight thy soul hath known,  
Gazing on pathless glen and mountain high,  
Listing where from the cliffs the torrents  
thrown  
Mingle their echoes with the eagle's cry,  
And with the sounding lake, and with the  
moaning sky.

Yes! 'twas sublime, but sad.—The loneli-  
ness  
Loaded thy heart, the desert tired thine eye;  
And strange and awful fears began to press  
Thy bosom with a stern solemnity.  
Then hast thou wish'd some woodman's  
cottage nigh,  
Something that showed of life, though low  
and mean;  
Glad sight, its curling wreath of smoke to spy,  
Glad sound, its cock's blithe carol would have  
been,  
Or children whooping wild beneath the wil-  
lows green.

Such are the scenes, where savage grandeur  
wakes  
An awful thrill that softens into sighs;  
Such feelings rouse them by dim Rannoch's  
lakes,  
In dark Glencoe such gloomy raptures rise:  
Or farther, where, beneath the northern skies,  
Chides wild Loch-Ernbol his caverns hoar—  
But, be the minstrel judge, they yield the  
prize  
Of desert dignity to that dread shore  
That sees grim Coolin rise, and hears Coriskin  
roar.

## II.

Through such wild scenes the champion  
pass'd,  
When bold halloo and hogle-blast  
Upon the breeze came loud and fast.  
"There," said the Bruce, "rung Edward's  
horn!  
What can have caused such brief return?  
And see, brave Ronald,—see him dart  
O'er stock and stone like hunted hart,  
Precipitate, as is the use,  
In war or sport, of Edward Bruce.  
—He marks us, and his eager cry  
Will tell his news ere he be nigh."

## III.

Loud Edward shouts, "What make ye here,  
Warring upon the mountain-deer,  
When Scotland wants her King?  
A bark from Lennox cross'd our track,  
With her in speed I hurried back,  
These joyful news to bring—  
The Stuart stirs in Teviotdale,  
And Douglas wakes his native vale;  
Thy storm-toss'd fleet hath won its way  
With little loss to Brodick-Bay,  
And Lennox, with a gallant band,  
Waits but thy coming and command  
To waft them o'er to Carrick strand.  
There are blithe news!—but mark the close!  
Edward, the deadliest of our foes,  
As with his host he northward pass'd,  
Hath on the Borders breathed his last."



## IV.

Still stood the Bruce—his steady cheek  
Was little wout his joy to speak,  
But then his colour rose :  
" Now, Scotland ! shortly shalt thou see,  
With God's high will, thy children free,  
And vengeance on thy foes !  
Yet to no sense of selfish wrongs,  
Bear witness with me, Heaven, belongs  
My joy o'er Edward's bier ;<sup>1</sup>  
I took my knighthood at his hand,  
And lordship held of him, and land,  
And well may vouch it here,  
That, blot the story from his page,  
Of Scotland ruin'd in his rage,  
You read a monarch brave and sage,  
And to his people dear."—  
" Let London's burghers mourn her Lord,  
And Croydon monks his praise record,"  
The eager Edward said ;  
" Eternal as his own, my hate  
Surmounts the bounds of mortal fate,  
And dies not with the dead !  
Such hate was his on Solway's strand,  
When vengeance clench'd his palsied hand,  
That pointed yet to Scotland's land,<sup>2</sup>  
As his last accents pray'd  
Disgrace and curse upon his heir,  
If he one Scottish head should spare,  
'Till stretch'd upon the bloody lair  
Each rebel corpse was laid !  
Such hate was his, when his last breath  
Renounced the peaceful house of death,  
And bade his bones to Scotland's coast  
Be borne by his remorseless host,  
As if his dead and stony eye  
Could still enjoy her misery !  
Such hate was his—dark, deadly, long ;  
Mine,—as enduring, deep, and strong !"—

## V.

" Let women, Edward, war with words,  
With curses monks, but men with swords :  
Nor doubt of living foes, to sate  
Deepest revenge and deadliest hate.  
Now, to the sea ! behold the beach,  
And see the galleys' pendants stretch  
Their fluttering length down favouring gale !  
Aboard, aboard ! and hoist the sail.  
Hold we our way for Arran first,  
Where meet in arms our friends dispersed :  
Lenuox the loyal, De la Haye,  
And Boyd the hold in battle fray.  
I long the hardy band to head,  
And see once more my standard spread.—  
Does noble Ronald share our course,  
Or stay to raise his island force ?"—  
" Come weal, come woe, by Bruce's side,"  
Replied the Chief, " will Ronald hide,  
And since two galleys yonder ride,  
Be mine, so please my liege, dismiss'd  
To wake to arms the clans of Uist,  
And all who hear the Minche's roar,  
On the Long Island's lonely shore,  
The nearer Isles, with slight delay,  
Ourselves may summon in our way ;  
And soon on Arran's shore shall meet,  
With Torquil's aid, a gallant fleet,  
If aught avails their Chieftain's best  
Among the islesmen of the west."

## VI.

Thus was their venturesome council said.  
But, ere their sails the galleys spread,  
Coriskin dark and Coolin high  
Echoed the dirge's doleful cry,  
Along that sable lake pass'd slow,—  
Fit scene for such a sight of woe.—  
The sorrowing islesmen, as they bore  
The murder'd Allan to the shore,  
At every pause, with dismal shout,  
Their coronach of grief rung out,  
And ever, when they moved again,  
The pipes resumed their clamorous strain,  
And, with the pibroch's shrilling wail,  
Mourn'd the young heir of Donagaile.  
Round and around, from cliff and cave,  
His answer stern old Coolin gave,  
'Till high upon his misty side  
Languish'd the mournful notes, and died.  
For never sounds, by mortal made,  
Attain'd his high and haggard head,  
That echoes but the tempest's moan,  
Or the deep thunder's rending groan.

## VII.

Merrily, merrily bounds the bark,  
She bounds before the gale,  
The mountain breeze from Ben-na-darch  
Is joyous in her sail !  
With fluttering sound like laughter hoarse,  
The cords and canvass strain.  
The waves, divided by her force,  
In rippling eddies chased her course,  
As if they laugh'd again.  
Not down the breeze more blithely flew,  
Skimming the wave, the light sea-mew,  
Than the gay galley bore  
Her course upon that favouring wind,  
And Coolin's crest has sunk behind,  
And Slapin's cavern'd shore.  
'Twas then that warlike signals wake  
Dunscaith's dark towers and Eisord's lake,  
And soon, from Cavilzarrigh's head,  
Thick wreaths of eddying smoke were spread :  
A summons these of war and wrath  
To the brave clans of Sleat and Strath,  
And, ready at the sight,  
Each warrior to his weapons sprung,  
And targe upon his shoulder flung,  
Impatient for the fight.  
Mac-Kinnon's chief, in warfare grey,  
Had charge to muster their array,  
And guide their barks to Brodick-Bay.

## VIII.

Signal of Ronald's high command,  
A beacon gleam'd o'er sea and land,  
From Canna's tower, that steep and grey,  
Like falcon-nest o'erhangs the bay.<sup>3</sup>  
Seek not the giddy crag to climb,  
To view the turret scathed by time ;  
It is a task of doubt and fear  
To aught but goat or mountain-deer.  
But rest thee on the silver beach,  
And let the aged herdsman teach  
His tale of former day ;  
His cur's wild clamour he shall chide,  
And for thy seat by ocean's side,  
His varied plaid display ;  
Then tell, how with their Chieftain came,  
In ancient times, a foreign dame

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 2 K.<sup>2</sup> See Appendix, Note 2 L.<sup>3</sup> See Appendix, Note 2 M.

To yonder turret grey,  
Stern was her Lord's suspicious mind,  
Who in so rude a jail confined  
So soft and fair a thrall!  
And oft, when moon on ocean slept,  
That lovely lady sate and wept  
Upon the castle-wall,  
And turn'd her eye to southern climes,  
And thought perchance of happier times,  
And touch'd her lute by fits, and sung  
Wild ditties in her native tongue.  
And still, when on the cliff and bay  
Placid and pale the moonbeams play,  
And every breeze is mute,  
Upon the lone Hebridean's ear  
Steals a strange pleasure mix'd with fear,  
While from that cliff he seems to hear  
The murmur of a lute.

And sounds, as of a captive lone,  
That mourns her woes in tongue unknown.—  
Strange is the tale—but all too long  
Already hath it staid the song—  
Yet who may pass them by,  
That crag and tower in ruins grey,  
Nor to their hapless tenant pay  
The tribute of a sigh!

## IX.

Merrily, merrily bounds the bark  
O'er the broad ocean driven.  
Her path by Ronin's mountains dark  
The steersman's hand hath given.  
And Ronin's mountains dark have sent  
Their hunters to the shore,<sup>1</sup>  
And each his ashen bow un bent,  
And gave his pastime o'er,  
And at the Island Lord's command,  
For hunting-spear took warrior's brand.  
On Scoreigg next a warning light  
Summon'd her warriors to the fight;  
A numerous race, ere stern MacLeod  
O'er their bleak shores in vengeance strode,<sup>2</sup>  
When all in vain the ocean cave  
Its refuge to his victims gave.  
The Chief, relentless in his wrath,  
With blazing heath blockades the path;  
In dense and stifling volumes roll'd,  
The vapour fill'd the cavern's hold!  
The warrior-threat, the infant's plain,  
The mother's screams, were heard in vain;  
The vengeful Chief maintains his fires,  
Till in the vault a tribe expires!  
The bones which strew that cavern's gloom,  
Too well attest their dismal doom.

## X.

Merrily, merrily goes the bark<sup>3</sup>  
On a breeze from the northward free,  
So shoots through the morning sky the ark,  
Or the swan through the summer sea.  
The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,  
And Ulva dark and Colonsay,  
And all the group of islets gay  
That guard famed Staffa round.  
Then all unknown its columns rose,  
Where dark and undisturb'd repose  
The cormorant had found,  
And the shy seal had quiet home,  
And welter'd in that wondrous dome,  
Where, as to shame the temples deck'd  
By skill of earthly architect,

Nature herself, it seem'd, would raise  
A Minister to her Maker's praise!<sup>4</sup>  
Not for a meaner use ascend  
Her columns, or her arches bend;  
Nor of a theme less solemn tells  
That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,  
And still, between each awful pause,  
From the high vault an answer draws,  
In varied tone prolong'd and high,  
That mocks the organ's melody.  
Nor doth its entrance front in vain  
To old Iona's holy fane,  
That Nature's voice might seem to say,  
"Well hast thou done, frail Child of clay!  
Thy humble powers that stately shrine  
Task'd high and hard—but witness mine!"

## XI.

Merrily, merrily goes the bark,  
Before the gale she bounds;  
So darts the dolphin from the shark,  
Or the deer before the hounds.  
They left Loch-Tua on their lee,  
And they waken'd the men of the wild Tیره,  
And the Chief of the sandy Coll;  
They paused not at Columba's isle,  
Though peal'd the bells from the holy pile  
With long and measured toll;  
No time for matin or for mass,  
And the sounds of the holy simmons pass  
Away in the billows' roll.  
Lochbuie's fierce and warlike Lord  
Their signal saw, and grasp'd his sword,  
And verdant Ilay call'd her host,  
And the clans of Jura's rugged coast  
Lord Ronald's call obey,  
And Scarba's isle, whose tortured shore  
Still rings to Corrievreken's roar,  
And lonely Colonsay:  
—Scenes sung by him who sings no more!<sup>5</sup>  
His bright and brief career is o'er,  
And mute his tuneful strains;  
Quench'd is his lamp of varied lore,  
That loved the light of song to pour;  
A distant and a deadly shore  
Has Leyden's cold remains!

## XII.

Ever the breeze blows merrily,  
But the galley ploughs no more the sea.  
Lest, rounding wild Cantyre, they meet  
The southern foeman's watchful fleet,  
They held unwonted way;—  
Up Tarbat's western lake they bore,  
Then dragg'd their bark the isthmus o'er,<sup>6</sup>  
As far as Kilmaconnel's shore,  
Upon the eastern bay.  
It was a wondrous sight to see  
Topmast and pennon glitter free,  
High raised above the greenwood tree,  
As on dry land the galley moves,  
By cliff and copse and alder groves,  
Deep import from that secluded sign,  
Did many a mountain Seer divine,  
For ancient legends told the Gael,  
That when a royal bark should sail  
O'er Kilmaconnel moor,  
Old Albyn should in fight prevail,  
And every foe should faint and quail  
Before her silver Cross.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 2 N.<sup>2</sup> Ibid, Note 2 O.<sup>3</sup> See Appendix, Note 2 M.<sup>4</sup> Ibid. Note 2 P.<sup>5</sup> See Appendix, Note 2 Q.<sup>6</sup> Ibid, Note 2 R.

## XIII.

Now launch'd once more, the inland sea  
They furrow with fair augury,  
And ateer for Arran's isle ;  
The sun, ere yet he sunk behind  
Ben-Ghoil, "The Mountain of the Wind,"  
Gave his grim peaks a greeting kind,  
And bade Loch Ranza smile.<sup>1</sup>  
Thither their destined course they drew ;  
It seem'd the isle her monarch knew,  
So brilliant was the landward view,  
The ocean so serene ;  
Each puny wave in diamonds roll'd  
O'er the calm deep, where hues of gold  
With azure strove and green.  
The hill, the vale, the tree, the tower,  
Glow'd with the tints of evening's hour,  
The beach was silver aheen,  
The wind breathed soft as lover's sigh,  
And, oft renew'd, seem'd oft to die,  
With breathless pause between.  
O who, with speech of war and woes,  
Would wish to break the soft repose  
Of such enchanting scene !

## XIV.

Is it of war Lord Ronald speaks ?  
The blush that dies his manly cheeks,  
The timid look and downcast eye,  
And faltering voice the theme deny.  
And good King Robert's brow express'd,  
He ponder'd o'er some high request,  
As doubtful to approve ;  
Yet in his eye and lip the while,  
Dwelt the half-pitying glance and smile,  
Which manhood's graver mood beguile,  
When lovers talk of love.  
Anxious his suit Lord Ronald pled ;  
—" And for my bride betrothed," he said,  
" My Liege has heard the rumour spread  
Of Edith from Artoisish fled.  
Too hard her fate—I claim no right  
To blame her for her hasty flight ;  
Be joy and happiness her lot !—  
But she hath tied the bridal-knot,  
And Lorn recall'd his promised plight,  
In the assembled chieftains' sight.—  
When, to fulfil our fathers' band,  
I proffer'd all I could—my hand—  
I was repulsed with scorn ;  
Mine honour I should ill assert,  
And worse the feelings of my heart,  
If I should play a suitor's part  
Again, to pleasure Lorn."—

## XV.

"Young Lord," the Royal Bruce replied,  
" That question must the Church decide ;  
Yet seems it hard, since rumours state  
Edith takes Clifford for her mate,  
The very tie, which she hath broke,  
To thee should still be binding yoke.  
But, for my sister Isabel—  
The mood of woman who can tell ?  
I guess the Champion of the Rock,  
Victorious in the tourney shock,  
That knight unknown, to whom the prize  
She dealt,—had favour in her eyes ;  
But since our brother Nigel's fate,  
Our ruin'd house and hapless state,

From worldly joy and hope estranged,  
Much is the hapless mourner changed.  
Perchance," here smiled the noble King,  
" This tale may other musings bring.  
Soon shall we know—you mountains hide  
The little convent of Saint Bride ;  
There, sent by Edward, she must stay,  
Till fate shall give more prosperous day ;  
And thither will I bear thy suit,  
Nor will thine advocate be mute."

## XVI.

As thus they talk'd in earnest mood,  
That speechless boy beside them stood.  
He stoop'd his head against the mast,  
And bitter sobs came thick and fast,  
A grief that would not be repress'd,  
But seem'd to burst his youthful breast.  
His hands, against his forehead held,  
As if by force his tears repell'd,  
But through his fingers, long and slight,  
Fast trill'd the drops of crystal bright.  
Edward, who walk'd the deck apart,  
First spied this conflict of the heart.  
Thoughtless as brave, with bluntness kind  
He sought to cheer the sorrower's mind ;  
By force the slender hand he drew  
From those poor eyes that stream'd with dew.  
As in his hold the striping strove,—  
("Twas a rough grasp, though meant in love,)  
Away his tears the warrior swept,  
And bade shame on him that wept.  
" I would to heaven, thy helpless tongue  
Could tell me who hath wrought thee wrong !  
For, were he of our crew the best,  
The insult went not unredress'd.  
Come, cheer thee ; thou art now of age  
To be a warrior's gallant page ;  
Thou shalt be mine !—a palfrey fair  
O'er hill andholt my boy shall bear,  
To hold my bow in hunting grove,  
Or speed on errand to my love ;  
For well I wot thou wilt not tell  
The temple where my wishes dwell."

## XVII.

Bruce interposed.—" Gay Edward, no,  
This is no youth to hold thy bow,  
To fill thy goblet, or to bear  
Thy message light to lighter fair.  
Thou art a patron all too wild  
And thoughtless, for this orphan child.  
See'st thou not how apart he steals,  
Keeps lonely couch, and lonely meals ?  
Fitter by far in yon calm cell  
To tend our sister Isabel,  
With father Augustin to share  
The peaceful change of convent prayer,  
Than wander wild adventures through,  
With such a reckless guide as you."—  
" Thanks, brother !" Edward answer'd gay,  
" For the high laud thy words convey !  
But we may learn some future day,  
If thou or I can this poor boy  
Protect the best, or best employ.  
Meanwhile, our vessel nears the strand ;  
Launch we the boat, and seek the land."

## XVIII.

To land King Robert lightly sprung,  
And thrice aloud his bugle rung  
With note prolong'd and varied strain,  
Till bold Ben-Ghoil replied again.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 2 S.



Good Douglas then, and De la Haye,  
Had in a glen a hart at bay,  
And Lennox cheer'd the laggard hounds,  
When waked that horn the greenwood bounds.  
"It is the foe!" cried Boyd, who came  
In breathless haste with eye of flame,—  
"It is the foe!—Each valiant lord  
Flung by his bow, and grasp his sword!"—  
"Not so," replied the good Lord James,  
"That blast no English bugle claims.  
Oft have I heard it fire the fight,  
Cheer the pursuit, or stop the flight.  
Dead were my heart, and deaf mine ear,  
If Bruce should call, nor Douglas hear!  
Each to Loch Ranza's margin spring;  
That blast was winded by the King!"<sup>1</sup>

## XIX.

Fast to their mates the tidings spread,  
And fast to shore the warriors sped.  
Bursting from glen and greenwood tree,  
High waked their loyal jubilee!  
Around the royal Bruce they crowd,  
And clasp'd his hands, and wept aloud.  
Veterans of early fields were there,  
Whose helmets press'd their hoary hair,  
Whose swords and axes bore a stain  
From life-blood of the red-hair'd Dane;  
And boys, whose hands scarce brook'd to wield  
The heavy sword or bossy shield  
Men too were there, that bore the scars  
Impress'd in Albyn's woful wars,  
At Falkirk's fierce and fatal fight,  
Teyndrum's dread rout, and Methven's flight;  
The might of Douglas there was seen,  
There Lennox with his graceful mien;  
Kirkpatrick, Closeburn's dreaded Knight;  
The Lindsay, fiery, fierce, and light;  
The Heir of murdered De la Haye,  
And Boyd the grave, and Seton gay.  
Around their King regain'd they press'd,  
Wept, shouted, clasp'd him to their breast,  
And young and old, and serf and lord,  
And he who ne'er unsheathed a sword,  
And he in many a peril tried,  
Alike resolved the brunt to bide,  
And live or die by Bruce's side!

## XX.

Oh, War! thou hast thy fierce delight,  
Thy gleams of joy, intensely bright!  
Such gleams, as from thy polish'd shield  
Fly dazzling o'er the battle-field!  
Such transports wake, severe and high,  
Amid the pealing conquest-cry;  
Scarce less, when, after battle lost,  
Muster the remnants of a host,  
And as each comrade's name they tell,  
Who in the well-fought conflict fell,  
Knitting stern brow o'er flashing eye,  
Vow to avenge them or to die!  
Warriors!—and where are warriors found,  
If not on martial Britain's ground?  
And who, when waked with note of fire,  
Love more than they the British lyre?  
Know ye not,—hearts to honour dear!  
That joy, deep thrilling, stern, severe,  
At which the heart-strings vibrate high,  
And wake the fountains of the eye?  
And blame ye, then, the Bruce, if trace  
Of tear is on his manly face,  
When, scanty relics of the train  
That han'd at Seane his early reign,

This patriot band around him hung,  
And to his knees and bosom clung?  
Blame ye the Bruce?—his brother blamed,  
But shared the weakness, while ashamed,  
With haughty laugh his head he turn'd,  
And dash'd away the tear he scorn'd.<sup>2</sup>

## XXI.

'Tis morning, and the Convent bell  
Long time had ceased its matin knell,  
Within thy walls, Saint Bride!  
An aged Sister sought the cell  
Assign'd to Lady Isabel,  
And hurriedly she cried,  
"Haste, gentle Lady, haste—there waits  
A noble stranger at the gates;  
Saint Bride's poor votress ne'er has seen  
A Knight of such a princely mien;  
His errand, as he bade me tell,  
Is with the Lady Isabel."  
The princess rose,—for on her knee  
Low bent ahe told her rosary,—  
"Let him by thee his purpose teach:  
I may not give a stranger speech."  
"Saint Bride forbend, thou royal Maid!"  
The portress cross'd herself, and said,—  
"Not to be prioress might I  
Debate his will, his suit deny."  
"Has earthly show then, simple fool,  
Power o'er a sister of thy rule,  
And art thou, like the worldly train,  
Subdued by splendours light and vain?"

## XXII.

"No, Lady! in old eyes like mine,  
Gauds have no glitter, gems no shine;  
Nor grace his rank attendants vain,  
One youthful page is all his train.  
It is the form, the eye, the word,  
The bearing of that stranger Lord;  
His stature, manly, bold, and tall,  
Built like a castle's battled wall,  
Yet moulded in such just decrees,  
His giant strength seems lightsome ease.  
Close as the tendrils of the vine  
His locks upon his forehead twine,  
Jet-black, save where some touch of grey  
Has ta'en the youthful hue away,  
Weather and war their rougher trace  
Have left on that majestic face;—  
But 'tis his dignity of eye!  
There, if a suppliant, would I fly,  
Secure, 'mid danger, wrongs, and grief,  
Of sympathy, redress, relief—  
That glance, if guilty, would I dread  
More than the doom that spoke me dead!"—  
"Enough, enough," the princess cried,  
" 'Tis Scotland's hope, her joy, her pride!  
To meaner front was ne'er assign'd  
Such mastery o'er the common mind—  
Bestow'd thy high designs to aid,  
How long, O Heaven! how long delay'd!  
Haste, Mona, haste, to introduce  
My darling brother, royal Bruce!"

## XXIII.

They met like friends who part in pain,  
And meet in doubtful hope again.  
But when subdued that fitful swell  
The Bruce survey'd the humble cell;—  
"And this is thine, poor Isabel!—  
That pallet-couch, and naked wall,  
For room of state, and bed of pall;

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 2 T.<sup>2</sup> See Appendix, Note 2 U.

For costly robes and jewels rare,  
A string of beads and zone of hair:  
And for the trumpet's sprightly call  
To sport or banquet, grove or hall,  
The bell's grim voice divides thy care,  
'Twixt hours of penitence and prayer!—  
O ill for thee, my royal claim  
From the First David's sainted name!  
O woe for thee, that while he sought  
His right, thy brother feebly fought!"—

## XXIV.

"Now lay these vain regrets aside,  
And be the unshaken Bruce!" she cried.  
"For more I glory to have shared  
The woes thy venturous spirit dared,  
When raising first thy valiant hand  
In rescue of thy native land,  
Than had fair Fortune set me down  
The partner of an empire's crown.  
And grieve not that on Pleasure's stream  
No more I drive in giddy dream,  
For Heaven the erring pilot knew,  
And from the gulf the vessel drew,  
Tried me with judgments stern and great,  
My house's ruin, thy defeat,  
Poor Nigel's death, till, tamed, I own,  
My hopes are fix'd on Heaven alone;  
Nor e'er shall earthly prospects win  
My heart to this vain world of sin."—

## XXV.

"Nay, Isabel, for such stern choice,  
First wilt thou wait thy brother's voice;  
Then ponder if in convent scene  
No softer thoughts might intervene—  
Say they were of that unknown Knight,  
Victor in Woodstock's tourney-fight—  
Nay, if his name such blush you owe,  
Victorious o'er a fairer foe!"  
Truly his penetrating eye  
Hath caught that blush's passing dye.—  
Like the last beam of evening thrown  
On a white cloud,—just seen and gone.  
Soon with calm cheek and steady eye,  
The princess made composed reply:—  
"I guess my brother's meaning well;  
For not so silent is the cell,  
But we have heard the islesmen all  
Arm in thy cause at Ronald's call,  
And mine eye proves that Knight unknown  
And the brave Island Lord are one.—  
Had then his suit been earlier made,  
In his own name, with thee to aid,  
(But that his plighted faith forbade,  
I know not . . . . . But thy page so near?—  
This is no tale for menial's ear."

## XXVI.

Still stood that page, as far apart  
As the small cell would space afford;  
With dizzy eye and hursting heart,  
He leant his weight on Bruce's sword,  
The monarch's mantle too he bore,  
And drew the fold his visage o'er.  
"Fear not for him—in murderous strife,"  
Said Bruce, "his warning saved my life;  
Full seldom parts he from my side,  
And in his silence I confide,  
Since he can tell no tale again.  
He is a boy of gentle strain,  
And I have purposed he shall dwell  
In Augustin the chaplain's cell,  
And wait on thee, my Isabel.—

Mind not his tears; I've seen them flow,  
As in the thaw dissolves the snow.  
'Tis a kind youth, but fanciful,  
Unfit against the tide to pull,  
And those that with the Bruce would sail,  
Must learn to strive with stream and gale.—  
But forward, gentle Isabel—  
My answer for Lord Ronald tell."—

## XXVII.

"This answer be to Ronald given—  
The heart he asks is fix'd on heaven.  
My love was like a summer flower,  
That wither'd in the wintry hour,  
Born but of vanity and pride,  
And with these sunny visions died.  
If further press his suit—then say,  
He should his plighted troth obey,  
Troth plighted both with ring and word,  
And sworn on crucifix and sword.—  
Oh, shame thee, Robert! I have seen  
Thou hast a woman's guardian been!  
Even in extremity's dread hour,  
When press'd on thee the Southern power,  
And safety, to all human sight,  
Was only found in rapid flight.  
Thou heard'st a wretched female plain  
In agony of travail-pain,  
And thou didst bid thy little hand  
Upon the instant turn and stand,  
And dare the worst the foe might do,  
Rather than, like knight untrue,  
Leave to pursuers merciless  
A woman in her last distress.<sup>1</sup>  
And wilt thou now deny thine aid  
To an oppress'd and injured maid,  
Even plead for Ronald's perfidy,  
And press his fickle faith on me?—  
So witness Heaven, as true I vow,  
Had I those earthly feelings now,  
Which could my former bosom move  
Ere taught to set its hopes above,  
I'd spurn each proffer he could bring,  
Till at my feet he laid the ring.  
The ring and spousal contract both,  
And fair acquittal of his oath,  
By her who brooks his perjured scorn,  
The ill-required Maid of Lorn!"

## XXVIII.

With sudden impulse forward sprung  
The page, and on her neck he hung;  
Then, recollected instantly,  
His head he stoop'd, and bent his knee,  
Kiss'd twice the hand of Isabel,  
Arose, and sudden left the cell.—  
The princess, loosen'd from his hold,  
Blush'd angry at his bearing bold;  
But good King Robert cried,  
"Chafe not—by signs he speaks his mind,  
He heard the plan my care design'd,  
Nor could his transports hide.—  
But, sister, now bethink thee well;  
No easy choice the convent cell;  
Trust, I shall play no tyrant part,  
Either to force thy hand or heart,  
Or suffer that Lord Ronald's scorn,  
Or wrong for thee, the Maid of Lorn.  
But think,—not long the time has been,  
That thou wert wont to sigh unseen,  
And wouldst the ditties best approve,  
That told some lay of hapless love.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 2 V.

Now are thy wishes in thy power,  
And thou art bent on cloister bower!  
Oh! if our Edward knew the change,  
How would his hussy satire range,  
With many a sarcasm varied still  
On woman's wish, and woman's will!"—

## XXIX.

"Brother, I well believe," she said,  
"Even so would Edward's part be play'd.  
Kindly in heart, in word severe,  
A foe to thought, and grief, and fear,  
He holds his humour uncontrol'd;  
But thou art of another mould.  
Say then to Ronald, as I say,  
Unless before my feet he lay  
The ring which bound the faith he swore,  
By Edith freely yielded o'er,  
He moves his suit to me no more.  
Nor do I promise, even if now  
He stood absolved of spousal vow,  
That I would change my purpose made,  
To shelter me in holy shade —  
Brother, for little space, farewell!  
To other duties warns the bell."—

## XXX.

"Lost to the world," King Robert said,  
When he had left the royal maid,  
"Lost to the world by lot severe,  
O what a gem lies buried here,  
Nipp'd by misfortune's cruel frost,  
The buds of fair affection lost! —  
But what have I with love to do?  
Far sterner cares my lot pursue.  
—Pent in this isle we may not lie,  
Nor would it long our wants supply.  
Right opposite, the mainland towers  
Of my own Turnberry court our powers—  
—Might not my father's headsman hear,  
Cuthbert, who dwells upon the shore,  
Kindle a signal flame, to show  
The time propitious for the blow?  
It shall be so—some friend shall bear  
Our mandate with despatch and care;  
—Edward shall find the messenger.  
That fortress ours, the island fleet  
May on the coast of Carrick meet.—  
O Scotland! shall it e'er be mine  
To wreak thy wrongs in battle-line,  
To raise my victor-head, and see  
Thy hills, thy dales, thy people free,—  
That glance of bliss is all I crave,  
Betwixt my labours and my grave!"  
Then down the hill he slowly went,  
Of pausing on the steep descent,  
And reach'd the spot where his bold train  
Held rustic camp upon the plain.

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The Lord of the Isles.

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

On fair Loch-Ranza stream'd the early day,
Thin wreaths of cottage-smoke are upward
curl'd
From the lone hamlet, which her inland bay
And circling mountains sever from the world.

And there the fisherman his sail unfurl'd.
The goat-herd drove his kids to steep Ben-
Ghoil,
Before the hut the dame her spindle twirl'd,
Courting the sunbeam as she plied her toil.—
For, wake where'er he may, Man wakes to
care and toil.

But other duties call'd each convent maid,
Roused by the summons of the moss-grown
bell;
Sung were the matins, and the mass was said,
And every sister sought her separate cell,
Such was the rule, her rosary to tell.
And Isabel has knelt in lonely prayer;
The sunbeam, through the narrow lattice, fell
Upon the snowy neck and long dark hair.
As stoop'd her gentle head in meek devotion
there.

II.

She raised her eyes, that duty done,
When glanced upon the pavement-stone,
Gem'd and enclashed, a golden ring,
Bound to a scroll with silken string,
With few brief words inscribed to tell,
"This for the Lady Isabel."
Within, the writing farther bore,—
" 'Twas with this ring his plight he swore,
With this his promise I restore;
To her who can the heart command,
Well may I yield the plighted hand.
And O! for better fortune born,
Grudge not a passing sigh to mourn
Her who was Edith once of Lorn!"
One single flash of glad surprise
Just glanced from Isabel's dark eyes,
But vanish'd in the blush of shame,
That, as its penance, instant came.
"O thought unworthy of my race!
Selfish, ungenerous, mean, and base,
A moment's thro' of joy to own,
That rose upon her hopes o'erthrown! —
Thou pledge of vows too well believed,
Of nun ingrate and maid deceived,
Think not thy lustre here shall gain
Another heart to hope in vain!
For thou shalt rest, thou tempting gaud,
Where worldly thoughts are overawed,
And worldly splendours sink dehas'd."
Then by the cross the ring she placed.

III.

Next rose the thought,—its owner far,
How came it here through bolt and bar! —
But the dim lattice is ajar.—
She looks abroad, the morning dew
A light short step had brush'd anew,
And there were foot-prints seen
On the carved buttress rising still,
Till on the mossy window-sill
Their track effaced the green.
The ivy twigs were torn and fray'd,
As if some climber's steps to aid.—
But who the hardy messenger,
Whose venturous path these signs infer! —
"Strange doubts are mine! —Mona, draw nigh;
—Nought 'scapes old Mona's curious eye—
What strangers, gentle mother, say,
Have sought these holy walls to-day?" —
"None, Lady, none of note or name;
Only your brother's foot-page came,
At peep of dawn—I pray'd him pass
To chapel where they said the mass;

But like an arrow he shot by,
And tears seem'd bursting from his eye."

IV.

The truth at once on Isabel,
As darted by a sunbeam, fell,—
" 'Tis Edith's self!—her speechless woe
Her form, her looks, the secret show I
—Instant, good Mona, to the bay,
And to my royal brother say.
I do conjure him seek my cell,
With that mute page he loves so well."—
"What! know'st thou not his warlike host
At break of day has left our coast?
My old eyes saw them from the tower.
At eve they couch'd in green-wood bower,
At dawn a bugle signal, made
By their bold Lord, their ranks array'd;
Up sprung the spears through bush and tree,
No time for benedicite!
Like deer, that, rousing from their lair,
Just shake the dewdrops from their hair,
And toss their armed crests aloft,
Such matins theirs!"—"Good mother, soft—
Where does my brother bend his way?"—
"As I have heard, for Brodick-Bay,
Across the isle—of barks a score
Lie there, 'tis said, to waft them o'er,
On sudden news, to Carrick-shore."
"If such their purpose, deep the need,"
Said anxious Isabel, "of speed!
Call Father Augustine, good dame."—
The nun obey'd, the Father came.

V.

"Kind Father, hie without delay,
Across the hills to Brodick-Bay.
This message to the Bruce be given;
I pray him, by his hopes of Heaven,
That, till he speak with me, he stay I
Or, if his haste brook no delay,
That he deliver, on my suit,
Into thy charge that stripling mute.
Thus prays his sister Isabel,
For causes more than she may tell—
Away, good father! and take heed,
That life and death are on thy speed."
His cowl the good old priest did on,
Took his piked staff and sandall'd shoon,
And, like a palmer bent by eld,
O'er moss and moor his journey held.

VI.

Heavy and dull the foot of age,
And rugged was the pilgrimage;
But none was there beside, whose care
Might such important message bear.
Through birchen copse he wander'd slow,
Stunted and sapless, thin and low;
By many a mountain stream he pass'd,
From the tall cliffs in tumult cast,
Dashing to foam their waters dun,
And sparkling in the summer sun.
Round his grey head the wild curlew
In many a fearless circle flew.
O'er chasins he pass'd, where fractures wide
Craved wary eye and ample stride;¹
He cross'd his brow beside the stone
Where Druids erst heav'd victims groan,
And at the cairns upon the wild,
O'er many a heathen hero piled,²

He breathed a timid prayer for those
Who died ere Shiloh's sun arose.
Beside Macfarlane's Cross he staid,
There told his hours within the shade,
And at the stream his thirst allay'd.
Thence onward journeying slowly still,
As evening closed he reach'd the hill,
Where, rising through the woodland green,
Old Brodick's gothic towers were seen,
From Hastings, late their English lord,
Douglas had won them by the sword.³
The sun that sunk behind the isle,
Now tinged them with a parting smile.

VII.

But though the beams of light decay,
'Twas bustle all in Brodick-Bay.
The Bruce's followers crowd the shore,
And boats and barges some unmoor.
Some raise the sail, some seize the oar;
Their eyes oft turn'd where glimmer'd far
What might have seem'd an early star
On heaven's blue arch, save that its light
Was all too flickering, fierce, and bright.
Far distant in the south, the ray
Shone pale amid retiring day,
But as, on Carrick shore,
Dim seen in outline faintly blue,
The shades of evening closer drew,
It kindled more and more.
The monk's slow steps now press the sands,
And now amid a scene he stands,
Full strange to churchman's eye;
Warriors, who, arming for the fight,
Rivet and clasp their harness light,
And twinkling spears, and axes bright,
And helmets flashing high.
Oft, too, with unaccustom'd ears,
A language much unmeet he hears,⁴
While, hastening all on board,
As stormy as the swelling surge
That mix'd its roar, the leaders urge
Their followers to the ocean verge,
With many a haughty word.

VIII.

Through that wild throng the Father pass'd,
And reach'd the Royal Bruce at last.
He leant against a stranded boat,
That the approaching tide must float,
And counted every rippling wave,
As higher yet her sides they lave,
And oft the distant fire he eyed,
And closer yet his hauberk tied,
And loosen'd in its sheath his brand.
Edward and Lennox were at hand,
Douglas and Ronald had the care
The soldiers to the barks to share.—
The Monk approach'd and homage paid;
"And art thou come," King Robert said,
"So far to bless us ere we part?"—
—"My Liege, and with a loyal heart I—
But other charge I have to tell,"—
And spoke the hest of Isabel.
—"Now by Saint Giles," the monarch cried,
"This moves me much!—this morning tide,
I sent the stripling to Saint Bride,
With my commandment there to bide."—
—"Thither he came the portress show'd,
But there, my Liege, made brief abode."—

1 See Appendix, Note 2 W.

2 Ibid, Note 2 X.

3 See Appendix, Note 2 Y.

4 Ibid, Note 2 Z.

IX.

"'Twas I," said Edward, "found employ
Of nobler import for the boy.
Deep pondering in my anxious mind,
A fitting messenger to find,
To bear thy written mandate o'er
To Cuthbert on the Carrick shore,
I chanced, at early dawn, to pass
The chapel gate to snatch a mass.
I found the stripling on a tomb
Low-seated, weeping for the doom
That gave his youth to convent gloom.
I told my purpose, and his eyes
Flash'd joyful at the glad surprise.
He bounded to the skiff, the sail
Was spread before a prosperous gale,
And well my charge he hath obey'd;
For, see! the ruddy signal made,
That Clifford, with his merry-men all,
Guards carelessly our father's hall."—1

X.

"O wild of thought, and hard of heart!"
Answer'd the Monarch, "on a part
Of such deep danger to employ
A mute, an orphan, and a boy!
Unfit for flight, unfit for strife,
Without a tongue to plead for life!
Now, were my right restored by Heaven,
Edward, my crown I would have given,
Ere, thrust on such adventure wild,
I perit'd thus the helpless child."—
—Offended half, and half submissive,
"Brother and Liege, of blame like this,"
Edward replied, "I little dream'd.
A stranger messenger, I deem'd,
Might safest seek the beardsman's cell,
Where all thy squires are known so well.
Notless his presence, sharp his sense,
His imperfection his defence.
If seen, none can his errand guess;
If ta'en, his words no tale express—
Methinks, too, yonder beacon's shine
Might expiate greater fault than mine."—
"Rash," said King Robert, "was the deed—
But it is done.—Embark with speed!
Good Father, say to Isabel
How this unhappy chance befell;
If well we thrive on yonder shore,
Soon shall my care her page restore.
Our greeting to our sister bear,
And think of us in mass and prayer."—

XI.

"Aye!" said the Priest, "while this poor
hand
Can chalice raise or cross command,
While my old voice has accents' use,
Can Augustine forget the Bruce!"
Then to his side Lord Ronald press'd,
And whisper'd, "Bear thou this request,
That when by Bruce's side I fight,
For Scotland's crown and freedom's right,
The princess grace her knight to bear
Some token of her favouring care;
It shall be shown where England's best
May shrink to see it on my crest.
And for the boy—since weightier care
For royal Bruce the times prepare,
The helpless youth is Ronald's charge,
His conch my plaid, his fence my targe."

He ceased; for many an eager hand
Had urged the barges from the strand.
Their number was a score and ten,
They bore thrice threescore chosen men.
With such small force did Bruce at last
The die for death or empire cast!

XII.

Now on the darkening main afloat
Ready and mann'd rocks every boat;
Beneath their oars the ocean's might
Was dash'd to sparks of glimmering light.
Faint and more faint, as off they bore,
Their armour glanced against the shore,
And, mingled with the dashing tide,
Their murmuring voices distant died.—
"God speed them!" said the Priest, as dark
On distant billows glides each bark;
"O Heaven! when swords for freedom shine,
And Monarch's right, the cause is thine!
Edge doubly every patriot blow!
Beat down the banners of the foe!
And be it to the nations known,
That Victory is from God alone!"
As up the hill his path he drew,
He turn'd his blessings to renew,
Oft turn'd, till on the darken'd coast
All traces of their course were lost;
Then slowly bent to Brodick tower,
To shelter for the evening hour.

XIII.

In night the fairy prospects sink,
Where Cumray's isles with verdant link
Close the fair entrance of the Clyde;
The woods of Bute, no more descried,
Are gone—and on the placid sea
The rowers ply their task with glee,
While hands that knightly lances bore
Impatient aid the labouring oar.
The half-faced moon shone dim and pale,
And glanced against the whiten'd sail;
But on that ruddy beacon-light
Each steersman kept the helm aright,
And oft, for such the King's command,
That all at once might reach the strand,
From boat to boat loud shout and hail
Warn'd them to crowd or slacken sail.
South and by west the armada bore,
And near at length the Carrick shore.
As less and less the distance grows,
High and more high the beacon rose;
The light, that seem'd a twinkling star,
Now blazed portentous, fierce, and far.
Dark-red the heaven above it glow'd,
Dark-red the sea beneath it flow'd,
Red rose the rocks on ocean's brim,
In blood-red light her islets swim;
Wild scream the dazzled sea-fowl gave,
Dropp'd from their crags on plashing wave
The deer to distant covert drew,
The black-cock deem'd it day, and crew.
Like some tall castle given to flame,
O'er half the land the lustre came.
"Now, good my Liege, and brother sage,
What think ye of mine elfin page?"—
"Row on!" the noble King replied,
"We'll learn the truth whate'er betide;
Yet sure the beardsman and the child
Could ne'er have waked that beacon wild."

XIV.

With that the boats approach'd the land,
But Edward's grounded on the sand;

The eager Knight leap'd in the sea,
Waist-deep, and first on shore was he,
Though every barge's hardy band
Contended which should gain the land,
When that strange light, which, seen afar,
Seem'd steady as the polar star,
Now, like a prophet's fiery chair,
Seem'd travelling the realms of air.
Wide o'er the sky the splendour glows,
As that portentous meteor rose;
Helm, axe, and falchion glitter'd bright,
And in the red and dusky light
His comrade's face each warrior saw,
Nor marvell'd it was pale with awe.
Then high in air the beams were lost,
And darkness sunk upon the coast.—
Ronald to Heaven a prayer address'd,
And Douglas cross'd his dauntless breast;
"Saint James protect us!" Lennox cried,
But reckless Edward spoke aside,
"Deem'st thou, Kirkpatrick, in that flame
Red Comyn's angry spirit came.
Or would thy dauntless heart endure
Once more to make assurance sure?"—
"Hush!" said the Bruce, "we soon shall know
If this be sorcerer's empty show,
Or stratagem of southern foe.
The moon shines out—upon the sand
Let every leader rank his band."

XV.

Faintly the moon's pale beams supply
That ruddy light's unnatural dye;
The dubious cold reflection lay
On the wet sands and quiet bay.
Beneath the rocks King Robert drew
His scatter'd files to order due,
Till shield compact and serried spear
In the cool light shone blue and clear.
Then down a path that sought the tide.
That speechless page was seen to glide;
He knelt him lowly on the sand,
And gave a scroll to Robert's hand.
"A torch," the Monarch cried, "What, ho!
Now shall we Cothbert's tidings know."
But evil news the letters bare,
The Clifford's force was strong and ware,
Augmented, too, that very morn,
By mountaineers who came with Lorn.
Long harrow'd by oppressor's hand,
Courage and faith had fled the land,
And over Carrick, dark and deep,
Had sunk dejection a iron sleep.—
Cuthbert had seen that beacon-flame,
Unwitting from what source it came.
Doubtful of perilous event,
Edward's mute messenger he sent,
If Bruce deceived should venture o'er,
To warn him from the fatal shore.

XVI.

As round the torch the leaders crowd,
Bruce read these chilling news aloud.
"What council, nobles, have we now!
To ambush us in greenwood bough,
And take the chance which fate may send
To bring our enterprize to end,
Or shall we turn us to the main
As exiles, and embark again?"—
Answer'd fierce Edward, "Hap what may,
In Carrick, Carrick's Lord must stay.
I would not minstrels told the tale,
Wildfire or meteor made us quail."

Answer'd the Douglas, "If my Liege
May win yon walls by storm or siege,
Then were each brave and patriot heart
Kindled of new for loyal part."—
Answer'd Lord Ronald, "Not for shame
Would I that aged Torquil came,
And found, for all our empty boast,
Without a blow we fled the coast.
I will not credit that this land,
So famed for warlike heart and hand,
The nurse of Wallace and of Bruce,
Will long with tyrants hold a truce."—
"Prove we our fate—the brunt we'll bide!"
So Boyd and Hays and Lennox cried;
So said, so vow'd, the leaders all;
So Bruce resolved: "And in my hall
Since the Bold Southern make their home,
The hour of payment soon shall come,
When with a rough and rugged host
Clifford may reckon to his cost.
Meantime, through well-known bosk and dell,
I'll lead where we may shelter well."

XVII.

Now ask you whence that wondrous light,
Whose fairy glow beguiled their sight?
It ne'er was known¹—yet grey-hair'd old
A superstitious credence held,
That never did a mortal hand
Wake its broad glare on Carrick strand;
Nay, and that on the self-same night
When Bruce cross'd o'er, still gleams the light.
Yearly it gleams o'er mount and moor,
And glittering wave and crimson'd shore—
But whether beam celestial, lent
By Heaven to aid the King's descent,
Or fire hell-kindled from beneath,
To lure him to defeat and death.
Or were it but some meteor strange,
Of such as oft through midnight range,
Starting the traveller late and lone,
I know not—and it ne'er was known.

XVIII.

Now up the rocky pass they drew,
And Ronald, to his promise true,
Still made his arm the stripling's stay,
To aid him on the rugged way.
"Now cheer thee, simple Amadine!
Why throbs that silly heart of thine?"—
—That name the pirates to their slave
(In Gaelic 'tis the Changeling) gave—
"Dost thou not rest thee on my arm?
Do not my plaid-folds hold thee warm?
Hath not the wild bull's treble hide
This targe for thee and me supplied?
Is not Clan-Colla's sword of steel?
And, trembler, canst thou terror feel?
Cheer thee, and still that throbbing heart:
From Ronald's guard thou shalt not part."
—O! many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken!
Half soothed, half grieved, half terrified,
Close drew the page to Ronald's side;
A wild delirious thrill of joy
Was in that hour of agony.
As up the steepy pass he strove,
Fear, toil, and sorrow, lost in love!

¹ See Appendix, Note 3 B.

XIX.

The barrier of that iron shore,
The rock's steep ledge, is now climb'd o'er;
And from the castle's distant wall,
From tower to tower the warders call:
The sound swings over land and sea,
And marks a watchful enemy.—
They gain'd the Chase, a wide domain
Left for the Castle's silvan reign,¹
(Seek not the scene—the axe, the plough,
The hoar's dull fence, have marr'd it now,)
But then, soft swept in velvet green
The plain with many a glade between,
Whose tangled alleys far invade
The depth of the brown forest shade.
Here the tall fern obscured the lawn,
Fair shelter for the sportive fawn;
There, tufted close with copsewood green,
Was many a swelling hillock seen;
And all around was verdure meet
For pressure of the fairies' feet.
The glossy holly loved the park,
The yew-tree lent its shadow dark.
And many an old oak, worn and bare,
With all its shiver'd boughs, was there.
Lovely between, the moonbeams fell
On lawn and hillock, glade and dell.
The gallant Monarch sigh'd to see
These glades so loved in childhood free.
Bethinking that, as outlaw now,
He ragged beneath the forest bough.

XX.

Fast o'er the moonlight Chase they sped,
Well knew the band that measured tread,
When, in retreat or in advance,
The serried warriors move at once;
And evil were the luck, if dawn
Descried them on the open lawn.
Copses they traverse, brooks they cross,
Strain up the bank and o'er the moss.
From the exhausted page's brow
Cold drops of toil are streaming now;
With effort faint and lengthen'd pause,
His weary step the stripling draws.
"Nay, droop not yet!" the warrior said;
"Come, let me give thee ease and aid!
Stroug are mine arms, and little care
A weight so slight as thine to bear.—
What! wilt thou not?—capricious boy!
Then thine own limbs and strength employ.
Pass but this night, and pass thy care,
I'll place thee with a lady fair,
Where thou shalt tune thy lute to tell
How Ronald loves fair Isabel!"
Worn out, dishearten'd, and dismay'd,
Here Amadine let go the aid;
His trembling limbs their aid refuse,
He sunk among the midnight dew!

XXI.

What may be done!—the night is gone—
The Bruce's band moves swiftly on—
Eternal shame, if at the brunt
Lord Ronald grace not battle's front!—
"See yonder oak, within whose trunk
Decay a darke'd cell hath sunk;
Enter, and rest thee there a space,
Wrap in my plaid thy limbs, thy face.
I will not be, believe me, far;
But must not quit the ranks of war.

Well will I mark the bosky bourne,
And soou, to guard thee hence, return.—
Nay, weep not so, thou simple boy!
But sleep in peace, and wake in joy."
In silvan lodging close bestow'd,
He placed the page, and onward strode
With strength put forth, o'er moss and brook,
And soou the marching band o'ertook.

XXII.

Thus strangely left, long sobb'd and wept
The page, till, wearied out, he slept—
A rough voice waked his dream—"Nay, here,
Here by this thicket, pass'd the deer—
Beneath that oak old Ryno staid—
What have we here!—a Scottish plaid,
And in its folds a stripling laid!
Come forth! thy name and business tell!
What, silent!—then I guess thee well,
The spy that sought old Cutlibert's cell,
Wafted from Arran yester morn—
Come, comrades, we will straight return.
Our Lord may choose the rack should teach
To this young lurcher use of speech.
Thy bow-string, till I bind him fast."
"Nay, but he weeps and stands aghast;
Unbound we'll lead him, fear it not;
'Tis a fair stripling, though a Scot."
The hunters to the castle sped,
And there the hapless captive led.

XXIII.

Stout Clifford in the castle court
Prepared him for the morning sport;
And now with Lorn held deep discourse,
Now gave command for hound and horse.
War-steeds and palfreys paw'd the ground,
And many a deer-dog howl'd around.
To Amadine, Lorn's well-knowna word,
Replying to that Southern Lord,
Mix'd with this clanging din, might seem
The phantasm of a fever'd dream.
The tone upon his ringing ears
Came like the sounds which fancy hears,
When in rude waves or roaring winds
Some words of woe the muser finds,
Until more loudly and more near,
Their speech arrests the page's ear.

XXIV.

"And was she thus," said Clifford, "lost?
The priest should rue it to his cost!
What says the Monk?"—"The holy Sire
Owns, that in masquers quaint attire
She sought his skill, disguised, unknown
To all except to him alone.
But, says the priest, a bark from Lorn
Laid them aboard that very morn,
And pirates seized her for their prey.
He proffer'd ransom-gold to pay.
And they agreed—but ere told o'er,
The winds blow loud, the billows roar;
They sever'd, and they met no more.
He deems, such tempest vex'd the coast-
Ship, crew, and fugitive, were lost,
So let it be, with the disgrace
And scandal of her lofty race!
Thrice better she had ne'er been born,
Than brought her infancy on Lorn!"

XXV.

Lord Clifford now the captive spied:—
"Whom, Herbert, hast thou there?" he cried.

¹ See Appendix, Note 3 C.

"A spy we seized within the Chase,
A hollow oak his lurking place."—
"What tidings can the youth afford?"—
"He plays the mute."—"Then noose a cord—
Unless brave Lorn reverse the doom
For his plaid's sake."—"Clan-Colla's loom,"
Said Lorn, whose careless glances trace
Rather the vesture than the face,
"Clan-Colla's dainties such tartans twine;
Wearer nor plaid claims care of mine.
Give him, if my advice you crave,
His own scathed oak; and let him wave
In air, unless, by terror wrung,
A frank confession find his tongue.—
Nor shall he die without his rite;
—Thou, Angus Roy, attend the sight,
And give Clan-Colla's dirge thy breath,
As they convey him to his death."—
"O brother! cruel to the last!"
Through the poor captive's bosom pass'd
The thought, but, to his purpose true,
He said not, though he sigh'd, "Adieu!"

XXVI.

And will he keep his purpose still,
In sight of that last closing ill,
When one poor breath, one single word,
May freedom, safety, life afford?
Can he resist the instinctive call,
For life that bids us harter all?
Love, strong as death, his heart hath steel'd,
His nerves hath string—he will not yield!
Since that poor breath, that little word,
May yield Lord Ronald to the sword.—
Clan-Colla's dirge is pealing wide,
The grisly headsman's by his side;
Along the greenwood Chase they bend,
And now their march has ghastly end!
That old and shatter'd oak beneath,
They destine for the place of death.
—What thoughts are his, while all in vain
His eye for aid explores the plain?
What thoughts, while, with a dizzy ear,
He hears the death-prayer mutter'd near?
And must he die such death accurst,
Or will that bosom-secret burst?
Cold on his brow breaks terror's dew,
His trembling lips are livid blue;
The agony of parting life
Has nought to match that moment's strife!

XXVII.

But other witnesses are nigh,
Who mock at fear, and death defy!
Soon as the dire lament was play'd,
It waked the lurking ambuscade.
The Island Lord look'd forth, and spied
The cause, and loud in fury cried,
"By Heaven, they lead the page to die,
And mock me in his agony!
They shall abye it!"—On his arm
Bruce laid strong grasp, "They shall not harm
A ringlet of the strippling's hair;
Eut, till I give the word, forbear.
—Douglas, lead fifty of our force
Up yonder hollow water-course,
And couch thee mid way on the wold,
Between the flyers and their hold;
A spear above the copse display'd,
Be signal of the ambush made.
—Edward, with forty spearmen, straight
Through yonder copse approach the gate,
And, when thou hear'st the battle-din,
Rush forward, and the passage win,

Secure the drawbridge—storm the port,
And man and guard the castle-court.—
The rest move slowly forth with me,
In shelter of the forest-tree,
Till Douglas at his post I see."

XXVIII.

Like war-horse eager to rush on,
Compell'd to wait the signal blown,
Hid, and scarce hid, by greenwood bough,
Trembling with rage, stands Ronald now,
And in his grasp his sword gleams blue,
Soon to be dyed with deadlier hue.—
Meanwhile the Bruce, with steady eye,
Sees the dark death-train moving by,
And, heedful, measures oft the space
The Douglas and his hand must trace,
Ere they can reach their destined ground.
Now sinks the dirge's wailing sound,
Now cluster round the direful tree
That slow and solemn company,
While hymn mistuned and mutter'd prayer
The victim for his fate prepare.—
What glances o'er the greenwood shade?
The spear that marks the ambuscade!—
"Now, noble Chief! I leave thee loose;
Upon them, Ronald!" said the Bruce.

XXIX.

"The Bruce, the Bruce!" to well-known cry
His native rocks and woods reply
"The Bruce, the Bruce!" in that dread word
The knell of hundred deaths was heard.
The astonish'd Southern gazed at first,
Where the wild tempest was to burst,
That waked in that presaging name.
Before, behind, around it came!
Half-arm'd, surprised, on every side
Hemm'd in, hew'd down, they bled and died.
Deep in the ring the Bruce engaged,
And fierce Clan-Colla's broadsword rag'd!
Full soon the few who fought were sped,
Nor better was their lot who fled,
And met, 'mid terror's wild career,
The Douglas's redoubted spear!
Two hundred yomen on that morn
The castle left, and none return.

XXX.

Not on their flight press'd Ronald's brand,
A gentler duty claim'd his hand.
He raised the page, where on the plain
His fear had sunk him with the slain:
And twice that morn, surprise well near
Betray'd the secret kept by fear;
Once, when, with life returning, came
To the boy's lip Lord Ronald's name,
And hardly recollection drown'd
The accents in a murmuring sound;
And once, when scarce he could resist
The chieftain's care to loose the vest,
Drawn tightly o'er his labouring breast.
But then the Bruce's bugle blew,
For martial work was yet to do.

XXXI.

A harder task fierce Edward waits.
Ere signal given, the castle gates
His fury had assail'd;
Such was his wonted reckless mood,
Yet desperate valour oft made good,
Even by its daring, venture rude,
Where prudence might have fail'd.
Upon the bridge his strength he threw,
And struck the iron chain in two,

By which its planks arose ;
 The warder next his axe's edge
 Struck down upon the threshold ledge.
 'T'wixt door and post a ghastly wedge !
 The gate they may not close.
 Well fought the Southern in the fray,
 Clifford and Lorn fought well that day,
 But stubborn Edward forced his way
 Against a hundred foes.
 Loud came the cry, "The Bruce, the Bruce !"
 No hope or in defence of truce,
 Fresh combatants pour in ;
 Mad with success, and drunk with gore,
 They drive the struggling foe before,
 And ward on ward they win.
 Unsparring was the vengeful sword,
 And limbs were lopp'd and life-blood pour'd,
 The cry of death and conflict rour'd,
 And fearful was the din !
 The startling horses plunged and flung,
 Clamour'd the dogs till turrets rung,
 Nor sunk the fearful cry,
 Till not a foe-man was there found
 Alive, save those who on the ground
 Groan'd in their agony !

XXXII.

The valiant Clifford is no more ;
 On Ronald's broadsword stream'd his gore.
 But better hap had he of Lorn,
 Who, by the foemen backward borne,
 Yet gain'd with slender train the port,
 Where lay his bark beneath the fort,
 And cut the cable loose.
 Short were his shrift in that debate,
 That hour of fury and of fate.
 If Lorn encounter'd Bruce !
 Then long and loud the victor shout
 From turret and from tower rung out,
 'The rugged vaults replied ;
 And from the donjon tower on high,
 The men of Carrick may descry
 Saint Andrew's cross in blazonry
 Of silver, waving wide !

XXXIII.

The Bruce hath won his father's hall !
 — "Welcome, brave friends and comrades all,
 Welcome to mirth and joy !
 The first, the last, is welcome here,
 From lord and chieftain, prince and peer,
 To this poor speechless boy.
 Great God ! once more my sire's abode
 Is mine—behold the floor I trode
 In tottering infancy !
 And there the vaulted arch, whence sound
 Echoed my joyous shout and bound
 In boyhood, and that rung around
 To youth's unthinking glee !
 O first, to thee, all-gracious Heaven,
 Then to my friends, my thanks be given !"
 He paused a space, his brow he cross'd—
 'Then on the board his sword he toss'd,
 Yet steaming hot ; with Southern gore
 From lull to point 'twas crimson'd o'er.

XXXIV.

"Bring here," he said, "the mazers four,
 My noble fathers loved of yore.²
 Thrice let them circle round the board,
 The pledge, fair Scotland's rights restored !

And he whose lip shall touch the wine,
 Without a vow as true as mine,
 To hold both lands and life at nought,
 Until her freedom shall be bought,—
 Be brand of a disloyal Scot,
 And lasting infamy his lot !
 Sit, gentle friends ! our hour of glee
 Is brief, we'll spend it joyously !
 Blithest of all the sun's bright beams,
 When betwixt storm and storm he gleams.
 Well is our country's work begun,
 But more, far more, must yet be done.
 Speed messengers the country through ;
 Arouse old friends, and gather new ;³
 Warn Lanark's knights to gird their mail,
 Rouse the brave sons of Teviotdale,
 Let Ettrick's archers sharp their darts,
 The fairest forms, the truest hearts !
 Call all, call all ! from Reeds-wair-Path,
 To the wild confines of Cape-Wrath ;
 Wide let the news through Scotland ring,
 The Northern Eagle claps his wing !"⁴

The Lord of the Isles.

CANTO SIXTH.

I.

O who, that shared them, ever shall forget
 The emotions of the spirit-rousing time,
 When breathless in the mart the couriers met
 Early and late, at evening and at prime ;
 When the loud cannon and the merry chime
 Hail'd news on news, as field on field was won
 When Hope, long doubtful, soar'd at length
 sublime,

And our glad eyes, awake as day begun,
 Watch'd Joy's broad banner rise, to meet the
 rising sun !

O these were hours, when thrilling joy repaid
 A long, long course of darkness, doubts, and
 fears !

The heart-sick faintness of the hope delay'd,
 The waste, the woe, the bloodshed, and the
 tears

That track'd with terror twenty rolling years,
 All was forgot in that blithe jubilee !
 Her downcast eye even pale Affliction rears,
 To sigh a thankful prayer, amid the glee,
 'That hail'd the Despot's fall, and peace, and
 liberty !

Such news o'er Scotland's hills triumphant
 rode,

When 'gainst the invaders turn'd the battle's
 scale,

When Bruce's banner had victorious flow'd
 O'er Loudoun's mountain, and in Ury's vale ;⁴
 When English blood oft deluged Douglas-
 dale,⁵

And fiery Edward routed stout St. John,⁶
 When Randolph's war-cry swell'd the south-
 ern gale,⁷

And many a fortress, town, and tower, was
 won,

And Fame still sounded forth fresh deeds of
 glory done.

1 See Appendix, Note 3 D.

2 Ibid, Note 3 E.

5 See Appendix, Note 3 H.

6 Ibid, Note 3 I.

3 See Appendix, Note 3 F.

4 Ibid, Note 3 G.

7 See Appendix, Note 3 K.

II.

Blithe tidings flew from baron's tower,
To peasant's cot, to forest-bower,
And waked the solitary cell,
Where lone Saint Bride's recluses dwell.
Princess no more, fair Isabel,

A vot'ress of the order now,
Say, did the rule that bid thee wear
Dim veil and woollen scapulaire,
And rest thy locks of dark-brown hair,
That stern and rigid vow,
Did it condemn the transport high,
Which glisten'd in thy watery eye,
When minstrel or when palmer told
Each fresh exploit of Bruce the bold?—
And whose the lovely form, that shares
Thy anxious hopes, thy fears, thy prayers?
No sister she of convent shade:
So say these locks in lengthen'd braid,
So say the blushes and the sighs,
The tremors that unbidden rise,
When, mingled with the Bruce's fame,
The brave Lord Ronald's praises came.

III.

Believe, his father's castle won,
And his bold enterprise begun,
That Bruce's earliest cares restore
The speechless page to Arran's shore:
Nor think that long the quaint disguise
Conceal'd her from a sister's eyes;
And sister-like in love they dwell
In that lone convent's silent cell.
There Bruce's slow assent allows
Fair Isabel the veil and vows;
And there, her sex's dress regain'd,
The lovely Maid of Lorn remain'd,
Unnamed, unknown, while Scotland far
Resounded with the din of war;
And many a month, and many a day,
In calm seclusion wore away.

IV.

These days, these months, to years had worn,
When tidings of high weight were borne
To that lone island's shore:
Of all the Scottish conquests made
By the First Edward's ruthless blade,
His son retain'd no more,
Northward of Tweed, but Stirling's towers,
Beleagu'rd by King Robert's powers;
And they took term of truce,¹
If England's King should not relieve
The siege ere John the Baptist's eve,
To yield them to the Bruce.
England was roused—on every side
Courier and post and herald hied,
To summon prince and peer,
At Berwick-bounds to meet their Liege,²
Prepared to raise fair Stirling's siege,
With buckler, brand, and spear.
The term was nigh—they muster'd fast,
By beacon and by bugle-blast
Forth march'd for the field;
There rode each knight of noble name,
There England's hardy archers came,
The land they trode seem'd all on flame,
With banner, blade, and shield!
And not famed England's powers alone,
Renown'd in arms, the summons own:

For Neustria's knights obey'd,
Gasconie hath lent her horsemen good,
And Cambria, but of late subdued,
Sent forth her mountain-multitude,³
And Connaught pour'd from waste and wood
Her hundred tribes, whose sceptre rude
Dark Eth O'Codnor sway'd.⁴

V.

Right to devoted Caledon
The storm of war rolls slowly on,
With menace deep and dread;
So the dark clouds, with gathering power,
Suspend awhile the threaten'd shower,
Till every peak and summit lower
Round the pale pilgrim's head.
Not with such pilgrim's startled eye
King Robert mark'd the tempest nigh!
Resolved the brunt to bide,
His royal summons warn'd the land,
That all who own'd the King's command
Should instant take the spear and brand,
To combat at his side.
O who may tell the sons of fame,
That at King Robert's bidding came,
To battle for the right!
From Cheviot to the shores of Ross,
From Solway-Sands to Marshl's-bloss,
All bound them for the fight,
Such news the royal courier tells,
Who came to rouse dark Arran's dells;
But further tidings must the ear
Of Isabel in secret hear.
These in her cloister walk, next morn,
Thus shared she with the Maid of Lorn.

VI.

"My Edith, can I tell how dear
Our intercourse of hearts sincere
Hath been to Isabel?—
Judge then the sorrow of my heart,
When I must say the words, We part!
The cheerless convent-cell
Was not, sweet maiden, made for thee;
Go thou where thy vocation free
On happier fortunes fell.
Nor, Edith, judge thyself betray'd,
Though Robert knows that Lorn's high Maid
And his poor silent page were one.
Versed in the fickle heart of man,
Earnest and anxious hath he look'd
How Ronald's heart the message brook'd
That gave him, with her last farewell,
The charge of Sister Isabel,
To think upon thy better right,
And keep the faith his promise plight.
Forgive him for thy sister's sake,
At first if vain repinings wake—
Long since that mood is gone:
Now dwells he on thy juster claims,
And oft his breach of faith he blames—
Forgive him for thine own!"

VII.

"No! never to Lord Ronald's bower
Will I again as paramour"—
"Nay, hush thee, too impatient maid,
Until my final tale be said!—
The good King Robert would engage
Edith once more his elfin page,
By her own heart, and her own eye,
Her lover's penitence to try—"

1 See Appendix, Note 3 L.

2 Ibid, Note 3 M.

3 See Appendix, Note 3 N.

4 Ibid, Note 3 O.

Safe in his royal charge and free,
Should such thy final purpose be,
Again unknown to seek the cell,
And live and die with Isabel."
Thus spoke the maid—King Robert's eye
Might have some alliance of policy;
Dunstaffnage had the monarch ta'en,
And Lorn had own'd King Robert's reign;
Her brother had to England fled,
And there in banishment was dead;
Ample, through exile, death, and flight,
O'er tower and land was Edith's right;
This ample right o'er tower and land
Were safe in Ronald's faithful hand.

VIII.

Embarrass'd eye and blushing cheek
Pleasure and shame, and fear bespeak!
Yet much the reasoning Edith made:
"Her sister's faith she must uphold,
Who gave such secret, dark and dear,
In council to another's ear.
Why should she leave the peaceful cell?
How should she part with Isabel?
How wear that strange attire again?
How risk herself 'midst martial men?
And how be guarded on the way?
At least she might entreat delay."
Kind Isabel, with secret smile,
Saw and forgave the maiden's wile,
Reluctant to be thought to move
At the first call of truant love.

IX.

Oh, blame her not!—when zephyrs wake
The aspen's trembling leaves must shake;
When beams the sun through April's shower,
It needs must bloom, the violet flower;
And Love, howe'er the maiden strive,
Must with reviving hope revive!
A thousand soft excuses came,
To plead his cause 'gainst virgin shame.
Pledged by their sires in earliest youth,
He had her plighted faith and truth—
Then, 'twas her Liege's strict command,
And she, beneath his royal hand,
A ward in person and in land:—
And, last, she was resolved to stay
Only brief space—one little day—
Close hidden in her safe disguise
From all—but most from Ronald's eyes—
But once to see him more!—nor blame
Her wish—to hear him name her name!
Then, to bear back to solitude
The thought he had his falsehood rued!
But Isabel, who long had seen
Her pallid cheek and pensive mien,
And well herself the cause might know,
Though innocent, of Edith's woe,
Joy'd, generous, that revolving time
Gave means to expiate the crime.
High glow'd her bosom as she said,
"Well shall her sufferings be repaid!"
Now came the parting hour—a band
From Arran's mountains left the land;
Their chief, Fitz-Louis,¹ had the care
The speechless Amadine to hear
To Bruce, with honour, as behoved
To page the monarch dearly loved.

X.

The King had deem'd the maiden bright
Should reach him long before the fight,

But storms and fate her course delay:
It was on eve of battle-day,
When o'er the Gillie's-hill she rode,
The landscape like a furnace glow'd,
And far as e'er the eye was borne,
The lances waved like autumn-corn.
In battles four beneath their eye,
The forces of King Robert lie,²
And one below the hill was laid,
Reserved for rescue and for aid;
And three, advanced, form'd vaward-line,
"Twixt Bannock's brook and Ninian's shrine.
Detach'd was each, yet each so nigh
As well might mutual aid supply.
Beyond, the Southern host appears,³
A boundless wilderness of spears,
Whose verge or rear the anxious eye
Strove far, but strove in vain, to spy.
Thick-flashing in the evening beam,
Glives, lances, bills, and banners gleam;
And where the heaven join'd with the hill,
Was distant armour flashing still,
So wide, so far, the boundless host
Seem'd in the blue horizon lost.

XI.

Down from the hill the maiden pass'd
At the wild show of war agast;
And traversed first the rearward host,
Reserved for aid where needed most.
The men of Carrick and of Ayr,
Lennox and Lanark, too, were there,
And all the western land;
With these the valiant of the Isles
Beneath their chieftains rank'd their files,⁴
In many a plaided band.
There, in the centre, proudly raised,
The Bruce's royal standard blazed,
And there Lord Ronald's banner bore
A galley driven by sail and oar.
A wild, yet pleasing contrast, made
Warriors in mail and plate array'd,
With the plumed bonnet and the plaid,
By these Hebrideans worn:
But, O! unseen for three long years,
Dear was the garb of mountaineers
To the fair Maid of Lorn!
For one she look'd—but he was far
Busied amid the ranks of war—
Yet with affection's troubled eye
She mark'd his banner boldly fly,
Gave on the countless foe a glance,
And thought on battle's desperate chance.

XII.

To centre of the vaward-line
Fitz-Louis guided Amadine.
Arm'd all on foot, that host appears
A serried mass of glimmering spears.
There stood the Marchers' warlike band,
The warriors there of Lodon's land;
Etrick and Liddell bent the yew,
A band of archers fierce, though few;
The men of Nith and Annan's vale,
And the bold Spears of Teviotdale;—
The dauntless Douglas these obey.
And the young Stuart's gentle sway,
North-eastward by Saint Ninian's shrine,
Beneath fierce Randolph's charge, combine
The warriors whom the hardy North
From Tay to Sutherland sent forth.
The rest of Scotland's war-array
With Edward Bruce to westward lay.

1 See Appendix, Note 3 P.

2 Ibid, Note 3 Q.

3 See Appendix, Note 3 R.

4 Ibid, Note 3 S.

Where Bannock, with his broken bank
 And deep ravine, protects their flank.
 Behind them, screen'd by sheltering wood,
 'The gallant Keith, Lord Marshal, stood:
 His men-at-arms bear mace and lance,
 And plumes that wave, and helms that glance.
 Thus fair divided by the King,
 Centre, and right, and left-ward wing,
 Composed his front; nor distant far
 Was strong reserve to aid the war.
 And 'twas to front of this array,
 Her guide and Edith made their way.

XIII.

Here must they pause; for, in advance
 As far as one might pitch a lance,
 The Monarch rode along the van,¹
 The foe's approaching force to scan,
 His line to marshal and to range,
 And ranks to square, and fronts to change.
 Alone he rode—from head to heel
 Sheathed in his ready arms of steel;
 Nor mounted yet on war-horse wight,
 But, till more near the shock of fight,
 Reining a palfrey low and light.
 A diadem of gold was set
 Above his bright steel basinet,
 And clasp'd within its glittering twine
 Was seen the glove of Argentine;
 Truncheon or leading staff he lacks,
 Bearing, instead, a battle-axe.
 He ranged his soldiers for the fight,
 Accoutred thus, in open sight
 Of either host.—Three bowshots far,
 Paused the deep front of England's war,
 And rested on their arms awhile,
 To close and rank their warlike file,
 And hold high council, if that night
 Should view the strife, or dawning light.

XIV.

O gay, yet fearful to behold,
 Flashing with steel and rough with gold,
 And bristled o'er with bills and spears,
 With plumes and pennons waving fair,
 Was that bright battle-front! for there
 Rode England's King and peers:
 And who, that saw that monarch ride,
 His kingdom battled by his side,
 Could then his direful doom foretell!—
 Fair was his seat in knightly selle,
 And in his sprightly eye was set
 Some spark of the Plantagenet.
 'Though light and wandering was his glance,
 It flash'd at sight of shield and lance.
 "Know'st thou," he said, "De Argentine,
 Yon knight who marshals thus their line?"—
 "The tokens on his helmet tell
 The Bruce, my Liege: I know him well."—
 "And shall the audacious traitor brave
 The presence where our banners wave?"—
 "So please my Liege," said Argentine,
 "Were he but horsed on steed like mine,
 To give him fair and knightly chance,
 I would adventure forth my lance."—
 "In battle-day," the King replied,
 "Nice tourney rules are set aside.
 —Still must the rebel dare our wrath?
 Set on him—sweep him from our path!"
 And, at King Edward's signal, soon
 Dash'd from the ranks Sir Henry Boune.

¹ See Appendix, Note 3 T.

XV.

Of Hereford's high blood he came,
 A race renown'd for knightly fame.
 He burn'd before his Monarch's eye
 To do some deed of chivalry.
 He spur'd his steed, he couch'd his lance,
 And darted on the Bruce at once.
 —As motionless as rocks, that bide
 The wrath of the advancing tide.
 The Bruce stood fast.—Each brest heat high,
 And dazzled was each gazing eye—
 The heart had hardly time to think,
 The eyelid scarce had time to wink,
 While on the King, like flash of flame,
 Spur'd to full speed the war-horse came!
 The partridge may the falcon mock,
 If that slight palfrey stand the shock—
 But, swerving from the Knight's career,
 Just as they met, Bruce shunn'd the spear.
 Onward the baffled warrior bore
 His course—but soon his course was o'er!—
 High in his stirrups stood the King,
 And gave his battle-axe the swing.
 Right on De Boune, the whiles he pass'd,
 Fell that stern dint—the first—the last!—
 Such strength upon the blow was put,
 The helmet crash'd like hazel-nut;
 The axe-shaft, with its brazen clasp,
 Was shiver'd to the gannet grasp.
 Springs from the blow the startled horse,
 Drops to the plain the lifeless corse;
 —First of that fatal field, how soon,
 How sudden, fell the fierce De Boune!

XVI.

One pitying glance the Monarch sped,
 Where on the field his foe lay dead;
 Then gently turn'd his palfrey's head,
 And, pacing back his sober way,
 Slowly he gain'd his own array.
 There round their King the leaders crowd,
 And blame his recklessness aloud,
 That risk'd 'gainst each adventurous spear
 A life so valued and so dear.
 His broken weapon's shaft survey'd
 The King, and careless answer made,—
 "My loss may pay my folly's tax;
 I've broke my trusty battle-axe."
 'Twas then Fitz-Louis, bending low,
 Did Isabel's commission show;
 Edith, disguised at distance stands,
 And hides her blushes with her hands.
 The Monarch's brow has changed its hue,
 Away the gory axe he threw,
 While to the seeming page he drew,
 Clearing war's terrors from his eye.
 Her hand with gentle ease he took,
 With such a kiad protecting look,
 As to a weak and timid boy
 Might speak, that elder brother's care
 And elder brother's love were there.

XVII.

"Fear not," he said, "young Amadine!"
 Then whisper'd, "Still that name be thine.
 Fate plays her wonted fantasy,
 Kind Amadine, with thee and me,
 And sends thee here in doubtful hour.
 But soon we are beyond her power;
 For on this chosen battle-plain,
 Victor or vanquish'd, I remain.
 Do thou to yonder hill repair;
 The followers of our host are there,

And all who may not weapons bear.—
 Fitz Louis, have him in thy care.—
 Joyful we meet, if all go well;
 If not, in Arran's holy cell
 Thou must take part with Isabel;
 For brave Lord Ronald, too, hath sworn,
 Not to regain the Maid of Lorn,
 (The bliss on earth he covets most,)
 Would he forsake his battle-post,
 Or shun the fortune that may fall
 To Bruce, to Scotland, and to all.—
 But, hark! some news these trumpets tell;
 Forgive my haste—farewell!—farewell!—
 And in a lower voice he said,
 "Be of good cheer—farewell, sweet maid!"—

XVIII.

"What train of dust, with trumpet-sound
 And glimmering spears, is wheeling round
 Our leftward flank!"¹—the Monarch cried,
 To Moray's Earl who rode beside.
 "Lo! round thy station pass the foes!
 Randolph, thy wreath has lost a rose."
 The Earl his visor closed, and said,
 "My wreath shall bloom, or life shall fade.—
 Follow, my household!"—And they go
 Like lightning on the advancing foe.
 "My Liege," said noble Douglas then,
 "Earl Randolph has but one to ten:
 Let me go forth his band to aid!"²—
 "Stir not. The error he hath made,
 Let him amend it as he may;
 I will not weaken mine array."
 Then loudly rose the conflict-cry,
 And Douglas's brave heart swell'd high,—
 "My Liege," he said, "with patient ear
 I must not Moray's death-knell hear!"³—
 "Then go—but speed thee back again"⁴—
 Forth sprung the Douglas with his train:
 But, when they won a rising hill,
 He bade his followers hold them still.—
 "See, see! the routed Southern fly!
 The Earl hath won the victory.
 Lo! when yon steeds run masterless,
 His banner towers above the press.
 Rein up; our presence would impair
 The fame we come too late to share."
 Back to the host the Douglas rode,
 And soon glad tidings are abroad,
 That, Dayncourt by stout Randolph slain,
 His followers fled with loosen'd rein.—
 That skirmish closed the busy day,
 And couch'd in battle's prompt array,
 Each army on their weapons lay.

XIX.

It was a night of lovely June,
 High rode in cloudless blue the moon,
 Demayet smiled beneath her ray;
 Old Stirling's towers arose in light,
 And, twined in links of silver bright,
 Her winding river lay.
 Ah, golden planet! other sight
 Shall greet thee next returning night,
 Of broken arms and banners tore,
 And marshes dark with human gore,
 And piles of slaughter'd men and horse,
 And Furth that floats the frequent corse,
 And many a wounded wretch to plain
 Beneath thy silver light in vain!
 But now, from England's host the cry
 Thou hear'st of wassail revelry,

While from the Scottish legions pass
 The murrain'd prayer, the early mass!—
 Here, numbers had presumption given;
 There, bands o'er-match'd sought aid from
 Heaven.

XX.

On Gillie's-hill, whose height commands
 The battle-field, fair Edith stands,
 With serf and page unfit for war,
 To eye the conflict from afar.
 O! with what doubtful agony
 She sees the dawning tint the sky!—
 Now on the Ochils gleams the sun,
 And glistens now Demayet dun;
 Is it the lark that carols shrill,
 Is it the bittern's early hum?
 No! distant, but increasing still,
 The trumpet's sound swells up the hill,
 With the deep murmur of the drum.
 Responsive from the Scottish host,
 Pipe-clang and hughle sound were toss'd,²
 His breast and brow each soldier cross'd,
 And started from the ground;
 Arm'd and array'd for instant fight,
 Rose archer, spearman, squire and knight,
 And in the pomp of battle bright
 The dread battalia frown'd.

XXI.

Now onward, and in open view,
 The countless ranks of England drew,³
 Dark-rolling like the ocean-tide,
 When the rough west hath chafed his pride,
 And his deep roar sends challenge wide
 To all that bars his way!
 In front the gallant archers trode,
 The men-at-arms behind them rode,
 And midmost of the phalanx broad
 The Monarch held his sway.
 Beside him many a war-horse fumes,
 Around him waves a sea of plumes,
 Where many a knight in battle known,
 And some who spurs had first braced on,
 And deem'd that fight should see them won,
 King Edward's hests obey.
 De Argentine attends his side,
 With stout De Valence, Pembroke's pride,
 Selected champions from the train,
 To wait upon his bridle-rein.
 Upon the Scottish foe he gaz'd—
 —At once, before his sight amazed,
 Sunk banner, spear, and shield;
 Each weapon-point is downward sent,
 Each warrior to the ground is bent.
 "The rebels, Argentine, repent!
 For pardon they have kneel'd"⁴—
 "Aye, but they bend to other powers,
 And other pardon sue than ours!
 See where yon bare-foot Abbot stands,
 And blesses them with lifted hands!⁴
 Upon the spot where they have kneel'd,
 These men will die, or win the field."⁴—
 —"Then prove we if they die or win!
 Bid Gloster's Earl the fight begin."

XXII.

Earl Gilbert waved his truncheon high
 Just as the northern ranks arose,
 Signal for England's archery
 To halt and bend their bows.
 Then stepp'd each yeoman forth a pace,
 Glanced at the intervening space,

¹ See Appendix, Note S U.² Ibid, Note S V.³ See Appendix, Note S W.⁴ Ibid, Note S X.

And raised his left hand high ;
 To the right ear the cords they bring—
 —At once ten thousand bow-strings ring,
 Ten thousand arrows fly !
 Nor paused on the devoted Scot
 The ceaseless fury of their shot ;
 As fiercely and as fast,
 Forth whistling came the grey-goose wing
 As the wild hailstones pelt and ring
 Adown December's blast.
 Nor mountain targe of tough bull-hide,
 Nor lowland mail that storm may bide ;
 Woe, woe to Scotland's banner'd pride,
 If the fell shower may last !
 Upon the right, behind the wood,
 Each by his steed dismounted, stood
 The Scottish chivalry ;—
 With foot in stirrup, hand on mane,
 Pierce Edward Bruce can scarce restrain
 His own keen heart, his eager train,
 Until the archers gain'd the plain ;
 Then, " Mount, ye gallants free !"
 He cried : and, vaulting from the ground,
 His saddle every horseman found.
 On high their glittering crests they toss,
 As springs the wild-fire from the cross ;
 The shield hangs down on every breast,
 Each ready lance is in the rest,
 And loud shouts Edward Bruce,—
 " Forth, Marshal ! on the peasant foe !
 We'll tame the terrors of their bow,
 And cut the bow-string loose !"¹

XXIII.

Then spurs were dash'd in chargers' flanks,
 They rush'd among the archer ranks.
 No spears were there the shock to let,
 No stakes to turn the charge were set,
 And how shall yeoman's armour slight,
 Stand the long lance and mace of might ?
 Or what may their short swords avail,
 'Gainst harbed horse and shirt of mail ?
 Amid their ranks the chargers sprung,
 High o'er their heads the weapons swung,
 And shriek and groan and veueful shout
 Give note of triumph and of rout !
 Awhile, with stubborn hardihood,
 Their English hearts the strife made good.
 Borne down at length on every side,
 Compell'd to fight, they scatter wide.—
 Let stags of Sherwood leap for glee,
 And bound the deer of Dallom-lee !
 The broken bows of Bannock's shore
 Shall in the greenwood ring no more !
 Round Wakefield's merry May-pole now,
 The maids may twine the summer-bough,
 May northward look with longing glance,
 For those that wont to lead the dance,
 For the blithe archers look in vain !
 Broken, dispersed, in flight o'erta'en,
 Pierced through, trode down, by thousands
 slain,
 They cumber Bannock's bloody plain.

XXIV.

The King with scorn beheld their flight.
 " Are these," he said, " our yeoman wight
 Each braggart churl could boast before,
 Twelve Scottish lives his baldric bore !²
 Fitter to plunder chase or park,
 Than make a manly foe their mark.—

Forward, each gentleman and knight !
 Let gentle blood show generous might,
 And chivalry redeem the fight !"³
 To rightward of the wild affray,
 The field show'd fair and level way ;
 But, in mid-space, the Bruce's care
 Had bored the ground with many a pit.
 With turf and brushwood hidden yet,
 That form'd a ghastly snare.
 Rushing, ten thousand horsemen came,
 With spears in rest, and hearts on flame,
 That panted for the shock !
 With blazing cres's and banners spread,
 And trumpet-clang and clamour dread,
 The wide plain thunder'd to their tread,
 As far as Stirling rock.
 Down ! down ! in headlong overthrow,
 Horsemen and horse, the foremost go,³
 Wild floundering on the field !
 The first are in destruction's gorge,
 Their followers wildly o'er them urge ;—
 The knightly helm and shield,
 The mail, the acorn, and the spear,
 Strong hand, high heart, are useless here !
 Loud from the mass confused the cry
 Of dying warriors swells on high,
 And steeds that shriek in agony !⁴
 They came like mountain-torrent red,
 That thunders o'er its rocky bed ;
 They broke like that same torrent's wave
 When swallow'd by a darksome cave.
 Billows on billows burst and boil,
 Maintaining still the stern turmoil,
 And to their wild and tortured groan
 Each adds new terrors of his own !

XXV.

Too strong in courage and in might
 Was England yet, to yield the fight.
 Her noblest all are here ;
 Names that to fear were never known,
 Bold Norfolk's Earl De Brotherton,
 And Oxford's famed De Vere.
 There Gloster plied the bloody sword,
 And Berkley, Grey, and Hereford,
 Bottetourt and Sanzavere,
 Ross, Montague, and Mauley, came,
 And Courtenay's pride, and Percy's fame—
 Names known too well in Scotland's war,
 At Falkirk, Methven, and Dunbar,
 Blazed broader yet in after years,
 At Cressy red and fell Poitiers.
 Pembroke with these, and Argentine,
 Brought up the rearward battle-line.
 With caution o'er the ground they tread,
 Slippery with blood and piled with dead,
 Till hand to hand in battle set,
 The bills with spears and axes met,
 And, closing dark on every side,
 Raged the full contest far and wide.
 Then was the strength of Douglas tried,
 Then proved was Randolph's generous pride,
 And well did Stewart's actions grace
 The sire of Scotland's royal race !
 Firmly they kept their ground ;
 As firmly England onward press'd,
 And down went many a noble crest,
 And rent was many a valiant breast,
 And Slaughter reall'd round.

XXVI.

Unfinching foot 'gainst foot was set,
 Unceasing blow by blow was met ;

¹ See Appendix, Note 3 Y.² Ibid, Note 3 Z.³ See Appendix, Note 4 A.⁴ Ibid, Note 4 B.

The groans of those who fell
Were drown'd amid the shriller clang
That from the blades and harness rang,
And in the battle yell.
Yet fast they fell, unheard, forgot,
Both Southern fierce and hardy Scot;
And O! amid that waste of life,
What various motives fired the strife!
The aspiring Noble bled for fame,
The Patriot for his country's claim;
This Knight his youthful strength to prove,
And that to win his lady's love;
Some fought from ruffian thirst of blood,
From habit some, or hardihood.
But ruffian stern, and soldier good,
The noble and the slave,
From various cause the same wild road,
On the same bloody morning, trode,
To that dark inn, the grave!

XXVII.

The tug of strife to flag begins,
Though neither loses yet nor wins.
High rides the sun, thick rolls the dust,
And feebler speeds the blow and thrust.
Douglas leans on his war-sword now,
And Randolph wipes his bloody brow;
Nor less had toil'd each Southern knight,
From morn till mid-day in the fight.
Strong Egremont for air must gasp,
Beauchamp undoes his visor-clasp,
And Montague must quit his spear,
And sinks thy falchion, bold De Vere!
The blows of Berkley fall less fast,
And gallant Pembroke's buzle-blast
Hath lost its lively tone;
Sinks, Argentine, thy battle-word,
And Percy's shout was fainter heard
"My merry men, fight on!"

XXVIII.

Bruce, with the pilot's wary eye,
The slackening of the storm could spy.
"One effort more, and Scotland's free!
Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee
Is firm as Ailsa Rock;
Rush on with Highland sword and targe,
I, with my Carrick spearsmen, charge;¹
Now, forward to the shock!"
At once the spears were forward thrown,
Against the sun the broadswords shone;
The pibroch lent its maddening tone,
And loud King Robert's voice was known—
"Carrick, press on—they fail, they fail!
Press on, brave sons of Inisgail,
The foe is fainting fast!
Each strike for parent, child, and wife,
For Scotland, liberty, and life,—
The battle cannot last!"

XXIX.

The fresh and desperate onset bore
The foes three furlongs back and more,
Leaving their noblest in their gore.
Alone, De Argentine
Yet bears on high his red-cross shield,
Gathers the relics of the field.
Renews the ranks where they have reel'd,
And still makes good the line.
Brief strife, but fierce,—his efforts raise
A bright but momentary blaze.
Fair Edith heard the Southron shout,
Beheld them turning from the rout,

Heard the wild call their trumpets sent,
In notes 'twixt triumph and lament.
That rallying force, combined anew,
Appear'd in her distracted view,
To hem the Islesmen round;
"O God! the combat they renew,
And is no rescue found!
And yet that look thus tamely on,
And see your native land o'erthrown,
O! are your hearts of flesh or stone?"

XXX.

The multitude that watch'd afar,
Rejected from the ranks of war,
Had not unmoved beheld the fight,
When strove the Bruce for Scotland's right;
Each heart had caught the patriot spark,
Old man and stripling, priest and clerk,
Bondsmen and serf; even female hand
Stretch'd to the hatchet or the brand;
But, when mute Amadine they heard
Give to their zeal his signal-word,
A frenzy fired the throng;
"Portents and miracles impeach
Our sloth—the dumb our duties teach—
And lie that gives the mute his speech,
Can bid the weak be strong.
To us, as to our lords, are given
A native earth, a promised heaven;
To us, as to our lords, belongs
The vengeance for our nation's wrongs;
The choice, 'twixt death or freedom, warms
Our breasts as theirs—to arms, to arms!"
To arms they flew,—axe, club, or spear,—
And mimic ensiens high they rear,²
And, like a banner'd host afar,
Bear down on England's wearied war.

XXXI.

Already scatter'd o'er the plain,
Reproof, command, and counsel vain,
The rearward squadrons fled again,
Or made but doubtful stay:—
But when they mark'd the seeming show
Of fresh and fierce and marshall'd foe,
The boldest broke array.
O give their hapless prince his due!³
In vain the royal Edward threw
His person 'mid the spears,
Cried, "Fight!" to terror and despair,
Menaced, and wept, and tore his hair,
And cursed their catiff fears;
Till Pembroke turn'd his bridle rein,
And forced him from the fatal plain.
With them rode Argentine, until
They gain'd the summit of the hill,
But quitted there the train:—
"In yonder field a gage I left,—
I must not live of fame bereft;
I needs must turn again.
Speed hence, my Liege, for on your trace
The fiery Douglas takes the chase;
I know his banner well.
God send my Sovereign joy and bliss,
And many a happier field than this!—
Once more, my Liege, farewell."

XXXII.

Again he faced the battle-field,—
Wildly they fly, are slain, or yield.
"Now then," he said, and couch'd his spear,
"My course is run, the goal is near;

¹ See Appendix, Note 4 C.² Ibid, Note 4 D.³ See Appendix, Note 4 E.

One effort more, one brave career,
Must close this race of mine."
Then in his stirrups rising high,
He shouted loud his battle-cry,
"Saint James for Argentine!"
And, of the bold pursuers, four
The gallant knight from saddle bore;
But not unharm'd—a lance's point
Has found his breastplate's loosen'd joint,
An axe has razed his crest;
Yet still on Colonsay's fierce lord,
Who press'd the chase with gory sword,
He rode with spear in rest,
And through his bloody tartans bored,
And through his gallant breast.
Nail'd to the earth, the mountaineer
Yet writhed him up against the spear,
And awung his broadsword round!
—Stirrup, steel-hoot, and cuish gave way,
Beneath that blow's tremendous sway,
The blood gush'd from the wound;
And the grim Lord of Colonsay
Hath turned him on the ground,
And laugh'd in death-pang, that his blade
The mortal thrust so well repaid.

XXXIII.

Now toil'd the Bruce, the battle done,
To use his conquest boldly won;
And gave command for horse and spear
To press the Southron's scatter'd rear,
Nor let his broken force combine,
—When the war-cry of Argentine
Fell faintly on his ear:
"Save, save his life," he cried, "O save
The kind, the noble, and the brave!"
The squadrons round free passage gave,
The wounded knight drew near;
He raised his red-cross shield no more,
Helm, cuish, and breastplate stream'd with
gore,
Yet, as he saw the King advance,
He strove even then to couch his lance—
The effort was in vain!
The spur-stroke fail'd to rouse the horse;
Wounded and weary, in mid course
He stumbled on the plain.
Then foremost was the generous Bruce
To raise his head, his helm to loose;—
"Lord Earl, the day is thine!
My Sovereign's charge, and adverse fate,
Have made our meeting all too late:
Yet this may Argentine,
As boon from ancient comrade, crave—
A Christian's mass, a soldier's grave."

XXXIV.

Bruce press'd his dying hand—its grasp
Kindly replied; but, in his clasp,
It stiffen'd and grew cold—
"And, O farewell!" the victor cried,
"Of chivalry the flower and pride,
The arm in battle hold,
The courteous mien, the noble race,
The stainless faith, the manly face!—
Bid Ninian's convent light their shrine,
For late-wake of De Argentine.
O'er better knight on death-bier laid,
Torch never gleam'd nor mass was said!"

XXXV.

Nor for De Argentine alone,
Through Ninian's church these torches shone.

And rose the death-prayer's awful tone,¹
That yellow lustre glimmer'd pale,
On broken plate and bloodied mail,
Rent crest and shatter'd coronet,
Of Baron, Earl, and Banneret;
And the best names that England knew,
Claim'd in the death-prayer dismal due.

Yet mourn not, Land of Fame!
Though ne'er the leopards on thy shield
Retreated from so sad a field,
Since Norman William came,
Oft may thine annals justly boast
Of battles stern by Scotland lost;
Grudge not her victory,
When for her freeborn rights she strove;
Rights dear to all who freedom love,
To none so dear as thee!

XXXVI.

Turn we to Bruce, whose curious ear
Must from Fitz-Louis tidings hear;
With him, a hundred voices tell
Of prodigy and miracle,
"For the mute page had spoke."—
"Page!" said Fitz-Louis, "rather say,
An angel sent from realms of day,
To hurst the English yoke.
I saw his plume and bonnet drop,
When hurrying from the mountain top;
A lovely brow, dark locks that wave,
To his bright eyes new lustre gave,
A step as light upon the green,
As if his pinions waved unseen!"—
"Spoke he with none!"—"With none—one
word
Burst when he saw the Island Lord,
Returning from the battle-field."—
"What answer made the Chief?"—"He
kneel'd,
Durst not look up, but mutter'd low,
Some mingled sounds that none might know,
And greeted him 'twixt joy and fear,
As being of superior sphere."

XXXVII.

Even upon Bannock's bloody plain,
Heap'd then with thousands of the slain,
'Mid victor monarch's musings high,
Mirth laugh'd in good King Robert's eye.
"And bore he such angelic air,
Such noble front, such waving hair?
Hath Ronald kneel'd to him?" he said,
"Then must we call the church to aid—
Our will be to the Abbot known,
Ere these strange news are wider blown,
To Cambuskenneth straight ye pass,
And deck the church for solemn mass,
To pay for high deliverance given,
A nation's thanks to gracious Heaven.
Let him array, besides, such state,
As should on princes' nuptials wait,
Ourself the cause, through fortune's spite,
That once broke short that spousal rite,
Ourself will grace, with early morn,
The bridal of the Maid of Lorn."

CONCLUSION.

Go forth, my Song, upon thy venturesome way;
Go boldly forth; nor yet thy oaster blame,
Who chose no patron for his humble lay,
And graced thy numbers with no friendly name,

Whose partial zeal might smooth thy path to fame.

There was—and O! how many sorrows crowd
Into those two brief words!—*there was* a claim
By generous friendship given—had fate
allow'd.

It well had bid thee rank the proudest of the proud!

All angel now—yet little less than all,
While still a pilgrim in our world below!

What 'vails it us that patience to recall,
Which hid its own to soothe all other woe;
What 'vails to tell, how Virtue's purest
glow

Shone yet more lovely in a form so fair:
And, least of all, what 'vails the world should
know,

That one poor garland, twined to deck thy
hair,

Is hung upon thy hearse, to droop and wither
there!

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

Thy rugged halls, Artornish! rung.—P. 346.

The ruins of the Castle of Artornish are situated upon a promontory, on the Morven, or mainland side of the Sound of Mull, a name given to the deep arm of the sea, which divides that island from the continent. The situation is wild and romantic in the highest degree, having on the one hand a high and precipitous chain of rocks overhanging the sea, and on the other the narrow entrance to the beautiful salt-water lake, called Loch Alline, which is in many places finely fringed with copsewood. The ruins of Artornish are not now very considerable, and consist chiefly of the remains of an old keep, or tower, with fragments of outward defences. But, in former days, it was a place of great consequence, being one of the principal strongholds, which the Lords of the Isles, during the period of their stormy independence, possessed upon the mainland of Argyleshire. Here they assembled what popular tradition calls their parliaments, meaning, I suppose, their *cour pleniere*, or assembly of feudal and patriarchal vassals and dependents. From this Castle of Artornish, upon the 19th day of October, 1461, John de Yle, designing himself Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, granted, in the style of an independent sovereign, a commission to his trusty and well-beloved cousins, Ronald of the Isles, and Duncan, Arch-Dean of the Isles, for empowering them to enter into a treaty with the most excellent Prince Edward, by the grace of God, King of France and England, and Lord of Ireland. Edward IV., on his part, named Laurence, Bishop of Durham, the Earl of Worcester, the Prior of St. John's, Lord Wenlock, and Mr. Robert Stillington, keeper of the privy seal, his deputies and commissioners, to confer with those named by the Lord of the Isles. The conference terminated in a treaty, by which the Lord of the Isles agreed to become a vassal to the crown of England, and to assist Edward IV. and James Earl of Douglas, then in banishment, in subduing the realm of Scotland.

The first article provides, that John de Isle, Earl of Ross, with his son Donald Balloch, and his grandson John de Isle, with all their

subjects, men, people, and inhabitants, become vassals and liegemen to Edward IV. of England; and assist him in his wars in Scotland or Ireland; and then follow the allowances to be made to the Lord of the Isles, in recompense of his military service, and the provisions for dividing such conquests as their united arms should make upon the mainland of Scotland among the confederates. These appear such curious illustrations of the period, that they are here subjoined:

Item. The seid John Erle of Rosse shall, from the seid fest of Whittesonnyde next comyng, yerely, duryng his lyf, have and take, for fees and wages in tyme of peas, of the seid most high and Christien prince c. marc sterlyng of Englysh money; and in tyme of werre, as long as he shall entende with his myght and power in the seid werres, in manner and fourme abovesaid, he shall have wages of cc. lb. sterlyng of English money yearly; and after the rate of the tyme that he shall be occupied in the seid werres

Item. The seid Donald shall, from the seid feste of Whittesonnyde, have and take, during his lyf, yerly, in tyme of peas, for his fees and wages, xx l. sterlyng of Englysh money; and, when he shall be occupied and intend to the werre, with his myght and power, and in manner and fourme abovesaid, he shall have and take, for his wages yearly, xl. l. sterlyng of Englysh money; or for the rate of the tyme of werre—

Item. The seid John, sonn and heire apparent of the seid Donald, shall have and take, yerely, from the seid fest, for his fees and wages, in the tyme of peas, x l. sterlyng of Englysh money; and for tyme of werre, and his intendyng thereto, in manner and fourme abovesaid, he shall have, for his fees and wages, yearly, xx l. sterlyng of Englysh money; or after the rate of the tyme that he shall be occupied in the werre: And the seid John, th' Erle Donald and John, and eche of them, shall have good and sufficient paiment of the seid fees and wages, as wel for tyme of peas as of werre, accordyng to thees articles and appoyntements. *Item.* It is appointed, accorded, concluded, and finally determined, that, if it so be that hereafter the said reume of Scotlande, or the more part thereof, be con-

quered, subdued, and brought to the obeissance of the seid most high and Christien prince, and his heires, or successours, of the seid Lionell, in fourme above-seid descendyng, be the assistance, helpe, and aide of the seid John Erle of Russe, and Donald, and of James Erle of Douglas, then, the seid fees and wages for the tyme of peas cessyng, the same erles and Donald shall have, by the graunte of the same most Christien prince, all the possessions of the seid reame beyonde Scottishe see, they to be departed equally betwix them; eche of them, his heires and successours, to holde his parte of the seid most Christien prince, his heires and successours, for evermore, in right of his crowne of England, by homiage and feaute to be done therefore.

"Item, If so be that, by th' aide and assistance of the seid James Erle of Douglas, the seid reame of Scotlande be conquered and subdued as above, then he shall have, enjoie, and inherite all his own possessions, landes, and inheritance, on this syde the Scottishe see; that is to saye, betwixt the seid Scottishe see and Englande, such he hath rejoiced and be possessed of before this; there to holde them of the seid most high and Christien prince, his heires, and successours, as is above-seid, for evermore, in right of the crowne of Englonde, as weel the seid Erle of Douglas, as his heires and successours, by homiage and feaute to be done therefore."—*Rymer's Fœdera Conventiones Literæ et cæsarscunq; generis Acta Publica*, fol vol. v., 1741.

Such was the treaty of Artornish; but it does not appear that the allies ever made any very active effort to realize their ambitious designs. It will serve to show both the power of these reguli, and their independence upon the crown of Scotland.

It is only farther necessary to say of the Castle of Artornish, that it is almost opposite to the Bay of Aros, in the Island of Mull, where there was another castle, the occasional residence of the Lords of the Isles.

NOTE B.

*Rule Heiskar's seal through surges dark,
Will long pursue the minstrel's bark.*—P. 346.

The seal displays a taste for music, which could scarcely be expected from his habits and local predilections. They will long follow a boat in which any musical instrument is played, and even a tune simply whistled has attractions for them. The Dean of the Isles says of Heiskar, a small uninhabited rock, about twelve (Scottish) miles from the isle of Uist, that an infinite slaughter of seals takes place there.

NOTE C.

*— a turret's airy head,
Slender and steep, and battled round,
O'erlook'd, dark Mull! thy mighty Sound.*
P. 347.

The Sound of Mull, which divides that island from the continent of Scotland, is one of the most striking scenes which the Hebrides afford

to the traveller. Sailing from Ohan to Aros, or Tobermory, through a narrow channel, yet deep enough to bear vessels of the largest burden, he has on his left the bold and mountainous shores of Mull; on the right those of that district of Argyleshire, called Morven, or Morvern, successively indented by deep salt-water lochs, running up many miles inland. To the south-eastward arise a prodigious range of mountains, among which Cruachan-Ben is pre-eminent. And to the north-east is the no less huge and picturesque range of the Ardnarmurchan hills. Many ruinous castles, situated generally upon cliffs overhanging the ocean, add interest to the scene. Those of Donolly and Dunstaffnage are first passed, then that of Duart, formerly belonging to the chief of the warlike and powerful sept of Macleans, and the scene of Miss Baillie's beautiful tragedy, entitled the Family Legend. Still passing on to the northward, Artornish and Aros become visible upon the opposite shores; and lastly, Mingarry, and other ruins of less distinguished note. In fine weather, a grander and more impressive scene, both from its natural beauties, and associations with ancient history and tradition, can hardly be imagined. When the weather is rough, the passage is both difficult and dangerous, from the narrowness of the channel, and in part from the number of inland lakes, out of which sally forth a number of conflicting and thwarting tides, making the navigation perilous to open boats. The sudden flaws and gusts of wind which issue without a moment's warning from the mountain glens, are equally formidable. So that in unsettled weather, a stranger, if not much accustomed to the sea, may sometimes add to the other sublime sensations excited by the scene, that feeling of dignity which arises from a sense of danger.

NOTE D.

*"These seas behold,
Round twice a hundred islands roll'd,
From Hirt, that hears their northern roar,
To the green Ilay's fertile shore."*—P. 347.

The number of the western isles of Scotland exceeds two hundred, of which St. Kilda is the most northerly, anciently called Hirt, or Hirt, probably from "earth," being in fact the whole globe to its inhabitants. Ilay, which now belongs almost entirely to Walter Campbell, Esq. of Shawfield, is by far the most fertile of the Hebrides, and has been greatly improved under the spirited and sagacious management of the present proprietor. This was in ancient times the principal abode of the Lords of the Isles, being, if not the largest, the most important island of their archipelago. In Martin's time, some relics of their grandeur were yet extant. "Loch-Finlagan, about three miles in circumference, affords salmon, trouts, and eels; this lake lies in the centre of the isle. The Isle Finlagan, from which this lake hath its name, is so it. It's famous for being once the court in which the great MacDonald, King of the Isles, had his residence; his houses, chapel, &c. are now ruinous. His guards de corps, called Luchtach, kept guard on the

lake side nearest to the isle: the walls of their houses are still to be seen there. The high court of judicature, consisting of fourteen, sat always here; and there was an appeal to them from all the courts in the isles: the eleventh share of the sum in debate was due to the principal judge. There was a big stone of seven foot square, in which there was a deep impression made to receive the feet of MacDonald; for he was crowned King of the Isles standing in this stone, and swore that he would continue his vassals in the possession of their lands, and do exact justice to all his subjects; and then his father's sword was put into his hand. The Bishop of Argyle and seven priests anointed him king, in presence of all the heads of the tribes in the isles and continent, and were his vassals; at which time the orator rehearsed a catalogue of his ancestors," &c. — *Martin's Account of the Western Isles*, 8vo, London, 1716, p. 240, 1.

NOTE E.

— *Mingarry sternly placed,
O'eraves the woodland and the waste.*—P. 347.

The Castle of Mingarry is situated on the sea-coast of the district of Ardnamurchan. The ruins, which are tolerably entire, are surrounded by a very high wall, forming a kind of polygon, for the purpose of adapting itself to the projecting angles of a precipice overhanging the sea, on which the castle stands. It was anciently the residence of the Mac-Ians, a clan of Mac-Donalds, descended from Iau, or John, a grandson of Angus Og, Lord of the Isles. The last time that Mingarry was of military importance, occurs in the celebrated *Leahhar dearg*, or Red-hook of Clanronald, a MS. renowned in the Ossianic controversy. Allaster Mac-Donald, commonly called Colquitto, who commanded the Irish auxiliaries, sent over by the Earl of Antrim during the great civil war to the assistance of Montrose, began his enterprise in 1644, by taking the castles of Kinloch-Alline and Mingarry, the last of which made considerable resistance, as might, from the strength of the situation, be expected. In the meanwhile, Allaster Mac-Donald's ships, which had brought him over, were attacked in Loch Eisdart, in Skye, by an armament sent round by the covenanting parliament, and his own vessel was taken. This circumstance is said chiefly to have induced him to continue in Scotland, where there seemed little prospect of raising an army in behalf of the King. He had no sooner moved eastward to join Montrose, a junction which he effected in the braes of Athole, than the Marquis of Argyle besieged the castle of Mingarry, but without success. Among other warriors and chiefs whom Argyle summoned to his camp to assist upon this occasion, was John of Moidart, the Captain of Clanronald. Clanronald appeared; but, far from yielding effectual assistance to Argyle, he took the opportunity of being in arms to lay waste the district of Sunart, then belonging to the adherents of Argyle, and sent part of the spoil to relieve the Castle of Mingarry. Thus the castle was maintained until relieved by Allaster Mac-Donald (Colquitto), who had

been detached for the purpose by Montrose. These particulars are hardly worth mentioning, were they not connected with the memorable successes of Montrose, related by an eyewitness, and hitherto unknown to Scottish historians.

NOTE F.

The heir of mighty Somerled.—P. 344.

Somerled was thane of Argyle and Lord of the Isles, about the middle of the twelfth century. He seems to have exercised his authority in both capacities, independent of the crown of Scotland, against which he often stood in hostility. He made various incursions upon the western lowlands during the reign of Malcolm IV., and seems to have made peace with him upon the terms of an independent prince, about the year 1157. In 1164, he resumed the war against Malcolm, and invaded Scotland with a large, but probably a tumultuary army, collected in the isles, in the mainland of Argyleshire, and in the neighbouring provinces of Ireland. He was defeated and slain in an engagement with a very inferior force, near Renfrew. His son Gillicolane fell in the same battle. This mighty chieftain married a daughter of Olaus, King of Man. From him our genealogists deduce two dynasties, distinguished in the stormy history of the middle ages; the Lords of the Isles descended from his elder son Ronald, — and the Lords of Lorn, who took their surname of M'Dougal, as descended of his second son Dougal. That Somerled's territories upon the mainland, and upon the islands, should have been thus divided between his two sons, instead of passing to the elder exclusively, may illustrate the uncertainty of descent among the great Highland families, which we shall presently notice.

NOTE G.

Lord of the Isles.—P. 347.

The representative of this independent principality, for such it seems to have been, though acknowledging occasionally the pre-eminence of the Scottish crown, was, at the period of the poem, Angus, called Angus Og; but the name has been, *euphonia gratia*, exchanged for that of Ronald, which frequently occurs in the genealogy. Angus was a protector of Robert Bruce, whom he received at his Castle of Dunnaverty, during the time of his greatest distress. As I shall be equally liable to censure for attempting to decide a controversy which has long existed between three distinguished chieftains of this family, who have long disputed the representation of the Lord of the Isles, or for leaving a question of such importance altogether untouched, I choose, in the first place, to give such information as I have been able to derive from Highland genealogists, and which, for those who have patience to investigate such subjects, really contains some curious information concerning the history of the Isles. In the second place, I shall offer a few remarks upon the rules of succession at that period, without pretending to decide their bearing upon the question at issue,

which must depend upon evidence which I have had no opportunity to examine.

"Angus Og," says an ancient manuscript translated from the Gaelic, "son of Angus Mor, son of Donald, son of Ronald, son of Somerled, high chief and superior Lord of Innisgall, (for the Isles of the Gael), the general name given to the Hebrides,) he married a daughter of Conbui, namely, Cathan; she was mother to John, son of Angus, and with her came an unusual portion from Ireland, viz. twenty-four clans, of whom twenty-four families in Scotland are descended. Angus had another son, namely, young John Fraoch, whose descendants are called Clan-Ean of Glencoe, and the M'Donalds of Fraoch. This Angus Og died in Isla, where his body was interred. His son John succeeded to the inheritance of Innisgall. He had good descendants, namely, three sons procreate of Ann, daughter of Rodric, high chief of Lorn, and one daughter, Mary, married to John Maclean, Laird of Duart, and Lauchlan, his brother, Laird of Coll; she was interred in the church of the Black Nuns. The eldest sons of John were Ronald, Godfrey, and Angus. . . .

He gave Ronald a great inheritance. These were the lands which he gave him, viz. from Kileumin in Abertarf to the river Seil, and from thence to Beilli, north of Eig and Run, and the two Uists, and from thence to the foot of the river Glaichan, and threescore long ships. John married afterwards Margaret Stewart, daughter to Robert Stewart, King of Scotland, called John Fernyear; she bore him three good sons, Donald of the Isles, the heir, John the Tamister, (i. e. Thane,) the second son, and Alexander Carrach. John had another son called Marcus, of whom the clan Macdonald of Cnoc, in Tirowen, are descended. This John lived long, and made donations to Coluinkill; he covered the chapel of Eor-say-Elan, the chapel of Finlagan, and the chapel of the Isle of Tsuibhne, and gave the proper furniture for the service of God, upholding the clergy and monks; he built or repaired the church of the Holy Cross immediately before his death. He died at his own castle of Ardtornish, many priests and monks took the sacrament at his funeral, and they embalmed the body of this dear man, and brought it to Coluinkill; the abbot, monks, and vicar, came as they ought to meet the King of Fiongal,¹ and out of great respect to his memory mourned eight days and nights over it, and laid it in the same grave with his father, in the church of Oran, 1380.

"Ronald, son of John, was chief ruler of the Isles in his father's lifetime, and was old in the government at his father's death.

"He assembled the gentry of the Isles, brought the sceptre from Kildonan in Eig, and delivered it to his brother Donald, who was thereupon called M'Donald, and Donald Lord of the Isles.² contrary to the opinion of the men of the Isles.

"Ronald, son of John, son of Angus Og, was a great supporter of the church and clergy; his descendants are called Clanronald. He gave the lands of Tiranna, in Uist, to the minister of it for ever, for the honour of God and Columkill: he was proprietor of all the

lands of the north along the coast and the isles; he died in the year of Christ 1386, in his own mansion of Castle Tirim, leaving five children, Donald of the Isles, son of John, son of Angus Og, the brother of Ronald, took possession of Innisgall by the consent of his brother and the gentry thereof; they were all obedient to him: he married Mary Lesley, daughter to the Earl of Ross, and by her came the Earldom of Ross to the Macdonalds. After his succession to that earldom, he was called M'Donald, Lord of the Isles and Earl of Ross. There are many things written of him in other places.

"He fought the battle of Garioch, (i. e. Harlaw) against Duke Murdoch, the governor, the Earl of Mar commanded the army, in support of his claim to the earldom of Ross, which was ceded to him by King James the First, after his release from the King of England; and Duke Murdoch, his two sons and retainers, were beheaded: he gave lands in Mull and Isla to the minister of Hi, and every privilege which the minister of Iona had formerly, besides vessels of gold and silver to Coluinkill for the monastery, and became himself one of the fraternity. He left issue, a lawful heir to Innisgall and Russ, namely, Alexander, the son of Donald; he died in Isla, and his body was interred in the south side of the temple of Oran. Alexander, called John of the Isles, son of Alexander of the Isles, son of Donald of the Isles. Angus, the third son of John, son of Angus Og, married the daughter of John, the son of Allan, which connexion caused some disagreement betwixt the two families about their marches and division of lands, the one party adhering to Angus, and the other to John: the differences increased so much that John obtained from Allan all the lands betwixt *Abhan Faha*, (i. e. the long river) and *old na sionnach*, (i. e. the fox-burn brook,) in the upper part of Cantyre. Allan went to the king to complain of his son-in-law; in a short time thereafter, there happened to be a great meeting about this young Angus's lands to the north of Laverness, where he was murdered by his own harper Mac-Cairbre, by cutting his throat with a long knife. He³ lived a year thereafter, and many of those concerned were delivered up to the king. Angus's wife was pregnant at the time of his murder, and she bore him a son who was named Donald, and called Donald Du. He was kept in confinement until he was thirty years of age, when he was released by the men of Glenco, by the strong hand. After this enlargement, he came to the Isles, and convened the gentry thereof. There happened great leuds betwixt these families while Donald Du was in confinement, inso-much that Mac-Cean of Ardnamurchan destroyed the greatest part of the posterity of John Mor of the Isles and Cantyre. For John Cathanach, son of John, son of Donald Balloch, son of John Mor, son of John, son of Angus Og, (the chief of the descendants of John Mor,) and John Mor, son of John Cathanach, and young John, son of John Cathanach, and young Donald Balloch, son of John Cathanach, were treacherously taken by Mac-Cean in the island of Finlagan, in Isla, and carried to Edinburgh,

¹ Western Isles and adjacent coast.

² Innisgall.

³ The murderer, I presume, and not the man who was murdered.

where he got them hanged at the Burrowmuir, and their bodies were buried in the Church of St. Anthony, called the New Church. There were none left alive at that time of the children of John Cathanach, except Alexander, the son of John Cathanach, and Agnes Flach, who concealed themselves in the glens of Ireland. Mac-Cean, hearing of their hiding-places, went to cut down the woods of these glens, in order to desroy Alexander, and extirpate the whole race. At length Mac-Cean and Alexander met, were reconciled, and a marriage alliance took place; Alexander married Mac-Cean's daughter, and she brought him good children. The Mac-Donalds of the north had also descendants; for, after the death of John, Lord of the Isles, Earl of Ross, and the murder of Angus, Alexander, the son of Archibald, the son of Alexander of the Isles, took possession, and John was in possession of the earldom of Ross, and the north bordering country; he married a daughter of the Earl of Moray, of whom some of the men of the north had descended. The Mac-Kenzies rose against Alexander, and fought the battle called *Blar na Paire*. Alexander had only a few of the men of Ross at the battle. He went after that battle to take possession of the Isles, and sailed in a ship to the south to see if he could find any of the posterity of John Mor alive, to rise along with him; but Mac-Cean of Ardnamurchan watched him as he sailed past, followed him to Oransay and Colonsay, went to the house where he was, and he and Alexander, son of John Cathanach, murdered him there.

"A good while after these things fell out, Donald Galda, son of Alexander, son of Archibald, became major; he, with the advice and direction of the Earl of Moray, came to the Isles, and Mac-Leod of the Lewis, and many of the gentry of the Isles, rose with him: they went by the promontory of Ardnamurellan, where they met Alexander, the son of John Carnach, were reconciled to him, he joined his men with theirs against Mac-Cean of Ardnamurchan, came upon him at a place called the Silver Craig, where he and his three sons, and a great number of his people, were killed, and Donald Galda was immediately declared Mac-Donald: And, after the affair of Ardnamurchan, all the men of the Isles yielded to him, but he did not live above seven or eight weeks after it; he died at Carnaborg, in Mull, without issue. He had three sisters' daughters of Alexander, son of Archibald, who were portioned in the north upon the continent, but the earldom of Ross was kept for them. Alexander, the son of Archibald, had a natural son, called John Cam, of whom is descended Achnacochan, in Ramoeh, and Donald Gorm, son of Ronald, son of Alexander Dusan, of John Cam. Donald Du, son of Angus, son of John of the Isles, son of Alexander of the Isles, son of Donald of the Isles, son of John of the Isles, son of Angus Og, namely, the true heir of the Isles and Ross, came after his release from captivity to the Isles, and convened the men thereof, and he and the Earl of Lennox agreed to raise a great army for the purpose of taking possession, and a ship came from England with a supply of money to carry on the war, which landed at Mull, and the money was given to Mac-Lean

of Duart to be distributed among the commanders of the army, which they not receiving in proportion as it should have been distributed among them, caused the army to disperse, which, when the Earl of Lennox heard, he disbanded his own men, and made it up with the king. Mac-Donald went to Ireland to raise men, but he died on his way to Dublin, at Drogheda, of a fever, without issue of either sons or daughters."

In this history may be traced, though the Bard, or Seannachie, touches such a delicate discussion with a gentle hand, the point of difference between the three principal septes descended from the Lords of the Isles. The first question, and one of no easy solution, where so little evidence is produced, respects the nature of the connexion of John, called by the Archdeacon of the Isles "the Good John of Ila," and "the last Lord of the Isles," with Anne, daughter of Roderick Mac-Dougal, high-chief of Lorn. In the absence of positive evidence, presumptive must be resorted to, and I own it appears to render it in the highest degree improbable that this connexion was otherwise than legitimate. In the wars between David II. and Edward Baliol, John of the Isles espoused the Baliol interest, to which he was probably determined by his alliance with Roderick of Lorn, who was, from every family predilection, friendly to Baliol and hostile to Bruce. It seems absurd to suppose, that between two chiefs of the same descent, and nearly equal power and rank, (though the Mac-Dougals had been much crushed by Robert Bruce,) such a connexion should have been that of concubinage; and it appears more likely that the tempting offer of an alliance with the Bruce family, when they had obtained the decided superiority in Scotland, induced "the Good John of Ila" to disinherit, to a certain extent, his eldest son Ronald, who came of a stock so unpopular as the Mac-Dougals, and to call to his succession his younger family, horn of Margaret Stewart, daughter of Robert, afterwards King of Scotland. The setting aside of this elder branch of his family was most probably a condition of his new alliance, and his being received into favour with the dynasty he had always opposed. Nor were the laws of succession at this early period so clearly understood as to bar such transactions. The numerous and strange claims set up to the crown of Scotland, when vacant by the death of Alexander III., make it manifest how very little the indefeasible hereditary right of primogeniture was valued at that period. In fact, the title of the Bruces themselves to the crown, though justly the most popular, when assumed with the determination of asserting the independence of Scotland, was, upon pure principle, greatly inferior to that of Baliol. For Bruce, the competitor, claimed as son of Isabella, second daughter of David, Earl of Huntingdon; and John Baliol, as grandson of Margaret, the elder daughter of that same earl. So that the plea of Bruce was founded upon the very loose idea, that as the great-grandson of David I., King of Scotland, and the nearest collateral relation of Alexander III., he was entitled to succeed in exclusion of the great-great-grandson of the same David, though by an elder daughter. This maxim savoured of the an-

cient practice of Scotland, which often called a brother to succeed to the crown as nearer in blood than a grand-child, or even a son of a deceased monarch. But, in truth, the maxims of inheritance in Scotland were sometimes departed from at periods when they were much more distinctly understood. Such a transposition took place in the family of Hamilton, in 1513, when the descendants of James, third Lord, by Lady Janet Home, were set aside, with an appanage of great value indeed, in order to call to the succession those which he had by a subsequent marriage with Janet Beatoun. In short, many other examples might be quoted to show that the question of legitimacy is not always determined by the fact of succession; and there seems reason to believe, that Ronald, descendant of "John of Isla," by Anne of Lorn, was legitimate, and therefore Lord of the Isles *de jure*, though *de facto* his younger half-brother Donald, son of his father's second marriage with the Princess of Scotland, superseded him in his right, and apparently by his own consent. From this Donald so preferred is descended the family of Sleat, now Lords Mac-Donald. On the other hand, from Ronald, the excluded heir, upon whom a very large appanage was settled, descended the chiefs of Glengary and Claonaonald, each of whom had large possessions and a numerous vassalage, and boasted a long descent of warlike ancestry. Their common ancestor Ronald was murdered by the Earl of Ross, at the Monastery of Elcho, A. D. 1346. I believe it has been subject of fierce dispute, whether Donald, who carried on the line of Glengary, or Allan of Moidart, the ancestor of the captains of Claonaonald, was the eldest son of Ronald, the son of John of Isla. A humble Lowlander may be permitted to waive the discussion, since a Sennachie of no small note, who wrote in the sixteenth century, expresses himself upon this delicate topic in the following words:—

"I have now given you an account of every thing you can expect of the descendants of the clan Colla, (i. e. the MacDonalds,) to the death of Donald Du at Drogheda, namely, the true line of those who possessed the Isles, Ross, and the mountainous countries of Scotland. It was Donald, the son of Angus, that was killed at Inverness, (by his own harper Mac-i' Cairbre,) son of John of the Isles, son of Alexander, son of Donald, son of John, son of Angus Og. And I know not which of his kindred or relations is the true heir, except these five sons of John, the son of Angus Og, whom I here set down for you, namely, Ronald and Godfrey, the two sons of the daughter of Mac-Donald of Lorn, and Donald and John Mor, and Alexander Carrach, the three sons of Margaret Stewart, daughter of Robert Stewart, King of Scotland."—*Leabhar Dearg*.

NOTE H.

—*The House of Lorn*.—P. 347.

The House of Lorn, as we observed in a former note, was, like the Lord of the Isles, descended from a son of Somerled, slain at Renfrew, in 1164. This son obtained the succession of his mainland territories, comprehending the greater part of the three districts

of Lorn, in Argyleshire, and of course might rather be considered as petty princes than feudal barons. They assumed the patronymic appellation of Mac-Dougal, by which they are distinguished in the history of the middle ages. The Lord of Lorn, who flourished during the wars of Bruce, was Allaster (or Alexander) Mac-Dougal, called Allaster of Argyle. He had married the third daughter of John, called the Red Comyn,¹ who was slain by Bruce in the Dominican Church at Dumfries, and hence he was a mortal enemy of that prince, and more than once reduced him to great straits during the early and distressed period of his reign, as we shall have repeated occasion to notice. Bruce, when he began to obtain an ascendancy in Scotland, took the first opportunity in his power to requite these injuries. He marched into Argyleshire to lay waste the country. John of Lorn, son of the chieftain, was posted with his followers in the formidable pass between Daimally and Bunawe. It is a narrow path along the verge of the huge and precipitous mountain, called Cruachan-Ben, and guarded on the other side by a precipice overhanging Loch Awe. The pass seems to the eye of a soldier as strong, as it is wild and romantic to that of an ordinary traveller. But the skill of Bruce had anticipated this difficulty. While his main body, engaged in a skirmish with the men of Lorn, detained their attention to the front of their position, James of Douglas, with Sir Alexander Fraser, Sir William Wiseman, and Sir Andrew Grey, ascended the mountain with a select body of archery, and obtained possession of the heights which commanded the pass. A volley of arrows descending upon them directly warned the Argyleshire men of their perilous situation, and their resistance, which had hitherto been bold and manly, was changed into a precipitate flight. The deep and rapid river of Awe was then (we learn the fact from Barbour with some surprise) crossed by a bridge. This bridge the mountaineers attempted to demolish, but Bruce's followers were too close upon their rear; they were, therefore, without refuge and defence, and were dispersed with great slaughter. John of Lorn, suspicious of the event, had early betaken himself to the galleys which he had upon the lake; but the feelings which Barbour assigns to him, while witnessing the rout and slaughter of his followers, exculpate him from the charge of cowardice.

"To Jhone off Lornie it suld displese
I trow, quhen he his men mycht se,
Owte off his schippis fra the se,
Be slayne and chassyt in the hill.
That he mycht set na help thar till.
Bot it angrys als gretunly,
To gud hartis that ar worthi,
To se thar fayis fulfill thair will
As to thaim self to toble the ill."

B. vii., v. 394.

¹ The aunt, according to Lord Hailes. But the genealogy is distinctly given by Wyaloun:—

"The thrid dochtyr of Red Comyn,
Alyxandyr of Argyale sunc
Tuk, and weddyt til bys wyf,
And on hyr he gat in-til bys lyfa
Jhon of Lorne, the quilk gat
Kwyn of Lorne efter that."

Wyaloun's Chronicle, Book viii. Chap. vi. line 206.

After this decisive engagement, Bruce laid waste Argyleshire, and besieged Dunstaffnage Castle, on the western shore of Lorn, compelled it to surrender, and placed in that principal stronghold of the MacDougals a garrison and governor of his own. The elder MacDougall, now wearied with the contest, submitted to the victor; but his son, "rebellious," says Barbour, "as he wou't be," fled to England by sea. When the wars between the Bruce and Baliol factions again broke out in the reign of David II., the Lords of Lorn were again found upon the losing side, owing to their hereditary enmity to the house of Bruce. Accordingly, upon the issue of that contest, they were deprived by David II. and his successor of by far the greater part of their extensive territories, which were conferred upon Stewart, called the Knight of Lorn. The house of Mac Dougall continued, however, to survive the loss of power, and affords a very rare, if not a unique, instance of a family of such unlimited power, and so distinguished during the middle ages, surviving the decay of their grandeur, and flourishing in a private station. The Castle of Dunolly, near Oban, with its dependencies, was the principal part of what remained to them, with their right of chieftainship over the families of their name and blood. These they continued to enjoy until the year 1715, when the representative incurred the penalty of forfeiture, for his accession to the insurrection of that period; thus losing the remains of his inheritance, to replace upon the throne the descendants of those princes, whose accession his ancestors had opposed at the expense of their feudal grandeur. The estate was, however, restored about 1745, to the father of the present proprietor, whom family experience had taught the hazard of interfering with the established government, and who remained quiet upon that occasion. He therefore regained his property when many Highland chiefs lost theirs.

Nothing can be more wildly beautiful than the situation of Dunolly. The ruins are situated upon a bold and precipitous promontory, overhanging Loch Etive, and distant about a mile from the village and port of Oban. The principal part which remains is the donjon or keep; but fragments of other buildings, overgrown with ivy, attest that it had been once a place of importance, as large apparently as Artornish or Dunstaffnage. These fragments enclose a courtyard, of which the keep probably formed one side; the entrance being by a steep ascent from the neck of the isthmus, formerly cut across by a moat, and defended doubtless by outworks and a draw-idge. Beneath the castle stands the present mansion of the family, having on the one hand Loch Etive, with its islands and mountains, on the other two romantic eminences tufted with copsewood. There are other accompaniments suited to the scene; in particular, a huge upright pillar, or detached fragment of that sort of rock called plum-pudding stone, upon the shore, about a quarter of a mile from the castle. It is called *Clach na-cau*, or the Dog's Pillar, because Fingal is said to have used it as a stake to which he bound his celebrated dog Bran. Others say, that when the Lord of the Isles came upon a visit to the Lord of Lorn, the dogs brought for his sport were kept

beside this pillar. Upon the whole, a more delightful and romantic spot can scarce be conceived; and it receives a moral interest from the considerations attached to the residence of a family once powerful enough to confront and defeat Robert Bruce, and now sunk into the shade of private life. It is at present possessed by Patrick Mac-Dougall, Esq., the lineal and undisputed representative of the ancient Lords of Lorn. The heir of Dunolly fell lately in Spain, fighting under the Duke of Wellington,—a death well becoming his ancestry.

NOTE I.

*Awaked before the rushing prow,
The mimic fires of ocean glow,
Those lightnings of the wave.*—P. 349.

The phenomenon called by sailors Sea fire, is one of the most beautiful and interesting which is witnessed in the Hebrides. At times the ocean appears entirely illuminated around the vessel, and a long train of laubent coronations are perpetually bursting upon the sides of the vessel, or pursuing her wake through the darkness. These phosphoric appearances, concerning the origin of which naturalists are not agreed in opinion, seem to be called into action by the rapid motion of the ship through the water, and are probably owing to the water being saturated with fish-spawn, or other animal substances. They remind one strongly of the description of the sea-snakes in Mr. Coleridge's wild, but highly poetical ballad of the Ancient Mariner:—

* Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watch'd the water snakes,
They mov'd in tracks of shining white,
And when they rear'd, the ev'lish light
Fell off in hoary flakes."

NOTE K.

The dark fortress.—P. 349.

The fortress of a Hebridean chief was almost always on the sea-shore, for the facility of communication which the ocean afforded. Nothing can be more wild than the situations which they chose, and the devices by which the architects endeavoured to defend them. Narrow stairs and arched vaults were the usual mode of access; and the drawbridge appears at Dunstaffnage, and elsewhere, to have fallen from the gate of the building to the top of such a staircase; so that any one advancing with hostile purpose, found himself in a state of exposed and precarious elevation, with a gulf between him and the object of his attack.

These fortresses were guarded with equal care. The duty of the watch devolved chiefly upon an officer called the Cockman, who had the charge of challenging all who approached the castle. The very ancient family of Mac-Niel of Barra kept this attendant at their castle about a hundred years ago. Martin gives the following account of the difficulty which attended his procuring entrance there:—*"The little island Kismul lies about a quar-*

ter of a mile from the south of this isle (Barra); it is the seat of Mackneil of Barra; there is a stone wall round it two stories high, reaching the sea; and within the wall there is an old tower and an hall, with other houses about it. There is a little magazine in the tower, to which no stranger has access. I saw the officer called the Cockman, and an old cock he is; when I bid him ferry me over the water to the island, he told me that he was but an inferior officer, his business being to attend in the tower; but if (says he) the constable, who then stood on the wall, will give you access, I'll ferry you over. I desired him to procure me the constable's permission, and I would reward him; but having waited some hours for the constable's answer, and not receiving any, I was obliged to return without seeing this famous fort. Mackneil and his lady being absent, was the cause of this difficulty, and of my not seeing the place. I was told some weeks after, that the constable was very apprehensive of some design I might have in viewing the fort, and thereby to expose it to the conquest of a foreign power; of which I supposed there was no great cause of fear."

NOTE L.

That keen knight, De Argentine.—P. 350.

Sir Egidius, or Giles de Argentine, was one of the most accomplished knights of the period. He had served in the wars of Henry of Luxemburg with such high reputation, that he was, in popular estimation, the third worthy of the age. Those to whom fame assigned precedence over him were, Henry of Luxemburg himself, and Robert Bruce. Argentine had warred in Palestine, encountered thrice with the Saracens, and had slain two antagonists in each engagement:—an easy matter, he said, for one Christian knight to slay two Pagan dogs. His death corresponded with his high character. With Aynier de Valance, Earl of Pembroke, he was appointed to attend immediately upon the person of Edward II at Bannockburn. When the day was utterly lost they forced the king from the field. De Argentine saw the king safe from immediate danger, and then took his leave of him;—"God be with you, sir," he said, "it is not my wont to fly." So saying, he turned his horse, cried his war-cry, plunged into the midst of the combatants, and was slain. Baston, a rhyming monk who had been brought by Edward to celebrate his expected triumph, and who was compelled by the victors to compose a poem on his defeat, mentions with some feeling the death of Sir Giles de Argentine:

*Nobilis Argentum, pugil inclyte, dulcis Egidi,
Vix scieram mentem cum te succumbere vidi.*

"The first line mentions the three chief requisites of a true knight, noble birth, valour, and courteousness. Few Leonine couplets can be produced that have so much sentiment. I wish that I could have collected more ample memorials concerning a character altogether different from modern manners. Sir Giles d'Argentine was a hero of romance in real life." So observes the excellent Lord Hailes.

NOTE M.

"Fill me the mighty cup!" he said,
"Erst own'd by royal Somerled."—P. 351.

A Hebridean drinking cup, of the most ancient and curious workmanship, has been long preserved in the castle of Dunvegan, in Skye, the romantic seat of Mac-Leod of Mac-Leod, the chief of that ancient and powerful clan. The horn of Rorie More, preserved in the same family, and recorded by Dr. Johnson, is not to be compared with this piece of antiquity, which is one of the greatest curiosities in Scotland. The following is a pretty accurate description of its shape and dimensions, but cannot, I fear, be perfectly understood without a drawing.

This very curious piece of antiquity is nine inches and three-quarters in inside depth, and ten and a half in height on the outside, the extreme measure over the lips being four inches and a half. The cup is divided into two parts by a wrought ledge, beautifully ornamented, about three-fourths of an inch in breadth. Beneath this ledge the shape of the cup is rounded off, and terminates in a flat circle, like that of a tea-cup; four short feet support the whole. Above the projecting ledge the shape of the cup is nearly square, projecting outward at the brim. The cup is made of wood, (oak to all appearance,) but most curiously wrought and embossed with silver work, which projects from the vessel. There are a number of regular projecting sockets, which appear to have been set with stones; two or three of them still hold pieces of coral, the rest are empty. At the four corners of the projecting ledge, or cornice, are four sockets, much larger, probably for pebbles or precious stones. The workmanship of the silver is extremely elegant, and appears to have been highly gilded. The ledge, brim, and legs of the cup, are of silver. The family tradition bears that it was the property of Neil Ghlune dhu, or Black-knee. But who this Neil was, no one pretends to say. Around the edge of the cup is a legend, perfectly legible, in the Saxon black-letter, which seems to run thus:

UFO : JOHIS : MICH : || MGN : PNCIPIS : DE : ||
IIR : MANAE : VICH : || LIAHIA : MGRYNEIL : ||
ET : SPAT : DO : IHU : DA : || CLEA : ILDRA
IPA : || FECIT : ANO : DI : IX : 930 ONLI
OTME : ||

The inscription may run thus at length: *Ufo Johannis Mich Magni Principis de Hr Manae Vich Liahia Magryneil et sperat Domino Ihesu dari clementiam illorum opera. Fecit Anno Domini 933 Onli Omi.* Which may run in English: Ufo, the son of John, the son of Magnus, Prince of Man, the grandson of Liahia Macgrynneil, trusts in the Lord Jesus that their works (i. e. his own and those of his ancestors) will obtain mercy. Oneil Omi made this in the year of God nine hundred and ninety-three.

But this version does not include the puzzling letters *hr* before the word *Manae*. Within the mouth of the cup the letters *JHS*. (Jesus) are repeated four times. From this and other circumstances it would seem to have been a chalice. This circumstance may

perhaps account for the use of the two Arabic numerals 93. These figures were introduced by Pope Sylvester, A. D. 991, and might be used in a vessel formed for church service so early as 993. The workmanship of the whole cup is extremely elegant, and resembles, I am told, antiques of the same nature preserved in Ireland.

The cups, thus elegantly formed, and highly valued, were by no means utensils of mere show. Martin gives the following account of the festivals of his time, and I have heard similar instances of brutality in the Lowlands at no very distant period.

"The manner of drinking used by the chief men of the Isles is called in their language *Streah*, i. e. a Round; for the company sat in a circle, the cup-bearer fill'd the drink round to them, and all was drank out, whatever the liquor was, whether strong or weak; they continued drinking sometimes twenty-four, sometimes forty-eight hours: It was reckoned a piece of manhood to drink until they became drunk, and there were two men with a barrow attending punctually on such occasions. They stood at the door until some became drunk, and they carry'd them upon the barrow to bed, and returned again to their post as long as any continued fresh, and so carried off the whole company, one by one, as they became drunk. Several of my acquaintance have been witnesses to this custom of drinking, but it is now abolished."

This savage custom was not entirely done away within this last generation. I have heard of a gentleman who happened to be a water-drinker, and was permitted to abstain from the strong potations of the company. The hearers carried away one man after another, till no one was left but this Scottish Mirlip. They then came to do him the same good office, which, however, he declined as unnecessary, and proposed to walk to his bedroom. It was a permission he could not obtain. Never such a thing had happened, they said, in the castle! that it was impossible but he must require their assistance; at any rate he must submit to receive it; and carried him off in the barrow accordingly. A classical penalty was sometimes imposed on those who balked the rules of good fellowship by evading their share of the banquet. The same author continues:—

"Among persons of distinction it was reckoned an affront put upon any company to broach a piece of wine, ale, or aquavitæ, and not to see it all drank out at one meeting. If any man chanced to go out from the company, though but for a few minutes, he is obliged, upon his return, and before he take his seat, to make an apology for his absence in rhyme; which if he cannot perform, he is liable to such a share of the reckoning as the company thinks fit to impose; which custom obtains in many places still, and is called *Biancluz Bard*, which, in their language, signifies the poet's congratulating the company."

Few cups were better, at least more actively, employed in the rude hospitality of the period, than those of Dunvegan; one of which we have just described. There is in the *Leabhar Dearg*, a song, intimating the overflowing gratitude of a bard of Clan-Ronald, after the exuberance of a Hebridean festival at the

patriarchal fortress of Mac-Leod. The translation being obviously very literal, has greatly flattened, as I am informed, the enthusiastic gratitude of the ancient bard; and it must be owned that the works of Homer or Virgil, to say nothing of Mac-Vuirich, might have suffered by their transfusion through such a medium. It is pretty plain, that when the tribute of poetical praise was bestowed, the horn of *Rorie More* had not been inactive.

Upon Sir Roderic Mor Macleod, by Niall Mor Mac-Vuirich.

"The six nights I remained in the Dunvegan, it was not a show of hospitality I met with there, but a plentiful feast in thy fair hall among thy numerous host of heroes.

"The family placed all around under the protection of their great chief, raised by his prosperity and respect for his warlike feats, now enjoying the company of his friends at the feast.—Amidst the sound of harps, overflowing cups, and happy youth unaccustomed to guile, or feud, partaking of the generous fare by a flaming fire.

"Mighty Chief, liberal to all in your princely mansion, filled with your numerous warlike host, whose generous wine would overcome the hardest heroes, yet we continued to enjoy the feast, so happy our host, so generous our fare."—*Translated by D. MacIntosh.*

It would be unpardonable in a modern bard, who has experienced the hospitality of Dunvegan Castle in the present day, to omit paying his own tribute of gratitude for a reception more elegant indeed, but not less kindly sincere, than Sir Roderick More himself could have afforded. But Johnson has already described a similar scene in the same ancient patriarchal residence of the Lords of Mac-Leod:—"Whatever is unaged in the wildest tales, if giants, dragons, and enchantment be excepted, would be felt by him who, wandering in the mountains without a guide, or upon the sea without a pilot, should be carried, amidst his terror and uncertainty, to the hospitality and elegance of Raasay or Dunvegan."

NOTE N.

*With solemn step, and silver wand,
The Seneschal the presence scann'd
Of these strange guests.*—P. 351.

The Sewer, to whom, rather than the Seneschal, the office of arranging the guests of an island chief appertained, was an officer of importance in the family of a Hebridean chief.—"Every family had commonly two stewards, which, in their language, were called *Marischal Tach*; the first of these served always at home, and was obliged to be versed in the pedigree of all the tribes in the isles, and in the highlands of Scotland; for it was his province to assign every man at table his seat according to his quality; and this was done without one word speaking, only by drawing a score with a white rod, which this *Marischal* had in his hand, before the person who was bid by him to sit down; and this was necessary to prevent disorder and contention; and though the *Marischal* might sometimes be

mistaken, the master of the family incurred no censure by such an escape; but this custom has been laid aside of late. They had also cup-bearers, who always filled and carried the cup round the company, and he himself always drank off the first draught. They had likewise purse masters, who kept their money. Both these officers had an hereditary right to their office in writing, and each of them had a town and land for his service; some of those rights I have seen fairly written on good parchment."—*Martin's Western Isles*

NOTE O.

—*The rebellions Scottish crew,
Who to Rath-Erin's shelter drew,
With Carrick's outlaw'd Chief*—P. 351.

It must be remembered by all who have read the Scottish history, that after he had slain Comyn at Dumfries, and asserted his right to the Scottish crown, Robert Bruce was reduced to the greatest extremity by the English and their adherents. He was crowned at Scone by the general consent of the Scottish barons, but his authority endured but a short time. According to the phrase said to have been used by his wife, he was for that year "a summer king, but not a winter one." On the 25th March, 1306, he was crowned king at Scone. Upon the 19th June, in the same year, he was totally defeated at Methven, near Perth; and his most important adherents, with few exceptions, were either executed or compelled to embrace the English interest, for safety of their lives and fortunes. After this disaster, his life was that of an outlaw, rather than a candidate for monarchy. He separated himself from the females of his retinue, whom he sent for safety to the Castle of Kildrummie, in Aberdeenshire, where they afterwards became captives to England. From Aberdeenshire, Bruce retreated to the mountainous parts of Breadalbane, and approached the borders of Argyleshire. There, as mentioned in the Appendix, Note H, and more fully in Note P, he was defeated by the Lord of Lorn, who had assumed arms against him in revenge of the death of his relative, John the Red Comyn. Escaped from this peril, Bruce, with his few attendants, subsisted by hunting and fishing, until the weather compelled them to seek better sustenance and shelter than the Highland mountains afforded. With great difficulty they crossed, from Rowardennan probably, to the western banks of Lochlomonid, partly in a miserable boat, and partly by swimming. The valiant and loyal Earl of Lennox, to whose territories they had now found their way, welcomed them with tears, but was unable to assist them to make an effectual head. The Lord of the Isles, then in possession of great part of Cantyre, received the fugitive monarch and future restorer of his country's independence, in his castle of Donnavey, in that district. But treason, says Barbour, was so general, that the King durst not abide there. Accordingly, with the remnant of his followers, Bruce embarked for Rath-Erin, or Rachrine, the *Recina* of Ptolemy, a small island lying almost opposite to the shores of Ballycastle, on the coast of Ire-

land. The islanders at first fled from their new and armed guests, but upon some explanation submitted themselves to Bruce's sovereignty. He resided among them until the approach of spring [1306.] when he again returned to Scotland, with the desperate resolution to reconquer his kingdom, or perish in the attempt. The progress of his success, from its commencement to its completion, forms the brightest period in Scottish history.

NOTE P.

The Brooch of Lorn.—P. 352.

It has been generally mentioned in the preceding notes, that Robert Bruce, after his defeat at Methven, being hard pressed by the English, endeavoured, with the dispirited remnant of his followers, to escape from Breadalbane and the mountains of Perthshire into the Argyleshire Highlands. But he was encountered and repulsed, after a very severe engagement, by the Lord of Lorn. Bruce's personal strength and courage were never displayed to greater advantage than in this conflict. There is a tradition in the family of the Mac-Dougals of Lorn, that their chieftain engaged in personal battle with Bruce himself, while the latter was employed in protecting the retreat of his men; that Mac-Dougal was struck down by the king, whose strength of body was equal to his vigour of mind, and would have been slain on the spot, had not two of Lorn's vassals, a father and son, whom tradition terms Mac-Keoch, rescued him, by seizing the mantle of the monarch, and dragging him from above his adversary. Bruce rid himself of these foes by two blows of his redoubted battle-axe, but was so closely pressed by the other followers of Lorn, that he was forced to abandon the mantle, and brooch which fastened it, clasped in the dying grasp of the Mac-Keochs. A studded brooch, said to have been that which King Robert lost upon this occasion, was long preserved in the family of Mac-Dougal, and was lost in a fire which consumed their temporary residence.

The metrical history of Barbour throws an air of credulity upon the tradition, although it does not entirely coincide either in the names or number of the vassals by whom Bruce was assailed, and makes no mention of the personal danger of Lorn, or of the loss of Bruce's mantle. The last circumstance, indeed, might be warrantably omitted.

According to Barbour, the King, with his handful of followers, not amounting probably to three hundred men, encountered Lorn with about a thousand Argyleshire men, in Glendouchart, at the head of Breadalbane, near Teyndrum. The place of action is still called Dairy, or the King's Field. The field of battle was unfavourable to Bruce's adherents, who were chiefly men-at-arms. Many of the horses were slain by the long pole-axes, of which the Argyleshire Scottish had learned the use from the Norwegians. At length Bruce commanded a retreat up a narrow and difficult pass, he himself bringing up the rear, and repeatedly turning and driving back the more venturesome assailants. Lorn, observing the skill and valour used by his enemy in protecting the

retreat of his followers, "Methinks, Murthokson," said he, addressing one of his followers, "he resembles Gol Mas-morn, protecting his followers from Fingal."—"A most unworthy comparison," observes the Archdeacon of Aberdeen, unsuspecting of the future fame of these names; "he might with more propriety have compared the King to Sir Gaudefer de Lays, protecting the foragers of Gadyrs against the attacks of Alexander." Two brothers, the strongest among Lorn's followers, whose names Barbour calls Mackyn-Drosser, (interpreted Durward, or Porterson,) resolved to rid their chief of this formidable foe. A third person (perhaps the Mac-Keoch of the family tradition) associated himself with them for this purpose. They watched their opportunity until Bruce's party had entered a pass between a lake (Loch Dochart probably) and a precipice, where the King, who was the last of the party, had scarce room to manage his steed. Here his three foes sprung upon him at once. One seized his bridle, but received a wound which hewed off his arm; a second grasped Bruce by the stirrup and leg, and endeavoured to dismount him, but the King, putting spurs to his horse, threw him down, still holding by the stirrup. The third, taking advantage of an acclivity, sprung up behind him upon his horse. Bruce, however, whose personal strength is uniformly mentioned as exceeding that of most men, extricated himself from his grasp, threw him to the ground, and cleft his skull with his sword. By similar exertion he drew the stirrup from his grasp whom he had overthrown, and killed him also with his sword as he lay among the horse's feet. The story seems romantic, but this was the age of romantic exploit; and it must be remembered that Bruce was armed cap-a-pie, and the assailants were half-clad mountaineers. Barbour adds the following circumstance, highly characteristic of the sentiments of chivalry. Mac-Naughton, a Baron of Cowal, pointed out to the Lord of Lorn the deeds of valour which Bruce performed in this memorable retreat, with the highest expressions of admiration. "It seems to give thee pleasure," said Lorn, "that he makes such havoc among our friends."—"Not so, by my faith," replied Mac-Naughton; "but he he friend or foe who achieves high deeds of chivalry, neia should bear faithful witness to his valour; and never have I heard of one, who, by his knightly feats, has extricated himself from such dangers as have this day surrounded Bruce."

NOTE Q.

*Wrought and chased with fair device,
Studded fair with gems of price.*—P. 352.

Great art and expense was bestowed upon the *fibula*, or brooch, which secured the plaid, when the wearer was a person of importance. Martin mentions having seen a silver brooch of a hundred marks value. "It was broad as any ordinary pewter plate, the whole curiously engraven with various animals, &c. There was a lesser buckle, which was worn in the middle of the larger, and above two ounces weight; it had in the centre a large piece of

crystal, or some finer stone, and this was set all round with several finer stones of a lesser size."—*Western Islands*. Pennant has given an engraving of such a brooch as Martin describes, and the workmanship of which is very elegant. It is said to have belonged to the family of Lochbuy—See *Pennant's Tour*, vol. iii. p. 14.

NOTE R.

*Vain was then the Douglas brood—
Vain the Campbell's vaunted hand.*—P. 352.

The gallant Sir James, called the Good Lord Douglas, the most faithful and valiant of Bruce's adherents, was wounded at the battle of Dalry. Sir Nigel, or Neil Campbell, was also in that unfortunate skirmish. He married Marjorie, sister to Robert Bruce, and was among his most faithful followers. In a manuscript account of the house of Argyle, supplied, it would seem, as materials for Archbishop Spottiswoode's History of the Church of Scotland, I find the following passage concerning Sir Neil Campbell:—"Moreover, when all the nobles in Scotland had left King Robert after his hard success, yet this noble knight was most faithful, and shrank not, as it is to be seen in an indenture bearing these words:—*Memorandum quod cum ob incarnatione Domini 1308 conventum fuit et concordatum inter nobiles viros Dominum Alexandrum de Seatoun militem et Dominum Gilbertum de Hays militem et Dominum Nigellum Campbell militem apud monasterium de Cambuskenneth 9^o Septembris qui tacta sancta eucharista, magnoque juramento facto, jurarunt se debere libertatem regni et Robertum nuper regem coronatum contra omnes mortales Francos Anglos Scotos defendere usque ad ultimum terminum vite ipsorum.* Their seals are appended to the indenture in green wax, together with the seal of Gulfrid, Abbot of Cambuskenneth."

NOTE S.

*When Comyn fell beneath the knife
Of that fell homicide The Bruce.*—P. 350.
*Vain Kirkpatrick's bloody dirk,
Making sure of murder's work.*—P. 352.

Every reader must recollect that the proximate cause of Bruce's asserting his right to the crown of Scotland, was the death of John, called the Red Comyn. The causes of this act of violence, equally extraordinary from the high rank both of the perpetrator and sufferer, and from the place where the slaughter was committed, are variously related by the Scottish and English historians, and cannot now be ascertained. The fact that they met at the high altar of the Minorites, or Greyfriar's Church in Dumfries, that their difference broke out into high and insulting language, and that Bruce drew his dagger and stabbed Comyn, is certain. Rushing to the door of the church, Bruce met two powerful barons, Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, and James de Lindsay, who eagerly asked him what tidings? "Bad tidings," answered Bruce; "I doubt I have slain Comyn."—"Doubtest thou?" said Kirk-

patrick; "I make sicker," (i. e. sure.) With these words, he and Lindsay rushed into the church, and despatched the wounded Comyn. The Kirkpatricks of Closeburn assumed, in memory of this deed, a hand holding a dagger, with the memorable words, "I make sicker." Some doubt having been started by the late Lord Hailes as to the identity of the Kirkpatrick who completed this day's work with Sir Roger, then representative of the ancient family of Closeburn, my kind and ingenious friend, Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, has furnished me with the following memorandum, which appears to fix the deed with his ancestor:—

"The circumstances of the Regent Cummin's murder, from which the family of Kirkpatrick, in Nithsdale, is said to have derived its crest and motto, are well known to all conversant with Scottish history; but Lord Hailes has started a doubt as to the authenticity of this tradition, when recording the murder of Roger Kirkpatrick, in his own Castle of Caerlaverock, by Sir James Lindsay. 'Fordun,' says his Lordship, 'remarks that Lindsay and Kirkpatrick were the heirs of the two men who accompanied Robert Bruce at the fatal conference with Comyn. If Fordun was rightly informed as to this particular, an argument arises, in support of a notion which I have long entertained, that the person who struck his dagger in Comyn's heart, was not the representative of the honourable family of Kirkpatrick in Nithsdale. Roger de K. was made prisoner at the battle of Durham, in 1316. Roger de Kirkpatrick was alive on the 6th of August, 1357; for, on that day, Humphry, the son and heir of Roger de K., is proposed as one of the young gentlemen who were to be hostages for David Bruce. Roger de K. Miles was present at the parliament held at Edinburgh, 25th September, 1357, and he is mentioned as alive 3d October, 1357. (*Fœdera*;) it follows, of necessary consequence, that Roger de K., murdered in June 1357, must have been a different person.'—*Annals of Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 242.

"To this it may be answered, that at the period of the regent's murder, there were only two families of the name of Kirkpatrick (nearly allied to each other) in existence—Stephen Kirkpatrick, styled in the Charters of Kelso (1278) *Domnus villæ de Closeburn, Filius et hæres Domini Ade de Kirkpatrick, Militis*, (whose father, Ivone de Kirkpatrick, witnesses a charter of Robert Brus, Lord of Annandale, before the year 1141.) had two sons, Sir Roger, who carried on the line of Closeburn, and Duncan, who married Isobel, daughter and heiress of Sir David Torthorwald of that ilk; they had a charter of the lands of Torthorwald from King Robert Brus, dated 10th August, the year being omitted—Umpray, the son of Duncan and Isobel, got a charter of Torthorwald from the king, 16th July, 1322—his son, Roger of Torthorwald, got a charter from John the Grahame, son of Sir John Grahame of Moskessen, of an annual rent of 40 shillings, out of the lands of Overdyft, 1355—his son, William Kirkpatrick, grants a charter to John of Garroch, of the two merk land of Glengip and Garvellgill, within the tenement of Wampray, 22d April, 1372. From this, it appears that the Torthor-

wald branch was not concerned in the affair of Comyn's murder, and the infictions of Providence which ensued: Duncan Kirkpatrick, if we are to believe the Blind Minstrel, was the firm friend of Wallace, to whom he was related:—

'Ane Kyrk Patrick, that crnel was and keyne,
In Esdail wod that half yer he had heyne;
With Ingliss men he couth nocht weyll accord,
Off Torthorwald he Barron was and Lord,
Off kyn he was, and Wallace modyr ner;—&c.
B. v., v. 920.

But this Baron seems to have had no share in the adventures of King Robert; the crest of his family, as it still remains on a carved stone built into a cottage wall, in the village of Torthorwald, bears some resemblance, says Grose, to a rose.

"Universal tradition, and all our later historians, have attributed the regent's death-blow to Sir Roger K. of Closeburn. The author of the MS. History of the Presbytery of Penpont, in the Advocates' Library, affirms, that the crest and motto were given by the King on that occasion; and proceeds to relate some circumstances respecting a grant to a cottager and his wife in the vicinity of Closeburn Castle, which are certainly authentic, and strongly vouch for the truth of the other report.—'The steep hill,' (says he,) 'called the Dune of Tynron, of a considerable height, upon the top of which there hath been some habitation or furt. There have been in ancient times, on all hands of it, very thick woods, and great about that place, which made it the more inaccessible, into which K. Ro. Bruce is said to have been conducted by Roger Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, after they had killed the Cummin at Dumfriess, which is nine miles from this place, whereabout it is probable that he did abide for some time thereafter; and it is reported, that during his abode there, he did often divert to a poor man's cottage, named Brownrig, situate in a small parcel of stoney ground, encompassed with thick woods, where he was content sometimes with such mean accommodation as the place could afford. The poor man's wife being advised to petition the King for somewhat, was so modest in her desires, that she sought no more but security for the croft in her husband's possession, and a liberty of pasturage for a very few cattle of different kinds on the hill, and the rest of the bounds. Of which privilege that ancient family, by the injury of time, hath a long time been, and is, deprived: but the croft continues in the possession of the heirs and successors lineally descended of this Brownrig and his wife; so that this family, being more ancient than rich, doth yet continue in the name, and, as they say, retains the old charter.'—*MS. History of the Presbytery of Penpont, in the Advocates' Library of Edinburgh.*

NOTE T.

*Barendoun fled fast away,
Fled the fiery De la Haye.*—P. 352.

These knights are enumerated by Barbour among the small number of Bruce's adherents,

who remained in arms with him after the battle of Methven.

“With him was a bold baron,
Schyr William the Baroundoun,
Schyr Gilbert de la Haye aslua.”

There were more than one of the noble family of Hay engaged in Bruce's cause; but the principal was Gilbert de la Haye, Lord of Errol, a staunch adherent to King Robert's interest, and whom he rewarded by creating him hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland, a title which he used 16th March, 1308, where, in a letter from the peers of Scotland to Philip the Fair of France, he is designated *Gilbertus de Hoy Constabularius Scotiæ*. He was slain at the battle of Halidoun-hill. Hugh de la Haye, his brother, was made prisoner at the battle of Methven.

NOTE U.

*Well hast thou framed, Old Man, thy strains,
To praise the band that pays thy pains.*—P. 352.

The character of the Highland bards, however high in an earlier period of society, seems soon to have degenerated. The Irish affirm, that in their kindred tribes severe laws became necessary to restrain their avarice. In the Highlands they seem gradually to have sunk into contempt, as well as the orators, or men of speech, with whose office that of family poet was often united.—“The orators, in their language called *Isdane*, were in high esteem both in these islands and the continent; until within these forty years, they sat always among the nobles and chiefs of families in the steeple, or circle. Their houses and little villages were sanctuaries, as well as churches, and they took place before doctors of physick. The orators, after the Druids were extinct, were brought in to preserve the genealogy of families, and to repeat the same at every succession of chiefs; and upon the occasion of marriages and births, they made epithalamiums and panegyrics, which the poet or bard pronounced. The orators, by the force of their eloquence, had a powerful ascendancy over the greatest men in their time; for if any orator did but ask the habit, arms, horse, or any other thing belonging to the greatest man in these islands, it was readily granted them, sometimes out of respect, and sometimes for fear of being exclaimed against by a satire, which, in those days, was reckoned a great dishonour. But these gentlemen becoming insolent, lost ever since both the profit and esteem which was formerly due to their character; for neither their panegyrics nor satires are regarded to what they have been, and they are now allowed but a small salary. I must not omit to relate their way of study, which is very singular: They shut their doors and windows for a day's time, and lie on their backs, with a stone upon their belly, and plads about their heads, and their eyes being covered, they pump their brains for rhetorical encomium or panegyrick; and indeed they furnish such a style from this dark cell as is understood by very few; and if they purchase

a couple of horses as the reward of their meditation, they think they have done a great matter. The poet, or bard, had a title to the bridegroom's upper garb, that is, the plad and bonnet; but now he is satisfied with what the bridegroom pleases to give him on such occasions.”—*Martin's Western Isles*.

NOTE V.

*Wast not enough to Ronald's bower,
I brought thee, like a paramour.*—P. 354.

It was anciently customary in the Highlands to bring the bride to the house of the husband. Nay, in some cases the complaisance was stretched so far, that she remained there upon trial for a twelvemonth; and the bridegroom, even after this period of cohabitation, retained an option of refusing to fulfil his engagement. It is said that a desperate feud ensued between the clans of Mac-Donald of Sleate and Mac-Leod, owing to the former chief having availed himself of this license to send back to Dunvegan a sister, or daughter of the latter. Mac-Leod, resenting the indignity, observed, that since there was no wedding bonfire, there should be one to solemnize the divorce. Accordingly, he burned and laid waste the territories of Mac-Donald, who retaliated, and a deadly feud, with all its accompaniments took place in form.

NOTE W.

*Since matchless Wallace first had been,
In mock'ry crown'd with wreaths of green.*
P. 354.

Stow gives the following curious account of the trial and execution of this celebrated patriot:—“William Wallace, who had oftentimes set Scotland in great trouble, was taken and brought to London, with great numbers of men and women wondering upon him. He was lodged in the house of William Delect, a citizen of London, in Fenchurch street. On the morrow, being the eve of St. Bartholomew, he was brought on horseback to Westminster. John Legrave and Geoffrey, knights, the mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen of London, and many others, both on horseback and on foot, accompanying him; and in the great hall at Westminster, he being placed on the south bench, crowned with laurel, for that he had said in times past that he ought to bear a crown in that hall, as it was commonly reported; and being appeached for a traitor by Sir Peter Malorie, the king's justice, he answered, that he was never traitor to the King of England; but for other things whereof he was accused, he confessed them; and was after headed and quartered.”—*Stow, Chr.* p. 209. There is something singularly doubtful about the mode in which Wallace was taken. That he was betrayed to the English is indubitable; and popular fame charges Sir John Menteith with the indelible infamy. “Accursed,” says Arnold Blair, “be the day of nativity of John de Menteith, and may his name be struck out of the book of life.” But

John de Menteith was all along a zealous favourer of the English interest, and was governor of Dumbarton Castle by commission from Edward the First; and therefore, as the accurate Lord Hailes has observed, could not be the friend and confidant of Wallace, as tradition states him to be. The truth seems to be, that Menteith, thoroughly engaged in the English interest, pursued Wallace closely, and made him prisoner through the treachery of an attendant, whom Peter Langtoft calls Jack Short.

"William Waleis is nomen that master was
of theves,
Tiding to the king is comen that robbery
mischeives,
Sir John of Meneteth sued William so nigh,
He took him when he ween'd least, on
night, his leman him by,
That was through treason of Jack Short his
man,
He was the encheson that Sir John so him
rau.
Jack's brother had he slain, the Waleis that
is said.
The more Jack was fain to do William that
braid."

From this it would appear that the infamy of seizing Wallace must rest between a degenerate Scottish nobleman, the vassal of England, and a domestic, the obscure agent of his treachery; between Sir John Menteith, son of Walter, Earl of Menteith, and the traitor Jack Short.

NOTE X.

*Where's Nigel Bruce? and De la Haye,
And valiant Seton—where are they?
Where Somerville, the kind and free?
And Fraser, flower of chivalry?*—P. 354.

When these lines were written, the author was remote from the means of correcting his indistinct recollection concerning the individual fate of Bruce's followers, after the battle of Methven. Hugh de la Haye, and Thomas Somerville of Lintoun and Cowdally, ancestor of Lord Somerville, were both made prisoners at that defeat, but neither was executed.

Sir Nizel Bruce was the younger brother of Robert, to whom he committed the charge of his wife and daughter, Marjorie, and the defence of his strong castle of Kildrummie, near the head of the Don, in Aberdeenshire. Kildrummie long resisted the arms of the Earls of Lancaster and Hereford, until the magazine was treacherously burnt. The garrison was then compelled to surrender at discretion, and Nizel Bruce, a youth remarkable for personal beauty, as well as for gallantry, fell into the hands of the unrelenting Edward. He was tried by a special commission at Berwick, was condemned, and executed.

Christopher Seatoun shared the same unfortunate fate. He also was distinguished by personal valour, and signalized himself in the fatal battle of Methven. Robert Bruce adventured his person in that battle like a knight of romance. He dismounted Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, but was in his turn dismounted by Sir Philip Mowbray. In

this emergence Seatoun came to his aid, and re-mounted him. Langtoft mentions, that in this battle the Scottish wore white surplices, or shirts, over their armour, that those of rank might not be known. In this manner both Bruce and Seatoun escaped. But the latter was afterwards betrayed to the English, through means, according to Barbour, of one MacNab, "a disciple of Judas," in whom the unfortunate knight reposed entire confidence. There was some peculiarity respecting his punishment: because, according to Matthew of Westminster, he was considered not as a Scottish subject, but an Englishman. He was therefore taken to Dumfries, where he was tried, condemned, and executed, for the murder of a soldier slain by him. His brother, John de Seton, had the same fate at Newcastle: both were considered as accomplices in the slaughter of Comyn, but in what manner they were particularly accessory to that deed does not appear.

The fate of Sir Simon Frazer, or Frizel, ancestor of the family of Lovat, is dwelt upon at great length, and with savage exultation, by the English historians. This knight, who was renowned for personal gallantry, and high deeds of chivalry, was also made prisoner, after a gallant defence, in the battle of Methven. Some stanzas of a ballad of the times, which, for the sake of rendering it intelligible, I have translated out of its rude orthography, give the minute particulars of his fate. It was written immediately at the period, for it mentions the Earl of Athole as not yet in custody. It was first published by the indefatigable Mr. Ritson, but with so many contractions and peculiarities of character, as to render it illegible, excepting by antiquaries.

"This was before Saint Bartholomew's mass,
That Frizel was y-taken, were it more other
less,
To Sir Thomas of Multon, gentil baron and
free,
And to Sir Johan Jose be-take tho was he
To haad
He was y-fettered wele
Both with iron and with steel
To bringen of Scotland."

"Soon thereafter the tiding to the king come,
He sent him to London, with mony armed
groom.
He came in at Newgate, I tell you it on a
plight,
A garland of leaves on his head y-dight
Of green,
For he should be y-know,
Both of high and of low,
For traitour I ween."

"Y-fettered were his legs under his horse's
wroabe,
Both with iron and with steel manced were
his hond,
A garland of pervynk¹ set upon his heved,²
Much was the power that him was bereved,
In land,
So God me amend,
Little he ween'd
So to be brought in hand."

¹ Periwinkle.

² Head.

"This was upon our lady's even, forsooth I
understand.

The justices sate for the knights of Scotland,
Sir Thomas of Multon, an knude knyght and
wise.

And Sir Ralph of Sandwich that mickle is
told in price,

And Sir Johan Abel,
More I might tell by tale
Both of great and of small
Ye know south well.

"Then said the justice, that gentil is and free,
Sir Simon Frisel the king's traiter hast thou
be;

In water and in land that mony mighten see,
What sayst thou thereto, how will thou
quite thee,

Do say.
So foul he him wist,
Nede war on trust

For to say nay.

"With fetters and with gives¹ y-hot he was
to draw

From the Tower of London that many men
might know,

In a kirtle of burel, a selcouth wise,
And a garland on his head of the new guise.

Through Cheape
Many men of England
For to see Svaoud
Thitherward can leap.

"Though he cam to the gallows first he was
on hung,

All quick beheaded that him thought long;
Then he was y-opened, his bowels y-brend,²
The heved to London-bridge was send
To shende.

So evermore mote I the,
Some while weened he
Thus little to stand.³

"He rideth through the city, as I tell may.¹

With gamen and with solace that was their
play,

To London bridge he took the way,
Mony was the wives child that thereon
lacketh a day,⁴

And said, alas!
That he was y-born
And so vilely forelorn,
So fair man he was.⁵

"Now standeth the heved above the tu-bridge,
Fast by Wallace sooth for to segge;

Afer succour of Scotland long may he pry,
And after help of France what half it to lie,
I ween,

Better him were in Scotland,
With his axe in his hand,
To play on the green," &c.

The preceding stanzas contain probably us
minute an account as can be found of the
trial and execution of state criminals of the
period. Superstition mingled its horrors with
those of a ferocious state policy, as appears
from the following singular narrative.

"The Friday next, before the assumption
of Our Lady, King Edward met Robert the

Bruce at Saint Johnstoune, in Scotland, and
with his company, of which company King
Edward quelde seven thousand. When Robert
the Bruce saw this mischief, and gan to
flee, and hov'd him that nea might not him
find; but S. Simond Frisell pursued was so
sore, so that he turned again and abode bat-
aille, for he was a worthy knight and a bolde
of bodye, and the Englishmen persuede him
sore on every side, and quelde the steed that
Sir Simon Frisell rode upon, and then toke
him and led him to the host. And S. Simond
began for to flutter and speke fair, and saide,
Lordys, I shall give you four thousand markes
of silver, and myne horse and harness, and
all my armour and income. Tho' answered
Thobaude of Pevenes, that was the kinges
archer. Now, God me so helpe, it is for nought
that thou speakest, for all the gold of England
I would not let thee go without commandment
of King Edward. And tho' he was led to the
Kins, and the King would not see him, but
commanded to lead him away to his doom in
London, on Our Lady's even nativity. And he
was hung and drawn, and his head smitten
off, and hanged again with chains of iron upon
the gallows, and his head was set at London-
bridge upon a spear, and against Christmas
the body was burnt, for echeson (*reason*)
that the men that kepted the body saw many
devils ramping with iron crooks, running upon
the gallows, and horribly tormenting the body.
And many that them saw, anon thereafter
died for dread, or waxen mad, or sore sickness
they had."—*MS Chronicle in the British Mu-
seum, quoted by Ritson.*

NOTE Y.

*Was not the life of Athole shed,
To soothe the tyrant's sickened bed*—P. 354.

John de Strathbogie, Earl of Athole, had
attempted to escape out of the kingdom, but a
storm cast him upon the coast, when he was
taken, sent to London, and executed, with
circumstances of great barbarity, being first
half strangled, then let down from the gallows
while yet alive, barbarously dismembered, and
his body burnt. It may surprise the reader to
learn, that this was a *mitigated* punishment;
for in respect that his mother was a grand-
daughter of King John, by his natural son
Richard, he was not drawn on a sledge to
execution, "that point was forgiven," and he
made the passage on horseback. Matthew of
Westminster tells us that King Edward, then
extremely ill, received great ease from the
news that his relative was apprehended.
"Quo audito, Rex Anglæ, etsi gravissimo morbo
tunc lmqweret, levius inmen tulit dolorem." To
this singular expression the text alludes.

NOTE Z.

*And must his word, till dying day,
Be nought but quarter, hang, and slay.*—P. 354.

This alludes to a passage in Barbour, singu-
larly expressive of the vindictive spirit of Ed-

knight, like others in the same situation, was pitied by the
female spectators as "a proper young man."

¹ He was condemned to be drawn.

² Burned.—³ Meaning, at one time he little thought to
stand thus.—⁴ viz. Saith Lack-a-day.—⁵ The gallant

ward I The prisoners taken at the castle of Kildrummie had surrendered upon condition that they should be at King Edward's disposal. "But his will," says Barbour, "was always evil towards Scottishmen." The news of the surrender of Kildrummie arrived when he was in his mortal sickness at Burgh-upon-Sands.

"And when he to the death was near,
The folk that at Kyldrumy wer
Come with prisoners that they had tane,
And syne to the king are gane.
And for to comfort him they tauld
How they the castill to them yauld;
And how they till his will were brought,
To do off that whatever he thought;
And ask'd what men shoud off them do.
Then look'd he aegryly them to,
He said, grinning, 'hangs and draws.'
That was wonder of sic saws.
That he, that to the death was near,
Should answer upon sic maner,
Forouten moaning and mercy;
How might he trust on him to cry,
That sooth-fastly dooms all thing
To have mercy for his crying,
Off him that, throw his felony,
Into sic point had no mercy?"

There was much truth in the Leonine couplet, with which Matthew of Westminster concludes his encomium on the first Edward:—

"Scotos Edwardus, dum vixit, suppeditavit,
Teuit, affixit, depressit, dilaniavit."

NOTE 2 A.

*While I the blessed cross advance,
And expiate this unhappy chance,
In Palestine, with sword and lance.*—P. 355.

Bruce uniformly professed, and probably felt, compunction for having violated the sanctuary of the church by the slaughter of Comyn; and finally, in his last hours, in testimony of his faith, penitence, and zeal, he requested James Lord Douglas to carry his heart to Jerusalem, to be there deposited in the Holy Sepulchre.

NOTE 2 B.

*De Bruce! I rose with purpose dread
To speak my curse upon thy head.*—P. 355.

So soon as the notice of Comyn's slaughter reached Rome, Bruce and his adherents were excommunicated. It was published first by the Archbishop of York, and renewed at different times, particularly by Lambyrton, Bishop of St. Andrews, in 1308; but it does not appear to have answered the purpose which the English monarch expected. Indeed, for reasons which it may be difficult to trace, the thunders of Rome descended upon the Scottish mountains with less effect than in more fertile countries. Probably the comparative poverty of the benefices occasioned that fewer foreign clergy settled in Scotland; and the interests of the native churchmen were linked with

that of their country. Many of the Scottish prelates, Lambyrton the primate particularly, declared for Bruce, while he was yet under the ban of the church, although he afterwards again changed sides.

NOTE 2 C.

*I feel within mine aged breast
A power that will not be repress'd.*—P. 355.

Bruce, like other heroes, observed omens, and one is recorded by tradition. After he had retreated to one of the miserable places of shelter, in which he could venture to take some repose after his disasters, he lay stretched upon a handful of straw, and abandoned himself to his melancholy meditations. He had now been defeated four times, and was upon the point of resolving to abandon all hopes of further opposition to his fate, and to go to the Holy Land. It chanced, his eye, while he was thus pondering, was attracted by the exertions of a spider, who, in order to fix his web, endeavoured to swing himself from one beam to another above his head. Involuntarily he became interested in the pertinacity with which the insect renewed his exertions, after failing six times; and it occurred to him that he would decide his own course according to the success or failure of the spider. At the seventh effort the insect gained his object; and Bruce, in like manner, persevered and carried his own. Hence it has been held unlucky or ungrateful, or both, in one of the names of Bruce to kill a spider.

The Archdeacon of Aberdeen, instead of the abbot of this tale, introduces an Irish Pythoness, who not only predicted his good fortune as he left the island of Rachrin, but sent her two sons along with him, to ensure her own family a share in it.

"Then in schort time men mycht thaim se
Schute all thair galays to the se,
And ber to se bair ayr and ster,
And othyr thingis that mystir I wer.
And as the king upon the sand
Wes gangand wp and down, bidand²
Till that his menye redy war,
His ost come rycht till him thar.
And quhen that scho him halyst had,
And priwe spek till him scho made;
And said, 'Iakis gud kep till my saw:
For or ye pass I sall yow schaw,
Off your fortoun a gret party.
Bot our all speceally
A wyttin her I sall yow ma,
Quhat end that your purpos sall ta.
For in this land is nane trewly
Wate thingis to cum sa weil as I.
Ye pass now furth on your wiage,
To wenge the harme, and the owtrag,
That Ingliss men has to yow done;
Bot ye wat nocht quhakyne fortoun
Ye mon drey in your werraying.
Bot wyt ye weil, with outyn lesing,
That fra ye now haiff takyn land,
Nane sa mychtig, na sa strength thi of hand,
Sall ger yow pass owt of your countré
Till all to yow abandownyt be.

With in schort tyme ye sall be king,
 And haiff the land at your liking,
 And ourcum your fayis all.
 But fele anoyis thole ye sall,
 Or that your purpous end haiff tane ;
 But ye sall thaim ourdryve ilkane.
 And, that ye trow this sekerly,
 My twa sonnys with yow sail I
 Send to tak part of your trawall ;
 For I wate weill thaj sall nocht fail
 To be rewardit weill at rycht,
 Quhen ye ar heyt to yowr mycht."

Barbour's Bruce, Book iii., v. 856.

NOTE 2 D.

*A hunted warrior on the wild,
 On foreign shores a man exiled.*—P. 355.

This is not metaphorical. The echoes of Scotland did actually

————— "ring
 With the bloodhounds that bayed for her fugitive king."

A very curious and romantic tale is told by Barbour upon this subject, which may be abridged as follows ;—

When Bruce had again got footing in Scotland in the spring of 1306, he continued to be in a very weak and precarious condition, gaining, indeed, occasional advantages, but obliged to fly before his enemies whenever they assembled in force. Upon one occasion, while he was lying with a small party in the wilds of Cumuock, in Ayrshire. Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, with his inveterate foe John of Lorn, came against him suddenly with eight hundred Highlanders, besides a large body of men-at-arms. They brought with them a slough-dog, or bloodhound, which, some say, had been once a favourite with the Bruce himself, and therefore was least likely to lose the trace.

Bruce, whose force was under four hundred men, continued to make head against the cavalry, till the men of Lorn had nearly cut off his retreat. Perceiving the danger of his situation, he acted as the celebrated and ill-remembered Mina is said to have done in similar circumstances. He divided his force into three parts, appointed a place of rendezvous, and commanded them to retreat by different routes. But when John of Lorn arrived at the spot where they divided, he caused the hound to be put upon the trace, which immediately directed him to the pursuit of that party which Bruce headed. This, therefore, Lorn pursued with his whole force, paying no attention to the others. The king again subdivided his small body into three parts, and with the same result, for the pursuers attached themselves exclusively to that which he led in person. He then caused his followers to disperse, and retained only his foster-brother in his company. The slough-dog followed the trace, and, neglecting the others, attached himself and his attendants to the pursuit of the king. Lorn became convinced that his enemy was nearly in his power, and detached five of his most active attendants to follow him, and interrupt his flight. They did so with all the agility of mountaineers. "What aid wilt thou make?" said Bruce to his single

attendant, when he saw the five men gain ground on him. "The best I can," replied his foster-brother. "Then," said Bruce, "here I make my stand." The five pursuers came up fast. The king took three to himself, leaving the other two to his foster-brother. He slew the first who encountered him; but, observing his foster-brother hard pressed, he sprung to his assistance, and despatched one of his assailants. Leaving him to deal with the survivor, he returned upon the other two, both of whom he slew before his foster-brother had despatched his single antagonist. When this hard encounter was over, with a courtesy, which in the whole work marks Bruce's character, he thanked his foster-brother for his aid. "It likes you to say so," answered his follower; "but you yourself slew four of the five."—"True," said the king, "but only because I had better opportunity than you. They were not apprehensive of me when they saw me encounter three, so I had a moment's time to spring to thy aid, and to return equally unexpected upon my own opponents."

In the meanwhile Lorn's party approached rapidly, and the king and his foster brother betook themselves to a neighbouring wood. Here they sat down, for Bruce was exhausted by fatigue, until the cry of the slough-hound came so near, that his foster brother entreated Bruce to provide for his safety by retreating further. "I have heard," answered the king, "that whosoever will wade a bow-shot length down a running stream, shall make the slough-hound lose scent"—Let us try the experiment, for were you devilish hound silenced, I should care little for the rest."

Lorn in the meanwhile advanced, and found the bodies of his slain vassals, over whom he made his moan, and threatened the most deadly vengeance. Then he followed the hound to the side of the brook, down which the king had waded a great way. Here the hound was at fault, and John of Lorn, after long attempting in vain to recover Bruce's trace, relinquished the pursuit.

"Others," says Barbour, "affirm, that upon this occasion the king's life was saved by an excellent archer who accompanied him, and who perceiving they would be finally taken by means of the blood-hound, hid himself in a thicket, and shot him with an arrow. In which way," adds the metrical biographer, "this escape happened I am uncertain, but at that brook the king escaped from his pursuers."

"Quhen the chasseris relyit war,
 And Jhon of Lorn had met thaim thar,
 He tauld Schyr Aymer all the cass
 How that the king eschapyt was ;
 And how that he his five men slew,
 And syne to the wole him drew.
 Quhen Schyr Aymer herd thus, in hy
 He sant him for the ferly :
 And said ; ' He is gretly to pryss ;
 For I knaw nane that lifand is,
 That at nyscheyff gan help him swa.
 I trow he suld be hard to sla,
 And he war bodyn ¹ ewynly.'
 On this wis spak Schyr Aymery."

Barbour's Bruce, Book v., v. 391.

The English historians agree with Barbour as to the mode in which the English pursued Bruce and his followers, and the dexterity with which he evaded them. The following is the testimony of Harding, a great enemy to the Scottish nation:—

“The King Edward with hoost hym sought
foll sore,

But ay he fled into woodes and strayte forest,
And slewe his men at staytes and daungers
thore.

And at marreys and mires was ay foll prest
Euglyshmea to kyll withoutyn any rest;
In the mountaynes and cragghe he slew ay
where,

And in the nyght his foes he frayed full sere:

“The King Edward with hornes and houndes
him sought,

With meune on fote, through marris, mosse,
and myre,

Through wodes also, and mountens (wher
thei fought,)

And euer the Kyng Edward hight men greate
hyre,

Hym for to take and by myght conquere;
But thei might hym not gette by force ne by

rain,
He satte by the fyre whea thei weat in the
rain.”

Hardyng's Chronicle, p. 303-4.

Peter Langtoft has also a passage concerning the extremities to which King Robert was reduced, which he entitles

De Roberto Brus et fuga circum circa fit.

“And wele I understode that the Kyng Robyn
Has drunken of that blode the drink of Dan
Waryn.

Dan Waryn he les tounes that he held,
With wroug he mad a res, and misberyng of
schield.

Sithen into the forest he yede naked and
wode,

Als a wild beast, etc of the gras that stode,
Thus of Dan Waryn in his boke men rede,
God gyf the Kyng Robyn, that alle his kynde
so spede,

Sir Robynet the Brus he durst noure abide,
That thei mad him restus, both in more and
wod-side,

To while he mad this train, and did umwhile
outrage.” &c.

Peter Langtoft's Chronicle, vol. ii. p. 335,
8vo, London, 1810.

NOTE 2 E.

*For, glad of each pretext for spoil,
A pirate sworn was Cormac Doil*—P. 356.

A sort of persons common in the isles, as may be easily believed, until the introduction of civil polity. Witness the Dean of the Isles' account of Ronay. “At the north end of Raarsay, be half oyle of sea frae it, layes ane ile callit Ronay, mare then a myle in lengthe, full of wood and heddir, with ane haven for heiland-galeys in the middis of it, and the same haven is guid for fostering of thieves, ruggairs, and reivars, till a nail, upon the

peilling and spulzeing of poor pepill. This ile pertains to M'Gillychallan of Raarsay by force, and to the bishope of the isles be heritage.”—*Sir Donald Monro's Description of the Western Islands of Scotland*. Edinburgh, 1805, p. 22.

NOTE 2 F.

“*Alas! dear youth, the unhappy time,
Answer'd the Bruce, "must bear the crime,
Since, guiltier far than you,
Even I"—he paused; for Falkirk's woes
Upon his conscious soul arose.*—P. 357.

I have followed the vulgar and inaccurate tradition, that Bruce fought against Wallace, and the array of Scotland, at the fatal battle of Falkirk. The story, which seems to have no better authority than that of Blind Harry, bears, that having made much slaughter during the engagement, he sat down to dine with the conquerors without washing the filthy witness from his hands.

“Fasting he was, and had been in great need,
Blooded were all his weapons and his weed;
Southern lords scorn'd him in terous rude,
And said, Behold yon Scot eats his own blood.

“Then rued he sore, for reason had he known,
That blood and land alike should be his own;
With them he long was, ere he got away,
But contrair Scots he fought not from that day.”

The account given by most of our historians, of the conversation between Bruce and Wallace over the Carron river, is equally apocryphal. There is full evidence that Bruce was not at that time on the English side, nor present at the battle of Falkirk; nay, that he acted as a guardian of Scotland, along with John Comyn, in the name of Baliol, and in opposition to the English. He was the grandson of the competitor, with whom he has been sometimes confounded. Lord Hailes has well described, and in some degree apologized for, the earlier part of his life.—“His grandfather, the competitor, had patiently acquiesced in the award of Edward. His father, yielding to the times, had served under the English banners. But young Bruce had more ambition, and a more restless spirit. In his earlier years he acted upon no regular plan. By turns the partisan of Edward, and the vicergerent of Baliol, he seems to have forgotten or stifled his pretensions to the crown. But his character developed itself by degrees, and in maturer age became firm and consistent.”—*Annals of Scotland*, p. 220, quarto, London, 1776.

NOTE 2 G.

*These are the savage wilds that lie
North of Stratnardil and Dunskey.*—P. 357.

The extraordinary piece of scenery which I have here attempted to describe, is, I think, unparalleled in any part of Scotland, at least in any which I have happened to visit. It lies just upon the frontier of the Laird of MacLeod's country, which is thereabouts divided

from the estate of Mr. Macalister of Strath-Aird, called Strathoardill by the Dean of the Isles. The following account of it is extracted from my journal kept during a tour through the Scottish islands :—

“The western coast of Sky is highly romantic, and at the same time displays a richness of vegetation in the lower grounds to which we have hitherto been strangers. We passed three salt-water lochs, or deep embayments, called Loch Bracadale, Loch Einort, and Loch —, and about 11 o'clock opened Loch Slavig. We were now under the western termination of the high ridge of mountains called Cuillen, or Quillin, or Coolin, whose weather-beaten and serrated peaks we had admired at a distance from Dunvegan. They sunk here upon the sea, but with the same bold and perenipitous aspect which their distant appearance indicated. They appeared to consist of precipitous sheets of naked rock, down which the torrents were leaping in a hundred lines of foam. The tops of the ridge, apparently inaccessible to human foot, were rent and split into the most tremendous pinnacles. Towards the base of these bare and precipitous crags, the ground, enriched by the soil washed down from them, is comparatively verdant and productive. Where we passed within the small isle of Soa, we entered Loch Slavig, under the shoulder of one of these grisly mountains, and observed that the opposite side of the loch was of a milder character, the mountains being softened down into steep green declivities. From the bottom of the bay advanced a headland of high rocks, which divided its depth into two recesses, from each of which a brook issued. Here it had been intimated to us we would find some romantic scenery; but we were uncertain up which inlet we should proceed in search of it. We chose, against our better judgment, the southerly dip of the bay, where we saw a house which might afford us information. We found, upon inquiry, that there is a lake adjoining to each branch of the bay; and walked a couple of miles to see that near the farm-house, merely because the honest Highlander seemed jealous of the honour of his own loch, though we were speedily convinced it was not that which we were recommended to examine. It had no particular merit, excepting from its neighbourhood to a very high cliff, or precipitous mountain, otherwise the sheet of water had nothing differing from any ordinary low-country lake. We returned and re-embarked in our boat, for our guide shook his head at our proposal to climb over the peninsula, or rocky headland which divided the two lakes. In rowing round the headland, we were surprised at the infinite number of sea-fowl, then busy apparently with a shoal of fish.

* Arrived at the depth of the bay, we found that the discharge from this second lake forms a sort of waterfall, or rather a rapid stream, which rushes down to the sea with great fury and precipitation. Round this place were assembled hundreds of trout and salmon, struggling to get up into the fresh water: with a net we might have had twenty salmon at a haul; and a sailor, with no better hook than a crooked pin, caught a dish of trout during our absence. Advancing up this huddling and riotous brook, we found ourselves in a

most extraordinary scene; we lost sight of the sea almost immediately after we had climbed over a low ridge of crags, and were surrounded by mountains of naked rock, of the boldest and most precipitous character. The ground on which we walked was the margin of a lake, which seemed to have sustained the constant ravage of torrents from these rude neighbours. The shores consisted of huge strata of naked granite, here and there intermixed with bogs, and heaps of gravel and sand piled in the empty water-courses. Vegetation there was little or none; and the mountains rose so perpendicularly from the water edge, that Borrowdale, or even Glencoe, is a jest to them. We proceeded a mile and a half up this deep, dark, and solitary lake, which was about two miles long, half a mile broad, and is, as we learned, of extreme depth. The murky vapours which enveloped the mountain ridges, obliged us by assuming a thousand varied shapes, changing their drapery into all sorts of forms, and sometimes clearing off all together. It is true, the mist made us pay the penalty by some heavy and downright showers, from the frequency of which a Highland boy, whom we brought from the farm, told us the lake was popularly called the Water-kettle. The proper name is Loch Corriskin, from the deep cornice, or hollow, in the mountains of Cuillin, which affords the basin for this wonderful sheet of water. It is as exquisite a savage scene as Loch Katrine is a scene of romantic beauty. After having penetrated so far as distinctly to observe the termination of the lake under an immense precipice, which rises abruptly from the water, we returned, and often stopped to admire the ravages which storms must have made in these recesses, where all human witnesses were driven to places of more shelter and security. Stones, or rather large masses and fragments of rocks of a composite kind, perfectly different from the strata of the lake, were scattered upon the bare rocky beach, in the strangest and most precarious situations, as if abandoned by the torrents which had borne them down from above. Some lay loose and tottering upon the ledges of the natural rock, with so little security, that the slightest push moved them, though their weight might exceed many tons. These detached rocks, or stones, were chiefly what is called plum-pudding stones. The bare rocks, which formed the shore of the lakes, were a species of granite. The opposite side of the lake seemed quite pathless and inaccessible, as a huge mountain, one of the detached ridges of the Cuillin hills, sinks in a profound and perpendicular precipice down to the water. On the left-hand side, which we traversed, rose a higher and equally inaccessible mountain, the top of which strongly resembled the shivered crater of an exhausted volcano. I never saw a spot in which there was less appearance of vegetation of any kind. The eye rested on nothing but barren and naked crags, and the rocks on which we walked by the side of the loch, were as bare as the pavements of Cheapside. There are one or two small islets in the loch, which seem to bear juniper, or some such low bushy shrub. Upon the whole, though I have seen many scenes of more extensive desolation, I

never witnessed any in which it pressed more deeply upon the eye and the heart than at Loch Corriskin; at the same time that its grandeur elevated and redeemed it from the wild and dreary character of utter barrenness."

NOTE 2 H.

*Men were they all of evil mien,
Down-look'd, unwilling to be seen.*—P. 358.

The story of Bruce's meeting the banditti is copied, with such alterations as the fictitious narrative rendered necessary, from a striking incident in the monarch's history, told by Barbour, and which I shall give in the words of the hero's biographer. It is the sequel to the adventure of the bloodhound, narrated in Note 2 D. It will be remembered that the narrative broke off, leaving the Bruce escaped from his pursuers, but worn out with fatigue, and having no other attendant but his foster-brother.

"And the gude king held forth his way,
Betwix him and his man, quhill thai
Passyt owt throw the forest war;
Syne in the more thai entry thar.
It wes bathe hev, and lang, and braid;
And or thai half it passyt had,
Thai saw on syd thre men cummand,
Lik to lycht men and wauerand.
Swerdis thai had, and axys als;
And aue off thaim, apon his hals,¹
A mekill bonndyn wethir bar.
Thai met the king, and hailst² him thar:
And the king thaim thar hailisng yauld;³
And askyt thaim quethis thai wauld.
Thai said, Robert the Bruys thar soucht;
For mete with him giff that thar noucht,
Thar duelling with him wauld thar na.⁴
The king said, 'Giff that ye will swa,
Haldys furth your way with me,
And I sall ger yow sone him se.'

"Thai persawyt, be his speking,
That he wes the seiwu Robert king.
And chaungyt conenance and late;⁵
And heid nocht in the fyrst state.
For thar war fayis to the king;—
And thought to cum in to sculking.
And duell with him, quhill that thar saw
Thar poynt, and brug him thar off daw.⁶
Thai grantyt tih his spek forth.⁷
Bot the king, that wes wity,
Persawyt weill, ny thar nawing,
That thar luffyt him na thing:
And said, 'Falowis, ye mon, all thre,
Forthir aqwent till that we be,
All be your selwyn furth ga;
And, on the samyn wyss, we twa
Sall folow behind weill ner.'
Quoth thar, 'Schyrr, it is na myster⁸
To trow in ws oon ill.'—
'Nane do I,' said he; 'bot I will,
That yhe ga fourth thar, quhill we
Better with othyr knawin be.'—
'We grant,' thar said, 'sen ye will swa:
And furth apon thair gate gan ga.

"Thus yeid thar till the nycht wes ner,
And than the formost cummyr wer
Till a waist housband hous;⁹ and thar
Thai slew the wethir that thar bar:
And slew fyr fur to rost thar mete;
And askyt the king giff he wald ete,
And rest him till the mete war dycht.
The king, that hongry was, Ik hycht,
Assentyt till thair spek in hy.
Bot he said, he wald anery¹⁰
At a fyr; and thar all thre
Ou na wyss with thaim till gyddre be.
In the end off the hous thar suld ma
Ane othyr fyr; and thar did swa.
Thar drew thaim in the hous end,
And half the wethir till him send.
And thar rostyt in hy thair mete;
And fell rycht freschly for till ete.
For the king weill lang fastyt had;
And had rycht mekill trawail mad:
Tharfor he eyt full egrely.
And quhen he had etyn hastily,
He had to slep sa mekill will,
That he moucht set na let thar till.
For quhen the wаныs¹¹ fillyt ar,
Men worthys¹² hewy enirnar;
And to slepe drawys hewynes.
The king, that all fortrawailt¹³ wes,
Saw that hym worthyt slep nedwayis.
Till his fostyr-brodyr he sayis;
'May I traist in the, me to waik,
Till Ik a little sleping tak?'—
'Ya, Schyrr,' he said, 'till I may drey.'¹⁴
The king then wyngyt a litill wey;
And slepyt nocht full encrely;
Bot gliffnyt wp oft sodanly.
For he had dreid off that thre men,
That at the tothyr fyr war then.
That thar his fais war he wyst;
Tharfor he slepyt as foule on twyst.¹⁵
"The king slepyt bot a litill than;
Quhen sic slep fell on his man.
That he mycht nocht hald wp his ey,
But fell to slep, and rowtyt hey.
Now is the king in gret perile:
For slep he swa a litill quhile,
He sal be ded, for owtyr dreid.
For the thre tratours tok gud heid,
That he ou slep wes, and his man.
In full gret hy thar raiss wp than,
And drew the swerdis hastily;
And went towart the king in hy,
Quhen that thar saw him slep swa,
And slepand thought thar wald him sla.
The king wp blenkit hastily.
And saw his man slepand him by;
And saw cummand the tothyr thre.
Deliverly on fute gat he;
And drew his suerd owt, and thaim mete.
And, as he yude, his fute he set
Apon his man. weill hewyly.
He waknyt, and raiss disiy:
For the slep maistryt hym sway,
That or he gat wp, ane off thar,
That come ior to sla the king,
Gaiff him a strak in his rysing,
Swa that he mycht help him no mar.
The king sa straitly stad¹⁶ wes thar,
That he wes neur yest sa stad.
Ne war the armyug¹⁷ that he had,

1 Neck.—2 Saluted.—3 Returned their salute.—4 Make.
—5 Gesture or manner.—6 Kill him.—7 Therefore.—
8 There is no need.—9 Husbandman's house, cottage.—

10 Alone.—11 Bellies.—12 Becomes.—13 Fatigued.—14 En-
dure.—15 Bird on a bough.—16 So dangerously situated.—
17 Had it not been for the armour he wore.

He had been dede, for awtyn wer.
 But nocht for thi¹ on sic maner
 fie helpyt him, in that bargayne,²
 That thai thre tratowris he has slan,
 Throw Goddis grace, and his manheid.
 His fostyr-brothyr thar was dede.
 Then wes he wondre will of wayn,³
 Quhen he saw him left allane.
 His fostyr-brodyr menynt he;
 And waryit⁴ all the totyhr thre.
 And syue hys way tuk him allane,
 And rycht towart his tryst⁵ is gane.”

The Bruce, Book v., v. 405.

NOTE 2 I.

*And mermaid's alabaster grot,
 Who bathes her limbs in sunless well
 Deep in Strathaird's enchanted cell.*—P. 360.

Imagination can hardly conceive any thing more beautiful than the extraordinary grotto discovered not many years since upon the estate of Alexander Mac-Allister, Esq., of Strathaird. It has since been much and deservedly celebrated, and a full account of its beauties has been published by Dr. Mac-Leay of Oban. The general impression may perhaps be gathered from the following extract from a journal, which, written under the feelings of the moment, is likely to be more accurate than any attempt to recollect the impressions then received.—“The first entrance to this celebrated cave is rude and unpromising; but the light of the torches, with which we were provided, was soon reflected from the roof, floor, and walls, which seem as if they were sheeted with marble, partly smooth, partly rough with frost-work and rustic ornaments, and partly seeming to be wrought into statuary. The floor forms a steep and difficult ascent, and might be fancifully compared to a sheet of water, which, while it rushed whitening and foaming down a declivity, had been suddenly arrested and consolidated by the spell of an enchanter. Upon attaining the summit of this ascent, the cave opens into a splendid gallery, adorned with the most dazzling crystallizations, and finally descends with rapidity to the brink of a pool, of the most limpid water, about four or five yards broad. There opens beyond this pool a portal arch, formed by two columns of white spar, with beautiful chasing upon the sides, which promises a continuation of the cave. One of our sailors swam across, for there is no other mode of passing, and informed us (as indeed we partly saw by the light he carried) that the enchantment of Mac-Allister's cave terminates with this portal, a little beyond which there was only a rude cavern, speedily choked with stones and earth. But the pool, on the brink of which we stood, surrounded by the most fanciful mouldings, in a substance resembling white marble, and distinguished by the depth and purity of its waters, might have been the bathing grotto of a naiad. The groups of combined figures projecting, or embossed, by which the pool is surrounded, are exquisitely

elegant and fanciful. A statuary might catch beautiful hints from the singular and romantic disposition of those stalactites. There is scarce a form, or group, on which active fancy may not trace figures or grotesque ornaments, which have been gradually moulded in this cavern by the dropping of the calcareous water hardening into petrifications. Many of those fine groups have been injured by the senseless rage of appropriation of recent tourists; and the grotto has lost, (I am informed,) through the smoke of torches, something of that vivid silver tint which was originally one of its chief distinctions. But enough of beauty remains to compensate for all that may be lost.”—Mr. Mac-Allister of Strathaird has, with great propriety, built up the exterior entrance to this cave, in order that strangers may enter properly attended by a guide, to prevent any repetition of the wanton and selfish injury which this singular scene has already sustained.

NOTE 2 K.

*Yet to no sense of selfish wrongs,
 Bear witness with me, Heaven, belongs
 My joy o'er Edward's Bier.*—P. 362.

The generosity which does justice to the character of an enemy, often marks Bruce's sentiments, as recorded by the faithful Barbour. He seldom mentions a fallen enemy without praising such good qualities as he might possess. I shall only take one instance. Shortly after Bruce landed in Carrick, in 1306, Sir Ingram Bell, the English governor of Ayr, engaged a wealthy yeoman, who had hitherto been a follower of Bruce, to undertake the task of assassinating him. The king learned this treachery, as he is said to have done other secrets of the enemy, by means of a female with whom he had an intrigue. Shortly after he was possessed of this information, Bruce, resorting to a small thicket at a distance from his men, with only a single page to attend him, met the traitor, accompanied by two of his sons. They approached him with their wonted familiarity, but Bruce, taking his page's bow and arrow, commanded them to keep at a distance. As they still pressed forward with professions of zeal for his person and service, he, after a second warning, shot the father with the arrow; and being assaulted successively by the two sons, despatched first one, who was armed with an axe, then as the other charged him with a spear, avoided the thrust, struck the head from the spear, and cleft the skull of the assassin with a blow of his two-handed sword.

“He rushed down of blood all red,
 And when the king saw they were dead,
 All three lying, he wiped his brand.
 With that his boy came fast running,
 And said, ‘Our lord might lowly⁶ be,
 That granted you might and poweste⁷
 To fell the felony and the pride,
 Of three in so little tide.’”

1 Nevertheless.
 3 Much afflicted.

2 Fray, or dispute.
 4 Cursed.

5 The place of rendezvous appointed for his soldiers.
 6 Lauded.
 7 Power.

The king said, 'So our lord me see,
They have been worthy men all three,
Had they not been full of treason;
But that made their confusion.'

Barbour's Bruce, b. v. p. 152.

NOTE 2 L.

*Such hate was his on Sotoy's strand,
When vengeance clenched his palsied hand,
That pointed yet to Scotland's land.*—P. 362.

To establish his dominion in Scotland had been a favourite object of Edward's ambition, and nothing could exceed the pertinacity with which he pursued it, unless his inveterate resentment against the insurgents, who so frequently broke the English yoke when he deemed it most firmly riveted. After the battles of Falkirk and Methven, and the dreadful examples which he had made of Wallace and other champions of national independence, he probably concluded every chance of insurrection was completely annihilated. This was in 1306, when Bruce, as we have seen, was utterly expelled from Scotland; yet, in the conclusion of the same year, Bruce was again in arms and formidable; and in 1307, Edward, though exhausted by a long and wasting malady, put himself at the head of the army destined to destroy him utterly. This was, perhaps, partly in consequence of a vow which he had taken upon him, with all the pomp of chivalry, upon the day in which he dubbed his son a knight, for which see a subsequent note. But even his spirit of vengeance was unable to restore his exhausted strength. He reached Burgh-upon-Sands, a petty village of Cumberland, on the shores of the Solway Firth, and there, 6th July, 1307, expired in sight of the detested and devoted country of Scotland. His dying injunctions to his son required him to continue the Scottish war, and never to recall Gaveston. Edward II. disobeyed both charges. Yet, more to mark his animosity, the dying monarch ordered his bones to be carried with the invading army. Froissart, who probably had the authority of eye-witnesses, has given us the following account of this remarkable charge:—

"In the said forest, the old King Robert of Scotland dyd kepe hymselfe. whan King Edward the fyrst conquered nygh all Scotland: for he was so often chased, that none durst luge him in castell, nor fortresse, for feare of the said Kyng.

"And ever whan the King was returned into England, than he would gather together agayn his people, and conquere townes, castells, and fortresses, iuste to Berwick, some by battle, and some by fair speech and love: and when the said King Edward heard thereof, than would he assemble his power, and wyn the realme of Scotland again; thus the chance went between these two foresaid Kings. It was shewed me, how that this King Robert was and lost his realme v. times. So this continued till the said King Edward died at Berwick: and when he saw that he should die, he called before him his eldest son, who was King after him, and there, before all the barones, he caused him to swer, that as soon

as he were dead, that he should take his body, and boyle it in a cauldron, till the flesh departed clean from the bones, and than to bury the flesh, and keep still the bones; and that as often as the Scotts should rebel aganst him, he should assemble the people aganst them, and carry with him the bones of his father; for he believed verily, that if they had his bones with them, that the Scotts should never attain any victory aganst them. The which thing was not accomplished, for when the King died his son carried him to London."—*Berners' Froissart's Chronicle*, London, 1812, pp. 39, 40.

Edward's commands were not obeyed, for he was interred in Westminster Abbey, with the appropriate inscription:—

*"Eduardus Primus Scottorum malleus hic est,
Pactum Serva."*

Yet some steps seem to have been taken towards rendering his body capable of occasional transportation, for it was exquisitely embalmed, as was ascertained when his tomb was opened some years ago. Edward II. judged wisely in not carrying the dead body of his father into Scotland, since he would not obey his living counsels.

It ought to be observed, that though the order of the incidents is reversed in the poem, yet, in point of historical accuracy, Bruce had landed in Scotland, and obtained some successes of consequence, before the death of Edward I.

NOTE 2 M.

*—Canna's tower, that, steep and grey,
Like falcon-nest o'erhangs the bay.*—P. 362.

The little island of Canna, or Cannay, adjoins to those of Rum and Muick, with which it forms one parish. In a pretty bay opening towards the east, there is a lofty and slender rock detached from the shore. Upon the summit are the ruins of a very small tower, scarcely accessible by a steep and precipitous path. Here, it is said, one of the kings, or Lords of the Isles, confined a beautiful lady, of whom he was jealous. The ruins are of course haunted by her restless spirit, and many romantic stories are told by the aged people of the island concerning her fate in life, and her appearances after death.

NOTE 2 N.

*And Ronin's mountains dark have sent
Their husters to the shore.*—P. 363.

Ronin (popularly called Rum, a name which a poet may be pardoned for avoiding if possible) is a very rough and mountainous island, adjacent to those of Egg and Cannay. There is almost no arable ground upon it, so that, except in the plenty of the deer, which of course are now nearly extirpated, it still deserves the description bestowed by the arch-dean of the Isles. "Ronin, sixteen myle north-wast from the ile of Coll, lyes ane ile callit Ronin Ile, of sixteen myle long, and six

in bredthe in the narrowest, and forest of heigh mountains, and abundance of little deir in it, quilk deir will never be slane doune-with, but the principal suttis man be in the height of the hill, because the deir will be callit upwart ay be the tainchell, or without tynchel they will pass upwart perforce. In this ile will be gotten about Britaie als many wild nests upon the plane mure as men pleasit to gadder, and yet by reason the fowis hes few to start them except deir. This ile lyes from the west to the east in lenth, and pertains to M'Kenabrey of Colla. Many solan geese are in this ile."—*Monro's Description of the Western Isles*, p. 18.

NOTE 2 O.

*O'er Scouriegg next a warning light
Summon'd her warriors to the fight;
A numerous race, ere stern MacLeod
O'er their bleak shores in vengeance strode.*

P. 363.

These, and the following lines of the stanza, refer to a dreadful tale of feudal vengeance, of which unfortunately there are relics that still attest the truth. Scour-Egg is a high peak in the centre of the small Isle of Egg, or Egg. It is well known to mineralogists, as affording many interesting specimens, and to others whom chance or curiosity may lead to the island, for the astonishing view of the mainland and neighbouring isles, which it commands. I shall again avail myself of the journal I have quoted.¹

¹ 26th August, 1814.—At seven this morning we were in the Sound which divides the Isle of Rum from that of Egg. The latter, although hilly and rocky, and traversed by a remarkably high and barren ridge, called Scour-Rigg, has, in point of soil, a much more promising appearance. Southward of both lies the Isle of Much, or Muck, a low and fertile island, and though the least, yet probably the most valuable of the three. We manned the boat, and rowed along the shore of Egg in quest of a cavern, which had been the memorable scene of a horrid feudal vengeance. We had rounded more than half the island, admiring the entrance of many a bold natural cave, which its rocks exhibited, without finding that which we sought, until we procured a guide. Nor, indeed, was it surprising that it should have escaped the search of strangers, as there are no outward indications more than might distinguish the entrance of a fox-earth. This noted cave has a very narrow opening, through which one can hardly creep on his knees and hands. It rises steep and lofty within, and runs into the bowels of the rock to the depth of 255 measured feet; the height at the entrance may be about three feet, but rises within to eighteen or twenty, and the breadth may vary in the same proportion. The rude and stony bottom of this cave is strewn with the bones of men, women, and children, the sad relics of the ancient inhabitants of the island, 200 in number, who were slain on the following occasion:—The Mac-Donalds of the Isle of Egg, a people dependent on Clan-Ronald, had done some in-

jury to the Laird of Mac-Leod. The tradition of the isle says, that it was by a personal attack on the chieftain, in which his back was broken. But that of the other isles bears, more probably, that the injury was offered to two or three of the Mac-Leods, who, landing upon Egg, and using some freedom with the young women, were seized by the islanders, bound hand and foot, and turned adrift in a boat, which the winds and waves safely conducted to Skye. To avenge the offence given, Mac-Leod sailed with such a body of men, as rendered resistance hopeless. The natives, fearing his vengeance, concealed themselves in this cavern, and, after a strict search, the Mac-Leods went on board their galleys, after doing what mischief they could, concluding the inhabitants had left the isle, and betaken themselves to the Long Island, or some of Clan-Ronald's other possessions. But next morning they espied from the vessels a man upon the island, and immediately landing again, they traced his retreat by the marks of his footsteps, a light snow being unhappily on the ground. Mac-Leod then surrounded the cavern, summoned the subterranean garrison, and demanded that the individuals who had offended him should be delivered up to him. This was peremptorily refused. The chieftain then caused his people to divert the course of a rill of water, which, falling over the entrance of the cave, would have prevented his purposed vengeance. He then kindled at the entrance of the cavern a huge fire, composed of turf and fern, and maintained it with unrelenting assiduity, until all within were destroyed by suffocation. The date of this dreadful deed must have been recent, if one may judge from the fresh appearance of those relics. I brought off, in spite of the prejudice of our sailors, a skull from among the numerous specimens of mortality which the cavern afforded. Before re-embarking we visited another cave, opening to the sea, but of a character entirely different, being a large open vault, as high as that of a cathedral, and running back a great way into the rock at the same height. The height and width of the opening gives ample light to the whole. Here, after 1745, when the Catholic priests were scarcely tolerated, the priest of Egg used to perform the Roman Catholic service, most of the islanders being of that persuasion. A huge ledge of rocks rising about half-way up one side of the vault, served for altar and pulpit; and the appearance of a priest and Highland congregation in such an extraordinary place of worship, might have engaged the pencil of Salvator.²

NOTE 2 P.

*Where, as to shame the temples deck'd
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself, it seem'd, would raise
A Minster to her Maker's praise!*—P. 363.

It would be unpardonable to detain the reader upon a wonder so often described, and yet so incapable of being understood by description. This palace of Neptune is even grander upon a second than the first view

¹ See Note 2 G., p. 367, ante.

The stupendous columns which form the sides of the cave, the depth and strength of the tide which rolls its deep and heavy swell up to the extremity of the vault—the variety of the tints formed by white, crimson, and yellow stalactites, or petrifications, which occupy the vacancies between the base of the broken pillars which form the roof, and intersect them with a rich, curious, and variegated ohasing, occupying each interstice—the corresponding variety below water, where the ocean rolls over a dark-red or violet-coloured rock, from which, as from a base, the basaltic columns arise—the tremendous noise of the swelling tide, mingling with the deep-toned echoes of the vault,—are circumstances elsewhere unparalleled.

Nothing can be more interesting than the varied appearance of the little archipelago of islets, of which Staffa is the most remarkable. This group, called in Gaelic Tresharnish, affords a thousand varied views to the voyager, as they appear in different positions with reference to his course. The variety of their shape contributes much to the beauty of these effects.

NOTE 2 Q.

Scenes sung by him who sings no more.

P. 363.

The ballad, entitled "Macphail of Colonsay, and the Mermaid of Corrievrekin," [see *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. iv. p. 285.] was composed by John Leyden, from a tradition which he found while making a tour through the Hebrides about 1801, soon before his fatal departure for India, where, after having made farther progress in Oriental literature than any man of letters who had embraced those studies, he died a martyr to his zeal for knowledge, in the island of Java, immediately after the landing of our forces near Batavia, in August 1811.

NOTE 2 R.

*Up Tarbat's western lake they bore,
Then dragg'd their bark the isthmus o'er.*

P. 363.

The peninsula of Cantyre is joined to South Knapdale by a very narrow isthmus, formed by the western and eastern Loch of Tarbat. These two saltwater lakes, or bays, encroach so far upon the land, and the extremities come so near to each other, that there is not above a mile of land to divide them.

"It is not long," says Pennant, "since vessels of nine or ten tons were drawn by horses out of the west loch into that of the east, to avoid the dangers of the Mull of Cantyre, so dreaded and so little known was the navigation round that promontory. It is the opinion of many, that these little isthmuses, so frequently styled Tarbat in North Britain, took their name from the above circumstance; Tarruing, signifying to draw, and Bata, a boat. This too might be called, by way of pre-eminence, the Tarbat,

from a very singular circumstance related by Turfœus. When Magnus, the barefooted king of Norway, obtained from Donald-bane of Scotland the cession of the Western Isles, or all those places that could be surrounded in a boat, he added to them the peninsula of Cantyre by this fraud: he placed himself in the stern of a boat, held the rudder, was drawn over this narrow track, and by this species of navigation wrested the country from his brother monarch."—*Pennant's Scotland, London, 1790. p. 190.*

But that Bruce also made this passage, although at a period two or three years later than in the poem, appears from the evidence of Barbour, who mentions also the effect produced upon the minds of the Highlanders, from the prophecies current amongst them;—

"Bot to King Robert will we gang,
That we haff left wnspokyn of lang.
Quhen he had conwoyt to the se
His brodyr Edouard, and his menyne,
And othyr men off gret noblay.
To Tarbart thai held thair way,
In galayis ordanvt for thair far.
Bot thaim worthy¹ draw thair schippis
thar :

And a myle wes betuix the seys ;
Bot that wes lompynt² all with treis.
The King his schippis thar gert³ draw.
And for the wynd couth⁴ stoutly blaw
Apon thair bak, as thai wald ga,
He gert men rapys and mastis ta,
And set thaim in the schippis hey,
And saylis to the toppis tey ;
And gert men gang thar by drawand.
The wynd thaim helpyt, that was bliawand ;
Swa that, in a liill space,
Thair flote all our drawin was.

"And quhen thai, that in the liss war,
Hard tell how the gud King had thar
Gert hys schippis with saillis ga
Owt our betuix [the] Tarbart [is] twa,
Thai war abaysit⁵ sa wryte.
For thai wyst, throw suld prophecy,
That he suld ger⁶ schippis sua
Betuix thai seis with saillis ga,
Suld wyne the liss sua till hand,
That nane with strength suld him withstand.
Tharfor they come all to the King.
Wes nane withstad his bidding,
Owtakyn⁷ Jhone of Lorne allayne.
Bot weill sone eftre wes he tayne ;
And present rycht to the King.
And thai that war of his leding,
That till the King had brokyn fay,⁸
War all dede, and destroy away."
Barbour's Bruce, Book X., v. 821.

NOTE 2 S.

*The sun, ere yet he sunk behind
Ben-Ghoil, "the Mountain of the Wind,"
Gave his grim peaks a greeting kind,
And bade Loch Ranza smile.—P. 364.*

Loch Ranza is a beautiful bay, on the northern extremity of Arran, opening towards East

¹ Were obliged to.

³ Caused.

² Laid with trees.

⁴ Could.

⁵ Confounded.

⁷ Excepting.

⁶ Make.

⁸ Faith.

Tarbat Loch. It is well described by Pennant:—"The approach was magnificent; a fine bay in front, about a mile deep, having a ruined castle near the lower end, on a low far-projecting neck of land, that forms another harbour, with a narrow passage; but within has three fathoms of water, even at the lowest ebb. Beyond is a little plain watered by a stream, and inhabited by the people of a small village. The whole is environed with a theatre of mountains; and in the background the serrated crags of Giannan-Athol soar above."
—*Pennant's Tour to the Western Isles*, p. 191-2. Ben-Ghaol, "the mountain of the winds," is generally known by its English, and less poetical name, of Goatfield.

NOTE 2 T.

*Each to Loch Ranza's margin spring;
That blast was winded by the King!*
P. 365.

he passage in Barbour, describing the landing of Bruce, and his being recognised by Douglas and those of his followers who had preceded him, by the sound of his horn, is in the original singularly simple and affecting—The king arrived in Arran with thirty-three small row-boats. He interrogated a female if there had arrived any warlike men of late in that country. "Surely, sir," she replied. "I can tell you of many who lately came hither, discomfited the English governor, and blockaded his castle of Brodick. They maintain themselves in a wood at no great distance." The king, truly conceiving that this must be Douglas and his followers, who had lately set forth to try their fortune in Arran, desired the woman to conduct him to the wood. She obeyed.

"The king then blew his horn on high;
And gert his men that were him by,
Hold them still, and all privy;
And syne again his horn blew he.
James of Dowglas heard him blow,
And at the last alone gan know,
And said, 'Soothly yon is the king;
I know long while since his blowing.'
The third time therewithall he blew,
And then Sir Robert Boid it knew;
And said, 'Yon is the king, but dread,
Go we forth till him, better speed.'
Then went they till the king in hie,
And him inclined courteously,
And blithly welcomed them the king,
And was joyful of their meeting,
And kissed them; and speared¹ syne
How they had fared in hunting?
And they him told all, but lesing:²
Syne laud they God of their meeting,
Syne with the king till his harbourye
Went both joyfu³ and jolly."

Barbour's Bruce, Book v.,
p. 115, 116.

NOTE 2 U.

—his brother blamed,
But shared the weakness, while ashamed,
With howlthy laugh his head he turn'd,
And dash'd away the tear he scorn'd.—P. 365.

The kind, and yet fiery character of Edward Bruce, is well painted by Barbour, in the account of his behaviour after the battle of Bannockburn. Sir Walter Ross, one of the very few Scottish nobles who fell in that battle, was so dearly beloved by Edward, that he wished the victory had been lost, so Ross had lived.

"Out-taken him, men has not seen
Where he for any mea made moaning."

And here the venerable Archdeacon intimates a piece of scandal. Sir Edward Bruce, it seems, loved Ross's sister, *par amours*, to the neglect of his own lady, sister to David de Strathbogie, Earl of Athole. This criminal passion had evil consequences; for, in resentment to the affront done to his sister, Athole attacked the guard which Bruce had left at Cambuskenneth, during the battle of Bannockburn, to protect his magazine of provisions, and slew Sir William Keith, the commander. For which treason he was forfeited.

In like manner, when in a sally from Carrickfergus, Neil Fleming, and the guards whom he commanded, had fallen, after the protracted resistance which saved the rest of Edward Bruce's army, he made such moan as surprised his followers:

"Sic moan he made men had ferly,³
For he was not customably
Wont for to moan men any thing,
Nor would not hear mea make moaning."

Such are the nice traits of character so often lost in general history.

NOTE 2 V.

*Thou heard'st a wretched female plain
In agony of travail-pain,
And thou didst bid thy little band
Upon the instant turn and stand,
And dare the worst the foe might do,
Rather than, like a knight untrue,
Leave to pursuers merciless
A woman in her last distress.*—P. 366.

This incident, which illustrates so happily the chivalrous generosity of Bruce's character, is one of the many simple and natural traits recorded by Barbour. It occurred during the expedition which Bruce made to Ireland, to support the pretensions of his brother Edward to the throne of that kingdom. Bruce was about to retreat, and his host was arrayed for moving.

"The king has heard a woman cry,
He asked what that was in hy.⁴
'It is the laydair,⁵ sir,' sai ane,
'That her child-ill⁶ right now has ta'en

¹ Asked.
² Wonder.

³ Without lying.
⁴ Hate.

⁵ Laundress.

⁶ Child-bed.

And must leave now behind us here.
 Therefore she makes an evil cheer.¹
 The king said, 'Certes,² it were pity
 That she in that point left should be,
 For certes I trow there is no man
 That he no will rue³ a woman than.'
 His hosts all there arrested he.
 And gert⁴ a tent soon stinted⁵ be,
 And gert her gang in hastily.
 And other women to be her hy.
 While she was delivered he bade;
 And syne forth on his ways rade.
 And how she forth should carried be,
 Or he forth fure,⁶ ordained he.
 This was a full great courtesy,
 That swilk a king and so mighty,
 Gert his men dwell on this manner,
 But for a poor lavender."

Barbour's Bruce, Book xvi. pp. 39, 40.

NOTE 2 W.

*O'er chasms he pass'd, where fractures wide
 Craved weary eye and ample stride.*—P. 368.

The interior of the island of Arran abounds with beautiful Highland scenery. The hills, being very rocky and precipitous, afford some cataracts of great height, though of inconsiderable breadth. There is one pass over the river Machrai, renowned for the dilemma of a poor woman, who, being tempted by the narrowness of the ravine to step across, succeeded in making the first movement, but took fright when it became necessary to move the other foot, and remained in a posture equally ludicrous and dangerous, until some chance passenger assisted her to extricate herself. It is said she remained there some hours.

NOTE 2 X.

*He cross'd his brow beside the stone
 Where Druids erst heard victims groan;
 And at the cairns upon the wild,
 O'er many a heathen hero piled.*—P. 368.

The isle of Arran, like those of Man and Anglesea, abounds with many relics of heathen, and probably Druidical, superstition. There are high erect columns of unhewn stone, the most early of all monuments, the circles of rude stones, commonly entitled Druidical, and the cairns, or sepulchral piles, within which are usually found urns enclosing ashes. Much doubt necessarily rests upon the history of such monuments, nor is it possible to consider them as exclusively Celtic or Druidical. By much the finest circles of standing stones, excepting Stonehege, are those of Stenhouse, at Stennis, in the island of Pomona, the principal isle of the Orcaides. These, of course, are neither Celtic nor Druidical; and we are assured that many circles of the kind occur both in Sweden and Norway.

1 Stop.
 2 Pity.

3 Certainly.
 4 Caused.

NOTE 2 Y.

*Old Brodick's gothic towers were seen;
 From Hastings, late their English Lord,
 Douglas had won them by the sword.*—P. 368.

Brodick or Brathwick Castle, in the Isle of Arran, is an ancient fortress, near an open roadstead called Brodick-Bay, and not far distant from a tolerable harbour, closed in by the Island of Lamlash. This important place had been assailed a short time before Bruce's arrival in the island. James Lord Douglas, who accompanied Bruce to his retreat in Rachrine, seems, in the spring of 1306, to have tired of his abode there, and set out accordingly, in the phrase of the times, to see what adventure God would send him. Sir Robert Boyd accompanied him; and his knowledge of the localities of Arran appears to have directed his course thither. They landed in the island privately, and appear to have laid an ambush for Sir John Hastings, the English governor of Brodick, and surprised a considerable supply of arms and provisions, and nearly took the castle itself. Indeed, that they actually did so, has been generally averred by historians, although it does not appear from the narrative of Barbour. On the contrary, it would seem that they took shelter within a fortification of the ancient inhabitants, a rampart called *Tor an Schuan*. When they were joined by Bruce, it seems probable that they had gained Brodick Castle. At least tradition says, that from the battlements of the tower he saw the supposed signal-fire on Turnberry-nook. . . . The castle is now much modernized, but has a dignified appearance, being surrounded by flourishing plantations.

NOTE 2 Z.

*Oft, too, with unaccustom'd ears,
 A language much unmeet he hears.*—P. 368.

Barbour, with great simplicity, gives an anecdote, from which it would seem that the vice of profane swearing, afterwards too general among the Scottish nation, was, at this time, confined to military men. As Douglas, after Bruce's return to Scotland, was roving about the mountainous country of Tweeddale, near the water of Line, he chanced to hear some persons in a farm-house say "*the devil*." Concluding, from this hardy expression, that the house contained warlike guests, he immediately assailed it, and had the good fortune to make prisoners Thomas Randolph, afterwards the famous Earl of Murray, and Alexander Stuart, Lord Bonkle. Both were then in the English interest, and had come into that country with the purpose of driving out Douglas. They afterwards ranked among Bruce's most zealous adherents.

5 Pitched.

6 Moved.

NOTE 3 A.

*For, see! the ruddy signal made,
That Clifford, with his merry-men oll,
Guards carelessly our father's hall.—P. 369.*

The remarkable circumstances by which Bruce was induced to enter Scotland, under the false idea that a signal-fire was lighted upon the shore near his maternal castle of Turnberry—the disappointment which he met with, and the train of success which arose out of that very disappointment, are too curious to be passed over unnoticed. The following is the narrative of Barbour. The introduction is a favourable specimen of his style, which seems to be in some degree the model for that of Gawain Douglas:—

“ This wes in ver,¹ quhen wynter tid,
With his blastis hidwys to bid,
Was our drywvn : and hyrdis smale,
As turturis and the nychtynagle,
Begouth² rycht sariely³ to syng ;
And for to mak in thair singyng
Swete notis, and sownys ser,⁴
And melodys plesand to her,
And the tres begouth to ma⁵
Burgeans,⁶ and brycht blomys alsua,
To wyn the helyng⁷ off thair hewid,
That wykkyt wyntir had thaim rewid.⁸
And all gressys beguth to spryng.
In to that tyoie the nohill kmg,
With his floie, and a few menyne,⁹
Thre hundyr I trow thui mycht be,
Is to the se, owte off Arane
A litill forouth,¹⁰ ewyn gane.

“ Thai rowit fast, with all thair mycht
Till that apoun thaim fell the nycht,
That woux myrk¹¹ apoun gret maner,
Swa that thui wyst nocht quhar thui wer.
For thui na nedill had, na stane ;
Bot rowyt always in till aue,
Sterand all tyme apoun the fyr.
That thui saw hrynnand lycht and schyr.¹²
It wes bot auentur¹³ thaim led :
And they in schort tyme sa thaim sped,
That at the fyr arywyt thui ;
And went to land bot mar delay.
And Cuthbert, that has sene the fyr,
Was full off angry, and off ire ;
For he durst nocht do it away ;
And wes alsua dowtand ay
That his lord suld pass to se.
Tharfor thair cumynyn waytit he ;
And met them at thair arywing.
He wes welle some broucht to the King,
That speryt at him how he had done.
And he with sar hart tauld him some,
How that he fund nane weill luffand ;
Bot all war fayis, that he fand :
And that the lord the Persy,
With ner thre hundre in company,
Was in the castell thar besid,
Fullillyt off dyspyt and prid.
Bot ma than twa partis off his rowt
War herberyt in the toune without ;
' And dyspytyt yow mar, Schir King,
Than men may dyspyt ony thing.’

Than said the King, in full gret ire ;
' Thatour, quhy maid thow than the fyr ?'—
' A ! Schyr,' said he, ' sa God me se !
The fyr wes newyr maid for me.
Na, or the nycht, I wyst it nocht ;
Bot fra I wyst it, weill I thoct
That ye, and haly yow menyne.
In hy¹⁴ suld put yow to the se.
For thi I cum to inete yow her,
To tell perellys thui may aper.’

“ The King wes off his spek angry,
And askyt his prywé men, in hy,
Quhar at thaim thought wes best to do.
Schyr Edward fryst answert thar to,
Hys brodyr that wes swa hardy,
And said : ' I saw yow sekryly
Thar sall na pereil, that may be,
Dryve me eftsonys¹⁵ to the se.
Myne auentur her tak will I,
Quhethir it he esfull or angry.'—
' Brothyr,' he said, ' seu thou will sua,
It is gude that we samyn ta
Dissese or ese, or payne or play,
Eftyr as God will ws purway¹⁶
And seu nien sayis that the Persy
Myn heretage will occupy ;
And his menyne sa ner ws lysis,
That ws dyspytis mony wyss ;
Ga we and wenze¹⁷ sunn off the dyspyte
And that may we haiff done als tite :¹⁸
For thui ly trastyly,¹⁹ hut dredyng
Off ws, or off our her cummyng.
And thought we slepand slew thaim all,
Repruff tharof na man sall.
For werrayour na forss suld ma,
Quhethir he mycht ourcom his fa
Throw strenth, or throw sutelte ;
Bot that gud faith ay haldyn be.’”

Barbour's Bruce, Book iv., v. 1.

NOTE 3 B.

*Now ask yow whence that wondrous light,
Whose fairy glow beguiled their sight ?—
It ne'er was known.—P. 370.*

The following are the words of an ingenious correspondent, to whom I am obliged for much information respecting Turnberry and its neighbourhood. “ The only tradition now remembered of the landing of Robert the Bruce in Carrick, relates to the fire seen by him from the Isle of Arran. It is still generally reported, and religiously believed by many, that this fire was really the work of supernatural power, unassisted by the hand of any mortal being ; and it is said, that, for several centuries, the flame rose yearly on the same hour of the same night of the year, on which the king first saw it from the turrets of Brodick Castle ; and some go so far as to say, that if the exact time were known, it would be still seen. That this superstitious notion is very ancient, is evident from the place where the fire is said to have appeared, being called the Bogles' Brae, beyond the remembrance of man. In support of this curious belief, it is said that the practice of burning hearth for

1 Spring.—2 Began.—3 Loftily.—4 Several.—5 Make.—6 Buds.—7 Covering.—8 Bereaved.—9 Men.—10 Before.—11 Dark.—12 Clear.—13 Adventure.—14 Haste.—15 Soon

after.—16 Prepare.—17 Avenge.—18 Quickly.—19 Contentedly.

the improvement of land was then unknown; that a spunkie (Jack o'lanthorn) could not have been seen across the breadth of the Forth of Clyde, between Ayrshire and Arran; and that the courier of Bruce was his kinsman, and never suspected of treachery."—Letter from Mr Joseph Train, of Newton Stuart, author of an ingenious Collection of Poems, illustrative of many ancient Traditions in Galloway and Ayrshire, Edinburgh, 1814. (Mr Train made a journey into Ayrshire at Sir Walter Scott's request, on purpose to collect accurate information for the Notes to this poem; and the reader will find more of the fruits of his labours in Note 3 D. This is the same gentleman whose friendly assistance is so often acknowledged in the Notes and Introductions of the Waverley Novels.]

NOTE 3 C.

*They gain'd the Chase, a wide domain
Left for the Castle's silvan reign.*—P. 371.

The Castle of Turnberry, on the coast of Ayrshire, was the property of Robert Bruce, in right of his mother. Lord Hailes mentions the following remarkable circumstance concerning the mode in which he became proprietor of it:—"Martha, Countess of Carrick in her own right, the wife of Robert Bruce, Lord of Aonandale, bare him a son, afterwards Robert I. (11th July, 1274.) The circumstances of her marriage were singular: happening to meet Robert Bruce in her domains, she became enamoured of him, and with some violence led him to her castle of Turnberry. A few days after she married him, without the knowledge of the relations of either party, and without the requisite consent of the king. The king instantly seized her castle and whole estates: She afterwards atoned by a fine for her feudal delinquency. Little did Alexander foresee, that, from this union, the restorer of the Scottish monarchy was to arise."—*Annals of Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 180. The same obliging correspondent, whom I have quoted in the preceding note, gives me the following account of the present state of the ruins of Turnberry:—"Turnberry Point is a rock projecting into the sea; the top of it is about eighteen feet above high-water mark. Upon this rock was built the castle. There is about twenty-five feet high of the wall next to the sea yet standing. Upon the land-side the wall is only about four feet high: the length has been sixty feet, and the breadth forty-five: it was surrounded by a ditch, but that is now nearly filled up. The top of the ruin, rising between forty and fifty feet above the water, has a majestic appearance from the sea. There is not much local tradition in the vicinity connected with Bruce or his history. In front, however, of the rock, upon which stands Culzean Castle, is the mouth of a romantic cavern, called the Cove of Colean, in which it is said Bruce and his followers concealed themselves immediately after landing, till they arranged matters for their farther enterprises. Burns mentions it in the poem of Hallowe'en. The only place to the south of

Turnberry worth mentioning, with reference to Bruce's history, is the Weary Nook, a little romantic green hill, where he and his party are said to have rested, after assaulting the castle."

Around the Castle of Turnberry was a level plain of about two miles in extent, forming the castle park. There could be nothing, I am informed, more beautiful than the copse-wood and verdure of this extensive meadow, before it was invaded by the ploughshare.

NOTE 3 D.

The Bruce hath won his father's hall.

P. 373.

I have followed the flattering and pleasing tradition, that the Bruce, after his descent upon the coast of Ayrshire, actually gained possession of his maternal castle. But the tradition is not accurate. The fact is, that he was only strong enough to alarm and drive in the outposts of the English garrison, then commanded, not by Clifford, as assumed in the text, but by Percy. Neither was Clifford slain upon this occasion, though he had several skirmishes with Bruce. He fell afterwards in the battle of Bannockburn. Bruce, after alarming the castle of Turnberry, and surprising some part of the garrison, who were quartered without the walls of the fortress, retreated into the mountainous part of Carrick, and there made himself so strong, that the English were obliged to evacuate Turnberry, and at length the Castle of Ayr. Many of his benefactions and royal gifts attest his attachment to the hereditary followers of his house, in this part of the country.

It is generally known that Bruce, in consequence of his distresses after the battle of Methven, was affected by a scorbutic disorder, which was then called a leprosy. It is said he experienced benefit from the use of a medicinal spring, about a mile north of the town of Ayr, called from that circumstance King's Case. The following is the tradition of the country, collected by Mr. Train:—"After Robert ascended the throne, he founded the priory of Dominican monks, every one of whom was under the obligation of putting up to Heaven a prayer once every week-day, and twice in holidays, for the recovery of the king; and, after his death, these masses were continued for the saving of his soul. The ruins of this old monastery are now nearly level with the ground. Robert likewise caused houses to be built round the well of King's Case, for eight lepers, and allowed eight bolls of oatmeal, and 28*l.* Scotch money, per annum, to each person. These donations were laid upon the lands of Fullarton, and are now payable by the Duke of Portland. The farm of Shiels, in the neighbourhood of Ayr, has to give, if required, a certain quantity of straw for the lepers' beds, and so much to thatch their houses annually. Each leprous person had a drinking-horn provided him by the king, which continued to be hereditary in the house to which it was first granted. One of those identical horns, of very curious

workmanship, was in the possession of the late Colonel Fliartou of that ilk."

My correspondent proceeds to mention some curious remnants of antiquity respecting this foundation. "In compliment to Sir William Wallace, the great deliverer of his country, King Robert Bruce invested the descendants of that hero with the right of placing all the lepers upon the establishment of King's Case. This patronage continued in the family of Craige, till it was sold along with the lands of the late Sir Thomas Wallace. The burgh of Ayr then purchased the right of applying the donations of King's Case to the support of the poor-house of Ayr. The lepers' charter-stone was a basaltic block, exactly the shape of a sheep's kidney, and weighing an Ayrshire boll of meal. The surface of this stone being as smooth as glass, there was not any other way of lifting it than by turning the hollow to the ground, there extending the arms along each side of the stone, and clasping the hands in the cavity. Young lads were always considered as deserving to be ranked among men, when they could lift the blue stone of King's Case. It always lay beside the well, till a few years ago, when some English dragoons encamped at that place wantonly broke it, since which the fragments have been kept by the freemen of Prestwick in a place of security. There is one of these charter-stones at the village of Old Daily, in Carriek, which has become more celebrated by the following event, which happened only a few years ago:—The village of New Daily being now larger than the old place of the same name, the inhabitants insisted that the charter-stone should be removed from the old town to the new, but the people of Old Daily were unwilling to part with their ancient right. Demands and remonstrances were made on each side without effect, till at last man, woman, and child, of both villages, marched out, and by one desperate engagement put an end to a war, the commencement of which no person then living remembered. Justice and victory, in this instance, being of the same party, the villagers of the old town of Daily now enjoy the pleasure of keeping the *blue-stone* unmolested. Ideal privileges are often attached to some of these stones. In Girvan, if a man can set his back against one of the above description, he is supposed not liable to be arrested for debt, nor can cattle, it is imagined, be pointed as long as they are fastened to the same stone. That stones were often used as symbols to denote the right of possessing land, before the use of written documents became general in Scotland, is, I think, exceedingly probable. The charter-stone of Inverness is still kept with great care, set in a frame, and hooped with iron, at the market place of that town. It is called by the inhabitants of that district *Clack na Coudin*. I think it is very likely that Carey has mentioned this stone in his poem of *Craig Phaderick*. This is only a conjecture, as I have never seen that work. While the famous marble chair was allowed to remain at Scoon, it was considered as the charter-stone of the kingdom of Scotland."

NOTE 3 E.

"Bring here," he said, "the mazers four,
My noble fathers loved of yore."—P. 373.

These mazers were large drinking-cups, or goblets. Mention of them occurs in a curious inventory of the treasure and jewels of James III., which will be published, with other curious documents of antiquity, by my friend, Mr. Thomas Thomson. D Register of Scotland, under the title of "A Collection of Inventories, and other Records of the Royal Wardrobe, Jewel-House," &c. I copy the passage in which mention is made of the mazers, and also of a habitment, called "King Robert Bruce's serk," i. e. *shirt*, meaning, perhaps, his shirt of mail; although no other arms are mentioned in the inventory. It might have been a relic of more sanctified description, a penance shirt perhaps.

Extract from "*Inventare of one Parte of the Gold and Silver coneynt and unconeynt, Jewellis, and uthir Stuff pertaining to Umquhile oure Sovrane Lords Fader, that he had in Depois the Tyme of his Deces, and that come to the Handis of oure Sovrane Lord that now is, M.CCCC.LXXXVIII.*"

"Memorandum fundin in a bandit kist like a garleviant,¹ in the fyrst the grete cheny² of gold, contenaund sevin score sex linkis.

Item, thre platis of silver.

Item, twelf salvas.³

Item, fyfene discheis⁴ ouregilt.

Item, a grete gilt plate.

Item, twa grete bassingis⁵ ouregilt.

Item, four *Masaris*, called *King Robert the Brocis*, with a cover.

Item, a grete cok maid of silver.

Item, the hede of silver of ane of the coveris of masar.

Item, a fare dialle.⁶

Item, twa kasis of knyffis.⁷

Item, a pare of auld knyffis.

Item, takin be the smyth that opinnit the lokkis, in gold fourty denyis.

Item, in Inglyis grotis⁸ ----- xxiiii. li. and the said silver given again to the takaris of hym.

Item, ressavit in the classat of Davidis tour, ane haly water-fat of silver, twa boxis, a cageat tume, a glas with rois-water, a do-soune of torchis, *King Robert Bruce's Serk.*"

The real use of the antiquarian's studies is to bring the minute information which he collects to bear upon points of history. For example, in the inventory I have just quoted, there is given the contents of the *black kist*, or chest, belonging to James III., which was his strong box, and contained a quantity of treasure, in money and jewels, surpassing what might have been at the period expected of "poor Scotland's gear." This illustrates and authenticates a striking passage in the history of the house of Douglas, by Ihuene of Godscroft. The last Earl of Douglas (of the elder branch) had been reduced to monastic

1 Gard-vin, or wine-cooler. — 2 Chain. — 3 Salt-cellars, anciently the object of much curious workmanship.

4 Dishos. — 5 Basins. — 6 Dial. — 7 Cases of knives. — 8 English groats.

seclusion in the Abbey of Lindores, by James II. James III. in his distresses, would willingly have recalled him to public life, and made him his lieutenant. "But he," says Godscroft, "laden with years and old age, and weary of troubles, refused, saying, Sir, you have kept mee, and your *black coffer* in Sterling, too long, neither of us can doe you any good: I, because my friends have forsaken me, and my followers and dependers are fallen from me, betaking themselves to other masters; and your black trunk is too farre from you, and your enemies are between you and it: or (as others say) because there was in it a sort of black coyne, that the king had caused to be coyned by the advice of his courtiers; which moneyes (saith he) sir, if you had put out at the first, the people would have taken it; and if you had employed mee in due time I might have done you service. But now there is none that will take notice of me, our meddle with your money."—*Hume's History of the House of Douglas*, fol. Edin. 1644, p. 206.

NOTE 3 F.

Arouse old friends, and gather new.

P. 373.

As soon as it was known in Kyle, says ancient tradition, that Robert Bruce had landed in Carrick, with the intention of recovering the crown of Scotland, the Laird of Craigie, and forty eight men in his immediate neighbourhood, declared in favour of their legitimate prince. Bruce granted them a tract of land, still retained by the freemen of Newton to this day. The original charter was lost when the pestilence was raging at Ayr; but it was renewed by one of the Jameses, and is dated at Faulkland. The freemen of Newton were formerly officers by rotation. The Provost of Ayr at one time was a freeman of Newton, and it happened to be his turn, while provost in Ayr, to be officer in Newton, both of which offices he discharged at the same time.

The forest of Selkirk, or Etrick, at this period, occupied all the district which retains that denomination, and embraced the neighbouring dales of Tweeddale, and at least the Upper Ward of Clydesdale. All that tract was probably as waste as it is mountaneous, and covered with the remains of the ancient Caledonian Forest, which is supposed to have stretched from Cheviot Hills as far as Hamilton, and to have comprehended even a part of Ayrshire. At the fatal battle of Falkirk, Sir John Stewart of Bonkill, brother to the Steward of Scotland, commanded the archers of Selkirk Forest, who fell around the dead body of their leader. The English historians have commemorated the tall and stately persons, as well as the unswerving faith, of these foresters. Nor has their interesting fall escaped the notice of an elegant modern poetess, whose subject led her to treat of that calamitous engagement.

"The glance of the morn had sparkled bright
On their plumage green and their actions light;

The hagle was strung at each hunter's side,
As they had been bound to the chase to ride;

But the hagle is mate, and the shafts ara spent,

The arm unnerved and the bow uobent,
And the tired forester is laid
Far, far from the clustering greenwood shade!

Sore have they toil'd—they are fallen asleep,
And their slumber is heavy, and dull, and deep!

When over their bones the grass shall wave,
When the wild winds over their tombs shall rave,

Memory shall lean on their graves, and tell
How Selkirk's hunters bold around old
Stewart fell!"

Wallace, or the Fight of Falkirk,
[by Miss Holford,] Lond. 4to,
1809, pp. 170-1.

NOTE 3 G.

*When Bruce's banner had victorious flow'd,
O'er Loudoun's mountain, and in Ury's vale.*

P. 373.

The first important advantage gained by Bruce, after landing at Turnberry, was over Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, the same by whom he had been defeated near Methven. They met, as has been said, by appointment, at Loudonhill, in the west of Scotland. Pembroke sustained a defeat; and from that time Bruce was at the head of a considerable flying army. Yet he was subsequently obliged to retreat into Aberdeenshire, and was there assailed by Comyn, Earl of Buchan, desirous to avenge the death of his relative, the Red Comyn, and supported by a body of English troops under Philip de Moubray. Bruce was ill at the time of a scrofulous disorder, but took horse to meet his enemies, although obliged to be supported on either side. He was victorious, and it is said that the agitation of his spirits restored his health.

NOTE 3 H.

When English blood oft deluged Douglas-dale.

P. 373.

The "good Lord James of Douglas," during these commotions, often took from the English his own castle of Douglas, but being unable to garrison it, contented himself with destroying the fortifications, and retiring into the mountains. As a reward to his patriotism, it is said to have been prophesied, that how often soever Douglas Castle should be destroyed, it should always again arise more magnificent from its ruins. Upon one of these occasions he used fearful cruelty, causing all the store of provisions, which the English had laid up in his castle, to be heaped together, bursting the wine and beer casks among the wheat and flour, slaughtering the cattle upon the same spot, and upon the top of the whole cutting the throats of the English prisoners. This pleasantry of the "good Lord James" is commemorated under the name of the *Douglas's Larder*. A more pleasing tale of chivalry is recorded by Godscroft.—"By this means,

and such other exploits, he so affrighted the enemy, that it was counted a matter of great jeopardy to keep this castle, which began to be call'd the *adventurous* (or hazardous) *Castle of Douglas*; whereupon Sir John Walton being in suit of an English lady, she wrote to him, that when he had kept the adventurous Castle of Douglas seven years, then he might think himself worthy to be a suitor to her. Upon this occasion Walton took upon him the keeping of it, and succeeded to Thruswall, but he ran the same fortune with the rest that were before him. For Sir James, having first dressed an ambuscade near unto the place, he made fourteen of his men take so many sacks, and fill them with grass, as though it had been corn, which they carried in the way to Lanark, the chief market town in that county: so hoping to draw forth the captain by that bait, and either to take him or the castle, or both. Neither was this expectation frustrated, for the captain did bite, and came forth to have taken this victual (as he supposed). But ere he could reach these carriers, Sir James, with his company, had gotten between the castle and him: and these disguised carriers, seeing the captain following after them, did quickly cast off their sacks, mounted themselves on horseback, and met the captain with a sharp encounter, being so much the more amazed, as it was unlooked for: wherefore, when he saw these carriers metamorphosed into warriors, and ready to assault him, fearing that which was, that there was some train laid for them, he turned about to have retired to his castle, but there he also met with his enemies; between which two companies he and his whole followers were slain, so that none escaped: the captain afterwards being searched, they found (as it is reported) his mistress's letter about him."—*Hume's History of the House of Douglas*, fol. pp. 29, 30.

NOTE 3 I.

And fiery Edward routed stout St. John.

P. 373.

"John de St. John, with 15,000 horsemen, had advanced to oppose the inroad of the Scots. By a forced march he endeavoured to surprise them, but intelligence of his motions was timely received. The courage of Edward Bruce, approaching to temerity, frequently enabled him to achieve what men of more judicious valour would never have attempted. He ordered the infantry, and the meaner sort of his army, to intrench themselves in strong narrow ground. He himself, with fifty horsemen well harnessed, issued forth under cover of a thick mist, surprised the English on their march, attacked and dispersed them."—*Dalrymple's Annals of Scotland*, quarto, Edinburgh, 1779, p. 25.

NOTE 3 K.

When Randolph's war-cry swell'd the southern gale.

P. 373.

Thomas Randolph, Bruce's sister's son, a renowned Scottish chief, was in the early part

of his life not more remarkable for consistency than Bruce himself. He espoused his uncle's party when Bruce first assumed the crown, and was made prisoner at the fatal battle of Methven, in which his relative's hopes appeared to be ruined. Randolph accordingly not only submitted to the English, but took an active part against Bruce; appeared in arms against him; and, in the skirmish where he was so closely pursued by the bloodhound, it is said his nephew took his standard with his own hand. But Randolph was afterwards made prisoner by Douglas in Tweeddale, and brought before King Robert. Some harsh language was exchanged between the uncle and nephew, and the latter was committed for a time to close custody. Afterwards, however, they were reconciled, and Randolph was created Earl of Moray about 1312. After this period he eminently distinguished himself, first by the surprise of Edinburgh Castle, and afterwards by many similar enterprises, conducted with equal courage and ability.

NOTE 3 L.

*Stirling's towers,
Beleagu'd by King Robert's powers;
And they took term of truce.*—P. 374.

When a long train of success, actively improved by Robert Bruce, had made him master of almost all Scotland, Stirling Castle continued to hold out. The care of the blockade was committed by the king to his brother Edward, who concluded a treaty with Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor, that he should surrender the fortress, if it were not succoured by the King of England before St. John the Baptist's day. The King severely blamed his brother for the impolicy of a treaty, which gave time to the King of England to advance to the relief of the castle with all his assembled forces, and obliged himself either to meet them in battle with an inferior force, or to retreat with dishonour. "Let all England come," answered the reckless Edward; "we will fight them were they more." The consequence was, of course, that each kingdom mustered its strength for the expected battle; and as the space agreed upon reached from Lent to Midsummer, full time was allowed for that purpose.

NOTE 3 M.

*To summon prince and peer,
At Berwick-bounds to meet their Liege.*

P. 374.

There is printed in Rymer's *Fœdera* the summons issued upon this occasion to the sheriff of York; and he mentions eighteen other persons to whom similar ordinances were issued. It seems to respect the infantry alone, for it is entitled, *De peditibus ad recusum Castri de Strigelin a Scotis obsessi, proferare faciendis*. This circumstance is also clear from the reasoning of the writ, which states: "We have understood that our Scottish enemies and rebels are endeavouring to collect as strong a force as possible of infantry,

in strong and marshy grounds, where the approach of cavalry would be difficult, between us and the castle of Stirling."—It then sets forth Mowbray's agreement to surrender the castle, if not relieved before St John the Baptist's day, and the king's determination, with divine grace, to raise the siege. "Therefore," the summons further bears, "to remove our said enemies and rebels from such places as above mentioned, it is necessary for us to have a strong force of infantry fit for arms." And accordingly the sheriff of York is commanded to equip and send forth a body of four thousand infantry, to be assembled at Werk, upon the tenth day of June first, under pain of the royal displeasure, &c.

NOTE 3 N.

*And Cambria, but of late subdued,
Sent forth her mountain-multitude.*

P. 374.

Edward the First, with the usual policy of a conqueror, employed the Welsh, whom he had subdued, to assist him in his Scottish wars, for which their habits, as mountaineers, particularly fitted them. But this policy was not without its risks. Previous to the battle of Falkirk, the Welsh quarrelled with the English men-at-arms, and after bloodshed on both parts, separated themselves from his army, and the feud between them, at so dangerous and critical a juncture, was reconciled with difficulty. Edward II. followed his father's example in this particular, and with no better success. They could not be brought to exert themselves in the cause of their conquerors. But they had an indifferent reward for their forbearance. Without arms, and clad only in scanty dresses of linen cloth, they appeared naked in the eyes even of the Scottish peasantry; and after the rout of Bannockburn, were massacred by them in great numbers, as they retired in confusion towards their own country. They were under command of Sir Maurice de Berkeley.

NOTE 3 O.

*And Connocht pour'd from waste and wood
Her hundred tribes, whose sceptre rude
Dark Eth O Connor sway'd.*

P. 374.

There is in the *Fœdera* an invitation to Eth O'Connor, chief of the Irish of Counaught, setting forth that the king was about to move against his Scottish rebels, and therefore requesting the attendance of all the force he could muster, either commanded by himself in person, or by some nobleman of his race. These auxiliaries were to be commanded by Richard de Burgh, Earl of Ulster. Similar mandates were issued to the following Irish chiefs, whose names may astonish the unlearned, and amuse the antiquary.

"Eth O Donuuld, Duci Hibernicorum de Tyconil;
Demod O Kahan, Duci Hibernicorum de Bernetrew;
Doneval O Neel, Duci Hibernicorum de Tryowyn;
Neel Machreen, Duci Hibernicorum de Kynallewan;
Eth. Offyn, Duci Hibernicorum de Turtery;
Adneval Mac Aneagus, Duci Hibernicorum de Onehagh;
Neel O Hanlan, Duci Hibernicorum de Erthere;
Bien Mac Mahun, Duci Hibernicorum de Uriel;
Lauercagh Mac Wyr, Duci Hibernicorum de Lougherin;
Gillys O Raily, Duci Hibernicorum de Bresfeny;
Geffrey O Fergy, Duci Hibernicorum de Montiragwil;
Felyn O Honughur, Duci Hibernicorum de Counach;
Donethuth O Bien, Duci Hibernicorum de Tothmund;
Dermod Mac Arthy, Duci Hibernicorum de Dessemouud;
Denenol Carbragh;
Maur. Kenenagh Mac Murgh;
Murhugh O Bryn;
David O Tolthvill;
Dermod O Tonoghur, Doffaly;
Fyn O Dymsey;
Souehuth Mac Gillepatrick;
Lyssagh O Morth;
Gilbertus Ekelly, Duci Hibernicorum de Omany;
Mac Ethelau;
Omalan Helyn, Duci Hibernicorum Midie."
Rymer's Fœdera, vol. iii., pp. 476, 477.

NOTE 3 P.

Their chief, Fitz-Louis.—P. 375.

Fitz-Louis, or Mac-Louis, otherwise called Fullarton, is a family of ancient descent in the Isle of Arran. They are said to be of French origin, as the name intimates. They attached themselves to Bruce upon his first landing; and Fergus Mac-Louis, or Fullarton, received from the grateful monarch a charter, dated 26th November, in the second year of his reign (1307), for the lands of Kilmichel, and others, which still remain in this very ancient and respectable family.

NOTE 3 Q.

*In battles four beneath their eye,
The forces of King Robert lie.—P. 375.*

The arrangements adopted by King Robert for the decisive battle of Bannockburn, are given very distinctly by Barbour, and form an edifying lesson to tacticians. Yet, till commented upon by Lord Hailes, this important passage of history has been generally and strangely misunderstood by historians. I will here endeavour to detail it fully.

Two days before the battle, Bruce selected

the field of action, and took post there with his army, consisting of about 30,000 disciplined men, and about half the number of disorderly attendants upon the camp. The ground was called the New Park of Stirling; it was partly open, and partly broken by copses of wood and marshy ground. He divided his regular forces into four divisions. Three of these occupied a front line, separated from each other, yet sufficiently near for the purpose of communication. The fourth division formed a reserve. The line extended in a north-easterly direction from the brook of Bannock, which was so rugged and broken as to cover the right flank effectually, to the village of Saint Ninians, probably in the line of the present road from Stirling to Kilsyth. Edward Bruce commanded the right wing, which was strengthened by a strong body of cavalry under Keith, the Mareschal of Scotland, to whom was committed the important charge of attacking the English archers; Douglas, and the young Steward of Scotland, led the central wing; and Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, the left wing. The King himself commanded the fourth division which lay in reserve behind the others. The royal standard was pitched, according to tradition, in a stone, having a round hole for its reception, and thence called the Bore-stone. It is still shown on the top of a small eminence, called Brock's-brae, to the south-west of Saint Ninians. His main body thus disposed, King Robert sent the followers of the camp, fifteen thousand and upwards in number, to the eminence in rear of his army, called from that circumstance the *Gillies* (i. e. the servants' Hill).

The military advantages of this position were obvious. The Scottish left flank, protected by the brook of Bannock, could not be turned; or, if that attempt were made, a movement by the reserve might have covered it. Again, the English could not pass the Scottish army, and move towards Stirling, without exposing their flank to be attacked while in march.

If, on the other hand, the Scottish line had been drawn up east and west, and facing to the southward, as affirmed by Buchanan, and adopted by Mr. Nimmo, the author of the History of Stirlingshire, there appears nothing to have prevented the English approaching upon the carse, or level ground, from Falkirk, either from turning the Scottish left flank, or from passing their position, if they preferred it, without coming to an action, and moving on to the relief of Stirling. And the Gillies' Hill, if this less probable hypothesis be adopted, would be situated, not in the rear, as allowed by all the historians, but upon the left flank of Bruce's army. The only objection to the hypothesis above laid down, is, that the left flank of Bruce's army was thereby exposed to a sally from the garrison of Stirling. But, 1st, the garrison were bound to neutrality by terms of Mowbray's treaty; and Barbour even seems to censure, as a breach of faith, some secret assistance which they rendered their countrymen upon the eve of battle, in placing temporary bridges

of doors and spars over the pools of water in the carse, to enable them to advance to the charge.¹ 2dly, Had this not been the case, the strength of the garrison was probably not sufficient to excite apprehension. 3dly, The adverse hypothesis leaves the rear of the Scottish army as much exposed to the Stirling garrison, as the left flank would be in the case supposed.

It only remains to notice the nature of the ground in front of Bruce's line of battle. Being part of a park, or chase, it was considerably interrupted with trees; and an extensive marsh, still visible, in some places rendered it inaccessible, and in all of difficult approach. More to the northward, where the natural impediments were fewer, Bruce fortified his position against cavalry, by digging a number of pits so close together, says Barbour, as to resemble the cells in a honey-comb. They were a foot in breadth, and between two and three feet deep, many rows of them being placed one behind the other. They were slightly covered with brushwood and green sods, so as not to be obvious to an impetuous enemy.

All the Scottish army were on foot, excepting a select body of cavalry stationed with Edward Bruce on the right wing, under the immediate command of Sir Robert Keith, the Marshal of Scotland, who were destined for the important service of charging and dispersing the English archers.

Thus judiciously posted, in a situation fortified both by art and nature, Bruce awaited the attack of the English.

NOTE 3 R.

Beyond, the Southern host appears.—P. 375.

Upon the 23d June, 1314, the alarm reached the Scottish army of the approach of the enemy. Douglas and the Marshal were sent to reconnoitre with a body of cavalry:

"And soon the great host have they seen,
Where shields shining were so sheen,
And basinet's burnished bright,
That gave against the sun great light,
They saw so fele² brawdyne³ baners,
Standards and pennons and spears,
And so fele knights upon steeds,
All flanning in their weeds,
And so fele bataills, and so broad,
And too so great room as they rode,
That the maist host, and the stoutest
Of Christendom, and the greatest,
Should be abaysit for to see
Their foes into such quantity."

The Bruce, vol. ii., p. 111.

The two Scottish commanders were cautious in the account which they brought back to their camp. To the king in private they told the formidable state of the enemy; but in public reported that the English were indeed a numerous host, but ill commanded, and worse disciplined.

¹ An assistance which (by the way) could not have been rendered, had not the English approached from the south-east; since, had their march been due north, the whole

Scottish army must have been between them and the garrison.

² Many.

³ Displayed.

NOTE 3 S.

*With these the valiant of the Isles
Beneath their chieftains rank'd their files.*

P. 375.

The men of Argyle, the islanders, and the Highlanders in general, were ranked in the rear. They must have been numerous, for Bruce had reconciled himself with almost all their chieftains, excepting the obnoxious Mac-Dougals of Lorn. The following deed, containing the submission of the potent Earl of Ross to the King, was never before published. It is dated in the third year of Robert's reign, that is, 1309.

*" Obligacio Comitiss Rossensis per Homagium
Fidelitatem et Scriptum.*

"Universis christi fidelibus ad quorum noticiam presentes litere pervenerint Willielmus Comes de Ross salutem in domino sempiternam. Quia magnificus princeps Dominus Robertus dei gracia Rex Scottorum Dominus meus ex innata sibi bonitate, inspirataque clemencia, et gracia speciali remisit michi pure rancorem animi sui, et relaxavit ac condonavit michi omnimodas transgressiones seu offensas contra ipsum et suos per me et meos vsque ad confeccionem literarum presentium perpetratas: Et terras meas et tenementa mea omnia graciosè concessit. Et me nichilominus de terra de Dingwall et fernroskry infra comitatum de Suthyrland de benigna liberalitate sua hereditarie infeodare caravit. Ego tantam principis benevolentiam efficaciter attendens, et pro tot graciis michi factis, vicem sibi gratitudinis meis pro viribus de cetero digne ----- vite cupiens exhibere, subicio et obligo me et heredes meos et homines meos vniuersos dicto Domino meo Regi per omnia ----- erga suam regiam dignitatem, quod erimus de cetero fideles sibi et heredibus suis et fidele sibi seruitium auxilium et concilium ----- contra omnes homines et feminas qui vivere poterint aut mori, et super h - - - Ego Willielmus pro me ----- hominibus meis vniuersis dicto domino meo Regi ----- manibus homagium sponte feci et super dei ewangelia sacramentum prestiti ----- In quorum omnium testimonium sigillum meum, et sigilla Hugonis filii et heredis et Johannis filii mei vna cum sigillis venerabilium patrum Dominorum David et Thome Moraviensis et Rossensis dei gracia episcoporum presentibus literis sunt appensa. Acta scripta et data apud Aldern in Moravia vltimo die mensis Octobris. Anno Regni dicti domini nostri Regis Roberti Tertii Testibus venerabilibus patribus supradictis, Domino Bernardo Cancellario Regis, Dominis Willielmo de Haya, Johanne de Struelyn, Willielmo Wysman, Johanne de Ffentou, David de Berkeley, et Waltero de Berkeley militibus, magistro Waltero Heroe, Decano ecclesie Morauie, magistro Willielmo de Creswel eiusdem ecclesie precentore et multis aliis nobilibus clericis et laicis dictis die et loco congregatis."

1 Comrades.—2 Haste.—3 Without shrinking.—4 Spurred.—5 Lize.

The copy of this curious document was supplied by my friend, Mr. Thomson, Deputy Register of Scotland, whose researches into our ancient records are daily throwing new and important light upon the history of the country.

NOTE 3 T.

The Monarch rode along the van.—P. 376.

The English vanguard, commanded by the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford, came in sight of the Scottish army upon the evening of the 23d of June. Bruce was then riding upon a little palfrey, in front of his foremost line, putting his host in order. It was then that the personal encounter took place betwixt him and Sir Henry de Bohun, a gallant English knight, the issue of which had a great effect upon the spirits of both armies. It is thus recorded by Barbour:—

"And quhen Glosyster and Herfurd war
With thair bataill, approchand ner,
Befor thaim all thar come rydand,
With helm on heid, and sper in hand,
Schyrr Henry the Boune, the worthi,
That wes a wycbt knycht, and a hardy;
And to the Erle off Herfurd cusyne,
Armyn in armys gud and fyne;
Come on a sted, a bow schote ner,
Befor all othyr that thar wer:
And knew the King, for that he saw
Him swa rang his men on raw;
And by the croune, that wes set
Alsua upon his bassynet.
And towart him he went in hy.
And [quien] the King swa apertly
Saw him cum, forouth all his feris,¹
In hy² till him the hors he steris.
And quhen Schyrr Henry saw the King
Cum on, for owtyr abaysing,³
Till him he raid in full gret hy,
He thocht that he suld weill lychtly
Wyn him, and haf him at his will,
Sen he him horsyt saw sa ill.
Spreat⁴ thar samyn in till a ling⁵
Schyrr Henry myssit the noble King.
And he, that in his sterapys stud,
With the ax that wes hard and gud,
With sa gret mayne⁶ racht him a dynt,
That nothyr hat, na helu, mycht stynt
The hewy⁷ dusche⁸ that he him gawe,
That ner the heid till the haryns clawe.
The hand ax schaft fruscht⁹ in twa;
And he doune to the erd gan ga
All flatlyn,¹⁰ for him faultly mycht.
This wes the fryst strak off the fycht."
Barbour's Bruce, Book viii., v. 684.

The Scottish leaders remonstrated with the King upon his temerity. He only answered, "I have broken my good battle-axe."—The English vanguard retreated after witnessing this single combat. Probably their generals did not think it advisable to hazard an attack while its unfavourable issue remained upon their minds.

6 Strength, or force.—7 Heavy.—8 Clash.—9 Broke.—10 Flat.

NOTE 3 U.

*What train of dust, with trumpet-sound,
And glimmering spears, is wheeling round
Our leftward flank?—P. 377.*

While the van of the English army advanced, a detached body attempted to relieve Stirling. Lord Hailes gives the following account of this manoeuvre and the result, which is accompanied by circumstances highly characteristic of the chivalrous manners of the age, and displays that generosity which reconciles us even to their ferocity upon other occasions.

Bruce had enjoined Randolph, who commanded the left wing of his army, to be vigilant in preventing any advanced parties of the English from throwing succours into the castle of Stirling.

"Eight hundred horsemen, commanded by Sir Robert Clifford, were detached from the English army; they made a circuit by the low grounds to the east, and approached the castle. The King perceived their motions, and, coming up to Randolph, angrily exclaimed, 'Thoughtless man! you have suffered the enemy to pass.' Randolph hastened to repair his fault, or perish. As he advanced, the English cavalry wheeled to attack him. Randolph drew up his troops in a circular form, with their spears resting on the ground, and protected on every side. At the first onset, Sir William Daynecourt, an English commander of distinguished note, was slain. The enemy, far superior in numbers to Randolph, surrounded him, and pressed hard on his little band. Douglas saw his jeopardy, and requested the King's permission to go and succour him. 'You shall not move from your ground,' cried the King; 'let Randolph extricate himself as he best may. I will not alter my order of battle, and lose the advantage of my position.'—'In truth,' replied Douglas, 'I cannot stand by and see Randolph perish; and, therefore, with your leave, I must aid him.' The King unwillingly consented, and Douglas flew to the assistance of his friend. While approaching, he perceived that the English were falling into disorder, and that the perseverance of Randolph had prevailed over their impetuous courage. 'Halt,' cried Douglas, 'those brave men have repulsed the enemy; let us not diminish their glory by sharing it.'"—*Dalrymple's Annals of Scotland*, 4to, Edinburgh, 1779, pp. 44, 45.

Two large stones erected at the north end of the village of Newhouse, about a quarter of a mile from the south part of Stirling, ascertain the place of this memorable skirmish. The circumstance tends, were confirmation necessary, to support the opinion of Lord Hailes, that the Scottish line had Stirling on its left flank. It will be remembered, that Randolph commanded infantry, Daynecourt cavalry. Supposing, therefore, according to the vulgar hypothesis, that the Scottish line was drawn up, facing to the south, in the line of the brook of Bannock, and consequently that Randolph was stationed with his left

flank resting upon Milntown bog, it is morally impossible that his infantry, moving from that position, with whatever celerity, could cut off from Stirling a body of cavalry who had already passed St. Ninians, or, in other words, were already between them and the town. Whereas, supposing Randolph's left to have approached St. Ninians, the short movement to Newhouse could easily be executed, so as to intercept the English in the manner described.

NOTE 3 V.

*Responsive from the Scottish host,
Pipe-clany and bugle-sound were ho'd'd.
P. 377.*

There is an old tradition, that the well-known Scottish tune of "Hey, tatti taitti," was Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. The late Mr. Ritson, no grantor of propositions, doubts whether the Scots had any martial music, quotes Froissart's account of each soldier in the host bearing a little horn, on which, at the onset, they would make such a horrible noise, as if all the devils of hell had been among them. He observes, that these horns are the only music mentioned by Barbour, and concludes, that it must remain a moot point whether Bruce's army were cheered by the sound even of a solitary bagpipe.—*Historical Essay prefixed to Ritson's Scottish Songs*—It may be observed in passing, that the Scottish of this period certainly observed some musical cadence, even in winding their horns, since Bruce was at once recognized by his followers from his mode of blowing. See Note 2 T. on canto iv. But the tradition, true or false, has been the means of securing to Scotland one of the finest lyrics in the language, the celebrated war-song of Burns,—“Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled.”

NOTE 3 W.

*Now onward, and in open view,
The countless ranks of England drew.*

P. 377.

Upon the 24th of June, the English army advanced to the attack. The narrowness of the Scottish front, and the nature of the ground, did not permit them to have the full advantage of their numbers, nor is it very easy to find out what was their proposed order of battle. The vanguard, however, appeared a distinct body, consisting of archers and spearmen on foot, and commanded, as already said, by the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford. Barbour, in one place, mentions that they formed nine *battals* or divisions; but from the following passage, it appears that there was no room or space for them to extend themselves, so that, except the vanguard, the whole army appeared to form one solid and compact body:—

“The English men, on either party,
That as angels shone brightly,

¹ Barbour says expressly, they avoided the New Park, (where Bruce's army lay,) and held "well neath the Kirk," which can only mean St. Ninians.

Were not array'd on such manner:
 For all their battles sanyu¹ were
 In a schiltrum.² But whether it was
 Through the great straitness of the place
 That they were in, to hide fighting;
 Or that it was for abaying;³
 I wete not. But in a schiltrum
 It seem'd they were all and some;
 Out ta'en the vaward anerly.⁴
 That right with a great company,
 Be them selwyn, arrayed were.
 Who had been by, might have seen there
 That folk outtake a mekill feild
 On breadth, where many a shining shield,
 And many a burnished bright armour,
 And many a man of great valour,
 Might in that great schiltrum be seen,
 And many a bright banner and sheen."

Barbour's Bruce, vol. ii. p. 137.

NOTE 3 X.

*See where yon barefoot Abbot stands,
 And blesses them with lifted hands.* P. 377.

"Maurice, abbot of Inchaffray, placing himself on an eminence, celebrated mass in sight of the Scottish army. He then passed along the front bare-footed, and bearing a crucifix in his hands, and exhorting the Scots, in few and forcible words, to combat for their rights and their liberty. The Scots knelt down. 'They yield,' cried Edward; 'see, they implore mercy.'—'They do,' answered Ingelram de Unfraville, 'but not ours. On this field they will be victorious, or die.'" — *Annals of Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 47.

NOTE 3 Y.

*Forth, Marshal, on the peasant foe!
 We'll tame the terrors of their bow,
 And cut the bow-string loose!*

P. 378.

The English archers commenced the attack with their usual bravery and dexterity. But against a force, whose importance he had learned by fatal experience, Bruce was provided. A small but select body of cavalry were detached from the right, under command of Sir Robert Keith. They rounded, as I conceive, the marsh called Miltown bog, and, keeping the firm ground, charged the left flank and rear of the English archers. As the bowmen had no spears nor long weapons fit to defend themselves against horse, they were instantly thrown into disorder, and

spread through the whole English army a confusion from which they never fairly recovered.

"The Inglis archeris schot sa fast,
 That nycht thair schot haiff ony last,
 It had bene hard to Scottis men.
 Bot King Robert, that wele gan ken⁶
 That thair archeris war peralouss,
 And thair schot reit hard and grewouss,
 Ordanyt, forouth⁸ the assemble,
 Hys marschell with a gret nyenye,
 Fyve hundre armyt in to stele,
 That on lycht hors war horsyt welle,
 For to pryk⁷ among the archeris;
 And swa assaile thaim with thair speris,
 That thair na layser haiff to schute.
 This marschell that lk of mute,⁸
 That Schyr Robert of Keyth was cauld,
 As lk befor her has yow tauld,
 Quhen he saw the bataillis sua
 Assenbill, and to gidder ga,
 And saw the archeris schoyt stoutly;
 With all thaim off his company,
 In hy apou thaim gan he rid;
 And our tuk thaim at a sid:⁹
 And ruselht among thaim sa rudly,
 Stekand thaim sa dispitoussly,
 And in sic fusoon¹⁰ berand doon,
 And slaynd thaim, for owtn ransoun;¹¹
 That thair thaim scalyt¹² euirrikane.¹³
 And fra that tyme furth thair war nane
 That assemblyt schot to ma.¹⁴
 Quhen Scottis archeris saw that thair sua
 War rehut,¹⁵ thair woux hardy.
 And with all thair mycht schot egrely
 Among the hors men, that thair raid;
 And wou dis wid to thaim thair maid;
 And slew of thaim a full gret dele."

Barbour's Bruce, Book ix., v. 228.

Although the success of this manœuvre was evident, it is very remarkable that the Scottish generals do not appear to have profited by the lesson. Almost every subsequent battle which they lost against England, was decided by the archers, to whom the close and compact array of the Scottish phalanx afforded an exposed and unresisting mark. The bloody battle of Halidoun-hill, fought scarce twenty years afterwards, was so completely gained by the archers, that the English are said to have lost only one knight, one esquire, and a few foot-soldiers. At the battle of Neville's Cross, in 1346, where David II. was defeated and made prisoner, John de Graham, observing the loss which the Scots sustained from the English bowmen, offered to charge and disperse them, if a hundred men-at-arms were put under his command. "But, to confess the truth," says Fordun, "he could not procure a single horseman for the service proposed." Of such little use is experience in war, where its results are opposed by habit or prejudice.

Bannoekburn, should have arrayed themselves in a circular form. It seems more probable, that, by *Schiltrum* in the present case, Barbour means to express an irregular mass into which the English army was compressed by the unwieldiness of its numbers, and the carelessness or ignorance of its leaders.

3 Frightening.—4 Aloor.—5 Know.—6 Disjoined from the main body.—7 Spur.—8 That I speak of.—9 Set upon their flank.—10 Numbers.—11 Ransom.—12 Dispersed.—13 Every one.—14 Make.—15 Driven back.

¹ Together.

² *Schiltrum*.—This word has been variously limited or extended in its signification. In general, it seems to imply a large body of men drawn up very closely together. But it has been limited to imply a round or circular body of men so drawn up. I cannot understand it with this limitation in the present case. The *Schiltrum* of the Scottish army at Falkirk was undoubtedly of a circular form, in order to resist the attacks of the English cavalry, on whatever quarter they might be charged. But it does not appear how, or why, the English, advancing to the attack at

NOTE 3 Z.

*Each braggart churl could boast before,
Twelve Scottish lives his baldric bore!*

P. 378.

Roger Ascham quotes a similar Scottish proverb, "whereby they give the whole praise of shooting honestly to Englishmen, saying thus, 'that every English archer beareth under his girdle twenty-four Scottes.'" Indeed Toxophilus says before, and truly of the Scottish nation, 'The Scottes surely be good men of warre in theyre owne feates as can be; but as for shootinge, they can neither use it to any profite, nor yet challenge it for any praise.'" — *Works of Ascham, edited by Bennet, 4to, p. 110.*

It is said, I trust incorrectly, by an ancient English historian, that the "good Lord James of Douglas" dreaded the superiority of the English archers so much, that when he made any of them prisoner, he gave him the option of losing the forefinger of his right hand, or his right eye, either species of mutilation rendering him incapable to use the bow. I have mislaid the reference to this singular passage.

NOTE 4 A.

*Down! down! in headlong overthrow,
Horseman and horse, the foremost go.*

P. 378.

It is generally alleged by historians, that the English men-at-arms fell into the hidden snare which Bruce had prepared for them. Barbour does not mention the circumstance. According to his account, Randolph, seeing the slaughter made by the cavalry on the right wing among the archers, advanced courageously against the main body of the English, and entered into close combat with them. Douglas and Stuart, who commanded the Scottish centre, led their division also to the charge, and the battle becoming general along the whole line, was obstinately maintained on both sides for a long space of time; the Scottish archers doing great execution among the English men-at-arms, after the bowmen of England were dispersed.

NOTE 4 B.

And steeds that shriek in agony — P. 378.

I have been told that this line requires an explanatory note; and, indeed, those who witness the silent patience with which horses submit to the most cruel usage, may be permitted to doubt, that, in moments of sudden and intolerable anguish, they utter a most melancholy cry. Lord Erskine, in a speech made in the House of Lords, upon a bill for enforcing humanity towards animals, noticed this remarkable fact, in language which I will not mutilate by attempting to repeat it. It was my fortune, upon one occasion, to hear a horse, in a moment of agony, utter a thrilling scream, which I still consider the most melancholy sound I ever heard.

NOTE 4 C.

*Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee
Is firm as Ailsa Rock;
Rush on with Highland sword and targe,
I, with my Carrick spearmen charge.*

P. 379.

When the engagement between the main bodies had lasted some time, Bruce made a decisive movement, by bringing up the Scottish reserve. It is traditionally said, that at this crisis, he addressed the Lord of the Isles in a phrase used as a motto by some of his descendants, "My trust is constant in thee." Barbour intimates, that the reserve "assembled on one field," that is, on the same line with the Scottish forces already engaged; which leads Lord Hailes to conjecture that the Scottish ranks must have been much thinned by slaughter, since, in that circumscribed ground, there was room for the reserve to fall into the line. But the advance of the Scottish cavalry must have contributed a good deal to form the vacancy occupied by the reserve.

NOTE 4 D.

*To arms they flew,—axe, club, or spear,—
And mimic ensigns high they rear.*

P. 379.

The followers of the Scottish camp observed, from the Gillies' Hill in the rear, the impression produced upon the English army by the bringing up of the Scottish reserve, and, prompted by the enthusiasm of the moment, or the desire of plunder, assumed, in a tumultuary manner, such arms as they found nearest, fastened sheets to tent-poles and lances, and showed themselves like a new army advancing to battle.

"Yomen, and swanys,¹ and pitaill,²
That in the Park yemyt wictail,³
War left; quhen thair wyst bi lesiog,⁴
That thair lordis, with fell fecltyng,
On thair fayis assemblyt wer;
Ane off thaim selwyn⁵ that war thar
Capitane of thaim all thair maid.
And schetis, that war sumedele⁶ brad,
Thai festnyt in steid off baneris,
Apon lang treys and speris:
And said that thair wald se the fycht;
And help thair lordis at thair mycht.
Quhen her till all assentyt wer,
In a rout assenblit er;⁷
Fyftene thowsand thair war, or ma.
And than in gret hy gaio thair ga,
With thair baneris, all in a rout,
As thair had men bene styth⁸ and stout.
Thai come, with all that assemble,
Recht quhill thair mycht the bataill se;
Than all at anys thair gave a cry,
'Sla! sla! Apon thaim hastily!'⁹
Barbour's Bruce, Book ix., v. 410.

The unexpected apparition, of what seemed a new army, completed the confusion which already prevailed among the English, who fled

¹ Swains — ² Rabble. — ³ Kept the provisions. — ⁴ Lying. — ⁵ Selives. — ⁶ Somewhat. — ⁷ Are. — ⁸ Still.

in every direction, and were pursued with immense slaughter. The brook of Bannock, according to Barbour, was so choked with the bodies of men and horses, that it might have been passed dry-shod. The followers of the Scottish camp fell upon the disheartened fugitives, and added to the confusion and slaughter. Many were driven into the Forth, and perished there, which, by the way, could hardly have happened, had the armies been drawn up east and west; since, in that case, to get at the river, the English fugitives must have fled through the victorious army. About a short mile from the field of battle is a place called the Bloody Folds. Here the Earl of Gloucester is said to have made a stand, and died gallantly at the head of his own military tenants and vassals. He was much regretted by both sides; and it is said the Scottish would gladly have saved his life, but, neglecting to wear his surcoat with armorial bearings over his armour, he fell unknown, after his horse had been stabbed with spears.

Sir Marmaduke Tweeze, an English knight, contrived to conceal himself during the fury of the pursuit, and when it was somewhat slackened, approached King Robert. "Whose prisoner are you, Sir Marmaduke?" said Bruce, to whom he was personally known. "Yours, sir," answered the knight. "I receive you," answered the king, and, treating him with the utmost courtesy, loaded him with gifts, and dismissed him without ransom. The other prisoners were all well treated. There might be policy in this, as Bruce would naturally wish to acquire the good opinion of the English barons, who were at this time at great variance with their king. But it also well accords with his high chivalrous character.

NOTE 4 E.

O! give their hapless prince his due.

P. 379.

Edward II., according to the best authorities, showed, in the fatal field of Bannockburn, personal gallantry not unworthy of his great sire and greater son. He remained on the field till forced away by the Earl of Pembroke, when all was lost. He then rode to the Castle of Stirling, and demanded admittance; but the governor, renonstrating upon the imprudence of shutting himself up in that fortress, which must so soon surrender, he assembled around his person five hundred men-at-arms, and, avoiding the field of battle and the victorious army, fled towards Linlithgow, pursued by Douglas with about sixty horse. They were augmented by Sir Lawrence Abernethy with twenty more, whom Douglas met in the Torwood upon their way to join the English army, and whom he easily persuaded to desert the defeated monarch, and to assist in the pursuit. They hung upon Edward's flight as far as Dunbar, too few in number to assail him with effect, but enough to harass his retreat so constantly, that whoever fell an instant behind, was instantly slain or made prisoner. Edward's ignominious flight terminated at Dunbar, where the Earl of March, who still professed allegiance to him, "received him full gently." From thence,

the monarch of so great an empire, and the late commander of so gallant and numerous an army, escaped to Bamborough in a fishing vessel.

Bruce, as will appear from the following document, lost no time in directing the thunders of Parliamentary censure against such part of his subjects as did not return to their natural allegiance after the battle of Bannockburn.

APUD MONASTERIUM DE CAMBUSKENNETH,
VI DIE NOVEMBRIS, M,CCC,XIV.

Judicium Reditum apud Kambuskinet contra omnes illos qui tunc fuerunt contra fidem et pacem Domini Regis.

Anno gracie millesimo tricentesimo quarto decimo sexto die Novembris tenente parliamentum suum Excellentissimo principe Domino Roberto Dei gracia Rege Scottorum Illustri in monasterio de Cambuskyneth concordatum fuit finaliter Judicatum [ac super] hoc statutum de Concilio et Assensu Episcoporum et ceterorum Prelatorum Comitum Baronum et aliorum nobilium regni Scocie nec non et totius communitatis regni predicti quod omnes qui contra fidem et pacem dicti domini regis in bello seu alibi mortui sunt [vel qui dic] to die ad pacem ejus et fidem non venerant licet sepius vocati et legitime expectati fuissent de terris et tenementis et omni alio statu infra regnum Scocie perpetuo sint exhereditati et habeantur de cetero tanquam inimici Regis et Regni ab omni vendicatione juris hereditarii vel juris alterius cujuscunque in posterum pro se et heredibus suis in perpetuum privati Ad perpetuam igitur rei memoriam et evidentem probationem hujus Judicii et Statuti sigilla Episcoporum et aliorum Prelatorum nec non et comitum Baronum ac ceterorum nobilium dicti Regni presenti ordinationi Judicio et statuto sunt appensa.

Sigillum Domini Regis

Sigillum Willelmi Episcopi Sancti Andree

Sigillum Roberti Episcopi Glasgouensis

Sigillum Willelmi Episcopi Dunkeldensis

. Episcopi

. Episcopi

. Episcopi

Sigillum Alani Episcopi Sodorensis

Sigillum Johannis Episcopi Brechinensis

Sigillum Andree Episcopi Ergadiensis

Sigillum Frechardi Episcopi Cathanensis

Sigillum Abbatis de Scona

Sigillum Abbatis de Calco

Sigillum Abbatis de Abirbrothok

Sigillum Abbatis de Sancta Cruce

Sigillum Abbatis de Londoris

Sigillum Abbatis de Newbotill

Sigillum Abbatis de Cupro

Sigillum Abbatis de Paslet

Sigillum Abbatis de Dunfermelyn

Sigillum Abbatis de Lincluden

Sigillum Abbatis de Insula Missarum

Sigillum Abbatis de Sancto Columba

Sigillum Abbatis de Deer

Sigillum Abbatis de Dulce Corde

Sigillum Prioris de Coldinghame

Sigillum Prioris de Rostyuot

Sigillum Prioris Sancte Andree

Sigillum Prioris de Pittinwem

Sigillum Prioris de Insula de Lochlevin
 Sigillum Senescalli Scocie
 Sigillum Willelmi Comitis de Ros

Sigillum Gilberti de la Haya Constabularii
 Scocie

Sigillum Roberti de Keth Mariscalli Scocie
 Sigillum Hugonis de Ros
 Sigillum Jacobi de Duglas
 Sigillum Jolannis de Sancto Claro
 Sigillum Thome de Ros
 Sigillum Alexandri de Settona
 Sigillum Walteri Haliburtone
 Sigillum Davidis de Balfour
 Sigillum Duncan de Wallays
 Sigillum Thome de Dischingtone
 Sigillum Andree de Moravia
 Sigillum Archibaldi de Betun
 Sigillum Ranulphi de Lyll
 Sigillum Malconi de Balfour
 Sigillum Normanni de Lesley
 Sigillum Nigeli de Campo bello
 Sigillum Morni de Musco Campo

NOTE 4 F.

*Nor for De Argentine alone,
 Through Ninian's church these torches shone,
 And rose the death-prayer's awful tone.*

P. 380.

The remarkable circumstances attending the death of De Argentine have been already noticed (Note L.) Besides this renowned warrior, there fell many representatives of the noblest houses in England, which never sustained a more bloody and disastrous defeat. Barbour says that two hundred pairs of gilded spurs were taken from the field of battle; and that some were left the author can bear witness, who has in his possession a curious antique spur, dug up in the morass, not long since.

"It was forsoth a gret ferly,
 To se samyn ¹ sa fele thede lie.
 Twa hundre payr of spuris reid.²
 War tane of knichtis that war deid."

I am now to take my leave of Barbour, not without a sincere wish that the public may encourage the undertaking of my friend Dr Jamieson, who has issued proposals for publishing an accurate edition of his poem, and of blind Harry's Wallace. The only good edition of The Bruce was published by Mr. Pinkerton, in 3 vols. in 1790; and, the learned editor having had no personal access to consult the manuscript, it is not without errors; and it has besides become scarce. Of Wallace there is no tolerable edition; yet these two poems do no small honour to the early state of Scottish poetry, and The Bruce is justly regarded as containing authentic historical facts.

1 Together.

2 Red, or gilded.

The following list of the slain at Bannockburn, extracted from the continuator of Trivet's Annals, will show the extent of the national calamity.

LIST OF THE SLAIN.

<i>Knights and Knights Bannerets</i>	Stinon Ward, Robert de Friton, Michael Poyning, Edmund Mautley.
Olbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, Robert de Clifford, Payan Tybeto, William Le Marechal, John Comyo, William de Vescey, John de Montfort, Nicholas de Hasteligh, William Dayncourt, Ægidius de Argenatayne, Edmund Comyo, John Lovel, (the rich), Edmund de Hustyng, Milo de Stapleton,	<i>Knights.</i> Henry de Boun, Thomas de Ufford, John de Elsingfelde, John de Harcourt, Walter de Hakeint, Philip de Courtenay, Hugo de Seales, Radulph de Beauchamp, John de Penbrige, With 33 other of the same rank, not named.

PRISONERS.

<i>Barons and Baronnets</i>	Anselm de Marechal, Giles de Beauchamp, John de Cyfrewast, John Bluwet, Roger Corbet, Gilbert de Boun, Bartholomew de Enefeld, Thomas de Ferrers, Radulph and Thomas Bottertort, John and Nicholas de Kingstone, (brothers), William Lovel, Henry de Wilton, Baldwin de Frevill, John de Chivedou, ³ Adamar la Zouche, John de M-rewode, John Maufe, ⁴ Thomas and Odo Lele Eredekrue, Robert Besupel, (the son), John Mautravers, (the son), William and William Giffard, and 34 other knights, not named by the historian.
Henry de Boun, Earl of Hereford, Lord John Giffard, William de Lutimer, Maurice de Berkeley, Ingelram de Umfraville, Marmaduke de Twenge, John de Wyltoute, Robert de Maulce, Henry Fitz-Hugh, Thomas de Gray, Richard de Charon, John de Wevelinton, Robert de Nevil, John de Segrave, Gilbert Peeche, John de Clavering, Aulny de Lucy, Radulph de Camys, John de Evere, Andrew de Abrembya.	<i>Knights.</i> Thomas de Berkeley, The son of Roger Tyrel,

And in sum there were slain, along with the Earl of Gloucester, forty-two barons and bannerets. The number of earls, barons, and bannerets made captive, was twenty-two, and sixty-eight knights. Many clerks and esquires were also there slain or taken. Roger de Northburge, keeper of the king's signet, (*Custos Targie Domini Regis*), was made prisoner with his two clerks, Roger de Wakenfelde and Thomas de Switon, upon which the king caused a seal to be made, and entitled it his *privy seal*, to distinguish the same from the signet so lost. The Earl of Hereford was exchanged against Bruce's queen, who had been detained in captivity ever since the year 1306. The *Targia*, or signet, was restored to England through the intercession of Ralph de Monthermer, ancestor of Lord Murray, who is said to have found favour in the eyes of the Scottish king. — *Continuation of Trivet's Annals, Hall's edit Oxford, 1712, vol. ii. p. 14.*

Such were the immediate consequences of the field of Bannockburn. Its more remote effects, in completely establishing the national independence of Scotland, afford a boundless field for speculation.

3 Supposed Clinton.

4 Maule.

The Field of Waterloo: A POEM.

"Though Valois braved young Edward's gentle hand,
And Albert rush'd on Henry's way-worn band,
With Europe's chosen sons, in arms renown'd,
Yet not on Vere's bold archers long they look'd,
Nor Audley's squires nor Mowbray's yeomen brook'd,—
They saw their standard fall, and left their monarch bound."
Akenside.

TO
HER GRACE
THE
DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON,
PRINCESS OF WATERLOO,
&c. &c. &c.

THE FOLLOWING VERSES
ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
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THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It may be some apology for the imperfections of this poem, that it was composed hastily, and during a short tour upon the Continent, when the Author's labours were liable to frequent interruption; but its best apology is, that it was written for the purpose of assisting the Waterloo Subscription.

ABBOTSFORD, 1815.

The Field of Waterloo.

I.

Fair Brussels, thou art far behind,
Though, lingering on the morning wind,
We yet may hear the hour
Peal'd over orchard and canal,
With voice prolong'd and measured fall,
From proud St Michael's tower;
Thy wood, dark Soignies, holds us now
Where the tall beeches' glossy bough
For many a league around,
With birch and darksome oak between,
Spreads deep and far a pathless screen,
Of tangled forest ground.
Stems planted close by stems defy
The adventurous foot—the curious eye
For access seeks in vain;
And the brown tapestry of leaves,
Strew'd on the blighted ground, receives
Nor sun, nor air, nor rain.

No opening glade dawns on our way,
No streamlet, glancing to the ray,
Our woodland path has cross'd;
And the straight causeway which we tread,
Prolongs a line of dull arcade,
Unvarying through the unvaried shade
Until in distance lost.

II.

A brighter, livelier scene succeeds;
In groups the scattering wood recedes,
Hedge-rows, and huts, and sunny meads,
And corn-fields, glance between;
The peasant, at his labour blithe,
Plies the hook'd staff and shorten'd scythe:—
But when these ears were green,
Placed close within destruction's scope,
Full little was that rustic's hope
Their ripening to have seen!

And, lo, a hamlet and its fane :—
Let not the gazer with disdain

Their architecture view :
For yonder rude ungraceful shrine,
And disproportion'd spire, are thine,
Immortal Waterloo!

III.

Fear not the heat, though full and high
The sun has scorch'd the autumn sky,
And scarce a forest straggles now
To shade us spreads a greenwood bough ;
These fields have seen a hotter day
Than e'er was fired by sunny ray.
Yet one mile on—you shatter'd hedge
Crests the soft hill whose long smooth ridge

Looks on the field below,
And sinks so gently on the dale,
That not the folds of Beauty's veil
In easier curves can flow.

Brief space from thence, the ground again
Ascending slowly from the plain,

Forms an opposing screen,
Which, with its crest of upland ground,
Shuts the horizon all around.

The soften'd vale between
Slopes smooth and fair for courser's tread ;
Not the most timid maid need dread
To give her snow-white palfrey head

On that wide stubble-ground ;
Nor wood, nor tree, nor bush, are there,
Her course to intercept or scare,

Nor fosse nor fence are found,
Save where, from out her shatter'd bowers,
Rise Hougomont's dismantled towers.

IV.

Now, see'st thou aught in this lone scene
Can tell of that which late hath been I—

A stranger might reply,
"The bare extent of stubble-plain
Seems lately lighten'd of its grain ;
And yonder sable tracks remain
Marks of the peasant's ponderous wain,
When harvest-home was nigh.

On these broad spots of trampled ground,
Perchance the rustics danced such round
As Teniers loved to draw ;

And where the earth seems scorch'd by flame,
To dress the homely feast they came,
And toil'd the kerchief'd village dame
Around her fire of straw."

V.

So deem'st thou—so each mortal deems,
Of that which is from that which seems :—
But other harvest here,

Than that which peasant's scythe demands,
Was gather'd in by sterner hands,
With bayonet, blade, and spear.

No vulgar crop was theirs to reap,
No stinted harvest thin and cheap !
Heroes before each fatal sweep

Fell thick as ripen'd grain ;
And ere the darkening of the day,
Piled high as autumn shocks, there lay
The ghastly harvest of the fray,
The corpses of the slain.

VI.

Ay, look again—that line, so black
And trampled, marks the bivouac,
You deep-graved ruts the artillery's track,

So often lost and won ;
And close beside the harden'd mound
Still shows where, felloek-deep in blood,
The fierce dragoon, through battle's flood,
Dush'd the hot war-horse on.

These spots of excavation tell
The ravage of the bursting shell—
And feel'st thou not the tainted steam,
That reeks against the sultry beam,
From yonder treached mound ?
The pestilential fumes declare
That Caruage has replenish'd there
Her garner-house profound.

VII.

Far other harvest-home and feast,
Than claims the boor from scythe released,

On these scorch'd fields were known !
Death hover'd o'er the maddening rout,
And, in the thrilling battle-shout,
Sent for the bloody banquet out

A summons of his own.
Through rolling smoke the Demon's eye
Could well each destined guest espy,
Well could his ear in ecstasy
Distinguish every tone

That fill'd the chorus of the fray—
From cannon-roar and trumpet-bray,
From charging squadrons' wild hurra,
From the wild clang that mark'd their way,—

Down to the dying groan,
And the last sob of life's decay,
When breath was all but flown.

VIII.

Feast on, stern foe of mortal life,
Feast on!—but think not that a strife,
With such promiscuous carnage rife,

Protracted space may last ;
The deadly tug of war at length
Must limits find in human strength,
And cease when these are past.

Vain hope!—that morn's o'erclouded sun
Heard the wild shout of fight begun
Ere he attain'd his height,

And through the broad-smoke, volumed high,
Still peals that unremitted cry,

Though now he stoops to night.
For ten long hours of doubt and dread,
Fresh succours from the extended head
Of either hill the contest fed ;

Still down the slope they drew,
The charge of columns paused not,
Nor ceased the storm of shell and shot
For all that war could do
Of skill and force was proved that day,
And turn'd not yet the doubtful fray
On bloody Waterloo.

IX.

Pale Brussels! then what thoughts were
thine,

When ceaseless from the distant line
Continued thunders came !
Each burgher held his breath, to hear
These forerunners of havoc near,
Of rapine and of flame.

What ghastly sights were thine to meet,
When rolling through thy stately street,
The wounded show'd their mangled plight
In token of the unfinish'd fight,

And from each anguish-laden wain
The blood-drops laid thy dust like rain!
How often in the distant drum
Heard'st thou the fell invader come,
While Ruin, shouting to his band,
Shook high her torch and gory brand!—
Cheer thee, fair City! From yon stand,
Impatient, still his outstretch'd hand
Points to his prey in vain,
While maddening in his eager mood,
And all unwont to be withstood,
He fires the fight again.

X.

"On! on!" was still his stern exclaim;
"Confront the battery's jaws of flame!
Rush on the levell'd gun!"
My steel-clad cuirassiers, advance!
Each Hulan forward with his lance,
My Guard—my Chosen—charge for France,
France and Napoleon!"
Loud answer'd their acclaiming shout,
Greeting the mandate which sent out
Their bravest and their best to dare
The fate their leader shunn'd to share.²
But He, his country's sword and shield,
Still in the battle front reveal'd,
Where danger fiercest swept the field,
Came like a beam of light,
In action prompt, in sentence brief—
"Soldiers, stand firm," exclaim'd the Chief,
"England shall tell the fight!"³

XI.

On came the whirlwind—like the last
But fiercest sweep of tempest-blast—
On came the whirlwind—steel-gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke;
The war was waked anew,
Three hundred cannon mouths roar'd loud,
And from their throats, with flash and cloud,
Their showers of iron threw.
Beneath their fra, in full career,
Rush'd on the ponderous cuirassier,
The lancer couch'd his ruthless spear,
And hurrying as to havoc near,
The cohorts' eagles flew.
In one dark torrent, broad and strong,
The advancing onset roll'd along,
Forth harbinger'd by fierce acclaim,
That, from the shroud of smoke and flame,
Peal'd wildly the imperial name.

XII.

But on the British heart were lost
The terrors of the charging host;
For not an eye the storm that view'd
Changed its proud glance of fortitude,
Nor was one forward footstep staid,
As dropp'd the dying and the dead.
Fast as their ranks the thunders tear,
Fast they renew'd each serried square;
And on the wounded and the slain
Closed their diminish'd files again.
Till from their line scarce spears' lengths
Three,
Emerging from the smoke they see
Helmet, and plume, and panoply.—
Then waked their fire at once!
I each musketeer's revolving knell,
As fast, as regularly fell,

As when they practise to display
Their discipline on festal day.

Then down went helm and lance,
Down were the eagle banners sent,
Down reeling steeds and riders went,
Corsets were pierced, and pennons rent;
And, to augment the fray,
Wheel'd full against their staggering flanks,
The English horsemen's foaming ranks
Forced their resistless way.
Then to the musket-knell succeeds
The clash of swords—the neigh of steeds—
As plies the smith his clanging trade,⁴
Against the cuirass rang the blade;
And while amid their close array
The well-served cannon rent their way,
And while amid their scatter'd band
Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,
Recoil'd in common rout and fear,
Lancer and guard and cuirassier,
Horsemen and foot—a mingled host,
Their leaders fall'n, their standards lost.

XIII.

Then, Wellington! thy piercing eye
This crisis caught of destiny—
The British host had stood
That mor' 'gainst chace of sword and lance
As their own ocean-rocks hold stance,
But when thy voice had said, "Advance!"
They were their ocean's flood.—
O Thou, whose inauspicious aim
Hath wrought thy host this hour of shame,
Think'st thou thy broken bands will bide
The terrors of yon rushing tide?
Or wilt thy chosen brook to feel
The British shock of levell'd steel,⁵
Or dost thou turn thine eye
Where coming squadrons gleam afar,
And fresher thunders wake the war,
And other standards fly?
Think not that in yon columns, file
Thy conquering troops from Distant Dyle—
Is Blucher yet unknown?
Or dwells not in thy memory still,
(Heard frequent in thine hour of ill.)
What notes of hate and vengeance thrill
In Prussia's trumpet tone?
What yet remains?—shall it be thine
To head the relics of thy line
In one dread effort more?
The Roman lore thy leisure loved,
And thou canst tell what fortune proved
That Chieftain, who, of yore,
Ambition's dizzy paths essay'd,
And with the gladiators' aid
For empire enterpris'd—
He stood the cast his rashness play'd,
Left not the victims he had made,
Dug his red grave with his own blade,
And on the field he lost was laid,
Abhorrd—but not despised.

XIV.

But if revolves thy fainter thought
On safety—howsoever bought,—
Then turn thy fearful rein and ride,
Though twice ten thousand men have died
On this eventful day.
To gild the military fame
Which thou, for life, in traffic tame
Wilt barter thus away.

1 See Appendix, Note C.

2 Ibid. Note D.

3 See Appendix, Note E.

4 Ibid. Note F.

5 See Appendix, Note G.

Shall future ages tell this tale
Of inconsistency faint and frail?
And art thou He of Lodi's bridge,
Marengo's field, and Wagram's ridge!
Or is thy soul like mountain-tide,
That, swell'd by winter storm and shower,
Rolls down in turbulence of power,
A torrent fierce and wide;
Rest of these aids, a rill obscure,
Shrinking unnoticed, mean and poor,
Whose channel shows display'd
The wrecks of its impetuous course,
But not one symptom of the force
By which these wrecks were made!

XV.

Spur on thy way!—since now thine ear
Has brook'd thy veterans' wish to hear,
Who, as thy flight they eyed,
Exclaim'd,—while tears of anguish came,
Wrung forth by pride, and rage, and shame,—
“O, that he had but died!”
But yet, to sum this hour of ill,
Look, ere thou leavest the fatal hill,
Back on yon broken ranks—
Upon whose wild confusion gleams
The moon, as on the troubled streams
When rivers break their banks,
And, to the ruin'd peasant's eye,
Objects half seen roll swiftly by,
Down the dread current hurl'd—
So mingle banner, wain, and gun,
Where the tumultuous flight rolls on
Of warriors, who, when morn begun,
Defied a banded world.

XVI.

List—frequent to the hurrying rout,
The stern pursuers' vengeful shout
Tells, that upon their broken rear
Rages the Prussian's bloody spear.
So fell a shriek was none,
When Beresina's icy flood
Redden'd and thaw'd with flame and blood,
And, pressing on thy desperate way,
Raised oft and long their wild hurra,
The children of the Don.
Thine ear no yell of horror clef't
So ominous, when, all bereft
Of aid, the valiant Polack left—
Ay, left by thee—found soldier's grave
In Leipsic's corpse-encumber'd wave.
Fate, in those various perils past,
Reserved thee still some future cast:
On the dread die thou now hast thrown,
Hangs not a single field alone,
Nor one campaign—thy martial fame,
Thy empire, dynasty, and name,
Have felt the final stroke;
And now, o'er thy devoted head
The last stern vial's wrath is shed,
The last dread seal is broke.

XVII.

Since live thou wilt—refuse not now
Before these demagogues to bow,
Late objects of thy scorn and hate,
Who shall thy once imperial fate
Make wordy theme of vain debate.—
Or shall we say, thou stoop'st less low
In seeking refuge from the foe,
Against whose heart, in prosperous life,
Thine hand hath ever held the knife?

Such homage hath been paid
By Roman and by Grecian voice,
And there were honour in the choice,
If it were freely made.
Then safely come—in one so low,—
So lost,—we cannot own a foe;
Though dear experience bid us end,
In thee we ne'er can hail a friend.—
Come, howsoe'er—but do not hide
Close in thy heart that germ of pride,
Erewhile, by gifted bard espied,
That “yet imperial hope;”
Think not that for a fresh rebound,
To raise ambition from the ground,
We yield thee means or scope.
In safety come—but ne'er again
Hold type of independent reign;
No islet calls thee lord,
We leave thee no confederate hand,
No symbol of thy lost command,
To be a dagger in the hand
From which we wrench'd the sword.

XVIII.

Yet, even in yon sequester'd spot,
May worthier conquest be thy lot
Than yet thy life has known;
Conquest, unbought by blood or harm,
That needs nor foreign aid nor arm,
A triumph all thine own.
Such waits thee when thou shalt control
Those passions wild, that stubborn soul,
That marr'd thy prosperous scene:—
Hear this—from us unmoved heart,
Which sighs, comparing what thou art
With what thou might'st have been!

XIX.

Thou, too, whose deeds of fame renew'd
Bankrupt a nation's gratitude,
To thine own noble heart must owe
More than the meed she can bestow.
For not a people's just acclaim,
Not the full hail of Europe's fame,
Thy Prince's smiles, thy State's decree,
The ducal rank, the garter'd knee,
Not these such pure delight afford
As that, when hanging up thy sword,
Well may'st thou think, “This honest steel
Was ever drawn for public weal;
And, such was rightful Heaven's decree,
Ne'er sheathed unless with victory!”

XX.

Look forth, once more, with soften'd heart,
Ere from the field of fame we part;
Triumph and Sorrow border near,
And joy oft melts into a tear.
Alas! what links of love that morn
Has War's rude hand asunder torn!
For ne'er was field so sternly fought,
And ne'er was conquest dearer bought.
Here piled in common slaughter sleep
Those whom affection long shall weep:
Here rests the sire, that ne'er shall strain
His orphans to his heart again;
The son, whom, on his native shore,
The parent's voice shall bless no more;
The bridegroom, who has hardly press'd
His blushing consort to his breast;
The husband, whom through many a year
Long love and mutual faith endear.
Thou canst not name one tender tie,
But here dissolved its relics lie!

O! when thou see'st some mourner's veil
Shroud her thin form and visage pale,
Or mark'st the Matron's bursting tears
Stream when the stricken drum she hears;
Or see'st how manlier grief, suppress'd,
Is labouring in a father's breast,—
With no enquiry vain pursue
The cause, but think on Waterloo!

XXI.

Period of honour as of woes,
What bright careers 'twas thine to close!—
Mark'd on thy roll of blood what names
To Briton's memory, and to Fame's,
Laid there their last immortal claims!
Thou saw'st in seas of gore expire
Redoubt'd Picton's soul of fire—
Saw'st in the mingled carnage lie
All that of Ponsouby could die—
De Lancey change Love's bridal-wreath,
For laurels from the hand of Death—¹
Saw'st gallant Miller's² failing eye
Still bent where Albion's banners fly,
And Cameron,³ in the shock of steel,
Die like the offspring of Lochiel;
And generous Gordon,⁴ 'mid the strife,
Fall while he watch'd his leader's life—
Ah! though her guardian angel's shield
Fenc'd Britain's hero through the field,
Fate not the less her power made known,
Through his friends' hearts to pierce his own!

XXII.

Forgive, brave Dead, the imperfect lay!
Who may your names, your numbers, say?
What high-strung harp, what lofty line,
To each the dear-earn'd praise assign,
From high-born chiefs of martial fame
To the poor soldier's lowlier name!
Lightly ye rose that dawning day,
From your cold couch of swamp and clay,
To fill, before the sun was low,
The bed that morrow cannot know.—
Oft may the tear the green sod steep,
And sacred be the heroes' sleep,
Till time shall cease to run;
And ne'er beside their noble grave,
May Briton pass and fail to crave
A blessing on the fallen brave
Who fought with Wellington!

XXIII.

Farewell, sad Field! whose blighted face
Wears desolation's withering trace;
Loag shall my memory retain
Thy shatter'd huts and trampled grain,
With every mark of martial wrong,
That scathe thy towers, fair Hougomont!
Yet though thy garden's green arcade
The marksman's fatal post was made,
Though on thy shatter'd beeches fell
The blended rage of shot and shell,
Though from thy blacken'd portals torn,
Their fall thy blighted fruit-trees mourn,

Has not such havoc bought a name
Immortal in the rolls of fame?
Yes—Agincourt may be forgot,
And Cressy be an unknown spot,
And Blenheim's name be new;
But still in story and in song,
For many an age remember'd long,
Shall live the towers of Hougomont,
And Field of Waterloo.

CONCLUSION.

Stern tide of human Time! that know'st not
rest,
But, sweeping from the cradle to the tomb,
Bear'st ever downward on thy dusky breast
Successive generations to their doom;
While thy capacious stream has equal room
For the gay bark where Pleasure's streamers
sport,
And for the prison-ship of guilt and gloom,
The fisher skiff, and barge that bears a court,
Still wafting onward all to one dark silent
port;—

Stern tide of Time! through what mysterious
change
Of hope and fear have our frail barks been
driven!
For ne'er, before, vicissitude so strange
Was to one race of Adam's offspring given.
And sure such varied change of sea and hea-
ven,
Such unexpected bursts of joy and woe,
Such fearful strife as that where we have
striven,
Succeeding ages ne'er again shall know,
Until the awful term when Thou shalt cease
to flow!

Well hast thou stood, my Country!—the brave
fight
Hast well maintain'd through good report and
ill;
In thy just cause and in thy native might,
And in Heaven's grace and justice constant
still:
Whether the banded prowess, strength, and
skill
Of half the world against thee stood arrayed,
Or when, with better views and freer will,
Beside thee Europe's noblest drew the blade,
Each emulous in arms the Ocean Queen to
aid.

Well art thou now repaid—though slowly rose,
And struggled long with mists thy blaze of
fame,
While like the dawn that in the orient glows
On the broad wave its earlier lustre came;
Then eastern Egypt saw the growing flame,
And Maida's myrtles gleam'd beneath its ray,
Where first the soldier, stung with generous
shame,

over his head, and the expiring officer declared himself satisfied.

³ Colonel Cameron, of Fassiefern, so often distin-
guished in Lord Wellington's despatches from Spain, fell
in the action at Quatre Bras, (16th June 1815.) while lead-
ing the 92d or Gordon's Highlanders, to charge a body of
cavalry, supported by infantry. — *Poet's Letters*, p. 91.

⁴ Colonel the Honourable Sir Alexander Gordon, brother
to the Earl of Aberdeen, who has erected a pillar on the
spot where he fell by the side of the Duke of Wellington.

¹ The Poet's friend, Colonel Sir William De Lancey, married the beautiful daughter of Sir James Hall, Bart., in April 1815, and received his mortal wound on the 18th of June. See Captain B. Hall's affecting narrative of the first series of his "Fragments of Voyages and Travels," vol. ii. p. 269.

² Colonel Miller, of the Goards—son to Sir William Miller, Lord Gizelec. When mortally wounded in the attack on the Bois de Bossa, he desired to see the colours of the regiment once more ere he died. They were waved

Rivall'd the heroes of the wat'ry way,
And wash'd in foemen's gore unjust reproach
away.

Now, Island Empress, wave thy crest on high,
And bid the banner of thy Patron flow,
Gallant Saint George, the flower of Chivalry,
For thou hast faced, like him, a dragon foe,
And rescued innocence from overthrow,
And trampled down, like him, tyrannic might,
And to the gazing world mayst proudly show
The chosen emblem of thy sauted Knight,
Who quell'd devouring pride, and vindicated
right.

Yet 'mid the confidence of just renown,
Renown dear-bought, but dearest thus ac-
quired,

Write, Britain, write the moral lesson down:
'Tis not alone the heart with valour fired,
The discipline so dreaded and admired,
In many a field of bloody conquest known;
—Such may by fame be lured, by gold be
lied—

'Tis constancy in the good cause alone,
Best justifies the meed thy valiant sons have
won.

END OF THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

*The peasant, at his labour blithe,
Plies the hook'd staff and shorten'd scythe.*

P. 420.

The reaper in Flanders carries in his left hand a stick with an iron hook, with which he collects as much grain as he can cut at one sweep with a short scythe, which he holds in his right hand. They carry on this double process with great spirit and dexterity.

NOTE B.

Pale Brussels! then what thoughts were thine.

P. 421.

It was affirmed by the prisoners of war, that Bonaparte had promised his army, in case of victory, twenty-four hours' plunder of the city of Brussels.

NOTE C.

"On! On!" was still his stern exclaim.

P. 422.

The characteristic obstinacy of Napoleon was never more fully displayed than in what we may be permitted to hope will prove the last of his fields. He would listen to no advice, and allow of no obstacles. An eye-witness has given the following account of his demeanour towards the end of the action:—

"It was near seven o'clock; Bonaparte, who till then had remained upon the ridge of the hill whence he could best behold what passed, contemplated with a stern countenance, the scene of this horrible slaughter. The more that obstacles seemed to multiply, the more his obstinacy seemed to increase. He became indignant at these unforeseen difficulties; and, far from fearing to push to extremities an army whose confidence in him

was boundless, he ceased not to pour down fresh troops, and to give orders to march forward—to charge with the bayonet—to carry by storm. He was repeatedly informed, from different points, that the day went against him, and that the troops seemed to be disordered; to which he only replied,—*En-avant! En-avant!*

"One general sent to inform the Emperor that he was in a position which he could not maintain, because it was commanded by a battery, and requested to know, at the same time, in what way he should protect his division from the murderous fire of the English artillery. 'Let him storm the battery,' replied Bonaparte, and turned his back on the aide-de-camp who brought the message."—*Relation de la Bataille de Mont-St-Jean. Par un Témoin Oculaire.* Paris, 1815, 8vo, p. 51.

NOTE D.

The fate their leader shunn'd to share.

P. 422.

It has been reported that Bonaparte charged at the head of his guards, at the last period of this dreadful conflict. This, however, is not accurate. He came down indeed to a hollow part of the high road, leading to Charleroi, within less than a quarter of a mile of the farm of La Haye Sainte, one of the points most fiercely disputed. Here he harangued the guards, and informed them that his preceding operations had destroyed the British infantry and cavalry, and that they had only to support the fire of the artillery, which they were to attack with the bayonet. This exhortation was received with shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*, which were heard over all our line, and led to an idea that Napoleon was charging in person. But the guards were led on by Ney; nor did Bonaparte approach near; the scene of action than the spot already mentioned, which the rising banks on each side rendered secure from all such balls

as did not come in a straight line. He witnessed the earlier part of the battle from places yet more remote, particularly from an observatory which had been placed there by the King of the Netherlands, some weeks before, for the purpose of surveying the country. It is not meant to infer from these particulars that Napoleon showed, on that memorable occasion, the least deficiency in personal courage; on the contrary, he evinced the greatest composure and presence of mind during the whole action. But it is no less true that report has erred in ascribing to him any desperate efforts of valour for recovery of the battle; and it is remarkable, that during the whole carnage, none of his suite were either killed or wounded, whereas scarcely one of the Duke of Wellington's personal attendants escaped unhurt.

NOTE E.

England shall tell the fight!—P. 422.

In riding up to a regiment which was hard pressed, the Duke called to the men, "Soldiers, we must never be beat,—what will they say in England?" It is needless to say how this appeal was answered.

NOTE F.

As plies the smith his clanging trade.

P. 422.

A private soldier of the 95th regiment compared the sound which took place immediately upon the British cavalry mingling with

those of the enemy, to "*a thousand tinkers at work mending pots and kettles.*"

NOTE G.

The British shock of levell'd steel.

P. 422.

No persuasion or authority could prevail upon the French troops to stand the shock of the bayonet. The Imperial Guards, in particular, hardly stood till the British were within thirty yards of them, although the French author, already quoted, has put into their mouths the magnanimous sentiment, "The Guards never yield—they die." The same author has covered the plateau, or eminence, of St. Jean, which formed the British position, with redoubts and retrenchments which never had an existence. As the narrative, which is in many respects curious, was written by an eye-witness, he was probably deceived by the appearance of a road and ditch which run along part of the hill. It may be also mentioned, in criticising this work, that the writer mentions the Chateau of Hougmont to have been carried by the French, although it was resolutely and successfully defended during the whole action. The enemy, indeed, possessed themselves of the wood by which it is surrounded, and at length set fire to the house itself; but the British (a detachment of the Guards, under the command of Colonel Macdonnell, and afterwards of Colonel Home) made good the garden, and thus preserved, by their desperate resistance, the post which covered the return of the Duke of Wellington's right flank.

Harold the Dauntless:

A POEM, IN SIX CANTOS.

"Upon another occasion," says Sir Walter, "I sent up another of these trifles, which, like school-boys' kites, served to show how the wind of popular taste was setting. The manner was supposed to be that of a rude minstrel, or Scold, in opposition to 'The Bridal of Triermain,' which was designed to belong rather to the Italian school. This new fugitive piece was called 'Harold the Dauntless;' and I am still astonished at my having committed the gross error of selecting the very name which Lord Byron had made so famous. It encountered rather an odd fate. My ingenious friend, Mr. James Hogg, had published, about the same time, a work called the 'Poetic Mirror,' containing imitations of the principal living poets. There was in it a very good imitation of my own style, which bore such a resemblance to 'Harold the Dauntless,' that there was no discovering the original from the imitation, and I believe that many who took the trouble of thinking upon the subject, were rather of opinion that my ingenious friend was the true, and not the fictitious Simon Pure."—Introduction to the Lord of the Isles. 1830.

Harold the Dauntless.

INTRODUCTION.

There is a mood of mind, we all have known
On drowsy eve, or dark and low'ring day,
When the tired spirits lose their sprightly
tone.

And nought can chase the lingering hours
away.

Dull on our soul falls Fancy's dazzling ray,
And Wisdom holds his steadier torch in vain,
Obscured the painting seems, mistuned the
lay,

Nor dare we of our listless load complain,
For who for sympathy may seek that cannot
tell of pain!

The jolly sportsman knows such dreariness,
When bursts in deluge the autumnal rain,
Clouding that morn which threatens the heath-
cock's brood :

Of such, in summer's drought, the anglers
plain,

Who hope the soft mild southern shower in
vain ;

But, more than all, the discontented fair,
Whom father stern, and sterner aunt, restrain,
From county-ball, or race occurring rare.

While all her friends around their vestments
gay prepare.

Ennui!—or, as our mothers call'd thee,
Spleen!

To thee we owe full many a rare device :—
Thine is the sheaf of painted cards, I ween,
The rolling billiard-ball, the rattling dice,
The turning lathe for framing gimcrack nice ;
The amateur's blotch'd pallet thou mayst
claim.

Retort, and air-pump, threatening frogs and
mice,

(Murders disguised by philosophic name,)
And much of trifling grave, and much of
buxom gale.

Then of the books, to catch thy drowsy glance
Compiled, what bard the catalogue may quote !
Plays, poems, novels, never read but once :—
But not of such the tale fair Edgeworth
wrote.

That bears thy name, and is thine antidote ;
And not of such the strain my Thomson sung,
Delicious dreams inspiring by his note,
What time to Indolence his harp he strung ;—
Oh ! might my lay be rank'd that happier list
among !

Each hath his refuge whom thy cares assail.
For me, I love my study fire to trim,
And on right vacantly some idle tale,
Displaying on the couch each listless limb,
Till on the drowsy page the lights grow dim,
And doubtful slumber half-supplies the theme ;
While antique shapes of knight and giant grim,
Damsel and dwarf, in long procession gleam,
And the Romancer's tale becomes the Reader's
dream.

'Tis thus my malady I well may bear,
Albeit outstretch'd, like Pope's own Paridel,
Upon the rack of a too-easy chair ;
And find, to cheat the time, a powerful spell
In old romants of errantry that tell,

Or later legends of the Fairy-folk,
Or Oriental tale of Afrite fell,
Of Genii, Talisman, and broad wing'd Roc,
Though taste may blush and frown, and sober
reason mock.

Oft at such season, too, will rhymes nosogut
Arrange themselves in some romantic lay ;
The which, as things unfitting graver thought,
Are burnt or blotted on some wiser day—
These few survive—and proudly let me say,
Court not the critic's smile, nor dread his
frown ;

They well may serve to while an hour away,
Nor does the volume ask for more renown,
Than Ennui's yawning smile, what time she
drops it down.

Harold the Dauntless.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

List to the valorous deeds that were done
By Harold the Dauntless, Count Witikind's
son !

Count Witikind came of a regal strain,
And roved with his Norsemen the land and
the main

Woe to the realms which he coasted ! for there
Was shedding of blood, and rending of hair,
Rape of maiden, and slaughter of priest,
Gathering of ravens and wolves to the feast :
When he hoisted his standard black,
Before him was battle, behind him wrack,
And he hur'd the churches, that heathen
Dane,

To light his band to their harks again.

II.

On Erin's shores was his outrage known,
The winds of France had his banners blown ;
Little was there to plunder, yet still
His pirates had forav'd on Scottish hill :
But upon merry England's coast
More frequent he sail'd, for he won the most.
So wide and so far his ravage they knew,
If a sail but gleam'd white 'gainst the welkin
blue,

Trumpet and hughle to arms did call,
Burgliers hasten'd to man the wall,
Peasants fled inland his fury to 'scape,
Beacons were lighted on headland and cape,
Bells were toll'd out, and aye as they rung
Fearful and faintly the grey brothers sung,
" Bless us, St. Mary, from flood and from fire,
From famine and pest, and Count Witikind's
ire !"

III.

He liked the wealth of fair England so well,
That he sought in her bosom as native to
dwell.

He enter'd the Humber in fearful hour,
And disembark'd with his Danish power.
Three Earls came against him with all their
train,—

Two hath he taken, and one hath he slain.

Count Witikind left the Humber's rich strand,
And he wasted and warr'd in Northumber-
land

But the Saxon King was a sire in age,
Weak in battle, in council sage;
Peace of that heathen leader he sought,
Gifts he gave, and quiet he bought;
And the Count took upon him the peaceable
style
Of a vassal and liegeman of Britain's broad
isle.

IV.

Time will rust the sharpest sword,
Time will consume the strongest cord;
That which moulders hemp and steel,
Mortal arm and nerve must feel.
Of the Danish band, whom Count Witikind
led,

Many wax'd aged, and many were dead:
Himself found his armour full weighty to bear,
Wrinkled his brows grew, and hoary his hair:
He lean'd on a staff, when his step went
abroad,
And patient his palfrey, when steed he be-
strode.

As he grew feebler, his wildness ceased,
He made himself peace with prelate and
priest,—
Made his peace, and, stooping his head,
Patiently listed the counsel they said:
Saint Cuthbert's Bishop was holy and grave,
Wise and good was the counsel he gave.

V.

"Thou hast murder'd, robb'd, and spoil'd,
Time it is thy poor soul were assoil'd;
Priests didst thou slay, and churches burn,
Time it is now to repentance to turn;
Fiends hast thou worshipp'd, with feodish
rite,

Leave now the darkness, and wend into light:
O! while life and space are given,
"Turn thee yet, and think of Heaven!"
That stern old heathen his head he raised,
And on the good prelate he stedfastly gazed;
"Give me broad lands on the Wear and the
Tyne,
My faith I will leave, and I'll cleave unto
thine."

VI.

Broad lands he gave him on Tyne and Wear,
To be held of the church by bridle and spear;
Part of Monkwearmouth, of Tynedale part,
To better his will, and to soften his heart:
Count Witikind was a joyful man,
Less for the faith than the lands that he wan.
The high church of Durham is dress'd for the
day,

The clergy are rank'd in their solemn array:
There came the Count, in a bear-skin warm,
Leaning on Hilda his concubine's arm.
He kneel'd before Saint Cuthbert's shrine,
With patience unwonted at rites divine;
He abjured the gods of heathen race,
And he bent his head at the font of grace.
But such was the grisly old proselyte's look,
That the priest who baptized him grew pale
and shook;
And the old monks mutter'd beneath their
hood,
"Of a stem so stubborn can never spring
good!"

VII.

Up then arose that grim convertite,
Homeward he hied him when ended the rite:
The Prelate in honour will with him ride,
And feast in his castle on Tyne's fair side,
Banners and banderols danced in the wind,
Monks rode before them, and spearmen be-
hind;

Onward they pass'd, till fairly did shine
Pennon and cross on the bosom of Tyne;
And full in front did that fortress lower.
In darkness strength with its buttress and
tower:

At the castle gate was young Harold there,
Count Witikind's only offspring and heir.

VIII.

Young Harold was fear'd for his hardihood,
His strength of frame, and his fury of mood.
Rude he was and wild to behold,
Wore neither collar nor bracelet of gold,
Cap of vair nor rich array,
Such as should grace that festal day:
His doublet of bull's hide was all unbraced,
Uncover'd his head, and his sandal unlaced:
His shaggy black locks on his brow hung low,
And his eyes glanced through them a swarthy
glow:

A Danish club in his hand he bore,
The spikes were clotted with recent gore;
At his back a she-wolf, and her wolf-cubs
twain,

In the dangerous chase that morning slain.
Rude was the greeting his father he made,
None to the Bishop,—while thus he said:—

IX.

"What priest-led hypocrite art thou,
With thy humbled look and thy monkish
brow,
Like a shaveling who studies to cheat his
vow?"

Can'st thou be Witikind the Waster known,
Royal Eric's fearless son,
Haughty Gunhilda's haughtier lord,
Who won his bride by the axe and sword:
From the shrine of St. Peter the chalice who
tore,

And melted to bracelets for Freya and Thor;
With one blow of his gauntlet who burst the
skull,

Before Odin's stone, of the Mountain Bull?
Then ye worshipp'd with rites that to war-
gods belong,

With the deed of the brave, and the blow of
the strong;

And now, in thine age to dotage sunk,
Wilt thou patter thy crimes to a shaven
monk,—

Lay down thy mail-shirt for clothing of hair,—
Fasting and scourge, like a slave, wilt thou
bear?

Or, at best, be admitted in slothful bower
To batten with priest and with paramour?
Oh! out upon thine endless shame!
Each Scald's high harp shall blast thy fame,
And thy son will refuse thee a father's name!"

X.

Ireful wax'd old Witikind's look,
His faltering voice with fury shook:—

"Hear me, Harold of harden'd heart!
 Stubborn and wilful ever thou wert.
 Thine outrage insane I command thee to cease,
 Fear my wrath and remain at peace:—
 Just is the debt of repentance I've paid,
 Richly the church has a recompense made,
 And the truth of her doctrines I prove with
 my blade.
 But reckoning to none of my actions I owe.
 And least to my son such accounting will show.
 Why speak I to thee of repentance or truth,
 Who ne'er from thy childhood knew reason or
 ruth?
 Hence I to the wolf and the bear in her den;
 These are thy mates, and not rational men."

XL

Grimly smiled Harold, and coldly replied,
 "We must honour our sires, if we fear when
 they chide
 For me, I am yet what thy lessons have made.
 I was rock'd in a huckler and fed from a blade;
 An infant, was taught to clasp hauds and to
 shout
 From the roofs of the tower when the flame
 had broke out:
 In the blood of slain foemen my finger to dip,
 And tinge with its purple my cheek and my
 lip.—
 'Tis thou know'st not truth, that hast harter'd
 in eld,
 For a price, the brave faith that thine ances-
 tors held.
 When this wolf,"—and the carcass he flung
 on the plain,—
 "Shall awake and give food to her nurslings
 again.
 The face of his father will Harold review;
 Till then, aged Heathen, young Christian,
 adieu!"

XII.

Priest, monk, and prelate, stood aghast,
 As through the pageant of the heathen pass'd.
 A cross bearer out of his saddle he flung.
 Laid his hand on the pommel, and into it
 sprung
 Loud was the shriek, and deep the groan,
 When the holy sign on the earth was thrown!
 The fierce old Count unsheathed his brand,
 But the calmer Prelate stay'd his hand.
 "Let him pass free!—Heaven knows its
 hour.—
 But he must own repentance's power,
 Pray and weep, and penance bear,
 Ere he hold land by the Tyne and the Wear."
 Thus in scorn and in wrath from his father is
 gone
 Young Harold the Dauntless, Count Witikind's
 son.

XIII.

High was the feasting in Witikind's hall,
 Revell'd priests, soldiers, and pagans, and all;
 And e'en the good Bishop was fain to endure
 The scandal, which time and instruction might
 cure:
 It were dangerous, he deem'd, at the first to
 restrain,
 In his wine and his wassail, a half-christen'd
 Dane.
 The mead flow'd around, and the ale was
 drain'd dry,
 Wild was the laughter, the song, and the cry;

With Kyrie Eleison, came clamorously in
 The war-songs of Danesmen, Norwayu, and
 Finn,
 Till man after man the contention gave o'er,
 Outstretch'd on the rushes that strew'd the
 hall floor;
 And the tempest within, having ceased its
 wild rout,
 Gave place to the tempest that thunder'd
 without.

XIV.

Apart from the wassail, in turret alone,
 Lay flaxen-hair'd Gunnar, old Ermengarde's
 son;
 In the train of Lord Harold that Page was the
 first,
 For Harold in childhood had Ermengarde
 nursed;
 And grieved was young Gunnar his master
 should roam,
 Unhoused and unfriended, an exile from
 home.
 He heard the deep thunder, the plashing of
 rain,
 He saw the red lightning through shot-hole
 and pane:
 "And oh!" said the Page, "on the shelterless
 wild
 Lord Harold is wandering in darkness and
 cold!
 What though he was stubborn, and wayward,
 and wild,
 He endured me because I was Ermengarde's
 child.—
 And often from dawn till the set of the sun,
 In the chase, by his stirrup, unhidden I run;
 I would I were older, and knighthood could
 hear,
 I would soon quit the banks of the Tyne and
 the Wear:
 For my mother's command, with her last part-
 ing breath,
 Bade me follow her nursling in life and to
 death.

XV.

"It pours and it thunders, it lightens amain,
 As if Lok, the Destroyer, had burst from his
 chain!
 Accursed by the Church, and expell'd by his
 sire,
 Nor Christian, nor Dane give him shelter or
 fire,
 And this tempest what mortal may houseless
 endure?
 Unaided, unmantled, he dies on the moor!
 What'er comes of Gunnar, he carries not
 here."
 He leapt from his conch and he grasp'd to his
 spear;
 Sought the hall of the feast. Undisturb'd by
 his tread,
 The wassailers slept fast as the sleep of the
 dead:
 "Ungrateful and bestial!" his anger broke
 forth,
 "To forget 'mid your goblets the pride of the
 North!
 And you, ye cowl'd priests, who have plenty
 in store,
 Must give Gunnar for ransom a palfrey and
 ore."

XVI.

Then, heeding full little of ban or of curse,
He has seized on the Prior of Jorvaux's purse :
Saint Menelolt's Abbot, next moruing has
miss'd

His mantle, deep furr'd from the cape to the
wrists :

The Seneschal's keys from his belt he has
ta'en.

(Well trench'd on that eve was old Hilde-
brand's brain.)

To the stable-yard he made his way,
And mounted the Bishop's palfrey gay,
Castle and hamlet behind him has cast,
And right on his way to the moorland has
pass'd.

Sore scorted the palfrey, unused to face
A weather so wild at so rash a pace ;
So long he scorted, so loud he neigh'd,
There answer'd a steed that was bound beside,
And the red flash of lightning show'd there
where lay

His master, Lord Harold, outstretch'd on the
clay.

XVII.

Up he started, and thunder'd out, "Stand !"
And raised the club in his deadly hand.

The flaxen hair'd Gunnar his purpose told,
Show'd the palfrey and proffer'd the gold.

"Back, back, and home, thou simple boy !
Thou canst not share my grief or joy :

Have I not mark'd thee wail and cry
When thou hast seen a sparrow die ?

And caust thou, as my follower should,
Wade ankle-deep through foeman's blood,

Dare mortal and immortal foe,
The gods above, the fiends below,

And man on earth, more hateful still,
The very fountain-head of ill ?

Desperate of life, and careless of death,
Lover of bloodshed, and slaughter, and scathe,

Such must thou be with me to roam,
And such thou canst not be—back, and home !

XVIII.

Young Gunnar shook like an aspen bough,
As he heard the harsh voice and beheld the
dark brow,

And half he repented his purpose and vow.
But now to draw back were bootless shame,
And he loved his master, so urged his claim :

"Alas ! if my arm and my courage be weak,
Bear with me a while for old Ermengarde's
sake :

Nor deem so lightly of Gunnar's faith,
As to fear he would break it for peril of death.

Have I not risk'd it to fetch thee this gold,
This surcoat and mantle to fence thee from
cold ?

And, did I bear a haser mind,
What lot remains if I stay behind ?

'The priests' revenge, thy father's wrath
A dungeon, and a shameful death."

XIX.

With gentler look Lord Harold eyed
The Page, then turn'd his head aside ;

And either a tear did his eyelash stain,
Or it caught a drop of the passing rain.

"Art thou an outcast, then ?" quoth he ;
"The meeter page to follow me."

'Twere bootless to tell what climes they
sought,

Ventures achieved, and battles fought ;
How oft with few, how oft alone,

Fierce Harold's arm the field hath won.
Men swore his eye, that flash'd so red

When each other glance was quench'd with
dread,

Bore oft a light of deadly flame,
That ne'er from mortal courage came.

Those limbs so strong, that mood so stern,
That loved the couch of heath and fero,

Afar from hamlet, tower, and town,
More than to rest on driven down ;

That stubborn frame, that sullen mood,
Men deem'd must come of aught but good ;

And they whisper'd, the great Master Fiend
was at one

With Harold the Dauntless, Count Witikind's
son.

XX.

Years after years had gone and fled,
The good old Prelate lies lapp'd in lead ;

In the chapel still is shown
His sculptured form on a marble stone,

With staff and ring and scapulaire,
And folded hands in the act of prayer.

Saint Cuthbert's mitre is resting now
On the haughty Saxon, bold Aldingar's brow ;

The power of his crozier he loved to extend
O'er whatever would break, or whatever
would bend ;

And now hath he clothed him in cope and in
pall,

And the Chapter of Durham has met at his
call.

"And hear ye not, brethren," the proud Bishop
said,

"That our vassal, the Danish Count Witikind's
dead ?

All his gold and his goods hath he given
To holy Church for the love of Heaven,

And hath founded a chantry with stipend and
dole,

That priests and that beadsmen may pray for
his soul :

Harold his son is wandering abroad,
Dreaded by man and abhorr'd by God ;

Meet it is not, that such should heir
The lauds of the church on the Tyne and the
Wear,

And at her pleasure, her hallow'd hands
May now resume these wealthy lauds."

XXI.

Answer'd good Eustace, a canon old,—
"Harold is faneless, and furious, and bold ;

Ever Renown blows a note of fame,
And a note of fear, when she sounds his name :

Much of bloodshed and much of scathe
Have been their lot who have waked his
wrath.

Leave him these lands and lordships still,
Heaven in its hour may change his will ;

But if rest of gold, and of living bare,
An evil counsellor is despair."

More had he said, but the Prelate frown'd,
And murmur'd his brethren who sat around,

And with one consent have they given their
doom,

That the Church should the lauds of Saint
Cuthbert resume.

So will'd the Prelate ; and canon and dean
Gave to his judgment their loud amen.

Harold the Dauntless.

CANTO SECOND.

I.

'Tis merry in greenwood, — thus runs the old
lay,—

In the gladsome month of lively May,
When the wild birds' song on stem and spray
Invites to forest bower;
Then rears the ash his airy crest,
Then shines the birch in silver vest,
And the beech in glistening leaves is drest,
And dark between shows the oak's proud
breast,

Like a chieftain's frowning tower;
Though a thousand branches join their screen,
Yet the broken sunbeams glance between,
And tip the leaves with lighter green,

With brighter tints the flower:
Dull is the heart that loves not then
The deep recess of the wildwood glen,
Where roe and red-deer find sheltering den,
When the sun is in his power.

II.

Less merry, perchance, is the fading leaf
That follows so soon on the gather'd sheaf,
When the greenwood loses the name;
Silent is then the forest bound,
Save the redbreast's note, and the rustling
sound

Of frost-nipt leaves that are dropping round,
Or the deep-mouth'd cry of the distant hound
That opens on his game:

Yet then, too, I love the forest wide,
Whether the sun in splendour ride,
And gild its many-colour'd side;
Or whether the soft and silvery haze,
In vapoury folds, o'er the landscape strays,
And half involves the woodland maze,
Like an early willow's veil,
Where wimpering tissue from the gaze
The form half hides, and half betrays,
Of beauty wan and pale.

III.

Fair Metelill was a woodland maid,
Her father a rover of greenwood shade,
By forest statutes undismay'd,

Who lived by bow and quiver;
Well known was Wulfstane's archery,
By merry Tyne both on moor and lea,
Through wooded Weardale's glens so free,
Well beside Stanhope's wildwood tree,
And well on Galesse river.

Yet free though he trespass'd on woodland
game,
More known and more fear'd was the wizard
fame

Of Jutta of Rookhope, the Outlaw's dame;
Fear'd when she frown'd was her eye of flame,
More fear'd when in wrath she laugh'd;

For then, 'twas said, more fatal true
To its dread aim her spell-glance flew,
Than when from Wulfstane's bended yew
Sprung forth the grey-goose shaft.

IV.

Yet had this fierce and dreaded pair,
So Heaven decreed, a daughter fair;

None brighter crown'd the bed,
In Britain's bounds, of peer or prince,
Nor hath, perchance, a lovelier since
In this fair isle been bred.

And nought of fraud, or ire, or ill,
Was known to gentle Metelill,—

A simple maiden she;
The spells in dimpled smile that lie,
And a downcast blush, and the darts that fly
With the sidelong glance of a hazel eye,
Were her arms and witchery.

So young, so simple was she yet,
She scarce could childhood's joys forget,
And still she loved, in secret set
Beneath the greenwood tree,

To plait the rushy coronet,
And braid with flowers her locks of jet,
As when in infancy;—

Yet could that heart, so simple, prove
The early dawn of stealing love:

Ah! gentle maid, beware!
The power who, now so mild a guest,
Gives dangerous yet delicious zest
To the calm pleasures of thy breast,
Will soon, a tyrant o'er the rest,
Let none his empire share.

V.

One morn, in kirtle green array'd,
Deep in the wood the maiden stray'd,
And, where a fountain sprung,

She sat her down, unuse, to tread
The scarlet berry's mimic braid.

And while the beads she strung,
Like the blithe lark, whose carol gay
Gives a good-morrow to the day,
So lightsomely she sung.

VI.

SONG.

"Lord William was horn in gilded bower,
The heir of Wilton's lofty tower;
Yet better loves Lord William now
To roam beneath wild Rookhope's brow;
And Wilham has lived where ladies fair
With gawds and jewels deck their hair,
Yet better loves the dewdrops still
That pearl the locks of Metelill.

"The pious Palmer loves, I wis,
Saint Cuthbert's hallow'd beads to kiss;
Bot I, though simple girl I be,
Might have such homage paid to me;
For did Lord William see me suit
This necklace of the bramble's fruit,
He fain—but must not have his will—
Would kiss the beads of Metelill.

"My nurse has told me many a tale,
How vows of love are weak and frail;
My mother says that courtly youth
By rustic maid means seldom sooth.
What should they mean? it cannot be,
That such a warning's meant for me,
For nought—oh I nought of fraud or ill
Can William mean to Metelill!"

VII.

Sudden she stops—and starts to feel
A weighty hand, a glove of steel,
Upon her shrinking shoulders laid;
Fearful she turn'd, and saw, dismay'd,
A Knight in plate and mail array'd,
His crest and bearing worn and fray'd,

His surcoat soil'd and riven,
Form'd like that giant race of yore,
Whose long-continued crimes outwore
The sufferance of Heaven.
Stern accents made his pleasure known,
Though then he used his gentlest tone :
"Maiden," he said, "sing forth thy glee.
Start not—sing on—it pleases me."

VIII.

Secured within his powerful hold,
To bend her knee, her hands to fold,
Was all the maiden might ;
And "Oh ! forgive," she faintly said,
"The terrors of a simple maid,
If thou art mortal wight !
But if—of such strange tales are told—
Unearthly warrior of the wold,
Thou comest to chide mine accents bold,
My mother, Jutta, knows the spell,
At noon and midnight pleasing well
The disenbodied ear ;
Oh ! let her powerful charms atone
For aught my rashness may have done,
And cease thy grasp of fear."
Then laugh'd the Knight—his laughter's sound
Half in the hollow helmet drown'd ;
His barred vizor then he raised,
And steady on the maiden gazed.
He smooth'd his brows, as best he might,
To the dread calm of autumn night,
When sinks the tempest roar ;
Yet still the cautious fishers eye
The clouds, and fear the gloomy sky,
And haul their barks on shore.

IX.

"Damsel," he said, "be wise, and learn
Matters of weight and deep concern :
From distant realms I come,
And, wanderer long, at length have plann'd
In this my native Northern land
To seek myself a home.
Nor that alone—a mate I seek ;
She must be gentle, soft, and meek,—
No lordly dame for me ;
Myself am something rough of mood,
And feel the fire of royal blood,
And therefore do not hold it good
To match in my degree.
Then, since coy maidens say my face
Is harsh, my form devoid of grace,
For a fair lineage to provide,
'Tis meet that my selected bride
In lineaments be fair ;
I love thine well—till now I ne'er
Look'd patient on a face of fear,
But now that tremulous sob and tear
Become thy beauty rare.
One kiss—nay, damsel, coy it not !—
And now go seek thy parents' cot,
And say, a bridegroom soon I come,
To woo my love, and bear her home."

X.

Home sprung the maid without a pause
As leveret 'scaped from greyhound's jaw
But still she lock'd, how'er distress'd,
The secret in her boding breast ;
Dreading her sire, who oft forhade
Her steps should stray to distant glade.
Night came—to her accustom'd nook
Her distaff aged Jutta took,

And by the lamp's imperfect glow,
Rough Wulfstane trimm'd his shafts and bow.
Sudden and clamorous, from the ground
Upstart slumbering brach and bound ;
Loud knocking next the lodge alarms,
And Wulfstane snatches at his arms,
When open flew the yielding door,
And that grim Warrior press'd the floor.

XI.

"All peace be here—What ! none replies ?
Dismiss your fears and your surprise.
'Tis I—that Maid hath told my tale,—
Or, trembler, did thy courage fail ?
It recks not—it is I demand
Fair Metelil in marriage band ;
Harold the Dauntless I, whose name
Is brave men's boast and traitor's shame."
The parents sought each other's eyes,
With awe, resentment, and surprise :
Wulfstane, to quarrel prompt, began
The stranger's size and thwews to scan ;
But as he scann'd, his courage sunk,
And from unequal strife he shrunk,
Then forth, to blight and blemish, flies
The harmful curse from Jutta's eyes ;
Yet, fatal howsoe'er, the spell
On Harold innocently fell !
And disappointment and amaze
Were in the witch's wilder'd gaze.

XII.

But soon the wit of woman woke,
And to the Warrior mild she spoke :
"Her child was all too young."—"A toy,
The refuge of a maiden coy."
Again, "A powerful baron's heir
Claims in her heart an interest fair."
"A trifle—whisper in his ear
That Harold is a suitor here !"
Baffled at length she sought delay :
"Would not the Knight till morning stay ?
Late was the hour—he there might rest
'Till morn, their lodge a honour'd guest,
Such were her words,—her craft might cast,
Her honour'd guest should sleep his last :
"No, not to-night—but soon," he swore,
"He would return, nor leave them more."
The threshold then his huge stride cross't,
And soon he was in darkness lost.

XIII.

Appall'd a while the parents stood,
Then changed their fear to angry mood,
And foremost fell their words of ill
On unresisting Metelil :
Was she not caution'd and forbid,
Forewarn'd, implored, accused and chid,
And must she still to greenwood roam,
To marshal such misfortune home ?
"Hence, minion—to thy chamber hie—
There prudence learn, and penitence."
She went—her lonely couch to steep
In tears which absent lovers weep ;
Or if she gain'd a troubled sleep,
Fierce Harold's suit was still the theme
And terror of her feverish dream.

XIV.

Scarce was she gone, her dame and sire
Upon each other bent their ire ;
"A woodsman thou, and hast a spear,
And couldst thou such an insult bear ?"

Sullen he said, "A man contends
With men, a witch with sprites and fiends;
Not to mere mortal wight belong
Yon gloomy brow and frame so strong.
But thou—is this thy promise fair,
That your Lord William, wealthy heir
To Ulrick, Baron of Witton-le-Wear,
Should Metehill to altar bear?
Do all the spells thou boast'st as thine
Serve but to slay some peasant's kine,
His grain in autumn's storms to steep,
Or thorough fog and fen to sweep,
And hag-ride some poor rustic's sleep?
Is such mean mischief worth the fame
Of sorceress and witch's name?
Fame, which with all men's wish conspires,
With thy deserts and my desires,
To damn thy corpse to penal fires?
Out on thee, witch! aroint! aroint!
What now shall put thy schemes in joint
What save this trusty arrow's point,
From the dark dingle when it flies,
And he who meets it gasps and dies."

XV.

Stern she replied, "I will not wage
War with thy folly or thy race;
But ere the morrow's sun be low,
Wulfstane of Rookhope, thou shalt know,
If I can venge me on a foe.
Believe the while, that whatso'er
I spoke, in ire, of bow and spear,
It is not Harold's destiny
The death of pilfer'd deer to die.
But he, and thou, and yon pale moon,
(That shall be yet more pallid soon,
Before she sink behind the dell,)
Thou, she, and Harold too, shall tell
What Jutta knows of charm or spell."
Thus muttering, to the door she bent
Her wayward steps, and forth she went,
And left alone the moody sire,
To cherish or to slake his ire.

XVI.

Far faster than belong'd to age
Has Jutta made her pilgrimage.
A priest has met her as she pass'd,
And cross'd himself and stood aghast:
She traced a haunlet—not a cur
His throat would ope, his foot would stir;
By crouch, by trembling, and by groan,
They made her hated presence known!
But when she trode the sable fell,
Were wilder sounds her way to tell,—
For far was heard the fox's yell,
The black-cock waked and faintly crew,
Scream'd o'er the moss the scared curlew;
Where o'er the cataract the oak
Lay slant, was heard the raven's croak;
The mountain-cat, which sought his prey,
Glared, scream'd, and started from her way.
Such music cheer'd her journey lone
To the deep dell and rocking stone:
There, with unhallow'd hymn of praise,
Sue call'd a God of heathen days.

XVII.

INVOCATION.

"From thy Pomeranian throne,
Hewn in rock of living stone,
Where, to thy godhead faithful yet,
Bend Esthonian, Finn, and Lett,

And their swords in vengeance whet,
That shall make thine altars wet,
Wet and red for ages more
With the Christians' hated gore,—
Hear me! Sovereign of the Rock,
Hear me! mighty Zerneck!

" Mightiest of the mighty known,
Here thy wonders have been shown;
Hundred tribes in various tongue
Oft have here thy praises sung;
Down that stone with Runic seam'd,
Hundred victims' blood hath stream'd!
Now one woman comes alone,
And but wets it with her own,
The last, the feeblest of the Rock,—
Hear—and be present, Zerneck!

"Hark! he comes! the night-blast cold
Wildly sweeps along the wold;
The cloudless moon grows dark and dim,
And bristling hair and quaking limb
Proclaim the Master Demon nigh,—
Those who view his form shall die!
Lo! I stoop and veil my head;
Thou who ridest the tempest dread,
Shaking hill and rending oak—
Spure me! spare me! Zerneck.

"He comes not yet! Shall cold delay
Thy votress at her need repay?
Thou—shall I call thee god or fiend?—
Let others on thy mood attend
With prayer and ritual—Jutta's arms
Are necromantic words and charms;
Mine is the spell, that, utter'd once,
Shall wake Thy Master from his trance,
Shake his red mansion-house of pain,
And burst his seven-times-twisted chain!—
So I com'st thou ere the spell is spoke?
I own thy presence, Zerneck."

XVIII.

"Daughter of dust," the Deep Voice said,
—Shook while it spoke the vale for dread,
Rock'd on the base that massive stone,
The Evil Deity to own.—
"Daughter of dust! not mine the power
Thou seek'st on Harold's fatal hour.
"Twixt heaven and hell there is a strife
Waged for his soul and for his life,
And fain would we the combat win,
And snatch him in his hour of sin.
There is a star now rising red,
That threatens him with an influence dread:
Woman, thine arts of malice whet,
To use the space before it set.
Involve him with the church in strife,
Push on adventurous chance his life;
Ourselves will in the hour of need,
As best we may thy counsels speed."
So ceased the Voice; for seven leagues round
Each banlet started at the sound;
But slept again, as slowly died
Its thunders on the hill's brown side.

XIX.

"And is this all," said Jutta stern,
"That thou can'st teach and I can learn!
Hence! to the land of fog and waste,
There fittest is thine influence placed,
Thou powerless, sluggish Deity!
But ne'er shall Briton bend the knee
Again before so poor a god."
She struck the altar with her rod;

Slight was the touch, as when at need
 A damsel stirs her tardy steed ;
 But to the blow the stone gave place,
 And, starting from its balanced base,
 Roll'd thundering down the moonlight dell,—
 Re-echo'd moorland, rock, and fell ;
 Into the moonlight tarn it dash'd,
 Their shores the sounding surges lash'd,
 And there was ripple, rage, and foam ;
 But on that lake, so dark and lone,
 Placid and pale the moonbeam shone
 As Jutta bled her home.

Harold the Dauntless.

CANTO THIRD.

L.

Grey towers of Durham! there was once a
 time
 I view'd your battlements with such vague
 hope,

As brightens life in its first dawning prime ;
 Not that e'en then came within fancy's scope
 A vision vain of mitre, throne, or cope ;
 Yet, gazing on the venerable hall,
 Her flattering dreams would in perspective
 ope
 Some reverend room, some prebendary's
 stall,—

And thus Hope me deceived as she deceiveth
 all.

Well yet I love thy mix'd and massive piles,
 Half church of God, half castle 'gainst the
 Scot.

And long to roam these venerable aisles,
 With records stored of deeds long since forgot ;
 There might I share my Surtees' happier lot,
 Who leaves at will his patrimonial field
 To ransack every crypt and hallow'd spot,
 And from oblivion rend the spoils they yield,
 Restoring priestly chant and clang of knightly
 shield.

Vain is the wish—since other cares demand
 Each vacant hour, and in another clime ;
 But still that northern harp invites my hand,
 Which tells the wonder of thine earlier time ;
 And fain its numbers would I now command
 To paint the beauties of that dawning fair,
 When Harold, gazing from its lofty stand
 Upon the western heights of Beaufort,
 Saw Saxon Eadmer's towers begirt by wind-
 ing Wear.

II.

Fair on the half-seen streams the sunbeams
 danced,

Betraying it beneath the woodland bank,
 And fair between the Gothic turrets glanced
 Broad lights, and shadows fell on front and
 flank,

Where tower and buttress rose in martial
 rank.

And garded in the massive donjon Keep,
 And from their circuit peal'd o'er bush and
 bank

The matin bell with summons long and deep,
 And echo answer'd still with long-resounding
 sweep.

III.

The morning mists rose from the ground,
 Each merry bird awaken'd round,
 As if in revelry ;

Afar the bugles' clanging sound
 Call'd to the chase the lagging hound ;

The gale breath'd soft and free,
 And seem'd to linger on its way
 To catch fresh odours from the spray,
 And waved it in its wanton play
 So light and gamesomely.

The scenes which morning beams reveal,
 Its sounds to hear, its gales to feel
 In all their fragrance round him steal,
 It melted Harold's heart of steel,
 And, hardly wotting why,
 He doff'd his helmet's gloomy pride,
 And hung it on a tree beside.

Laid mace and falchion by,
 And on the greensward sate him down,
 And from his dark habitual frown
 Relax'd his rugged brow—
 Whoever hath the doubtful task
 From that stern Dane a boon to ask,
 Were wise to ask it now.

IV.

His place beside young Gunnar took,
 And mark'd his master's softening look,
 And in his eye's dark mirror spied
 The gloom of stormy thoughts subside,
 And cautious watch'd the fittest tide
 To speak a warning word.

So when the torrent's billows shrink,
 'The timid pilgrim on the brink
 Waits long to see them wave and sink,

Ere he dare brave the ford,
 And often, after doubtful pause,
 His step advances or withdraws :
 Fearful to move the slumbering ire
 Of his stern lord, thus stood the squire,

Till Harold raised his eye,
 That glanced as when athwart the shroud
 Of the dispersing tempest-cloud
 The bursting sunbeams fly.

V.

" Aronse thee, son of Ermengarde
 Offspring of prophetess and bard !
 Take harp, and greet this lovely prime
 With some high strain of Runic rhyme,
 Strong, deep, and powerful ! Peal it round
 Like that loud bell's sonorous sound,
 Yet wild by fits, as when the lay
 Of bird and bugle hail the day.
 Such was my grandsire Eric's sport,
 When dawn gleam'd on his martial court.
 Heymar the Scald, with harp's high sound,
 Summon'd the chiefs who slept around ;
 Conch'd on the spoils of wolf and bear
 They roused like lions from their lair,
 Then rosh'd in emulation forth
 To enhance the glories of the North.—
 Proud Eric, mightiest of thy race,
 Where is thy shadowy resting-place ?
 In wild Valhalla hast thou quaff'd
 From foeman's skull metheklin draught,
 Or wanderest where thy earn was piled
 To frown o'er oceans wide and wild ?
 Or have the milder Christians given
 Thy refuge in their peaceful heaven ?
 Where'er thou art, to thee are known
 Our toils endured, our trophies won,

Our wars, our wanderings, and our woes."
He ceased, and Gunnar's song arose.

VI.

SONG.

"Hawk and osprey scream'd for joy
O'er the heetling cliffs of Høy,
Crimson foam the beach o'erspread,
The heath was dyed with darker red,
When o'er Eric, Ingvar's son,
Dane and Northman piled the stone;
Singing wild the war-song stern,
'Rest thee, Dweller of the Cairn!"

"Where eddying currents foam and boil
By Bersa's burgh and Græmsay's isle,
The seaman sees a martial form
Half-mingled with the mist and storm.
In anxious awe he hears away
To moor his bark in Stromna's bay,
And murmurs from the howling stern,
'Rest thee, Dweller of the Cairn!"

"What cares disturb the mighty dead?
Each honour'd rite was duly paid;
No daring hand thy helm unlaced,
Thy sword, thy shield, were near thee placed,—
Thy flinty couch no tear profaned,
Without, with hostile blood was stain'd;
Within, 'twas lined with moss and fern,—
Then rest thee, Dweller of the Cairn!"

"He may not rest: from realms afar
Comes voice of battle and of war,
Of conquest wrought with bloody hand
On Carmel's cliffs and Jordan's strand,
When Odin's warlike son could daunt
The turban'd race of Termagaunt."—

VII.

"Peace," said the Knight, "the noble Scald
Our warlike fathers' deeds recall'd,
But never strove to soothe the son
With tales of what himself had done.
At Odin's board the bard sits high
Whose harp ne'er stoop'd to flattery;
But highest he whose daring lay
Hath dared unwelcome truths to say."
With doubtful smile young Gunnar eyed
His master's looks, and nought replied—
But well that smile his master led
To construe what he left unsaid.
"Is it to me, thou timid youth,
Thou fear'st to speak unwelcome truth?
My soul no more thy censure grieves
Than frosts rob laurels of their leaves.
Say on—and yet—beware the rude
And wild distemper of my blood;
Loth were I that mine ire should wrong
The youth that bore my shield so long,
And who, in service constant still,
Though weak in frame, art strong in will."—
"Oh!" quoth the Page, "even there depends
My counsel—there my warning tends—
Oft seems as of my master's breast
Some demon were the sudden guest;
Then at the first misconstrued word
His hand is on the naec and sword,
From her firm seat his wisdom driven,
His life to countless dangers given.—
O! would that Gunnar could suffice
To be the fiend's last sacrifice,
So that, when glutted with my gore,
He fled and tempted thee no more!"

VIII.

Then waved his hand, and shook his head
The impatient Dane, while thus he said:
"Profane not, youth—it is not thine
To judge the spirit of our line—
The hold Berserker's rage divine,
Through whose inspiring, deeds are wrought
Past human strength and human thought.
When full upon his gloomy soul
The champion feels the midniece roll,
He swims the lake, he leaps the wall—
Heeds not the depth, nor plombs the fall—
Unshielded, mail-less, on he goes
Singly against a host of foes;
Their spears he holds like wither'd reeds,
Their mail like maiden's silken weeds;
One 'gainst a hundred will he strive,
Take countless wounds, and yet survive.
Then rush the eagles to his cry
Of slaughter and of victory.—
And blood he quaffs like Odin's bowl,
Deep drinks his sword,—deep drinks his soul;
And all that meet him in his ire
He gives to roin, rout, and fire;
Then, like gorged lion, seeks some den,
And couches till he's man agen.—
Thou know'st the signs of look and limb,
When 'gins that rage to overbim—
Thou know'st when I am moved, and why;
And when thou see'st me roll mine eye,
Set my teeth thus, and stamp my foot,
Regard thy safety and be mute;
But else speak boldly out whate'er
Is fitting that a knight should hear.
I love thee, youth. Thy lay has power
Upon my dark and sullen hour;—
So Christian monks are wont to say
Demons of old were charm'd away;
Then fear not I will rashly deem
Ill of thy speech, whate'er the theme."

IX.

As down some strait in doubt and dread
The watchful pilot drops the lead,
And, cautious in the midst to steer,
The shoaling channel sounds with fear;
So, lest on dangerous ground he swerved,
The Page his master's brow observed,
Pausing at intervals to fling
His hand o'er the melodious string,
And to his moody breast apply
The soothing charm of harmony,
While hinted half, and half exprest,
'This warning song convey'd the rest.—

SONG.

1.

"Ill fares the bark with tackle riven,
And ill when on the breakers driven,—
Ill when the storm-sprite shrieks in air,
And the scared mermaid tears her hair;
But worse when on her helm the hand
Of some false traitor holds command.

2.

Ill fares the fainting Palmer, placed
'Mid Hebron's rocks or Kana's waste,—
Ill when the scorching sun is high,
And the expected font is dry.—
Worse when his guide o'er sand and heath,
The barbarous Copt, has plann'd his death.

3.

"Ill fares the Knight with buckler cleft,
And ill when of his helm bereft,—
Ill when his steed to earth is flung,
Or from his grasp his falchion wrung;
But worse, if instant ruin token,
When he lists rede by woman spoken."—

X.

"How now, fond boy!—Canst thou think ill,"
Said Harold, "of fair Metelill?"—
"She may be fair," the Page replied,
As through the strings he ranged,—
"She may be fair; but yet," he cried,
And then the strain he changed,—

SONG.

1.

"She may be fair," he sang, "but yet
Far fairer have I seen
Than she, for all her locks of jet,
And eyes so dark and sheen.
Were I a Danish knight in arms,
As one day I may be,
My heart should own no foreign charms—
A Danish maid for me.

2.

"I love my fathers' northern land,
Where the dark pine-trees grow,
And the bold Baltic's echoing strand
Looks o'er each grassy oe.¹
I love to mark the lingering sun,
From Denmark loth to go,
And leaving on the billows bright,
To cheer the short-lived summer night,
A path of ruddy glow.

3.

"But most the northern maid I love,
With breast like Denmark's snow,
And form as fair as Denmark's pine,
Who loves with purple heath to twine
Her locks of sunny glow;
And sweetly blend that shade of gold
With the cheek's rosy hoe,
And Faith might for her mirror hold
That eye of matchless blue.

4.

"'Tis hers the manly sports in love
That southern maidens fear,
To bend the bow by stream and grove,
And lift the hunter's spear.
She can her chosen champion's flight
With eye undazzled see,
Clasp him victorious from the strife,
Or on his corpse yield up her life,—
A Danish maid for me!"

XL.

Then smiled the Dane—"Thou canst so well
The virtues of our maidens tell,
Half could I wish my choice had been
Blue eyes, and hair of golden sheen,
And lofty soul;—yet what of ill
Hast thou to chide on Metelill?"—
"Nothing on her," young Gunnar said,
"But her base sire's ignoble trade.
Her mother, too—the general fame
Hath given to Jutta evil name.

1 Oe.—Inland.

And in her grey eye is a flame
Art cannot hide, nor fear can tame—
That sordid woodman's peasant cot
Twice have thine honour'd footsteps sought,
And twice return'd with such ill rede
As sent thee on some desperate deed."—

XII.

"Thou errest; Jutta wisely said,
He that comes sutor to a maid,
Ere link'd in marriage, should provide
Lands and a dwelling for his bride—
My father's, by the Tyne and Wear,
I have reclaim'd."—"O, all too dear,
And all too dangerous the prize,
E'en were it won," young Gunnar cries;—
"And then this Jutta's fresh device,
That thou shouldst seek, a heathen Dane,
From Durham's priests a boon to gain,
When thou hast left their vassals slain
In their own halls!"—Flash'd Harold's eye,
Thunder'd his voice—"False Page, you lie!
The castle, hall and tower, is mine,
Built by old Witikind on Tyne.
The wild cat will defend his den,
Fights for her nest the timid wren;
And think'st thou I'll forego my right
For dread of monk or monkish knight?—
Up and away, that deepening bell
Doth of the Bishop's conclave tell.
'Thither will I, in manner due,
As Jutta bade, my claim to sue;
And, if to right me they are loth,
'Then woe to church and chapter both!"
Now shift the scene, and let the curtain fall,
And our next entry be Saint Cuthbert's hall.

Harold the Dauntless.

CANTO FOURTH

I.

Full many a bard hath sung the solemn gloom
Of the long Gothic aisle and stone-ribb'd roof,
O'er-canopying shrine, and gorgeous tomb,
Carved screen, and altar glimmering far along,
And blending with the shade—a matchless
proof

Of high devotion, which hath now wax'd cold;
Yet legends say, that Luxury's brute hoof
Intruded oft within such sacred fold,
Like step of Bel's false priest, track'd in his
fane of old.²

Well pleased am I, howe'er, that when the
route
Of our rude neighbours whilome deign'd to
come,
Uncall'd, and eke unwelcome, to sweep out
And cleanse our chancel from the rags of
Rome,
They spoke not on our ancient fane the doom
To which their bigot zeal gave o'er their own.
But spared the martyr'd saint and storied
tomb,
Though papal miracles had graced the stone,
And though the aisles still loved the organ's
swelling tone.

2 See, in the Apocryphal Books, "The History of Bel and the Dragon."

And deem not, though 'tis now my part to

paint

A Prelate sway'd by love of power and gold,
That all who wore the mitre of our Saint
Like to ambitious Aldingar I hold ;
Since both in modern times and days of old
It sate on those whose virtues might atone
Their predecessors' frailties trehly told ;
Matthew and Morton we as such may own—
And such (if fame speak truth) the honour'd
Barrington.

II.

But now to earlier and to ruder times,
As subject meet, I tune my rugged rhymes,
Telling how fairly the chapter was met,
And rood and books in seemly order set ;
Huge brass-clasp'd volumes, which the hand
Of studious priest but rarely scann'd,
Now on fair carved desk display'd,
'Twas theirs the solemn scene to aid.
O'erhead with many a scutcheon graced,
And quaint devices interlaced,
A labyrinth of crossing rows,
The roof in lessening arches shows :
Beneath its shade placed proud and high,
With footstool and with canopy,
Sate Aldingar.—and prelate ne'er
More haughty graced Saint Cuthbert's chair ;
Canons and deacons were placed below,
In due degree and lengthen'd row.
Unmoved and silent each sat there,
Like image in his oaken chair ;
Nor head, nor hand, nor foot they stirr'd,
Nor lock of hair, nor tress of beard ;
And of their eyes severe alone
The twinkle show'd they were not stone.

III.

The Prelate was to speech address'd,
Each head sunk reverent on each breast ;
But ere his voice was heard—without
Arose a wild tumultuous shout,
Offspring of wonder mix'd with fear,
Such as in crowded streets we hear
Hailing the flames, that, hursting out,
Attract yet scare the rabble rout.
Ere it had ceased, a giant hand
Shook oaken door and iron band,
Till oak and iron both gave way,
Clash'd the long bolts, the hinges bray,
And, ere upon angel or saint they can call,
Stands Harold the Dauntless in midst of the
hall.

IV.

"Now save ye, my masters, both rocket and
rood,
From Bishop with mitre to Deacon with hood !
For here stands Count Harold, old Witikind's
son,
Come to sue for the lands which his ancestors
won."
The Prelate look'd round him with sore tron-
bled eye.
Unwilling to grant, yet afraid to deny ;
While each Canon and Deacon who heard the
Dane speak,
To be safely at home would have fasted a
week :—
Then Aldingar roused him, and answer'd
again,
"Thou suest for a boon which thou canst not
obtain ;

The Church hath no fiefs for an unchristen'd
Dane.

Thy father was wise, and his treasure hath
given,
That the priests of a chantry might hymn him
to heaven ;
And the fiefs which whilome he possess'd as
his due,
Have laps'd to the Church, and been granted
anew
To Anthony Conyers and Alberic Vere,
For the service Saint Cuthbert's bless'd ban-
ner to bear,
When the bands of the North come to foray
the Wear ;
Then disturb not our conclave with wrangling
or blame,
But in peace and in patience pass hence as ye
came."

V.

Loud laugh'd the stern Pagan,—“They're free
from the care
Of fief and of service, both Conyers and
Vere.—
Six feet of your chancel is all they will need,
A buckler of stone and a corslet of lead.—
Ho, Gunnar!—the tokens ;”—and, aver'd
anew,
A head and a hand on the altar he threw.
Then shudder'd with terror both Canon and
Monk,
They knew the glazed eye and the counte-
nance shrouk,
And of Anthony Conyers the half-grizzled hair,
And the scar on the hand of Sir Alberic Vere.
There was not a churchman or priest that
was there,
But grew pale at the sight, and betook him to
prayer.

VI.

Count Harold laugh'd at their looks of fear :
“Was this the hand should your banner bear?
Was that the head should wear the casque
In battle at the Church's task ?
Was it to such you gave the place
Of Harold with the heavy mace ?
Find me between the Wear and Tyne
A knight will wield this club of mine,—
Give him my fiefs, and I will say
There's wit beneath the cowl of grey.”
He raised it, rough with many a stain,
Caught from crush'd skull and spouting brain ;
He wheel'd it that it shrilly sung,
And the aisles echo'd as it swung,
Then dash'd it down with sheer descent,
And split King Osric's monument.—
“How like ye this music ? How trow ye the
hand
That can wield such a mace may be rest of its
land ?
No answer !—I spare ye a space to agree,
And Saint Cuthbert inspire you, a saint if
he be.
Ten strides through your chancel, ten strokes
on your bell,
And again I am with you—grave father's,
farewell !”

VII.

He torn'd from their presence, he clash'd the
oak door,
And the clang of his stride died away on the
floor ;

And his head from his bosom the Prelate up-
rears
With a ghost-seer's look when the ghost dis-
appears.
"Ye Priests of Saint Cuthbert, now give me
your rede.
For never of counsel had Bishop more need!
Were the arch-fiend incarnate in flesh and in
bone,
The language, the look, and the laugh were
his own.
In the bounds of Saint Cuthbert there is not a
knight
Dare confront in our quarrel yon goblin in
fight;
Then rede me aright to his claim to reply,
'Tis unlawful to grant, and 'tis death to deny."

VIII.

On ven'son and malmsie that morning had
fed
The Cellarer Vinsauf—"twas thus that he
said:
"Delay till to-morrow the Chapter's reply;
Let the feast be spread fair, and the wine be
pour'd high:
If he's mortal he drinks,—if he drinks, he is
ours—
His bracelets of iron,—his bed in our towers."
'This man had a laughing eye,
Trust not, friends, when such you spy;
A beaker's depth he well could draui,
Revel, sport, and jest amain—
The haunch of the deer and the grape's bright
dye
Never hard loved them better than I;
But sooner than Vinsauf fill'd me my wine,
Pass'd me his jest, and laugh'd at mine,
Though! the buck were of Bearpark, of Bour-
deaux the vine,
With the dullest hermit I'd rather dine
On an oaken cake and a draught of the Tyne.

IX.

Walwayn the leech spoke next—he knew
Each plant that loves the sun and dew,
But special those whose juice can gain
Dominion o'er the blood and brain;
The peasant who saw him by pale moonbeam
Gathering such herbs by bank and stream,
Deem'd his thin form and soundless tread
Were those of wanderer from the dead.—
"Vinsauf, thy wine," he said, "hath power,
Our gyves are heavy, strong our tower;
Yet three drops from this flask of mine,
More strong than dungeons, gyves, or wine,
Shall give him prison under ground
More dark, more narrow, more profound.
Short rede, good rede, let Harold have—
A dog's death and a heathen's grave."
I have lain on a sick man's bed,
Watching for hours for the leech's tread,
As if I deem'd that his presence alone
Were of power to bid my pain begone;
I have listed his words of comfort given,
As if to oracles from heaven:
I have counted his steps from my chamber
door,
And bless'd them when they were heard no
more;—
But sooner than Walwayn my sick couch
should nigh,
My choice were, by leech-craft unaided, to
die.

X.

"Such service done in fervent zeal
The Church may pardon and conceal."
The doubtful Prelate said, "but ne'er
The counsel ere the act should hear.—
Anselm of Jarrow, advise us now,
The stamp of wisdom is on thy brow;
Thy days, thy nights, in cloister pent,
Are still to mystic learning lent;—
Anselm of Jarrow, in thee is my hope,
Thou well mayst give counsel to Prelate or
Pope."

XI.

Answer'd the Prior—" 'Tis wisdom's use
Still to delay what we dare not refuse;
Ere granting the boon he comes hither to ask,
Shape for the giant gigantic task;
Let us see how a step so sounding can tread
In paths of darkness, danger, and dread;
He may not, he will not, impugn our decree,
That calls but for proof of his chivalry;
And were Guy to return, or Sir Bevis the
Strong,
Our wilds have adventure might cumber them
long—
The Castle of Seven Shields"—"Kind An-
selm, no more!
The step of the Pagan approaches the door."
The churchmen were hush'd.—In his mantle
of skin,
With his mace on his shoulder, Count Harold
strode in.
There was foam on his lips, there was fire in
his eye,
For, chafed by attendance, his fury was nigh.
"Ho! Bishop," he said, "dost thou grant me
my claim?
Or must I assert it by falchion and flame!"—

XII.

"On thy suit, gallant Harold," the Bishop re-
plied,
In accents which trembled, "we may not de-
cide,
Until proof of your strength and your valour
we saw—
'Tis not that we doubt them, but such is the
law."
"And would you, Sir Prelate, have Harold
make sport
For the cowls and the shavelings that herd in
thy court?
Say what shall he do!—From the shrine shall
he tear
The lead bier of thy patron, and heave it in
air,
And through the long chancel make Cuthbert
take wing,
With the speed of a bullet dismiss'd from the
sling!"—
"Nay, spare such probation," the Cellarer
said,
"From the mouth of our minstrels thy task
shall be read.
While the wine sparkles high in the goblet of
gold,
And the revel is loudest, thy task shall be
told;
And thyself, gallant Harold, shall, hearing it,
tell
That the Bishop, his cowls, and his shavelings,
meant well."

XIII.

Loud revell'd the guests, and the goblets loud
 raug.
 But louder the minstrel, Hugh Meneville,
 saug;
 And Harold, the hurry and pride of whose
 soul,
 E'en when verging to fury, own'd music's con-
 trol,
 Still bent on the harper his broad sable eye,
 And often untasted the goblet pass'd by;
 'T han wine, or than wassail, to him was more
 dear
 The minstrel's high tale of enchantment to
 hear;
 And the Bishop that day might of Vinsauf
 complain
 That his art had but wasted his wine-casks in
 vain.

XIV.

THE CASTLE OF THE SEVEN
SHIELDS.

A BALLAD.

The Druid Urien had daughters seven,
 Their skill could call the moon from heaven;
 So fair their forms and so high their fame,
 That seven proud kings for their suitors came.

King Mador and Rhys came from Powis and
 Wales,
 Unshorn was their hair, and unpruned were
 their nails;
 From Strath-Clywde was Ewain, and Ewain
 was lame,
 And the red bearded Donald from Galloway
 came.

Lot, King of Lodon, was hunchback'd from
 youth;
 Dunmail of Cumbria had never a tooth,
 But Adolf of Bambrough, Northumberland's
 heir,
 Was gay and was gallant, was young and was
 fair.

There was strife 'mongst the sisters, for each
 one would have
 For husband King Adolf, the gallant and
 brave;
 And envy bred hate, and hate urged them to
 blows,
 When the firm earth was cleft, and the Arch-
 fiend arose!

He swore to the maidens their wish to fulfil—
 They swore to the foe they would work by his
 will.
 A spindle and distaff to each hath he given,
 "Now hearken my spell," said the Outcast of
 heaven.

"Ye shall ply these spindles at midnight hour,
 And for every spindle shall rise a tower,
 Where the right shall be feeble, the wrong
 shall have power,
 And there shall ye dwell with your para-
 mour."

Beneath the pale moonlight they sate on the
 wold,
 And the rhymes which they chanted would
 never be told;

And as the black wool from the distaff they
 sped,
 With blood from their bosom they moisten'd
 the thread.

As light danced the spindles beneath the cold
 gleam,
 The castle arose like the birth of a dream—
 The seven towers ascended like oast from the
 ground,
 Seven portals defend them, seven ditches sur-
 round.

Within that dread castle seven monarchs were
 wed,
 But six of the seven ere the morning lay
 dead;
 With their eyes all on fire, and their daggers
 all red,
 Seven damsels surround the Northumbrian's
 bed.

"Six kingly bridegrooms to death we have
 done,
 Six gallant kingdoms King Adolf hath won,
 Six lovely brides all his pleasure to do,
 Or the bed of the seventh shall be husband-
 less too."

Well chanced it that Adolf the night when he
 wed
 Had confess'd and had sain'd him ere boune
 to his bed;
 He sprung from the couch and his broadsword
 he drew,
 And there the seven daughters of Urien he
 slew.

The gate of the castle he bolted and seal'd,
 And hung o'er each arch-stone a crown and a
 shield;
 To the cells of Saint Dunstan then wended
 his way,
 And died in his cloister an anchorite grey.

Seven monarchs' wealth in that castle lies
 stow'd,
 The foul fiends brood o'er them like raven
 and toad.
 Whoever shall guesten these chambers with-
 in,
 From curfew till matins, that treasure shall
 win.

But manhood grows faint as the world waxes
 old!
 There lives not in Britain a champion so bold,
 So dauntless of heart, and so prudent of brain,
 As to dare the adventure that treasure to gain.

The waste ridge of Cheviot shall wave with
 the rye,
 Before the rude Scots shall Northumberland
 fly,
 And the flint cliffs of Bambro' shall melt in
 the sun,
 Before that adventure be peril'd and won.

XV.

"And is this my probation?" wild Harold he
 said,
 "Within a lone castle to press a lone bed?—
 Good even, my Lord Bishop,—Saint Cutlibert
 to borrow,
 The Castle of Seven Shields receives me to-
 morrow."

Harold the Dauntless.

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

Denmark's sage courtier to her princely youth,
Granting his cloud an ouzel or a whale,
Spoke, though unwittingly, a partial truth;
For Fantasy embroiders Nature's veil.
The tints of ruddy eve, or dawning pale,
Of the swart thunder-cloud, or silver haze,
Are but the ground-work of the rich detail
Which Fantasy with pencil wild portrays,
Blending what seems and is, in the wrap
muser's gaze.

Nor are the stubborn forms of earth and stone
Less to the Sorceress's empire given;
For not with unsubstantial hues alone,
Caught from the varying surge, or vacant
heaven,
From bursting sunbeam, or from flashing
levin,

She linnis her pictures: on the earth, as air,
Arise her castles, and her car is driven;
And never gazed the eye on scene so fair,
But of its boasted charms gave Fancy half the
share.

II.

Up a wild pass went Harold, bent to prove,
Hugh Meneville, the adventure of thy lay;
Gunnar pursued his steps in faith and love,
Ever companion of his master's way.
Midward their path, a rock of granite grey
From the adjoining cliff had made descent,—
A barren mass—yet with her drooping spray
Had a young birch-tree crown'd its battle-
ment,
Twisting her fibrous roots through cranny,
flaw, and rent.

This rock and tree could Gunnar's thought
engage

Till Fancy brought the tear-drop to his eye,
And at his master ask'd the timid Page,
"What is the emblem that a bard should spy
In that rude rock and its green canopy?"
And Harold said, "Like to the helmet brave
Of warrior slain in fight it seems to lie,
And these same drooping boughs do o'er it
wave
Not all unlike the plume his lady's favour
gave."—

"Ah, no!" replied the Page; "the ill-starr'd
love

Of some poor maid is in the emblem shown,
Whose fates are with some hero's interwove,
And rooted on a heart to love unknown:
And as the gentle dews of heaven alone
Nourish those drooping boughs, end as the
scathe

Of the red lightning reads both tree and stone,
So fares it with her unrequited faith,—
Her sole relief is tears—her only refuge
death."—

III.

"Thou art a fond fantastic boy,"
Harold replied, "to females coy,
Yet prating still of love;
Even so amid the clash of war

I know thou lovest to keep afar,
Though destined by thy evil star
With one like me to rove,
Whose business and whose joys are found
Upon the bloody battle-ground.
Yet, foolish trembler as thou art,
Thou hast a nook of my rude heart,
And thou and I will never part;—
Harold would wrap the world in fame
Ere injury on Gunnar came!"

IV.

The grateful Page made no reply,
But turn'd to Heaven his gentle eye,
And clasp'd his hands, as one who said,
"My toils—my wanderings are o'erpaid!"
Then in a gayer, lighter strain,
Compell'd himself to speech again;
And, as they flow'd along,
His words took cadence soft and slow,
And liquid, like dissolving snow,
They melted into song.

V.

"What though through fields of carnage wide
I may not follow Harold's stride,
Yet who with faithful Gunnar's pride
Lord Harold's feats can see?
And dearer than the couch of pride,
He loves the bed of grey wolf's hide,
When slumbering by Lord Harold's side
In forest, field, or lea."—

VI.

"Break off!" said Harold, in a tone
Where hurry and surprise were shown,
With some slight touch of fear,—
"Break off, we are not here alone;
A Palmer form comes slowly on!
By cowl, and staff, and mantle known,
My monitor is near.
Now mark him, Gunnar, heedfully;
He pauses by the blighted tree—
Dost see him, youth?—Thou couldst not see
When in the vale of Galilea
I first beheld his form,
Nor when we met that other while
In Cephalonia's rocky isle,
Before the fearful storm.—
Dost see him now?"—The Page, distraught
With terror, answer'd, "I see nought,
And there is nought to see,
Save that the oak's scathed boughs fling down
Upon the path a shadow brown,
That, like a pilgrim's dusky gown,
Waves with the waving tree."

VII.

Count Harold gazed upon the oak
As if his eyestrings would have broke,
And then resolutely said,—
"Be what it will yon phantom gray—
Nor heaven, nor hell, shall ever say
That for their shadows from his way
Count Harold turn'd dismay'd:
I'll speak him, though his accents fill
My heart with that unwanted thrill
Which vulgar minds call fear.
I will subdue it!"—Forth he strode,
Paused where the blighted oak-tree show'd
Its sable shadow on the road,
And, folding on his bosom broad
His arms, said, "Speak—I hear."

VIII.

The Deep Voice said, "O wild of will,
Furious thy purpose to fulfil—
Heart-sear'd and unrepentant still.
How long, O Harold, shall thy tread
Disturb the slumbers of the dead?
Each step in thy wild way thou makest,
The ashes of the dead thou wakest;
And shout in triumph o'er thy path
The fiends of bloodshed and of wrath.
In this thine hour, yet turn and hear!
For life is brief and judgment near."

IX.

Then ceased The Voice.—The Dane replied
In tones where awe and inborn pride
For mastery strove,—“In vain ye chide
The wolf for ravaging the flock,
Or with its hardness taunt the rock,—
I am as they—my Danish strain
Sends streams of fire through every vein.
Amid thy realms of goule and ghost,
Say, is the fame of Eric lost,
Or Witikind's the Waster known
Where fame or spoil was to be won;
Whose galleys ne'er bore off a shore
They left not black with flame?—
He was my sire,—and, sprung of him,
That rover merciless and grim,
Can I be soft and tame?
Part hence, and with my crimes no more up-
braid me,
I am that Waster's son, and am but what he
made me.”

X.

The Phantom groan'd;—the mountain shook
around,
The fawn and wild-doe started at the sound,
The gorse and fern did wildly round them
wave.
As if some sudden storm the impulse gave.
“All thou hast said is truth—Yet on the head
Of that bad sire let not the charge be laid,
That he, like thee, with unrelenting pace,
From grave to cradle ran the evil race:—
Relentless in his avarice and ire,
Churches and towns he gave to sword and
fire;
Shed blood like water, wasted every land,
Like the destroying angel's burning brand;
Fulfill'd whate'er of ill might be invented,
Yes—all these things he did—he did, but he
repented!
Perchance it is part of his punishment still,
That his offspring pursues his example of ill.
But thou, when thy tempest of wrath shall
next shake thee,
Gird thy loins for resistance, my son, and
awake thee;
If thou yield'st to thy fury, how temptsd so-
ever,
The gate of repentance shall open for thee
never!”—

XI.

“He is gone,” said Lord Harold, and gazed as
he spoke;
“There is nought on the path but the shade
of the oak.
He is gone, whose strange presence my feeling
oppress'd,
Like the night-hag that sits on the slumberer's
breast.

My heart heats as thick as a fugitive's tread,
And cold dews drop from my brow and my
head.—
Hol Gunnar, the flasket yon almoner gave;
He said that three drops would recall from the
grave.
For the first time Count Harold owns leech-
craft has power,
Or, his courage to aid, lacks the juice of a
flower!”
The page gave the flasket, which Walwayn
had fill'd
With the juice of wild roots that his art had
distill'd—
So baneful their influence on all that had
breath,
One drop had been frenzy, and two had been
death.
Harold took it, but drank not; for jubilee
shrill,
And music and clamour were heard on the
hill,
And down the steep pathway, o'er stock and
o'er stone,
The train of a bridal came blithsomenly on;
There was song, there was pipe, there was
timbrel, and still
The burden was, “Joy to the fair Metelil!”

XII.

Harold might see from his high stance,
Himself unseen, that train advance
With mirth and melody:—
On horse and foot a mingled throng,
Measuring their steps to bridal song
And bridal minstrelsy:
And ever when the blithesome rout
Lent to the song their choral shout,
Redoubling echoes roll'd about,
While echoing cave and cliff sent out
The answering symphony
Of all those mimic notes which dwell
In hollow rock and sounding dell.

XIII.

Joy shook his torch above the band,
By many a various passion fann'd;—
As elemental sparks can feed
On essence pure and coarsest weed,
Gentle, or stormy, or refined,
Joy takes the colours of the mind.
Lightsome and pure, but unexpress'd,
He fired the bridegroom's gallant breast;
More feebly strove with maiden fear.
Yet still joy glimmer'd through the tear
On the bride's blushing cheek, that shows
Like dewdrop on the budding rose;
While Wulfstane's gloomy smile declared
The glee that selfish avarice shared,
And pleased revenge and malice high
Joy's semblance took in Jutta's eye
On dangerous adventure sped,
The witch deem'd Harold with the dead,
For thus that morn her Demon said:—
“If, ere the set of sun, he tied
The knot 'twixt bridegroom and his bride,
The Dane shall have no power of ill
O'er William and o'er Metelil.”
And the pleased witch made answer, “Then
Must Harold have pass'd from the paths of
men!
Evil repose may his spirit have,—
May hemlock and mandrake find root in his
grave,—

May his death-sleep be dogged by dreams of
dismay,
And his waking be worse at the answering
day."

XIV.

Such was their various mood of glee
Blent in one shout of ecstasy.
But still when Joy is hrimming highest,
Of Sorrow and Misfortune nighest,
Of terror with her ague cheek,
And lurking Danger, azes speak :—
These haunt each path, but chief they lay
Their snares beside the primrose way.—
Thus found that bridal band their path
Beset by Harold in his wrath.
Trembling beneath his maddening mood,
High on a rock the giant stood ;
His shout was like the doom of death
Spoke o'er their heads that pass'd beneath.
His destined victims might not spy
The reddening terrors of his eye.—
The frown of rage that writhed his face.—
The lip that foam'd like boar's in chase ;—
But all could see—and, seeing, all
Bore back to shun the threaten'd fall—
The fragment which their giant foe
Rent from the cliff and heaved to throw.

XV.

Backward they bore :—yet are there two
For battle who prepare :
No pause of dread Lord William knew
Ere his good blade was bare,
And Wulfstane bent his fatal vew,
But ere the silken cord he drew,
As hur'l'd from Hecla's thunder, flew
That ruin through the air !
Full on the outlaw's front it came,
And all that late had human name,
And human face, and human frame,
That lived, and moved, and had free will
To choose the path of good or ill,
Is to its reckoning gone ;
And nought of Wulfstane rests behind,
Save that beneath that stone,
Half-buried in the dinted clay,
A red and shapeless mass there lay
Of mingled flesh and bone !

XVI.

As from the bosom of the sky
The eagle darts amain,
Three bounds from yonder summit high
Placed Harold on the plain.
As the scared wild-fowl scream and fly,
So fled the bridal train :
As 'gainst the eagle's peerless might
The noble falcon dares the fight,
But dares the fight in vain,
So fought the bridegroom ; from his hand
The Dane's rude nace has struck his brand,
Its glittering fragments strew the sand,
Its lord lies on the plain.
Now, Heaven ! take noble William's part,
And melt that yet unmelted heart,
Or, ere his bridal hour depart,
The hapless bridegroom's slain !

XVII.

Count Harold's frenzied rage is high,
There is a death-fire in his eye,
Deep furrows on his brow are trench'd,
His teeth are set, his hand is clenched,

The foam upon his lip is white,
His deadly arm is up to smite !
But, as the mace aloft he awung,
To stop the blow young Gunnar sprung,
Around his master's knees he clung,
And cried, " In mercy spare !
O, think upon the words of fear
Spoke by that visionary Seer,
The crisis he foretold is here,—
Grant mercy,—or despair !"
This word suspended Harold's mood,
Yet still with arm upraised he stood,
And visage like the headsman's rude
That pauses for the sign.
" O mark thee with the blessed rood."
The Page implored ; " Speak word of good,
Resist the fiend, or he subdued !"
He sign'd the cross divine—
Instant his eye hath human light,
Less red, less keen, less fiercely bright ;
His brow relax'd the obdurate frown,
The fatal mace sinks gently down,
He turns and strides away ;
Yet oft, like revellers who leave
Unfinish'd feast, looks back to grieve,
As if repenting the reprieve
He granted to his prey.
Yet still of forbearance one sign hath he
given,
And fierce Wittkind's son made one step to-
wards heaven.

XVIII.

But though his dreaded footsteps part,
Death is behind and shakes his dart ;
Lord William on the plain is lying,
Beside him Metelil seems dying !—
Bring odours—essences in haste—
And lo ! a flasket richly chased,—
But Jutta the elixir proves
Ere ponning it for those she loves—
Then Walwayn's potion was not wasted,
For when three drops the hag had tasted,
So dismal was her yell,
Each bird of evil omen woke,
The raven gave his fatal croak,
And shriek'd the night-crow from the oak,
The screech-owl from the thicket broke,
And flutter'd down the dell !
So fearful was the sound and stern.
The slumbers of the full-gorged erne
Were startled, and from furze and fern
Of forest and of fell,
The fox and famish'd wolf replied,
(For wolves then prow'd the Cheviot side)—
From mountain head to mountain head
The unhallow'd sounds around were sped ;
But when their latest echo fled,
The sorceress on the ground lay dead.

XIX.

Such was the scene of blood and woes,
With which the bridal morn arose
Of William and of Metelil ;
But oft, when dawning 'gins to spread,
The summer morn peeps dim and red
Above the eastern hill,
Ere, bright and fair, upon his road
The King of Splendour walks abroad ;
So, when this cloud had pass'd away,
Bright was the noontide of their day,
And all serene its setting ray.

Harold the Dauntless.

CANTO SIXTH.

L

Well do I hope that this my minstrel tale
Will tempt no traveller from southern fields,
Whether in tilbury, barouche, or mail,
To view the Castle of these Seven Proud
Shields.

Small confirmation its condition yields
To Meneville's high lay.—No towers are seen
On the wild heath, but those that Faucy
builds.

And, save a fosse that tracks the moor with
green,

Is nought remains to tell of what may there
have been.

And yet grave authors, with the no small
waste

Of their grave time, have dignified the spot
By theories, to prove the fortress placed
By Roman banners, to curb the invading Scot.
Hutchinson, Horsley, Camden, I might quote.
But rather choose the theory less civil
Of hoors, who, origin of things forgot,
Refer still to the origin of evil,
And for their master-mason choose that mas-
ter-fiend, the Devil.

II

Therefore, I say, it was on fiend-built towers
That stout Count Harold hent his wondering
gaze,

When evening dew was on the heather flow-
ers.

And the last sunbeams made the mountain
blaze.

And tinged the battlements of other days
With the bright level light ere sinking down.—
Illumined thus, the Dauntless Dane surveys
The Seven Proud Shields that o'er the portal
frown,

And on their blazons traced high marks of old
renown.

A wolf North Wales had on his armour-coat,
And Rhys of Powis-land a couchant stag;
Strath-Clywd's strange emblem was a stranded
boat,

Donald of Galloway's a trotting nag;
A corn-sheaf gilt was fertile Lodon's brag;
A dudgeon-dagger was by Dunmail worn;
Northumbrian Adolf gave a sea-beat crag
Surmounted by a cross—such signs were
borne

Upon these antique shields, all wasted now
and worn.

III

These scann'd, Count Harold sought the cas-
tle door,

Whose ponderous bolts were rusted to decay;
Yet till that hour adventurous knight forbore
The unobstructed passage to essay.

More strong than armed warders in array,
And obstacle more sure than bolt or bar,
Sate in the portal Terror and Distoay,

While Superstition, who forbade to war
With foes of other mould than mortal clay,
Cast spells across the gate, and barr'd the on-
ward way.

Vain now those spells; for soon with heavy
clank

The feebly-fasten'd gate was inward push'd.
And, as it oped, through that emblazon'd rank
Of antique shields, the wind of evening rush'd
With sound most like a groan, and then was
hush'd.

Is none who on such spot such sounds could
hear

But to his heart the blood had faster rush'd;
Yet to hold Harold's breast that throb was
dear—

It spoke of danger nigh, but had no touch of
fear.

IV

Yet Harold and his Page no signs have traced
Within the castle, that of danger show'd;
For still the halls and courts were wild and
waste,

As through their precincts the adventurers
trode.

The seven huge towers rose stately, tall, and
broad.

Each tower presenting to their scrutiny
A hall in which a king might make abode,
And fast beside, garnish'd both proud and
high,

Was placed a bower for rest in which a king
might lie.

As if a bridal there of late had been,
Deck'd stood the table in each gorgeous hall;
And yet it was two hundred years, I ween,
Since date of that unhallow'd festival.

Flugons, and ewers, and standing cups, were
all

Of tarnish'd gold, or silver nothing clear,
With throne beryl, and canopy of pall,
And tapestry clothed the walls with fragments
sear—

Frail as the spider's mesh did that rich wool
appear.

V

In every bower, as round a hearse, was hung
A dusky crimson curtain o'er the hed,
And on each couch in ghastly wise were flung
The wasted relics of a monarch dead;

Barbaric ornaments around were spread,
Vests twined with gold, and chains of pre-
cious stone,

And golden circlets, meet for monarch's head;
While grinn'd, as if in scorn amongst them
thrown,

The wearer's fleshless skull, alike with dust
bestrown.

For these were they who, drunken with de-
light,

On pleasure's opiate pillow laid their head,
For whom the bride's shy footstep, slow and
light,

Was changed ere morning to the murderer's
trend.

For human bliss and woe in the frail thread
Of human life are all so closely twined,
That till the shears of Fate the texture shred,
The close succession cannot be disjoin'd,
Nor dare we, from one hour, judge that which
comes behind.

VI.

But where the work of vengeance had been done,

In that seventh chamber, was a sterner sight;
There of the witch-brides lay each skeleton,
Still in the posture as to death when dight.
For this lay prone, by one blow slain outright;
And that, as one who struggled long in dying;
One bony hand held knife, as if to amite;
One bent on fleshless knees, as mercy crying;
One lay across the door, as kill'd in act of flying.

The stern Dane smiled this charnal-house to see,—

For his chafed thought return'd to Metelil;—
And "Well," he said, "hath woman's perfidy,
Empty as air, as water volatile,
Been here avenged—The origin of ill
Through woman rose, the Christian doctrine
sath:

Nor deem I, Gunnar, that thy minstrel skill
Can show example where a woman's breath
Hath made a true-love vow, and, tempted,
kept her faith."

VII.

The minstrel-boy half smiled, half sigh'd,
And his half-filling eyes he drier,
And said, "The theme I should but wrong,
Unless it were my dying song,
(Our Scalds have said, in dying hour
The Northern harp has treble power
Else could I tell of woman's faith,
Defying danger, scorn, and death.
Firm was that faith,—as diamond stone
Pure and unflaw'd,—her love unknown,
And unrequit;—firm and pure.
Her stainless faith could all endure;
From clime to clime,—from place to place,—
Through want, and danger, and disgrace,
A wanderer's wayward steps could trace.—
And this she did, and guerdon none
Required, save that her burial-stone
Should make at length the secret known,
'Thou hast a faithful woman done.'—
Not in each breast such truth is laid,
But Eivir was a Danish maid."

VIII.

"Thou art a wild enthusiast," said
Count Harold, "for thy Danish maid;
And yet, young Gunnar, I will own
Hers were a faith to rest upon.
But Eivir sleeps beneath her stone,
And all resembling her are gone.
What maid e'er show'd such constancy
In plighted faith, like thine to me?
But couch thee, boy; the darksome shade
Falls thickly round, nor be dismay'd
Because the dead are by.
They were as we: our little day
O'erspent, and we shall be as they.
Yet near me, Gunnar, be thou laid,
Thy couch upon my mantle made,
That thou mayst think, should fear invade,
Thy master slumbers nigh."
Thus couch'd they in that dread abode,
Until the beams of dawning glow'd.

IX.

An alter'd man Lord Harold rose,
When he beheld that dawn unclose—

There a trouble in his eyes,
And traces on his brow and cheek
Of mingled awe and wonder speak.
"My page," he said, "arise;—
Leave us this place, my page"—No more
He utter'd till the castle door
They cross'd—but there he paused and said,
"My wildness hath awak'd the dead—
Disturb'd the sacred tomb!
Methought this night I stood on high
Where Hecla roars in middle sky,
And in her cavern'd gulfs could spy
The central place of doom;
And there before my mortal eye
Souls of the dead came flitting by,
Whom fiends, with many a fiendish cry,
Bore to that evil den!
My eyes grew dizzy, and my brain
Was wilder'd, as the elvish train,
With shriek and howl, dragg'd on amain
Those who had late been men.

X.

"With haggard eyes and streaming hair,
Jutta the Sorceress was there,
And there pass'd Wulfstane, lately slain,
All crash'd and foul with bloody stain—
More had I seen, but that arose
A whirlwind wild, and awapt the snows;
And with such sound as when at need
A champion spurs his horse to speed,
Three armed knights rush on, who lead
Caparison'd a sable steed.
Sable their harness, and there came
Through their closed visors sparks of flame.
The first proclaim'd, in sounds of fear,
'Harold the Dautless, welcome here!
The next cried, 'Juhilee! we've won
Count Witikind the Waster's son!
And the third rider sternly spoke,
'Mount, in the name of Zerneck!—
Firm us, O Harold, were thy powers,—
Thy strength, thy dauntlessness, are ours;
Nor think, a vassal thou of hell,
With hell can strive.' The fiend spoke true!
My inmost soul the summons knew,
As captives know the knell
That says the headsman's sword is bare,
And, with an accent of despair,
Commands them quit their cell.
I felt resistance was in vain,
My foot had that fell stirrup ta'en,
My hand was on the fatal mane,
When to my rescue sped
That Palmer's visionary form,
And—like the passing of a atom—
The demons yell'd and fled!

XI.

"His sable cowl, flung back, reveal'd
The features it before conceal'd;
And, Gunnar, I could find
In him whose counsels strove to stay
So oft my course on wilful way,
My father Witikind!
Doom'd for his sins, and doom'd for mine,
A wanderer upon earth to pine
Until his son shall turn to grace,
And smooth for him a resting place.—
Gunnar, he must not haunt in vain
This world of wretchedness and pain:
I'll tame my wilful heart to live
In peace—to pity and forgive—

And thou, for so the Vision said,
Must in thy Lord's repentance aid.
Thy mother was a prophetess.
He said, who by her skill could guess
How close the fatal textures join
Which knit thy thread of life with mine;
Then, dark, he hinted of disguise
Sne framed to cheat too curious eyes,
That not a moment might divide
Thy fated footsteps from my side.
Methought while thus my sire did teach,
I caught the meaning of his speech,
Yet seems its purport doubtful now."
His hand then sought his thoughtful brow,
Then first he mark'd, that in the tower
His glove was left at waking hour.

XII.

Trembling at first, and deadly pale,
Had Gunnar heard the vision'd tale;
But when he learn'd the dubious close,
He blush'd like any opening rose.
And, glad to hide his tell-tale cheek,
Hied back that glove of mail to seek;
When soon a shriek of deadly dread
Summon'd his master to his aid.

XIII.

What sees Count Harold in that bower,
So late his resting-place?—
The semblance of the Evil Power,
Adored by all his race!
Odin in living form stood there,
His cloak the spoils of Polar bear;
For plummy crest a meteor shed
Its gloomy radiance o'er his head,
Yet veil'd its haggard majesty
To the wild lightnings of his eye.
Such height was his, as when in stone
O'er Upsal's giant altar shown:
So flow'd his hoary beard;
Such was his lance of mountain-pine,
So did his sevenfold buckler shine;—
But when his voice he rear'd,
Deep, without harshness, slow and strong,
The powerful accents roll'd along.
And, while he spoke, his hand was laid
On captive Gunnar's shrinking head.

XIV.

"Harold," he said, "what rage is thine,
To quit the worship of thy line,
To leave thy Warrior-God?—
With me is glory or disgrace,
Mine is the onset and the chase,
Unhatted hosts before my face
Are wither'd by a nod.
Wilt thou then forfeit that high seat
Deserved by many a dauntless feat,
Among the heroes of thy line,
Eric and fiery Thorarinn?—
Thou wilt not. Only I can give
The joys for which the valiant live,
Victory and vengeance—only I
Can give the joys for which they die
The immortal tilt—the banquet full,
The brimming draught from foeman's skull.
Mine art thou, witness this thy glove,
The faithful pledge of vassal's love."

XV.

"Tempter," said Harold, firm of heart,
"I charge thee, hence! whate'er thou art,

I do defy thee—and resist
The kindling frenzy of my breast,
Waked by thy words; and of my mail,
Nor glove, nor buckler, splent, nor nail,
Shall rest with thee—that youth release,
And God, or Demon, part in peace."
"Eivir," the Shape replied, "is mine,
Mark'd in the birth-hour with my sign.
I think 'st thou that priest with drops of spray
Could wash that blood-red mark away?
Or that a borrow'd sex and name
Can abrogate a Godhead's claim?"
Thrill'd this strange speech through Harold's
brain.

He clench'd his teeth in high disdain,
For not his new-born faith subdued
Some tokens of his ancient mood.—
"Now, by the hope so lately given
Of better trust and purer heaven,
I will assail thee, fiend!"—Then rose
His mace, and with a storm of blows
The mortal and the Demon close.

XVI.

Smoke roll'd above, fire flash'd around,
Darken'd the sky and shook the ground;
But not the artillery of hell,
The hickering lightning, nor the rock
Of turrets to the earthquake's shock,
Could Harold's courage quell.
Sternly the Dane his purpose kept,
And blows on blows resistless heap'd,
Till quail'd that Demon Form,
And—for his power to hurt or kill
Was bounded by a higher will—
Evanish'd in the storm.
Nor paused the Champion of the North,
But raised, and bore his Eivir forth,
From that wild scene of fiendish strife,
To light, to liberty, and life!

XVII.

He placed her on a bank of moss,
A silver runnel bubbled by,
And new-born thoughts his soul engross,
And tremors yet unknown across
His stubborn sinews fly,
The while with timid hand the dew
Upon her brow and neck he threw,
And mark'd how life with rosy hue
On her pale cheek revived anew,
And glimmer'd in her eye.
Inly he said, "That silken tress,—
What blindness mine that could not guess!
Or how could page's rugged dress
That bosom's pride belie?
O, dull of heart, through wild and wave
In search of blood and death to rave,
With such a partuer nigh!"

XVIII.

Then in the mirror'd pool he peer'd,
Blamed his rough loc and shaggy beard,
The stains of recent conflict clear'd,—
And thus the Champion proved,
That he fears now who never fear'd,
And loves who never loved.
And Eivir—life is on her cheek,
And yet she will not move or speak,
Nor will her eyelid fully ope;
Perchance it loves, that half-shut eye,
Through its long fringe, reserved and shy

Affection's opening dawn to spy;
And the deep blush, which bids its dye
O'er cheek, and brow, and bosom fly,
Speaks shame-facedness and hope.

XIX.

But vainly seems the Dane to seek
For terms his new-born love to speak,—
For words, save those of wrath and wrong,
Till now were strangers to his tongue;
So, when he raised the blushing maid,
In blunt and honest terms he said,
('Twere well that maids, when lovers woo,
Heard none more soft, were all as true,)
"Eivir! since thou for many a day
Hast follow'd Harold's wayward way,
It is but meet that in the line
Of after-life I follow thee.
To-morrow is Saint Cuthbert's tide,
And we will grace his altar's side,
A Christian knight and Christian bride;

And of Witikind's son shall the marvel be
said,
That on the same morn he was christen'd and
wed."

CONCLUSION.

And now, Ennui, what ails thee, weary maid?
And why these listless looks of yawning sorrow?
No need to turn the page, as if 'twere lead,
Or fling aside the volume till to-morrow.—
Be cheer'd—'tis ended—and I will not borrow,
To try thy patience more, one anecdote
From Bartholine, or Perinskiold, or Saorro.
Then pardon thou thy minstrel, who hath
wrote
A Tale six cantos long, yet scorn'd to add a
note.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

ON

Popular Poetry,

AND ON THE

VARIOUS COLLECTIONS OF BALLADS OF BRITAIN, PARTICULARLY
THOSE OF SCOTLAND.

The Introduction originally prefixed to "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," was rather of a historical than a literary nature; and the remarks which follow have been added, to afford the general reader some information upon the character of Ballad Poetry.

It would be throwing away words to prove, what all must admit, the general taste and propensity of nations in their early state, to cultivate some species of rude poetry. When the organs and faculties of a primitive race have developed themselves, each for its proper and necessary use, there is a natural tendency to employ them in a more refined and regulated manner for purposes of amusement. The savage, after proving the activity of his limbs in the chase or the battle, trains them to more measured movements, to dance at the festivals of his tribe, or to perform obeisance before the altars of his deity. From the same impulse, he is disposed to refine the ordinary speech which forms the vehicle of social communication betwixt him and his brethren, until, by a more ornate diction, modulated by certain rules of rhythm, cadence, assonance of termination, or recurrence of sound or letter, he obtains a dialect more solemn in expression, to record the laws or exploits of

his tribe, or more sweet in sound, in which to plead his own cause to his mistress.

This primeval poetry must have one general character in all nations, both as to its merits and its imperfections. The earlier poets have the advantage, and it is not a small one, of having the first choice out of the stock of materials which are proper to the art; and thus they compel later authors, if they would avoid slavishly imitating the fathers of verse, into various devices, often more ingenious than elegant, that they may establish, if not an absolute claim to originality, at least a visible distinction betwixt themselves and their predecessors. Thus it happens, that early poets almost uniformly display a bold, rude, original cast of genius and expression. They have walked at free-will, and with unconstrained steps, along the wilds of Parnassus, while their followers move with constrained gestures and forced attitudes, in order to avoid placing their feet where their predecessors have stepped before them. The first bard who compared his hero to a lion, struck a bold and congenial note, though the simile, in a nation of hunters, be a very obvious one; but every subsequent poet who shall use it, must either struggle hard to give his lion, as heralds say,

with a *difference*, or he under the imputation of being a servile imitator.

It is not probable that, by any researches of modern times, we shall ever reach back to an earlier model of poetry than Homer; but as there lived heroes before Agamemnon, so, unquestionably, poets existed before the immortal Bard who gave the King of kings his fame; and he whom all civilized nations now acknowledge as the Father of Poetry, must have himself looked back to an ancestry of poetical predecessors, and is only held original because we know not from whom he copied. Indeed, though much must be ascribed to the riches of his own individual genius, the poetry of Homer argues a degree of perfection in an art which practice had already rendered regular, and concerning which, his frequent mention of the bards, or chanters of poetry, indicates plainly that it was studied by many, and known and admired by all.

It is indeed easily discovered, that the qualities necessary for composing such poems are not the portion of every man in the tribe; that the hard, to reach excellence in his art, must possess something more than a full command of words and phrases, and the knack of arranging them in such form as ancient examples have fixed upon as the recognised structure of national verse. The tribe speedily become sensible, that besides this degree of mechanical facility, which (like making what are called at school nonsense verses) may be attained by dint of memory and practice, much higher qualifications are demanded. A keen and active power of observation, capable of perceiving at a glance the leading circumstances from which the incident described derives its character; quick and powerful feelings, to enable the bard to comprehend and delineate those of the actors in his piece; and a command of language, alternately soft and elevated, and suited to express the conceptions which he had formed in his mind, are all necessary to eminence in the poetical art.

Above all, to attain the highest point of his profession, the poet must have that original power of embodying and detailing circumstances, which can place before the eyes of others a scene which only exists in his own imagination. This last high and creative faculty, namely, that of impressing the mind of the hearers with scenes and sentiments having no existence save through their art, has procured for the bards of Greece the term of *Ποιητής*, which, as it singularly happens, is literally translated by the Scottish epithet for the same class of persons, whom they termed the *Makers*. The French phrase of *Trouvateurs*, or *Troubadours*, namely, the *Finders*, or *Inventors*, has the same reference to the quality of original conception and invention proper to the poetical art, and without which it can hardly be said to exist to any pleasing or useful purpose.

The mere arrangement of words into poetical rhythm, or combining them according to a technical rule or measure, is so closely connected with the art of music, that an alliance between these two fine arts is very soon closely formed. It is fruitless to enquire which of them has been first invented, since

doubtless the precedence is accidental; and it signifies little whether the musician adapts verses to a rude tune, or whether the primitive poet, in reciting his productions, falls naturally into a chant or song. With this additional accomplishment, the poet becomes *αοιδος*, or the man of song, and his character is complete when the additional accompaniment of a lute or harp is added to his vocal performance.

Here, therefore, we have the history of early poetry in all nations. But it is evident that, though poetry seems a plant proper to almost all soils, yet not only is it of various kinds, according to the climate and country in which it has its origin, but the poetry of different nations differs still more widely in the degree of excellence which it attains. This must depend in some measure, no doubt, on the temper and manners of the people, or their proximity to those spirit-stirring events which are naturally selected as the subject of poetry, and on the more comprehensive or energetic character of the language spoken by the tribe. But the progress of the art is far more dependent upon the rise of some highly gifted individual, possessing in a pre-eminent and uncommon degree the powers demanded, whose talents influence the taste of a whole nation, and entail on their posterity and language a character almost indelibly sacred. In this respect Homer stands alone and unrivalled, as a light from whose lamp the genius of successive ages, and of distant nations, has caught fire and illumination; and who, though the early poet of a rude age, has purchased for the era he has celebrated, so much reverence, that, not daring to bestow on it the term of barbarous, we distinguish it as the heroic period.

No other poet (sacred and inspired authors excepted) ever did, or ever will, possess the same influence over posterity, in so many distant lands, as has been acquired by the blind old man of Chios; yet we are assured that his works, collected by the pious care of Pisistratus, who caused to be united into their present form those divine poems, would otherwise, if preserved at all, have appeared to succeeding generations in the humble state of a collection of detached ballads, connected only as referring to the same age, the same general subjects, and the same cycle of heroes, like the metrical poems of the *Cid* in Spain, or of *Robin Hood* in England.

In other countries, less favoured, either in language or in picturesque incident, it cannot be supposed that even the genius of Homer could have soared to such exclusive eminence, since he must at once have been deprived of the subjects and themes so well adapted for his muse, and of the lofty, melodious, and flexible language in which he recorded them. Other nations, during the formation of their ancient poetry, wanted the genius of Homer, as well as his picturesque scenery and lofty language. Yet the investigation of the early poetry of every nation, even the rudest, carries with it an object of curiosity and interest. It is a chapter in the history of the childhood of society, and its resemblance to, or dissimilarity from, the popular rhymes of other nations in the same stage, must needs illustrate

the ancient history of states; their slower or swifter progress towards civilisation; their gradual or more rapid adoption of manners, sentiments, and religion. The study, therefore, of lays rescued from the gulf of oblivion, must in every case possess considerable interest for the moral philosopher and general historian.

The historian of an individual nation is equally or more deeply interested in the researches into popular poetry, since he must not disdain to gather from the tradition conveyed in ancient ditties and ballads, the information necessary to confirm or correct intelligence collected from more certain sources. And although the poets were a fabling race from the very beginning of time, and so much addicted to exaggeration, that their accounts are seldom to be relied on without corroborative evidence, yet instances frequently occur where the statements of poetical tradition are unexpectedly confirmed.

To the lovers and admirers of poetry as an art, it cannot be uninteresting to have a glimpse of the National Muse in her cradle, or to hear her babbling the earliest attempts at the formation of the tuneful sounds with which she was afterwards to charm posterity. And I may venture to add, that among poetry, which, however rude, was a gift of Nature's first fruits, even a reader of refined taste will find his patience rewarded, by passages in which the rude minstrel rises into sublimity or melts into pathos. These were the merits which induced the classical Addison to write an elaborate commentary upon the ballad of Chevy Chase, and which roused, like the sound of a trumpet, the heroic blood of Sir Philip Sidney.

It is true that passages of this high character seldom occur; for, during the infancy of the art of poetry, the bards have been generally satisfied with a rude and careless expression of their sentiments; and even when a more felicitous expression, or loftier numbers, have been dictated by the enthusiasm of the composition, the advantage came unsought for, and perhaps unnoticed, either by the minstrel or the audience.

Another cause contributed to the tenuity of thought and poverty of expression, by which old ballads are too often distinguished. The apparent simplicity of the ballad stanza carried with it a strong temptation to loose and trivial composition. The collection of rhymes, accumulated by the earliest of the craft, appear to have been considered as forming a joint stock for the common use of the profession; and not mere rhymes only, but verses and stanzas, have been used as common property, so as to give an appearance of sameness and crudity to the whole series of popular poetry. Such, for instance, is the salutation so often repeated,—

“Now Heaven thee save, thou brave young knight,
Now Heaven thee save and see.”

And such the usual expression for taking counsel with:

“Rede me, rede me, brother dear,
My rede shall rise at thee.”

Such also is the unvaried account of the rose and the brier, which are said to spring out of the grave of the hero and heroine of these metrical legends, with little effort at a variation of the expressions in which the incident is prescriptively told. The least acquaintance with the subject will recall a great number of commonplace verses, which each ballad-maker has unceremoniously appropriated to himself; thereby greatly facilitating his own task, and at the same time degrading his art by his slovenly use of overscutched phrases. From the same indolence, the ballad-mongers of most nations have availed themselves of every opportunity of prolonging their pieces, of the same kind, without the labour of actual composition. If a message is to be delivered, the poet saves himself a little trouble, by using exactly the same words in which it was originally couched, to secure its being transmitted to the person for whose ear it was intended. The bards of ruder climes, and less favoured languages, may indeed claim the countenance of Homer for such repetitions; but whilst, in the Father of Poetry, they give the reader an opportunity to pause, and look back upon the enchanted ground over which they have travelled, they afford nothing to the modern bard, save facilitating the power of stupefying the audience with stanzas of dull and tedious iteration.

Another cause of the flatness and insipidity, which is the great imperfection of ballad poetry, is to be ascribed less to the compositions in their original state, when rehearsed by their authors, than to the ignorance and errors of the reciters or transcribers, by whom they have been transmitted to us. The more popular the composition of an ancient poet, or *Maker*, became, the greater chance there was of its being corrupted; for a poem transmitted through a number of reciters, like a book reprinted in a multitude of editions, incurs the risk of impertinent interpolations from the conceit of one rehearser, unintelligible blunders from the stupidity of another, and omissions equally to be regretted, from the want of memory in a third. This sort of injury is felt very early, and the reader will find a curious instance in the Introduction to the Romance of Sir Tristrem. Robert de Brunne there complains, that though the Romance of Sir Tristrem was the best which had ever been made, if it could be recited as composed by the author, Thomas of Erceuldoune, yet that it was written in such an ornate style of language, and such a difficult strain of versification, as to lose all value in the mouths of ordinary minstrels, who could scarcely repeat one stanza without omitting some part of it, and marring, consequently, both the sense and the rhythm of the passage. This deterioration could not be limited to one author alone; others must have suffered from the same cause, in the same or a greater degree. Nay, we are authorised to conclude, that in proportion to the care bestowed by the author upon any poem, to attain what his age might suppose to be the highest graces of poetry, the greater was the damage which it sustained by the inaccuracy of reciters, or their desire to humble both the sense and diction of the poem to their powers of recollection, and the comprehension of a vulgar audience. It can-

not be expected that compositions subjected in this way to mutilation and corruption, should continue to present their original sense or diction; and the accuracy of our editions of popular poetry, unless in the rare event of recovering original or early copies, is lessened in proportion.

But the chance of these corruptions is incalculably increased, when we consider that the ballads have been, not in one, but innumerable instances of transmission, liable to similar alterations, through a long course of centuries, during which they have been handed from one ignorant reciter to another, each discarding whatever original words or phrases time or fashion had, in his opinion, rendered obsolete, and substituting anachronisms by expressions taken from the customs of his own day. And here it may be remarked, that the desire of the reciter to be intelligible, however natural and laudable, has been one of the greatest causes of the deterioration of ancient poetry. The minstrel who endeavoured to recite with fidelity the words of the author, might indeed fall into errors of sound and sense, and substitute corruptions for words he did not understand. But the ingenuity of a skilful critic could often, in that case, revive and restore the original meaning; while the corrupted words became, in such cases, a warrant for the authenticity of the whole poem.

In general, however, the later reciters appear to have been far less desirous to speak the author's words, than to introduce amendments and new readings of their own, which have always produced the effect of modernizing, and usually that of degrading and vulgarizing, the rugged sense and spirit of the antique minstrel. Thus, undergoing from age to age a gradual process of alteration and re-composition, our popular and oral minstrelsy has lost, in a great measure, its original appearance; and the strong touches by which it had been formerly characterised, have been generally smoothed down and destroyed by a process similar to that by which a coin, passing from hand to hand, loses in circulation all the finer marks of the impress.

The very fine ballad of Chevy Chase is an example of this degrading species of alchymy, by which the ore of antiquity is deteriorated and adulterated. While Addison, in an age which had never attended to popular poetry, wrote his classical criticism on that ballad, he naturally took for his text the ordinary stall-copy, although he might, and ought to have suspected, that a ditty couched in the language nearly of his own time, could not be the same with that which Sir Philip Sidney, more than one hundred years before, had spoken of, as being "evil apparelled in the dust and cobwebs of an uncivilized age." The venerable Bishop Percy was the first to correct this mistake, by producing a copy of the song, as old at least as the reign of Henry VII., hearing the name of the author or transcriber, Richard Sheale. But even the Rev. Editor himself fell under the mistake of supposing the modern Chevy Chase to be a new copy of the original ballad, expressly modernized by some one later bard. On the contrary, the current version is now universally allowed to have been produced by the gradual alterations

of numerous reciters, during two centuries, in the course of which the ballad has been gradually moulded into a composition bearing only a general resemblance to the original—expressing the same events and sentiments in much smoother language, and more flowing and easy versification; but losing in poetical fire and energy, and in the vigour and pithiness of the expression, a great deal more than it has gained in suavity of diction. Thus:—

"The Percy owt of Northumberland,
And a vowe to God mayd he,
That he wolde hunte in the mountayns
Off Cheviot within dayes thre,
In the mauger of doughty Douglas,
And all that ever with him be,"

Becomes

"The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take," &c.

From this, and other examples of the same kind, of which many might be quoted, we must often expect to find the remains of Minstrel poetry, composed originally for the courts of princes and halls of nobles, disguised in the more modern and vulgar dialect in which they have been of late sung to the frequenters of the rustic ale-bench. It is unnecessary to mention more than one other remarkable and humbling instance, printed in the curious collection entitled, *a Ballad-Book*, where we find, in the words of the ingenious Editor, a stupid ballad, printed as it was sung in Annandale, founded on the well-known story of the Prince of Salerno's daughter, but with the uncouth change of Dymal for Ghismonda, and Gouscard transformed into a greasy kitchen-boy.

"To what base uses may we not return!"

Sometimes a still more material and systematic difference appears between the poems of antiquity, as they were originally composed, and as they now exist. This occurs in cases where the longer metrical romances, which were in fashion during the middle ages, were reduced to shorter compositions, in order that they might be chanted before an inferior audience. A ballad, for example, of Thomas of Erceuldoune, and his intrigues with the Queen of Faery-Land, is, or has been, long current in Teviotdale, and other parts of Scotland. Two ancient copies of a poem, or romance, on the same subject, and containing very often the same words and turns of expression, are preserved in the libraries of the Cathedral of Lincoln and Peterborough. We are left to conjecture whether the originals of such ballads have been gradually contracted into their modern shape by the impatience of later audiences, combined with the lack of memory displayed by more modern reciters, or whether, in particular cases, some ballad-maker may have actually set himself to work to retrench the old details of the minstrel, and regularly and systematically to modernize, and if the phrase be permitted, to balladize, a metrical romance. We are assured, however, that "Roswal and Lilian" was sung through the streets of Edinburgh two generations

since; and we know that the Romance of "Sir Eger, Sir Grime, and Sir Greysteil," had also its own particular chant, or tune. The stall-copies of both these romances, as they now exist, are very much abbreviated, and probably exhibit them when they were undergoing, or had nearly undergone, the process of being cut down into ballads.

Taking into consideration the various indirect channels by which the popular poetry of our ancestors has been transmitted to their posterity, it is nothing surprising that it should reach us in a mutilated and degraded state, and that it should little correspond with the ideas we are apt to form of the first productions of national genius; nay, it is more to be wondered at that we possess so many ballads of considerable merit, than that the much greater number of them which must have once existed, should have perished before our time.

Having given this brief account of ballad poetry in general, the purpose of the present prefatory remarks will be accomplished, by shortly noticing the popular poetry of Scotland, and some of the efforts which have been made to collect and illustrate it.

It is now generally admitted that the Scots and Picts, however differing otherwise, were each by descent a Celtic race; that they advanced in a course of victory somewhat farther than the present frontier between England and Scotland, and about the end of the eleventh century subdued and rendered tributary the Britons of Strathclyd, who were also a Celtic race like themselves. Excepting, therefore, the provinces of Berwickshire and the Lothians, which were chiefly inhabited by an Anglo-Saxon population, the whole of Scotland was peopled by different tribes of the same aboriginal race,—a race passionately addicted to music, as appears from the kindred Celtic nations of Irish, Welsh, and Scottish, preserving each to this day a style and character of music peculiar to their own country, though all three bear marks of general resemblance to each other. That of Scotland, in particular, is early noticed and extolled by ancient authors, and its remains, to which the natives are passionately attached, are still found to afford pleasure even to those who cultivate the art upon a more refined and varied system.

This skill in music did not, of course, exist without a corresponding degree of talent for a species of poetry, adapted to the habits of the country, celebrating the victories of triumphant clans, pouring forth lamentations over fallen heroes, and recording such marvellous adventures as were calculated to amuse individual families around their household fires, or the whole tribe when regaling in the hall of the chief. It happened, however, singularly enough, that while the music continued to be Celtic in its general measure, the language of Scotland, most commonly spoken, began to be that of their neighbours, the English, introduced by the multitude of Saxons who thronged to the court of Malcolm Canmore and his successors; by the crowds of prisoners of war, whom the repeated ravages of the Scots in Northumberland carried off as slaves to their country; by the influence of the inhabitants of the richest and most populous provinces in

Scotland, Berwickshire, namely, and the Lothians, over the more mountainous; lastly, by the superiority which a language like the Anglo-Saxon, considerably refined, long since reduced to writing, and capable of expressing the wants, wishes, and sentiments of the speakers, must have possessed over the jargon of various tribes of Irish and British origin, limited and contracted in every varying dialect, and differing, at the same time, from each other. This superiority being considered, and a fair length of time being allowed, it is no wonder that, while the Scottish people retained their Celtic music, and many of their Celtic customs, together with their Celtic dynasty, they should nevertheless have adopted, throughout the Lowlands, the Saxon language, while in the Highlands they retained the Celtic dialect, along with the dress, arms, manners, and government of their fathers.

There was, for a time, a solemn national recognisance that the Saxon language and poetry had not originally been that of the royal family. For, at the coronations of the kings of Scotland, previous to Alexander III., it was a part of the solemnity, that a Celtic bard stepped forth, as soon as the king assumed his seat upon the fated stone, and recited the genealogy of the monarch in Celtic verse, setting forth his descent, and the right which he had by birth to occupy the place of sovereignty. For a time, no doubt, the Celtic songs and poems remained current in the Lowlands, while any remnant of the language yet lasted. The Gaelic or Irish bards, we are also aware, occasionally strolled into the Lowlands, where their music might be received with favour, even after their recitation was no longer understood. But though these aboriginal poets showed themselves at festivals and other places of public resort, it does not appear that, as in Homer's time, they were honoured with high places at the board, and savoury morsels of the chine; but they seem rather to have been accounted fit company for the feigned fools and sturdy beggars, with whom they were ranked by a Scottish statute.

Time was necessary wholly to eradicate one language and introduce another; but it is remarkable that, at the death of Alexander the Third, the last Scottish king of the pure Celtic race, the popular lament for his death was composed in Scots-English, and, though closely resembling the modern dialect, is the earliest example we have of that language, whether in prose or poetry.¹ About the same time flourished the celebrated Thomas the Rhymer, whose poem, written in English, or Lowland Scottish, with the most anxious attention both to versification and alliteration, forms, even as it now exists, a very curious specimen of the early romance. Such complicated construction was greatly too concise for the public ear, which is best amused by a looser diction, in which numerous repetitions, and prolonged descriptions, enable the comprehension of the audience to keep up with the voice of the singer or reciter, and supply the gaps which

1 "Whan Alexander our king was ded,
Wen Scotland led in love and lee,
Away was sons of ale and bred,
Of wine and wax, of game and slec," &c.

in general must have taken place, either through a failure of attention in the hearers, or of voice and distinct enunciation on the part of the minstrel.

The usual stanza which was selected as the most natural to the language and the sweetest to the ear, after the complex system of the more courtly measures, used by Thomas of Erceuldoune, was laid aside, was that which, when originally introduced, we very often find arranged in two lines, thus:—

“Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed, most
like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company, whose armour
shone like gold;”

but which, after being divided into four, constitutes what is now generally called the ballad stanza,—

“Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.”

The breaking of the lines contains a plainer intimation how the stanza ought to be read, than every one could gather from the original mode of writing out the poem, where the position of the caesura, or inflection of voice, is left to the individual's own taste. This was sometimes exchanged for a stanza of six lines, the third and sixth rhyming together. For works of more importance and pretension, a more complicated versification was still retained, and may be found in the tale of Ralph Coilzear, the Adventures of Arthur at the Tarn-Wathelyn, Sir Gawain, and Sir Gologras, and other scarce romances. A specimen of this structure of verse has been handed down to our times in the stanza of Christ Kirk on the Green, transmitted by King James I., to Allan Ramsay and to Burns. The excessive passion for alliteration, which formed a rule of the Saxon poetry, was also retained in the Scottish poems of a more elevated character, though the more ordinary minstrels and ballad-makers threw off the restraint.

The varieties of stanza thus adopted for popular poetry were not, we may easily suppose, left long unemployed. In frontier regions, where men are continually engaged in active enterprise, betwixt the task of defending themselves and annoying their neighbours, they may be said to live in an atmosphere of danger, the excitation of which is peculiarly favourable to the encouragement of poetry. Hence, the expressions of Lesly the historian, quoted in the following Introduction, in which he paints the delight taken by the Borderers in their peculiar species of music, and the rhyming ballads in which they celebrated the feats of their ancestors, or recorded their own ingenious stratagems in predatory warfare. In the same Introduction, the reader will find the reasons alleged why the taste for song was and must have been longer preserved on the Border than in the interior of the country.

Having thus made some remarks on early poetry in general, and on that of Scotland in particular, the Editor's purpose is, to mention the fate of some previous attempts to collect ballad poetry, and the principles of selection and publication which have been adopted by

various editors of learning and information; and although the present work chiefly regards the Ballads of Scotland, yet the investigation must necessarily include some of the principal collections among the English also.

Of manuscript records of ancient ballads, very few have been yet discovered. It is probable that the minstrels, seldom knowing either how to read or write, trusted to their well-exercised memories. Nor was it a difficult task to acquire a sufficient stock in trade for their purpose, since the Editor has not only known many persons capable of retaining a very large collection of legendary lore of this kind, but there was a period in his own life, when a memory that ought to have been charged with more valuable matter, enabled him to recollect as many of these old songs as would have occupied several days in the recitation.

The press, however, at length superseded the necessity of such exertions of recollection, and sheafs of ballads issued from it weekly, for the amusement of the sojourners at the alehouse, and the lovers of poetry in grange and hall, where such of the audience as could not read, had it at least read unto them. These fugitive leaves, generally printed upon broadsides, or in small miscellanies called Garlandes, and circulating amongst persons of loose and careless habits—so far as books were concerned—were subject to destruction from many causes; and as the editions in the early age of printing were probably much limited, even those published as chap-books in the early part of the 18th century, are rarely met with.

Some persons, however, seem to have had what their contemporaries probably thought the bizarre taste of gathering and preserving collections of this fugitive poetry. Hence the great body of ballads in the Pepysian collection at Cambridge, made by that Secretary Pepys, whose Diary is so very amusing; and hence the still more valuable deposit, in three volumes folio, in which the late Duke John of Roxburghe took so much pleasure, that he was often found enlarging it with fresh acquisitions, which he pasted in and registered with his own hand.

The first attempt, however, to reprint a collection of ballads for a class of readers distinct from those for whose use the stall-copies were intended, was that of an anonymous editor of three 12mo volumes, which appeared in London, with engravings. These volumes came out in various years, in the beginning of the 18th century. The editor writes with some flippancy, but with the air of a person superior to the ordinary drudgery of a mere collector. His work appears to have been got up at considerable expense, and the general introductions and historical illustrations which are prefixed to the various ballads, are written with an accuracy of which such a subject had not till then been deemed worthy. The principal part of the collection consists of stall-ballads, neither possessing much poetical merit, nor any particular rarity or curiosity. Still this original Miscellany holds a considerable value amongst collectors; and as the three volumes—being published at different times—are seldom found together, they sell for a high price when complete.

We may now turn our eyes to Scotland, where the facility of the dialect, which cuts off the consonants in the termination of the words, so as greatly to simplify the task of rhyming, and the habits, dispositions, and manners of the people, were of old so favourable to the composition of ballad-poetry, that, had the Scottish songs been preserved, there is no doubt a very curious history might have been composed by means of minstrelsy only, from the reign of Alexander III. in 1285, down to the close of the Civil Wars in 1745. That materials for such a collection existed, cannot be disputed, since the Scottish historians often refer to old ballads as authorities for general tradition. But their regular preservation was not to be hoped for or expected. Successive garlands of song sprung, flourished, faded, and were forgotten, in their turn; and the names of a few specimens are only preserved, to show us how abundant the display of these wild flowers had been.

Like the natural free gifts of Flora, these poetical garlands can only be successfully sought for where the land is uncultivated; and civilisation and increase of learning are sure to banish them, as the plough of the agriculturist bears down the mountain daisy. Yet it is to be recorded with some interest, that the earliest surviving specimen of the Scottish press, is a Miscellany of Millar and Chapman, which preserves a considerable fund of Scottish popular poetry, and among other things, no bad specimen of the jests of Robin Hood, "the English ballad-maker's joy," and whose renown seems to have been as freshly preserved in the north as on the southern shores of the Tweed. There were probably several collections of Scottish ballads and metrical pieces during the seventeenth century. A very fine one, belonging to Lord Montagu, perished in the fire which consumed Ditton House, about twenty years ago.

James Watson, in 1706, published, at Edinburgh, a miscellaneous collection in three parts, containing some ancient poetry. But the first editor who seems to have made a determined effort to preserve our ancient popular poetry, was the well-known Allan Ramsay, in his *Evergreen*, containing chiefly extracts from the ancient Scottish Makers, whose poems have been preserved in the *Bannatyne Manuscript*, but exhibiting amongst them some popular ballads. Amongst these is the *Battle of Harlaw*, apparently from a modernized copy, being probably the most ancient Scottish historical ballad of any length now in existence.¹ He also inserted in the same collection, the genuine Scottish Border ballad of *Johnnie Armstrong*, copied from the recitation of a descendant of the unfortunate hero, in the sixth generation. This poet also included in the *Evergreen*, *Hardyknute*, which, though evidently modern, is a most spirited and beautiful imitation of the ancient ballad. In a subsequent collection of lyrical pieces, called the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, Allan Ramsay inserted several old ballads, such as *Cruel Barbara Allan*, *The Bonnie Earl of Murray*, *There came a Ghost to Margaret's door*, and two or three others. But his unhappy plan of writing new words to old tunes, without at

the same time preserving the ancient verses, led him, with the assistance of "some ingenious young gentleman," to throw aside many originals, the preservation of which would have been much more interesting than anything which has been substituted in their stead.²

In fine, the task of collecting and illustrating ancient popular poetry, whether in England or Scotland, was never executed by a competent person, possessing the necessary powers of selection and annotation, till it was undertaken by Dr. Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore in Ireland. This reverend gentleman, himself a poet, and ranking high among the literati of the day, commanding access to the individuals and institutions which could best afford him materials, gave the public the result of his researches in a work entitled "*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*," in three volumes, published in London 1765, which has since gone through four editions. The taste with which the materials were chosen, the extreme felicity with which they were illustrated, the display at once of antiquarian knowledge and classical reading which the collection indicated, render it difficult to imitate, and impossible to excel, a work which must always be held among the first of its class in point of merit, though not actually the foremost in point of time. But neither the high character of the work, nor the rank and respectability of the author, could protect him or his labours, from the invidious attacks of criticism.

The most formidable of these were directed by Joseph Ritson, a man of acute observation, profound research, and great labour. These valuable attributes were unhappily combined with an eager irritability of temper, which induced him to treat antiquarian trifles with the same seriousness which men of the world reserve for matters of importance, and disposed him to drive controversies into personal quarrels, by neglecting, in literary debate, the courtesies of ordinary society.³ It ought to be said, however, by one who knew him well, that this irritability of disposition was a constitutional and physical infirmity; and that Ritson's extreme attachment to the severity of truth, corresponded to the rigour of his criticisms upon the labours of others. He seems to have attacked Bishop Percy with the greater animosity, as bearing no good-will to the hierarchy, in which that prelate held a distinguished place.

Ritson's criticism, in which there was too much horse-play, was grounded on two points of accusation. The first point regarded Dr. Percy's definition of the order and office of minstrels, which Ritson considered as designedly overcharged, for the sake of giving an undue importance to his subject. The second objection respected the liberties which Dr. Percy had taken with his materials, in adding to, retrenching, and improving them, so as to bring them nearer to the taste of his own period. We will take some brief notice of both topics.

First, Dr. Percy, in the first edition of his work, certainly laid himself open to the charge of having given an inaccurate, and somewhat

¹ See Appendix, Note A.

² *Ibid*, Note B.

³ See Appendix, Note C.

exaggerated account, of the English Minstrels, whom he defined to be an "order of men in the middle ages, who subsisted by the arts of poetry and music, and sung to the harp the verses which they themselves composed." The reverend editor of the *Reliques* produced in support of this definition many curious quotations, to show that in many instances the persons of these minstrels had been honoured and respected, their performances applauded and rewarded by the great and the courtly, and their craft imitated by princes themselves.

Against both these propositions, Ritson made a determined opposition. He contended, and probably with justice, that the minstrels were not necessarily poets, or in the regular habit of composing the verses which they sung to the harp; and indeed, that the word *minstrel*, in its ordinary acceptation, meant no more than musician.

Dr. Percy, from an amended edition of his *Essay on Minstrelsy*, prefixed to the fourth edition of the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, seems to have been, to a certain point, convinced by the critic's reasoning; for he has extended the definition impugned by Ritson, and the minstrels are thus described as singing verses "composed by themselves or others." This we apprehend to be a tenable position; for, as on the one hand it seems too broad an avowal to say that all minstrels were by profession poets, so on the other, it is extravagant to affirm, that men who were constantly in the habit of reciting verse, should not frequently have acquired that of composing it, especially when their bread depended on giving pleasure; and to have the power of producing novelty, is a great step towards that desirable end. No unprejudiced reader, therefore, can have any hesitation in adopting Bishop Percy's definition of the minstrels, and their occupation, as qualified in the fourth edition of his *Essay*, implying that they were sometimes poets, sometimes the mere reciters of the poetry of others.

On the critic's second proposition, Dr. Percy successfully showed, that at no period of history was the word *minstrel* applied to instrumental music exclusively; and he has produced sufficient evidence, that the talents of the profession were as frequently employed in chanting or reciting poetry as in playing the mere tunes. There is appearance of distinction being sometimes made between minstrel recitations and minstrelsy of music alone; and we may add a curious instance, to those quoted by the Bishop. It is from the singular ballad respecting Thomas of Erceldoune, which announces the proposition, that *tonque* is chief of minstrelsy.

We may also notice, that the word *minstrel* being in fact derived from the Minné-singer of the Germans, means, in its primary sense, one who *sings of love*, a sense totally inapplicable to a mere instrumental musician.

A second general point on which Dr. Percy was fiercely attacked by Mr. Ritson, was also one on which both the parties might claim a right to sing *Te Deum*. It respected the rank or *status* which was held by the minstrels in society during the middle ages. On this point the editor of the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* had produced the most satisfactory evidence,

that, at the courts of the Anglo-Norman princes, the professors of the gay science were the favourite solacers of the leisure hours of princes, who did not themselves disdain to share their tuneful labours, and imitate their compositions. Mr. Ritson replied to this with great ingenuity, arguing, that such instances of respect paid to French minstrels reciting in their native language in the court of Norman monarchs, though held in Britain, argued nothing in favour of English artists professing the same trade; and of whose compositions, and not of those existing in the French language, Dr. Percy professed to form his collection. The reason of the distinction betwixt the respectability of the French minstrels, and the degradation of the same class of men in England, Mr. Ritson plausibly alleged to be, that the English language, a mixed speech betwixt Anglo-Saxon and Norman-French, was not known at the court of the Anglo-Norman kings until the reign of Edward III.;¹ and that, therefore, until a very late period, and when the lays of minstrelsy were going out of fashion, English performers in that capacity must have confined the exercise of their talents to the amusement of the vulgar. Now, as it must be conceded to Mr. Ritson, that almost all the English metrical romances which have been preserved till the present day, are translated from the French, it may also be allowed, that a class of men employed chiefly in rendering into English the works of others, could not hold so high a station as those who aspired to original composition; and so far the critic has the best of the dispute. But Mr. Ritson has over-driven his argument, since there was assuredly a period in English history, when the national minstrels, writing in the national dialect, were, in proportion to their merit in their calling, held in honour and respect.

Thomas the Rhymer, for example, a minstrel who flourished in the end of the twelfth century, was not only a man of talent in his art, but of some rank in society; the companion of nobles, and himself a man of landed property. He, and his contemporary Kendal, wrote, as we are assured by Robert de Brunne, in a passage already alluded to, a kind of English, which was designed for "pride and noble eye," and not for such inferior persons as Robert himself addressed, and to whose comprehension he avowedly lowered his language and structure of versification. There existed, therefore, during the time of this historian, a more refined dialect of the English language, used by such composers of popular poetry as moved in a higher circle; and there can be no doubt, that while their productions were held in such high esteem, the authors must have been honoured in proportion.

The education bestowed upon James I. of Scotland, when brought up under the charge of Henry IV., comprehended both music and the art of vernacular poetry; in other words, Minstrelsy in both branches. That poetry,

¹ That monarch first used the vernacular English dialect in a motto which he displayed on his shield at a celebrated tournament. The legend which graced the representation of a white swan on the king's buckler, ran thus:—

"Ha! ha! the whyte swan!
By Goddis soule I am thy man."

of which the King left several specimens, was, as is well known, English; nor is it to be supposed that a prince, upon whose education such sedulous care was bestowed, would have been instructed in an art which, if we are to believe Mr Ritson, was degraded to the last degree, and discreditable to its professors. The same argument is strengthened by the poetical exercises of the Duke of Orleans, in English, written during his captivity after the battle of Agincourt. It could not be supposed that the noble prisoner was to solace his hours of imprisonment with a degrading and vulgar species of composition.

We could produce other instances to show that this acute critic has carried his argument considerably too far. But we prefer taking a general view of the subject, which seems to explain clearly how contradictory evidence should exist on it, and why instances of great personal respect to individual minstrels, and a high esteem of the art, are quite reconcilable with much contempt thrown on the order at large.

All professors of the fine arts—all those who contribute, not to the necessities of life, but to the enjoyments of society, hold their professional respectability by the severe tenure of exhibiting excellence in their department. We are well enough satisfied with the tradesman who goes through his task in a workmanlike manner, nor are we disposed to look down upon the divine, the lawyer, or the physician, unless they display gross ignorance of their profession: we hold it enough, that if they do not possess the highest knowledge of their respective sciences, they can at least instruct us on the points we desire to know. But

———“mediocrius esse poetis

Non di, non homines, non concessere columnæ.”

The same is true respecting the professors of painting, of sculpture, of music, and the fine arts in general. If they exhibit paramount excellence, no situation in society is too high for them which their manners enable them to fill; if they fall short of the highest point of aim, they degenerate into sign-painters, stone-cutters, common crows, doggerel rhymers, and so forth, the most contemptible of mankind. The reason of this is evident. Men must be satisfied with such a supply of their actual wants as can be obtained in the circumstances, and should an individual want a coat, he must employ the village tailor, if Stultze is not to be had. But if he seeks for delight, the case is quite different; and he that cannot hear Pasta or Sontag, would be little solaced for the absence of these sirens, by the strains of a crack-voiced ballad-singer. Nay, on the contrary, the offer of such inadequate compensation would only be regarded as an insult, and resented accordingly.

The theatre affords the most appropriate example of what we mean. The first circles in society are open to persons eminently distinguished in the drama; and their rewards are, in proportion to those who profess the useful arts, incalculably higher. But those who lag in the rear of the dramatic art are

proportionally poorer and more degraded than those who are the lowest of a useful trade or profession. These instances will enable us readily to explain why the greater part of the minstrels, practising their profession in scenes of vulgar mirth and debauchery, humbling their art to please the ears of drunken clowns, and living with the dissipation natural to men whose precarious subsistence is, according to the ordinary phrase, from hand to mouth only, should fall under general contempt, while the *stars* of the profession, to use a modern phrase, looked down on them from the distant empyrean, as the planets do upon those shooting exhalations arising from gross vapours in the nether atmosphere.

The debate, therefore, resembles the apologue of the gold and silver shield. Dr. Percy looked on the minstrel in the palmy and exalted state to which, no doubt, many were elevated by their talents, like those who possess excellence in the fine arts in the present day; and Ritson considered the reverse of the medal, when the poor and wandering gleeman was glad to purchase his bread by singing his ballads at the ale-house, wearing a fantastic habit, and latterly sinking into a mere crowder upon an untuned fiddle, accompanying his rude strains with a ruder ditty, the helpless associate of drunken revellers, and marvellously afraid of the constable and parish-beadle.¹ The difference betwixt those holding the extreme positions of highest and lowest in such a profession, cannot surely be more marked than that which separated David Garrick or John Kemble from the outcasts of a strolling company, exposed to penury, indigence, and persecution according to law.²

There was still another and more important subject of debate between Dr. Percy and his hostile critic. The former, as a poet and a man of taste, was tempted to take such freedoms with his original ballads as might enable him to please a more critical age than that in which they were composed. Words were thus altered, phrases improved, and whole verses were inserted or omitted at pleasure. Such freedoms were especially taken with the poems published from a folio manuscript in Dr. Percy's own possession, very curious from the miscellaneous nature of its contents, but unfortunately having many of the leaves mutilated, and injured in other respects, by the gross carelessness and ignorance of the transcriber. Anxious to avail himself of the treasures which this manuscript contained, the editor of the *Reliques* did not hesitate to repair and renovate the songs which he drew from this corrupted yet curious source, and to accommodate them with such emendations as might recommend them to the modern taste.

For these liberties with his subject, Ritson censured Dr. Percy in the most uncompromising terms, accused him, in violent language, of interpolation and forgery, and insinuated that there existed no such thing *in rerum natura* as that folio manuscript, so often referred to as the authority of originals inserted in the *Reliques*. In this charge, the eagerness of Ritson again betrayed him farther than judgment and discretion, as well as

¹ See Appendix, Note D.

² See Appendix, Note E.

courtesy, warranted. It is no doubt highly desirable that the text of ancient poetry should be given untouched and uncorrupted. But this is a point which did not occur to the editor of the *Reliques* in 1765, whose object it was to win the favour of the public, at a period when the great difficulty was not how to secure the very words of old ballads, but how to arrest attention upon the subject at all. That great and important service to national literature would probably never have been attained without the work of Dr. Percy; a work which first fixed the consideration of general readers on ancient poetry, and made it worth while to inquire how far its graces were really antique, or how far derived from the taste with which the publication had been superintended and revised. The object of Dr. Percy was certainly intimated in several parts of his work, where he ingeniously acknowledges, that certain ballads have received emendations, and that others are not of pure and unmix'd antiquity; that the beginning of some and end of others have been supplied; and upon the whole, that he has, in many instances, decorated the ancient ballads with the graces of a more refined period.

This system is so distinctly intimated, that if there be any critic stail of opinion, like poor Ritson, whose morbid temperament led him to such a conclusion, that the crime of literary imitation is equal to that of commercial forgery, he ought to recollect that guilt, in the latter case, does not exist without a corresponding charge of uttering the forged document, or causing it to be uttered, as genuine, without which the mere imitation is not culpable, at least not criminally so. This quality is to all awaiting in the accusation so roughly brought against Dr. Percy, who avowedly indulged in such alterations and improvements upon his materials, as might adapt them to the taste of an age not otherwise disposed to bestow its attention on them.

We have to add, that, in the fourth edition of the *Reliques*, Mr. Thomas Percy of St. John's College, Oxford, pleading the cause of his uncle with the most gentlemanlike moderation, and with every respect to Mr. Ritson's science and talents, has combated the critic's opinion, without any attempt to retort his injurious language.

It would be now, no doubt, desirable to have had some more distinct account of Dr. Percy's folio manuscript and its contents; and Mr. Thomas Percy, accordingly, gives the original of the *Marriage of Sir Gawain*, and collates it with the copy published in a complete state by his uncle, who has on this occasion given entire rein to his own fancy, though the rude origin of most of his ideas is to be found in the old ballad. There is also given a copy of that elegant metrical tale, "The Child of Elle," as it exists in the folio manuscript, which goes far to show it has derived all its beauties from Dr. Percy's poetical powers. Judging from these two specimens, we can easily conceive why the Reverend Editor of the "*Reliques*" should have declined, by the production of the folio manuscript, to furnish his severe Aristarch with weapons against him, which he was sure would be unsparingly used. Yet it is certain, the manuscript contains much that is really excellent, though

mutilated and sophisticated. A copy of the fine ballad of "Sir Caulin" is found in a Scottish shape, under the name of "King Malcolm and Sir Colvin," in Buchan's *North Country Ballads*, to be presently mentioned. It is, therefore, unquestionably ancient, though possibly retouched, and perhaps with the addition of a second part, of which the Scottish copy has no vestiges. It would be desirable to know exactly to what extent Dr. Percy had used the license of an editor, in these and other cases; and certainly, at this period, would be only a degree of justice due to his memory.

On the whole, we may dismiss the "*Reliques of Ancient Poetry*" with the praise and censure conferred on it by a gentleman, himself a valuable labourer in the vineyard of antiquities. "It is the most elegant compilation of the early poetry that has ever appeared in any age or country. But it must be frankly added, that so numerous are the alterations and corrections, that the severe antiquary, who desires to see the old English ballads in a genuine state, must consult a more accurate edition than this celebrated work."

Of Ritson's own talents as an editor of ancient poetry, we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. The first collector who followed the example of Dr. Percy, was Mr. T. Evans, bookseller, father of the gentleman we have just quoted. His "*Old Ballads, historical and narrative, with some of modern date*," appeared in two volumes, in 1777, and were eminently successful. In 1784, a second edition appeared, extending the work to four volumes. In this collection, many ballads found acceptance, which Bishop Percy had not considered as possessing sufficient merit to claim admittance into the *Reliques*. The *8vo Miscellany* of 1723 yielded a great part of the materials. The collection of Evans contained several modern pieces of great merit, which are not to be found elsewhere, and which are understood to be the productions of William Julius Mickle, translator of the *Lusiad*, though they were never claimed by him, nor received among his works. Amongst them is the elegiac poem of Cumnor Hall, which suggested the fictitious narrative entitled *Kenilworth*. The *Red-Cross Knight*, also by Mickle, which has furnished words for a beautiful glee, first occurred in the same collection. As Mickle, with a vein of great facility, united a power of verbal melody which might have been envied by bards of much greater renown,¹ he must be considered as very successful in these efforts, if the ballads be regarded as avowedly modern. If they are to be judged of as accurate imitations of ancient poetry, they have less merit; the deception being only maintained by a huge store of double consonants, strewed at random into ordinary words, resembling the real fashion of antiquity as little as the niches, turrets, and tracery of plaster stuck upon a modern front. In the year 1810, the four volumes of 1784 were republished by Mr. R. H. Evans, the son of the original editor, with very considerable alterations and additions. In this last edition, the more ordinary modern ballads were judiciously retrenched in number, and

¹ See Appendix, Note F.

large and valuable additions made to the ancient part of the collection. Being in some measure a supplement to the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, this miscellany cannot be dispensed with on the shelves of any bibliomaniac who may choose to emulate Captain Cox of Coventry, the prototype of all collectors of popular poetry.

While Dr. Percy was setting the example of a classical publication of ancient English poetry, the late David Herd was, in modest retirement, compiling a collection of Scottish Songs, which he has happily described as "the poetry and music of the heart." The first part of his Miscellany contains heroic and historical ballads, of which there is a respectable and well-chosen selection. Mr. Herd, an accountant, as the profession is called in Edinburgh, was known and generally esteemed for his shrewd, manly common sense and antiquarian science, mixed with much good nature and great modesty. His hardy and antique mould of countenance, and his venerable grizzled locks, procured him, amongst his acquaintance, the name of Graysteil. His original collection of songs, in one volume, appeared in 1769; an enlarged one, in two volumes, came out in 1776. A publication of the same kind, being Herd's book still more enlarged, was printed for Lawrie and Symington in 1791. Some modern additions occur in this latter work, of which by far the most valuable were two fine imitations of the Scottish ballad by the gifted author of the "Man of Feeling,"—(now, alas! no more,)—called "Duocan" and "Kenneth."

John Pinkerton, a man of considerable learning, and some severity as well as acuteness of disposition, was now endeavouring to force himself into public attention; and his collection of Select Ballads, London, 1783, contains sufficient evidence that he understood, in an extensive sense, Horace's maxim, *quidlibet audendi*. As he was possessed of considerable powers of poetry, though not equal to what he was willing to take credit for, he was resolved to enrich his collection with all the novelty and interest which it could derive from a liberal insertion of pieces dressed in the garb of antiquity, but equipped from the wardrobe of the editor's imagination. With a boldness, suggested perhaps by the success of Mr. Macpherson, he included, within a collection amounting to only twenty-one tragic ballads, no less than five, of which he afterwards owned himself to have been altogether, or in great part, the author. The most remarkable article in this Miscellany was, a second part to the noble ballad of Hardyknute, which has some good verses. It labours, however, under this great defect, that, in order to append his own conclusion to the original tale, Mr. Pinkerton found himself under the necessity of altering a leading circumstance in the old ballad, which would have rendered his catastrophe inapplicable. With such license, to write continuations and conclusions would be no difficult task. In the second volume of the Select Ballads, consisting of comic pieces, a list of fifty-two articles contained nine written entirely by the editor himself. Of the manner in which these supposititious compositions are executed, it may be briefly stated, that they are the work of a

scholar much better acquainted with ancient books and manuscripts, than with oral tradition and popular legends. The poetry smells of the lamp; and it may be truly said, that if ever a ballad had existed in such quaint language as the author employs, it could never have been so popular as to be preserved by oral tradition. The glossary displays a much greater acquaintance with learned lexicons than with the familiar dialect still spoken by the Lowland Scottish, and it is, of course, full of errors. Neither was Mr. Pinkerton more happy in the way of conjectural illustration. He chose to fix on Sir John Bruce of Kinross the paternity of the ballad of Hardyknute, and of the fine poem called the Vision. The first is due to Mrs. Halket of Wardlaw, the second to Allan Ramsay, although, it must be owned, it is of a character superior to his ordinary poetry. Sir John Bruce was a brave, blunt soldier, who made no pretence whatever to literature, though his daughter, Mrs. Bruce of Arnot, had much talent, a circumstance which may perhaps have misled the antiquary.

Mr. Pinkerton read a sort of recantation, in a List of Scottish Poets, prefixed to a Selection of Poems from the Maitland Manuscript, vol. i. 1796, in which he acknowledges, as his own composition, the pieces of spurious antiquity included in his "Select Ballads," with a coolness which, when his subsequent invectives against others who had taken similar liberties is considered, infers as much audacity as the studied and laboured defence of obscenity with which he disgraced the tame pages.

In the meantime, Joseph Ritson, a man of diligence and acumen equal to those of Pinkerton, but of the most laudable accuracy and fidelity as an editor, was engaged in various publications respecting poetical antiquities, in which he employed profound research. A select collection of English Songs was compiled by him, with great care and considerable taste, and published at London, 1783. A new edition of this has appeared since Ritson's death, sanctioned by the name of the learned and indefatigable antiquary, Thomas Park, and augmented with many original pieces, and some which Ritson had prepared for publication.

Ritson's Collection of Songs was followed by a curious volume; entitled, "Ancient Songs from the time of Henry III. to the Revolution," 1790; "Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry," 1792; and "A Collection of Scottish Songs, with the genuine music," London, 1791. This last is a genuine, but rather meagre collection of Caledonian popular songs. Next year Mr. Ritson published "Robin Hood," 2 vols., 1795, being "A Collection of all the Ancient Poems, Songs, and Ballads now extant, relative to that celebrated Outlaw." This work is a notable illustration of the excellencies and defects of Mr. Ritson's system. It is almost impossible to conceive so much zeal, research, and industry bestowed on a subject of antiquity. There scarcely occurs a phrase or word relating to Robin Hood, whether in history or poetry, in law books, in ancient proverbs, or common parlance, but it is here collected and explained. At the same time, the extreme fidelity of the editor seems driven

to excess, when we find him pertinaciously retaining all the numerous and gross errors which repeated recitations have introduced into the text, and regarding it as a sacred duty to prefer the worst to the better readings, as if their inferiority was a security for their being genuine. In short, when Ritson copied from rare books, or ancient manuscripts, there could not be a more accurate editor; when taking his authority from oral tradition, and judging between two recited copies, he was apt to consider the worst as most genuine, as if a poem was not more likely to be deteriorated than improved by passing through the mouths of many reciters. In the Ballads of Robin Hood, this superstitious scrupulosity was especially to be regretted, as it tended to enlarge the collection with a great number of doggerel compositions, which are all copies of each other, turning on the same idea of Bold Robin meeting with a shepherd, a tinker, a mendicant, a tanner, &c. &c., by each and all of whom he is soundly thrashed, and all of whom he receives into his band. The tradition, which avers that it was the brave outlaw's custom to try a bout at quarter-staff with his young recruits, might indeed have authorized one or two such tales, but the greater part ought to have been rejected as modern imitations of the most paltry kind, composed probably about the age of James I. of England. By adopting this spurious trash as part of Robin Hood's history, he is represented as the best cudgelled hero, Don Quixote excepted, that ever was celebrated in prose or rhyme. Ritson also published several garlands of North Country songs.

Looking on this eminent antiquary's labours in a general point of view, we may deprecate the eagerness and severity of his prejudices, and feel surprise that he should have shown so much irritability of disposition on such a topic as a collection of old ballads, which certainly have little in them to affect the passions; and we may be sometimes provoked at the pertinacity with which he has preferred bad readings to good. But while industry, research, and antiquarian learning, are recommendations to works of this nature, few editors will ever be found so competent to the task as Joseph Ritson. It must also be added to his praise, that although not willing to yield his opinion rashly, yet if he saw reason to believe that he had been mistaken in any fact or argument, he resigned his own opinion with a candour equal to the warmth with which he defended himself while confident he was in the right. Many of his works are now almost out of print, and an edition of them in common orthography, and altering the bizarre spelling and character which his prejudices induced the author to adopt, would be, to antiquaries, an acceptable present.

We have now given a hasty account of various collections of popular poetry during the eighteenth century; we have only further to observe, that, in the present century, this species of lore has been sedulously cultivated. The "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" first appeared in 1802, in two volumes; and what may appear a singular coincidence, it was the first work printed by Mr. James Ballantyne, (then residing at Kelso,) as it was the first serious demand which the present author

made on the patience of the public. The Border Minstrelsy, augmented by a third volume, came to a second edition in 1803. In 1803, Mr., now Sir John Grahame Dalzell, to whom his country is obliged for his antiquarian labours, published "Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century," which, among other subjects of interest, contains a curious contemporary ballad of Belrinnes, which has some stanzas of considerable merit.

The year 1806 was distinguished by the appearance of "Popular Ballads and Songs, from Traditions, Manuscripts, and Scarce Editions, with Translations of Similar Pieces from the Ancient Danish Language, and a few Originals by the Editor, Robert Jamieson, A.M., and F.A.S." This work, which was not greeted by the public with the attention it deserved, opened a new discovery respecting the original source of the Scottish ballads. Mr. Jamieson's extensive acquaintance with the Scandinavian literature, enabled him to detect not only a general similarity betwixt these and the Danish ballads preserved in the "Kiempe Viser," an early collection of heroic ballads in that language, but to demonstrate that, in many cases, the stories and songs were distinctly the same, a circumstance which no antiquary had hitherto so much as suspected. Mr. Jamieson's annotations are also very valuable, and preserve some curious illustrations of the old poets. His imitations, though he is not entirely free from the affectation of using rather too many obsolete words, are generally highly interesting. The work fills an important place in the collection of those who are addicted to this branch of antiquarian study.

Mr. John Finlay, a poet whose career was cut short by a premature death, published a short collection of "Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads," in 1808. The beauty of some imitations of the old Scottish ballad, with the good sense, learning, and modesty of the preliminary dissertations, must make all admirers of ancient lore regret the early loss of this accomplished young man.

Various valuable collections of ancient ballad-poetry have appeared of late years, some of which are illustrated with learning and acuteness, as those of Mr. Motherwell and of Mr. Kinloch intimate much taste and feeling for this species of literature. Nor is there any want of editions of ballads, less designed for public sale, than to preserve floating pieces of minstrelsy which are in immediate danger of perishing. Several of those, edited, as we have occasion to know, by men of distinguished talent, have appeared in a smaller form and more limited edition, and must soon be among the *introuvables* of Scottish typography. We would particularize a duodecimo, under the modest title of a "Ballad Book," without place or date annexed, which indicates, by a few notes only, the capacity which the editor possesses for supplying the most extensive and ingenious illustrations upon antiquarian subjects. Most of the ballads are of a comic character, and some of them admirable specimens of Scottish dry humour. Another collection, which calls for particular distinction, is in the same size, or nearly so, and bears the same title with the preceding one, the date being, Edinburgh, 1827. But the

contents are announced as containing the budget, or stock-in-trade, of an old Aberdeenshire minstrel, the very last, probably, of the race, who, according to Percy's definition of the profession, sang his own compositions, and those of others, through the capital of the country, and other towns in that country of gentlemen. This man's name was Charles Leslie, but he was known more generally by the nickname of *Mussel-mou'd Charlie*, from a singular projection of his under lip. His death was thus announced in the newspapers for October, 1792:—"Died at Old Rain, in Aberdeenshire, aged one hundred and four years, Charles Leslie, a hawker, or ballad-singer, well known in that country by the name of *Mussel-mou'd Charlie*. He followed his occupation till within a few weeks of his death." *Charlie* was a devoted Jacobite, and so popular in Aberdeen, that he enjoyed in that city a sort of monopoly of the minstrel calling, no other person being allowed, under any pretence, to chant ballads on the cause-way, or plain-stanes, of "the brave burgh." Like the former collection, most of *Mussel-mou'd Charlie's* songs were of a jocose character.

But the most extensive and valuable additions which have been of late made to this branch of ancient literature, are the collections of Mr. Peter Buchan of Peterhead, a person of indefatigable research in that department, and whose industry has been crowned with the most successful results. This is partly owing to the country where Mr. Buchan resides, which, full as it is of minstrel relics, has been but little ransacked by any former collectors; so that, while it is a very rare event south of the Tay, to recover any ballad having a claim to antiquity, which has not been examined and republished in some one or other of our collections of ancient poetry, those of Aberdeenshire have been comparatively little attended to. The present Editor was the first to solicit attention to these northern songs, in consequence of a collection of ballads communicated to him by his late respected friend, Lord Woodhouselee. Mr. Jamieson, in his collections of "*Songs and Ballads*," being himself a native of Morayshire, was able to push this inquiry much farther, and at the same time, by doing so, to illustrate his theory of the connexion between the ancient Scottish and Danish ballads, upon which the publication of Mr. Buchan throws much light. It is, indeed, the most complete collection of the kind which has yet appeared.

Of the originality of the ballads in Mr. Buchan's collection we do not entertain the slightest doubt. Several (we may instance the curious tale of "*The Two Magicians*") are translated from the Norse, and Mr. Buchan is probably unacquainted with the originals. Others refer to points of history, with which the editor does not seem to be familiar. It is out of no disrespect to this laborious and useful antiquary, that we observe his prose composition is rather florid, and forms, in this respect, a strong contrast to the extreme simplicity of the ballads, which gives us the most distinct assurance that he has delivered the latter to the public in the shape in which he found them. Accordingly, we have never

seen any collection of Scottish poetry appearing, from internal evidence, so decidedly and indubitably original. It is perhaps a pity that Mr. Buchan did not remove some obvious errors and corruptions; but, in truth, though their remaining on record is an injury to the effect of the ballads, in point of composition, it is, in some degree, a proof of their authenticity. Besides, although the exertion of this editorial privilege, of selecting readings, is an advantage to the ballads themselves, we are contented rather to take the whole in their present, though imperfect state, than that the least doubt should be thrown upon them, by amendments or alterations, which might render their authenticity doubtful. The historical poems, we observe, are few and of no remote date. That of the "*Bridge of Dee*," is among the oldest, and there are others referring to the times of the Covenanters. Some, indeed, are composed on still more recent events; as the marriage of the mother of the late illustrious Byron, and a catastrophe of still later occurrence, "*The Death of Leith-hall*."

As we wish to interest the admirers of ancient minstrel lore in this curious collection, we shall only add, that, on occasion of a new edition, we would recommend to Mr. Buchan to leave out a number of songs which he has only inserted because they are varied, sometimes for the worse, from sets which have appeared in other publications. This restriction would make considerable room for such as, old though they be, possess to this age all the grace of novelty.

To these notices of late collections of Scottish Ballads, we ought to add some remarks on the very curious "*Ancient Legendary Tales*," printed chiefly from Original Sources, edited by the Rev. Charles Henry Hartshorne, M.A. 1829." The editor of this unostentatious work has done his duty to the public with much labour and care, and made the admirers of this species of poetry acquainted with very many ancient legendary poems, which were hitherto unpublished and very little known. It increases the value of the collection, that many of them are of a comic turn, a species of composition more rare, and, from its necessary allusion to domestic manners, more curious and interesting, than the serious class of Romances.

We have thus, in a cursory manner, gone through the history of English and Scottish popular poetry, and noticed the principal collections which have been formed from time to time of such compositions, and the principles on which the editors have proceeded. It is manifest that, of late, the public attention has been so much turned to the subject by men of research and talent, that we may well hope to retrieve from oblivion as much of our ancient poetry as there is now any possibility of recovering.

Another important part of our task consists in giving some account of the modern imitation of the English Ballad, a species of literary labour which the author has himself pursued with some success.

Abbotsford, 1st March, 1830.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

THE BATTLE OF HARLAW.

P. 452.

That there was such an ancient ballad is certain, and the tune, adapted to the bagpipes, was long extremely popular, and, within the remembrance of man, the first which was played at *kirs* and other rustic festivals. But there is a suspicious praise in the ballad as it is published by Allan Ramsay. When describing the national confusion, the bard says,

"Sen the days of auld King Harie,
Such slaughter was not heard or seen."

Query, Who was the "auld King Harie here meant? If Henry VIII. be intended, as is most likely, it must bring the date of the poem, at least of that verse, as low as Queen Mary's time. The ballad is said to have been printed in 1668. A copy of that edition would be a great curiosity.

See the preface to the reprint of this ballad, in the volume of "Early Metrical Tales," *ante* referred to.

NOTE B.

ALLAN RAMSAY'S "EVERGREEN."

P. 452.

Green be the pillow of honest Allan, at whose lamp Burns lighted his brilliant torch! It is without enmity to his memory that we record his mistake in this matter. But it is impossible not to regret that such an affecting tale as that of Bessie Bell and Mary Gray should have fallen into his hands. The southern reader must learn, (for what northern reader is ignorant?) that these two beautiful women were kinsfolk, and so strictly united in friendship, that even personal jealousy could not interrupt their union. They were visited by a handsome and agreeable young man, who was acceptable to them both, but so captivated with their charms, that, while confident of a preference on the part of both, he was unable to make a choice between them. While this singular situation of the three persons of the tale continued, the breaking out of the plague forced the two ladies to take refuge in the beautiful valley of Lynedoch, where they built themselves a bower, in order to avoid human intercourse and the danger of infection. The lover was not included in their renunciation of society. He visited their retirement, brought with him the fatal disease, and unable to return to Perth, which was his usual residence, was nursed by the fair friends with all the tenderness of affection. He died, however, having

first communicated the infection to his lovely attendants. They followed him to the grave, lovely in their lives, and undivided in their death. Their burial-place, in the vicinity of the bower which they built, is still visible, in the romantic vicinity of Lord Lyndoch's mansion, and prolongs the memory of female friendship, which even rivalry could not dissolve. Two stanzas of the original ballad alone survive:—

"Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonnie lasses;
They bigged a bower on yon burn brae,
And theekit it ower wi' raslies.

"They wadna rest in Methvin kirk,
Among their gentle kin;
But they wad lie in Lednoch braes,
To beek against the sun."

There is, to a Scottish ear, so much tenderness and simplicity in these verses, as must induce us to regret that the rest should have been superseded by a pedantic modern song, turning upon the most unpoetic part of the legend, the hesitation, namely, of the lover, which of the ladies to prefer. One of the most touching expressions in the song is the following exclamation:

"Oh, Jove! she's like thy Pallas."

Another song, of which Ramsay chose a few words for the theme of a *riacimento*, seems to have been a curious specimen of minstrel recitation. It was partly verse, partly narrative, and was alternately sung and repeated. The story was the escape of a young gentleman, pursued by a cruel uncle, desirous of his estate; or a bloody rival, greedy of his life; or the relentless father of his lady-love, or some such remorseless character, having sinister intentions on the person of the fugitive. The object of his rapacity or revenge being nearly overtaken, a shepherd undertakes to mislead the pursuer, who comes in sight just as the object of his pursuit disappears, and greets the shepherd thus:—

"PURSUER.

Good morrow, shepherd, and my friend,
Saw you a young man this way riding:
With long black hair, on a bob-tail'd mare,
And I know that I cannot be far behind
him?

THE SHEPHERD.

Yes I did see him this way riding,
And what did much surprise my wit,
The man and the mare flew up in the air,
And I see, and I see, and I see her yet.
Behind yon white cloud I see her tail wave,
And I see, and I see, and I see her yet

The tune of these verses is an extremely good one, and Allan Ramsay has adapted a bacchanalian song to it with some success; but we should have thanked him much had he taken the trouble to preserve the original legend of the old minstrel. The valuable and learned friend to whom we owe this mutilated account of it, has often heard it sung among the High Jinks of Scottish lawyers of the last generation.

NOTE C.

JOSEPH RITSON.

"— Neglecting, in literary debate, the courtesies of ordinary society."—P. 452.

For example, in quoting a popular song, well known by the name of Maggie Lauder, the editor of the *Reliques* has given a line of the Dame's address to the merry minstrel, thus:—

"Gin ye be Rob, I've heard of you,
You dwell upon the Border."

Ritson insisted the genuine reading was,

"Come ye frae the Border?"

And he expatiates with great keenness on the crime of the Bishop's having sophisticated the text, (of which he produces no evidence,) to favour his opinion, that the Borders were a favourite abode of the minstrels of both kingdoms. The fact, it is believed, is undoubted, and the one reading seems to support it as well as the other.—[Joseph Ritson died in 1803.]

NOTE D.

"A MERE CROWDER UPON AN UNTUNED FIDDLE."
P. 454.

In Fletcher's comedy of "Monsieur Thomas," such a fiddler is questioned as to the ballads he is best versed in, and replies,

"Under your mastership's correction I can
sing,

'The Duke of Norfolk,' or the merry ballad
Of 'Divina and Lazarus;' 'The Rose of
England;'

'In Crete, where Dedimus first began;'
'Jonas his crying out against Coventry.'

Thomas. Excellent!

Rare matters all.

Fiddler. 'Mawdlin the Merchant's Daugh-
ter.'

'The Devil and ye Dainty Dames.'

Thomas. Rare still.

Fiddler. 'The Landing of the Spaniards
at Bow,

With the bloody battle at Mile-end.'"

The poor minstrel is described as accompanying the young rake in his revels. Launcelot describes

"The gentleman himself, young Monsieur
Thomas,

Errant with his furious myrmidons;

The *fiery fiddler* and myself—now singing,

Now beating at the doors," &c.

NOTE E.

MINSTRELS.

P. 454.

The "Song of the Traveller," an ancient piece lately discovered in the Cathedral Library of Exeter, and published by the Rev. Mr. Coneybeare, in his *Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry* (1826,) furnishes a most curious picture of the life of the Northern Scald, or Minstrel, in the high and palmy state of the profession. The reverend editor thus translates the closing lines:

"Ille est carissimus Terræ incolis
Cui Deus addidit Hominum imperium geren-
dum,

Quam ille eos [bardos] habet caros.

Ita comeantes cum cantilenis feruntur

Bardi hominum per terras multas;

Simul eos remuneratur ob cantilenas pul-
chras,

Muneribus immensis, ille qui ante nobiles

Vult judicium suum extollere, dignitatem
sustinere.

Habet ille sub cælo stabilem famam."

P. 22.

Mr. Coneybeare contrasts this "flattering picture" with the following "melancholy specimen" of the Minstrel life of later times—contained in some verses by Richard Sheale (the alleged author of the old Chevy Chase,) which are preserved in one of the Ashmolean MSS.

"Now for the good cheere that I have had
here,

I give you hearty thanks with bowing of my
shankes,

Desiring you by petition to grant me auch
commission—

Because my name is Sheale, that both for
meat and meale,

To you I may resort som tyme for my com-
forte.

For I perceive here at all tymes is good
cheere,

Both ale, wyne, and beere, as hyt doth now
appere,

I perceive without fable ye keepe a good
table.

I can be contente, if hyt be out of Lent,

A piece of beefe to take my houer to
aslake,

Both mutton and veale is goode for Rycharde
Sheale;

Though I looke so grave, I were a veri
knave,

If I wold thinke skorne ether evenyng or
morne,

Beyng in honger, of fresshe samon or kou-
gar,

I can fynde in my hearte, with my frendis
to take a parte

Of such as Godde shal sende, and thus I
make an ende.

Now farewel, good myn Hoste, I thank yone
for youre coste

Untyl another tyme, and thus do I ende my
ryme."

P. 28.

NOTE F.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

P. 455.

In evidence of what is stated in the text, the author would quote the introductory stanza to a forgotten poem of Mickle, originally published under the injudicious and equivocal title of "The Concubine," but in subsequent editions called, "Sir Martyn, or The Progress of Dissipation."

"Awake, ye west winds, through the lonely dale,
And, Fancy, to thy faery bower betake ;
Even now, with balmy sweetness breathes the gale,
Dimpling with downy wing the stilly lake ;

Through the pale willows faltering whispers wake,
And evening comes with locks bedropp'd with dew ;
On Desmond's mouldering turrets slowly shake
The wither'd ryegrass, and the hairbell blue.
And ever and anon sweet Mulla's plaints renew."

Mickle's facility of versification was so great, that, being a printer by profession, he frequently put his lines into types without taking the trouble previously to put them into writing; thus uniting the composition of the author with the mechanical operation which typographers call by the same name.

ESSAY

ON

Imitations of the Ancient Ballad.¹

The invention of printing necessarily occasioned the downfall of the Order of Minstrels, already reduced to contempt by their own bad habits, by the disrepute attached to their profession, and by the laws calculated to repress their license. When the Metrical Romances were very many of them in the hands of every one, the occupation of those who made their living by reciting them was in some degree abolished, and the minstrels either disappeared altogether, or sunk into mere musicians, whose utmost acquaintance with poetry was being able to sing a ballad. Perhaps old Anthony, who acquired, from the song which he accounted his masterpiece, the name of *Anthony Now Now*, was one of the last of this class in the capital; nor does the tenor of his poetry evince whether it was his own composition or that of some other.²

But the taste for popular poetry did not decay with the class of men by whom it had been for some generations practised and preserved. Not only did the simple old ballads retain their ground, though circulated by the new art of printing, instead of being preserved by recitation; but in the *Garlands*, and similar

collections for general sale, the authors aimed at a more ornamental and regular style of poetry than had been attempted by the old minstrels, whose composition, if not extemporaneous, was seldom committed to writing, and was not, therefore, susceptible of accurate revision. This was the more necessary, as even the popular poetry was now feeling the effects arising from the advance of knowledge, and the revival of the study of the learned languages, with all the elegance and refinement which it induced.

In short, the general progress of the country led to an improvement in the department of popular poetry, tending both to soften and melodise the language employed, and to ornament the diction beyond that of the rude minstrels, to whom such topics of composition had been originally abandoned. The monotony of the ancient recitals was, for the same causes, altered and improved upon. The eternal descriptions of battles, and of love dilemmas, which, to satiety, filled the old romances with trivial repetition, was retrenched. If any one wishes to compare the two eras of lyrical poetry, a few verses taken from one of the latest minstrel ballads, and one of the earliest that were written for the press, will afford him, in some degree, the power of doing so.

The rude lines from *Anthony Now Now*, which we have just quoted, may, for example, be compared, as Ritson requests, with the ornamented commencement of the ballad of *Fair Rosamond* :—

¹ This essay was written in April 1830, and forms a continuation of the "Remarks on Popular Poetry."—Ed.

² He might be supposed a contemporary of Henry VIII., if the greeting which he pretends to have given to that monarch is of his own composition, and spoken in his own person.

"Good morrow to our noble king, gooth I;
Good morrow, gooth he, to thou:
And then he said to Anthony,
O Anthony now now now."

"When as King Henry ruled this land,
The second of that name,
Besides his queen he dearly loved
A fair and comely dame.

"Most peerless was her beauty found,
Her favour, and her face;
A sweeter creature in the world
Could never prince embrace.

"Her crisped locks, like threads of gold
Appear'd to each man's sight;
Her sparkling eyes, like orient pearls,
Did cast a heavenly light.

"The blood within her crystal cheeks
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lily and the rose
For mastership did strive."¹

It may be rash to affirm, that those who lived by singing this more refined poetry, were a class of men different from the ancient minstrels; but it appears, that both the name of the professors, and the character of the Minstrel poetry, had sunk in reputation.

The facility of versification, and of poetical diction, is decidedly in favour of the moderns, as might reasonably be expected from the improved taste, and enlarged knowledge, of an age which abounded to such a degree in poetry, and of a character so imaginative as was the Elizabethan era. The poetry addressed to the populace, and enjoyed by them alone, was animated by the spirit that was breathed around. We may cite Shakspeare's unquestionable and decisive evidence in this respect. In *Twelfth Night* he describes a popular ballad, with a beauty and precision which no one but himself could have affixed to its character; and the whole constitutes the strongest appeal in favour of that species of poetry which is written to suit the taste of the public in general, and is most naturally preserved by oral tradition. But the remarkable part of the circumstance is, that when the song is actually sung by Festé the clown, it differs in almost all particulars from what we might have been justified in considering as attributes of a popular ballad of that early period. It is simple, doubtless, both in structure and phraseology, but is rather a love song than a minstrel ballad—a love song, also, which, though its imaginative figures of speech are of a very simple and intelligible character, may nevertheless be compared to any thing rather than the boldness of the preceding age, and resembles nothing less than the ordinary minstrel ballad. The original, though so well known, may be here quoted, for the purpose of showing what was, in Shakspeare's time, regarded as the poetry of "the old age." Almost every one has the passage by heart, yet I must quote it, because there seems a marked difference between the species of poem which is described, and that which is sung:

"Mark it, Casario; it is old and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids, that weave their thread
with bones,
Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age."

The song, thus beautifully prefaced, is as follows:

"Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

"Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be
thrown:
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there."²

On comparing this love elegy, or whatever it may be entitled, with the ordinary, and especially the earlier popular poetry, I cannot help thinking that a great difference will be observed in the structure of the verse, the character of the sentiments, the ornaments and refinement of the language. Neither indeed, as might be expected from the progress of human affairs, was the change in the popular style of poetry achieved without some disadvantages, which counterbalanced, in a certain degree, the superior art and exercise of fancy which had been introduced of late times.

The expressions of Sir Philip Sidney, an unquestionable judge of poetry, flourishing in Elizabeth's golden reign, and drawing around him, like a magnet, the most distinguished poets of the age, amongst whom we need only name Shakspeare and Spenser, still show something to regret when he compared the highly wrought and richly ornamented poetry of his own time, with the ruder but more energetic diction of Chevy Chase. His words, often quoted, cannot yet be dispensed with on the present occasion. They are a chapter in the history of ancient poetry. "Certainly," says the brave knight, "I must confess my own barbarousness; I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet. And yet it is sung by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style, which being so evil appalled in the dust and cobwebs of that uncivil age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar."³

If we inquire more particularly what were the peculiar charms by which the old minstrel ballad produced an effect like a trumpet-sound upon the bosom of a real son of chivalry, we may not be wrong in ascribing it to the extreme simplicity with which the narrative moves forward, neglecting all the more minute ornaments of speech and diction, to the grand object of enforcing on the hearer a striking and affecting catastrophe. The author seems too serious in his wish to affect the audience, to show himself to be drawn aside by any thing which can, either by its tenor, or the manner in which it is spoken, have the per-

¹ Percy's *Reliques*, vol. H. p. 147.

² *Twelfth Night*, Act ii. Scene 4th.

³ Sir Philip Sidney's *Defence of Poesy*.

verse effect of distracting attention from the catastrophe.

Such grand and serious beauties, however, occurred but rarely to the old minstrels; and in order to find them, it became necessary to struggle through long passages of monotony, languor, and inanity. Unfortunately it also happened, that those who, like Sidney, could ascertain, feel, and do full justice to the beauties of the heroic ballad, were few, compared to the numbers who could be sensible of the trite *verbiage* of a bald passage, or the ludicrous effect of an absurd rhyme. In England, accordingly, the popular ballad fell into contempt during the seventeenth century; and although in remote counties¹ its inspiration was occasionally the source of a few verses, it seems to have become almost entirely obsolete in the capital. Even the Civil Wars, which gave so much occasion for poetry, produced rather song and satire, than the ballad or popular epic. The curious reader may satisfy himself on this point, should he wish to ascertain the truth of the allegation, by looking through D'Urfey's large and curious collection,² when he will be aware that the few ballads which it contains are the most ancient productions in the book, and very seldom take their date after the commencement of the seventeenth century.

In Scotland, on the contrary, the old minstrel ballad long continued to preserve its popularity. Even the last contests of Jacobitism were recited with great vigour in ballads of the time, the authors of some of which are known and remembered; nor is there a more spirited ballad preserved than that of Mr. Skirving,³ (father of Skirving the artist.) upon the battle of Prestonpans, so late as 1745. But this was owing to circumstances connected with the habits of the people in a remote and rude country, which could not exist in the richer and wealthier provinces of England.

On the whole, however, the ancient Heroic ballad, as it was called, seemed to be fast declining among the more enlightened and literary part of both countries; and if retained by the lower classes in Scotland, it had in England ceased to exist, or degenerated in doggerel of the last degree of vileness.

Subjects the most interesting were abandoned to the poorest rhymers, and one would have thought that, as in an ass-race, the prize had been destined to the slowest of those who competed for the prize. The melancholy fate of Miss Ray,⁴ who fell by the hands of a frantic lover, could only inspire the Grub Street muse with such verses as these, — that is, if I remember them correctly :

"A Sandwich favourite was this fair,
And her he dearly loved;
By whom six children had, we hear;
This story fatal proved.

"A clergyman, O wicked one,
In Covent Garden shot her;

No time to cry upon her God,
It's hoped He's not forgot her."

If it be true, as in other cases, that when things are at the worst they must mend, it was certainly time to expect an amelioration in the department in which such doggerel passed current.

Accordingly, previous to this time, a new species of poetry seems to have arisen, which, in some cases, endeavoured to pass itself as the production of genuine antiquity, and, in others, honestly avowed an attempt to emulate the merits and avoid the errors with which the old ballad was encumbered; and in the effort to accomplish this, a species of composition was discovered, which is capable of being subjected to peculiar rules of criticism, and of exhibiting excellences of its own.

In writing for the use of the general reader, rather than the poetical antiquary, I shall be readily excused from entering into any inquiry respecting the authors who first showed the way in this peculiar department of modern poetry, which I may term the imitation of the old ballad, especially that of the latter or Elizabethan era. One of the oldest, according to my recollection, which pretends to engraft modern refinement upon ancient simplicity, is extremely beautiful, both from the words, and the simple and affecting melody to which they are usually sung. The title is "Lord Henry and Fair Catherine." It begins thus :

"In ancient days, in Britain's isle,
Lord Henry well was known;
No knight in all the land more famed,
Or more deserved renown.

"His thoughts were all on honour bent,
He ne'er would stoop to love:
No lady in the land had power
His frozen heart to move."

Early in the eighteenth century, this peculiar species of composition became popular. We find Tickell, the friend of Addison, who produced the beautiful ballad "Of Leinster famed for maidens fair," Mallet, Goldsmith, Shenstone, Percy, and many others, followed an example which had much to recommend it, especially as it presented considerable facilities to those who wished, at a little exertion of trouble as possible, to attain for themselves a certain degree of literary reputation.

Before, however, treating of the professed imitators of Ancient Ballad Poetry, I ought to say a word upon those who have written their imitations with the preconceived purpose of passing them for ancient.

There is no small degree of cant in the violent invectives with which impostors of this nature have been assailed. In fact, the case of each is special, and ought to be separately considered, according to its own circumstances. If a young, perhaps a female author, chooses to circulate a beautiful poem, we will suppose that of Hardyknute, under the disguise of antiquity, the public is surely

¹ A curious and spirited specimen occurs in Corwall, as late as the trial of the Bishops before the Revolution. The President of the Royal Society of London (Mr. Davies Gilbert) has not disdained the trouble of preserving it from oblivion.

² Pills to Purge Melancholy.

³ See Hogg's Jacobite Relics, vol. i.—Ed.

⁴ Miss Ray, the beautiful mistress of the Earl of Sandwich, then First Lord of the Admiralty, was assassinated by Mr. Heckman, "in a fit of frantic jealous love," as Boswell expresses it, in 1779. See Croker's Boswell, vol. iv. p. 254.—Ed.

more enriched by the contribution than injured by the deception.¹ It is hardly possible, indeed, without a power of poetical genius, and acquaintance with ancient language and manners possessed by very few, to succeed in deceiving those who have made this branch of literature their study. The very desire to unite modern refinement with the *verve* of the ancient minstrels, will itself betray the masquerade. A minute acquaintance with ancient customs, and with ancient history, is also demanded, to sustain a part which, as it must rest on deception, cannot be altogether an honourable one.

Two of the most distinguished authors of this class have, in this manner, been detected; being deficient in the knowledge requisite to support their genius in the disguise they meditated. Hardyknute, for instance, already mentioned, is irreconcilable with all chronology, and a chief with a Norwegian name is strangely introduced as the first of the nobles brought to resist a Norse invasion, at the battle of Largs: the "needlework so rare," introduced by the fair authoress, must have been certainly long posterior to the reign of Alexander III. In Chatterton's ballad of "Sir Charles Baldwin," we find an anxious attempt to represent the composition as ancient, and some entries in the public accounts of Bristol were appealed to in corroboration. But neither was this ingenious but most unhappy young man, with all his powers of poetry, and with the antiquarian knowledge which he had collected with indiscriminating but astonishing research, able to impose on that part of the public qualified to judge of the compositions, which it had occurred to him to pass off as those of a monk of the 14th century. It was in vain that he in each word doubled the consonants, like the sentinels of an endangered army. The art used to disguise and mispell the words only overdid what was intended, and afforded sure evidence that the poems published as antiques had been, in fact, tampered with by a modern artist, as the newly forged medals of modern days stand convicted of imposture from the very touches of the file, by which there is an attempt to imitate the cracks and fissures produced by the hammer upon the original.²

I have only met, in my researches into these matters, with one poem, which, if it had been produced as ancient, could not have been detected on internal evidence. It is the "War Song upon the victory at Brunnauburg, translated from the Anglo-Saxon into Anglo-Norman," by the Right Honourable John Hookham Frere. See Ellis's *Specimens of Ancient English Poetry*, vol. i. p. 32. The accomplished Editor tells us, that this very singular poem was intended as an imitation of the style and language of the fourteenth century, and was written during the controversy occasioned by the poems attributed to Rowley. Mr. Ellis adds, "the reader will probably hear with some surprise, that this singular instance of critical ingenuity was the composition of an Eton schoolboy."³

The author may be permitted to speak as

an artist on this occasion, (disowning, at the same time, all purpose of imposition,) as having written, at the request of the late Mr. Ritson, one or two things of this kind; among others, a continuation of the romance of Thomas of Erceidoune, the only one which chances to be preserved.⁴ And he thinks himself entitled to state, that a modern poet engaged in such a task, is much in the situation of an architect of the present day, who, if acquainted with his profession, finds no difficulty in copying the external forms of a Gothic castle or abbey; but when it is completed, can hardly, by any artificial tints or cement, supply the spots, weather-stains, and hues of different kinds, with which time alone had invested the venerable fabric which he desires to imitate.

Leaving this branch of the subject, in which the difficulty of passing off what is modern for what is ancient cannot be matter of regret, we may bestow with advantage some brief consideration on the fair trade of manufacturing modern antiques, not for the purpose of passing them as contraband goods on the skilful antiquary, but in order to obtain the credit due to authors as successful imitators of the ancient simplicity, while their system admits of a considerable infusion of modern refinement. Two classes of imitation may be referred to as belonging to this species of composition. When they approach each other, there may be some difficulty in assigning to individual poems their peculiar character, but in general the difference is distinctly marked. The distinction lies betwixt the authors of ballads or legendary poems, who have attempted to imitate the language, the manners, and the sentiments of the ancient poems which were their prototypes; and those, on the contrary, who, without endeavouring to do so, have struck out a particular path for themselves, which cannot, with strict propriety, be termed either ancient or modern.

In the actual imitation of the ancient ballad, Dr. Percy, whose researches made him well acquainted with that department of poetry, was peculiarly successful. The "Hermit of Warkworth," the "Childe of Elle," and other minstrel tales of his composition, must always be remembered with fondness by those who have perused them in that period of life when the feelings are strong, and the taste for poetry, especially of this simple nature, is keen and poignant. This learned and amiable prelate was also remarkable for his power of restoring the ancient ballad, by throwing in touches of poetry, so adapted to its tone and tenor, as to assimilate with its original structure, and impress every one who considered the subject as being coeval with the rest of the piece. It must be owned, that such freedoms, when assumed by a professed antiquary, addressing himself to antiquaries, and for the sake of illustrating literary antiquities, are subject to great and licentious abuse; and herein the severity of Ritson was to a certain extent justified. But when the license is avowed, and practised without the intention

¹ "Hardyknute was the first poem that I ever learnt—the last that I shall forget."—MS. note of Sir Walter Scott on a leaf of Allan Ramsay's *Tea-table Miscellany*.

² See Appendix, Note A.

³ See Sir Tristram, Scott's *Poetical Works*, vol. v.; edition 1838.

to deceive, it cannot be objected to but by scrupulous pedantry.

The poet, perhaps, most capable, by verses, lines, even single words, to relieve and heighten the character of ancient poetry, was the Scottish bard Robert Burns. We are not here speaking of the avowed lyrical poems of his own composition, which he communicated to Mr George Thomson, but of the manner in which he recomposed and repaired the old songs and fragments for the collection of Johnson¹ and others, when, if his memory supplied the theme, or general subject of the song, such as it existed in Scottish lore, his genius contributed that part which was to give life and immortality to the whole. If this praise should be thought extravagant, the reader may compare his splendid lyric, "My heart's in the Highlands," with the tame and scarcely half-intelligible remains of that song as preserved by Mr. Peter Buchan. Or, what is perhaps a still more magnificent example of what we mean, "Macpherson's Farewell," with all its spirit and grandeur, as repaired by Burns, may be collated with the original poem called "Macpherson's Lament," or sometimes the "Ruffian's Rant." In Burns' brilliant rificamento, the same strain of wild ideas is expressed as we find in the original; but with an infusion of the savage and impassioned spirit of Highland chivalry, which gives a splendour to the composition, of which we find not a trace in the rudeness of the ancient ditty. I can bear witness to the older verses having been current while I was a child, but I never knew a line of the inspired edition of the Ayrshire bard until the appearance of Johnson's Museum.

Beside Percy, Burns, and others, we must not omit to mention Mr. Finlay, whose beautiful song,

"There came a knight from the field of the slain,"

is so happily descriptive of antique manners; or Mickle, whose accurate and interesting imitations of the ancient ballad we have already mentioned with approbation in the former Essay on Ballad Composition. These, with others of modern date, at the head of whom we must place Thomas Moore, have aimed at striking the ancient harp with the same bold and rough note to which it was awakened by the ancient minstrels. Southey, Wordsworth, and other distinguished names of the present century, have, in repeated instances, dignified this branch of literature; but no one more than Coleridge, in the wild and imaginative tale of the "Ancient Mariner," which displays so much beauty with such eccentricity. We should act most unjustly in this department of Scottish ballad poetry, not to mention the names of Leyden, Higg, and Allan Cunningham. They have all three honoured their country, by arriving at distinction from a humble origin, and there is none of them under whose hand the ancient Scottish harp has not sounded a bold and distinguished tone. Miss Anne Bamerman likewise should not be forgotten, whose "Tales of Superstition and Chivalry" appeared about 1802. They

were perhaps too mystical and too abrupt; yet if it be the purpose of this kind of ballad poetry powerfully to excite the imagination, without pretending to satisfy it, few persons have succeeded better than this gifted lady, whose volume is peculiarly fit to be read in a lonely house by a decaying lamp.

As we have already hinted, a numerous class of the authors (some of them of the very first class) who condescend to imitate the simplicity of ancient poetry, gave themselves no trouble to observe the costume, style, or manner, either of the old minstrel or ballad-singer, but assumed a structure of a separate and peculiar kind, which could not be correctly termed either ancient or modern, although made the vehicle of beauties which were common to both. The discrepancy between the mark which they avowed their purpose of shooting at, and that at which they really took aim, is best illustrated by a production of one of the most distinguished of their number. Goldsmith describes the young family of the Vicar of Wakefield, as amusing themselves with conversing about poetry. Mr. Burchell observes, that the British poets, who imitated the classics, have especially contributed to introduce a false taste, by loading their lines with epithets, so as to present a combination of luxuriant images, without plot or connexion.—a string of epithets that improve the sound, without carrying on the sense. But when an example of popular poetry is produced as free from the fault which the critic has just censured, it is the well-known and beautiful poem of Edwin and Angelina! which, in felicitous attention to the language, and in fanciful ornament of imagery, is as unlike to a minstrel ballad, as a lady assuming the dress of a Shepherdess for a masquerade, is different from the actual Sisly of Salisbury Plain. Tickell's beautiful ballad is equally formed upon a pastoral, sentimental, and ideal model, not, however, less beautifully executed; and the attention of Addison's friend had been probably directed to the ballad stanza (for the stanza is all which is imitated) by the praise bestowed on Chevy Chase in the Spectator.

Upon a later occasion, the subject of Mallet's fine poem, Edwin and Emma, being absolutely rural in itself, and occurring at the hamlet of Bowes, in Yorkshire, might have seduced the poet from the *beau idéal* which he had pictured to himself, into something more immediately allied to common life. But Mallet was not a man to neglect what was esteemed fashionable, and poor Hannah Raiton and her lover Wrightson were enveloped in the elegant but tinsel frippery appertaining to Edwin and Emma; for the similes, reflections, and suggestions of the poet are, in fact, too intrusive and too well said to suffer the reader to feel the full taste of the tragic tale. The verses are doubtless beautiful, but I must own the simple prose of the Curate's letter, who gives the narrative of the tale as it really happened, has to me a tone of serious veracity more affecting than the ornaments of Mallet's fiction. The same author's ballad, "William and Margaret," has, in some degree, the same fault. A disembodied spirit is not a person before whom the living spectator takes leisure to make remarks of a moral kind, as,

¹ Johnson's "Musical Museum," in 6 vols., was lately reprinted at Edinburgh.

"So will the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown,
And such the robe that Kings must wear
When death has reft their crown."

Upon the whole, the ballad, though the best of Mallet's writing, is certainly inferior to its original, which I presume to be the very fine and even terrific old Scottish tale, beginning,

"There came a ghost to Margaret's door."

It may be found in Allan Ramsay's "Tea-table Miscellany."

We need only stop to mention another very beautiful piece of this fanciful kind, by Dr. Cartwright, called Armin and Elvira, containing some excellent poetry, expressed with unusual felicity. I have a vision of having met this accomplished gentleman in my very early youth, and am the less likely to be mistaken, as he was the first living poet I recollect to have seen¹. His poem had the distinguished honour to be much admired by our celebrated philosopher, Dugald Stewart, who was wont to quote with much pathos, the picture of resignation in the following stanza:—

"And while his eye to Heaven he rais'd,
Its silent waters stole away."²

After enumerating so many persons of undoubted genius, who have cultivated the Arcadian style of poetry, (for to such it may be compared,) it would be endless to enumerate the various Sir Eldreds of the hills and douns whose stories were woven into *legendary tales*—which came at length to be the name assigned to this half-ancient half-modern style of composition.

In general I may observe, that the supposed facility of this species of composition, the alluring simplicity of which was held sufficient to support it, afforded great attractions for those whose ambition led them to exercise their untried talents in verse, but who were desirous to do so with the least possible expense of thought. The task seems to present, at least to the inexperienced acolyte of the Muses, the same advantages which an instrument of sweet sound and small compass offers to those who begin their studies in music. In either case, however, it frequently happens that the scholar, getting tired of the palling and monotonous character of the poetry or music which he produces, becomes desirous to strike a more independent note, even at the risk of its being a more difficult one.

The same simplicity involves an inconvenience fatal to the continued popularity of any species of poetry, by exposing it in a peculiar degree to ridicule and to parody. Dr. Johnson, whose style of poetry was of a very different and more stately description, could ridicule the ballads of Percy, in such stanzas as these:—

"The tender infant, meek and mild,
Fell down upon a stone:
The nurse took up the squalling child,
But still the child squall'd on;"

with various slipshod imitations of the same quality.³ It did not require his talents to pursue this vein of railery, for it was such as most men could imitate, and all could enjoy. It is, therefore, little wonderful that this sort of composition should be repeatedly laid aside for considerable periods of time, and certainly as little so, that it should have been repeatedly revived, like some forgotten melody, and have again obtained some degree of popularity, until it sunk once more under satire, as well as parody, but, above all, the effects of satiety.

During the thirty years that I have paid some attention to literary matters, the taste for the ancient ballad melody, and for the closer or more distant imitation of that strain of poetry, has more than once arisen, and more than once subsided, in consequence, perhaps, of too unlimited indulgence. That this has been the case in other countries, we know; for the Spanish poet, when he found that the beautiful *Morisco romances* were excluding all other topics, confers upon them a hearty malediction.⁴

A period when this particular taste for the popular ballad was in the most extravagant degree of fashion, became the occasion, unexpectedly indeed, of my deserting the profession to which I was educated, and in which I had sufficiently advantageous prospects for a person of limited ambition. I have, in a former publication, undertaken to mention this circumstance; and I will endeavour to do so with becoming brevity, and without more egotism than is positively exacted by the nature of the story.

I may, in the first place, remark, that although the assertion has been made, and that by persons who seemed satisfied with their authority, it is a mistake to suppose that my situation in life or place in society were materially altered by such success as I attained in literary attempts. My birth, without giving the least pretension to distinction, was that of a gentleman, and connected me with several respectable families and accomplished persons. My education had been a good one, although I was deprived of its full benefit by indifferant health, just at the period when I ought to have been most sedulous in improving it. The young men with whom I was brought up, and lived most familiarly, were those, who, from opportunities, birth, and talents, might be expected to make the greatest advances in the career for which we were all destined; and I have the pleasure still to preserve my youthful intimacy with no inconsiderable number of them, whom their merit has carried forward to the highest honours of their profession. Neither was I in a situation to be embarrassed by the *res amara domi*, which might have otherwise brought

¹ If I am right in what must be a very early recollection, I saw Mr. Cartwright (then a student of medicine at the Edinburgh University) at the house of my maternal grandfather, John Rutherford, M.D.

² Happily altered by an admiring foreigner, who read

"The silent waters stole away"

³ Percy was especially annoyed, according to Boswell, with

"I put my hat upon my head,
And walked into the Strand,
And there I met another man
With his hat in his hand."⁴—Ed.

⁴ See the Introduction to Lockhart's *Spanish Ballads*, 1823, p. xxii.

painful additional obstructions to a path in which progress is proverbially slow. I enjoyed a moderate degree of business for my standing, and the friendship of more than one person of consideration and influence efficiently disposed to aid my views in life. The private fortune, also, which I might expect, and finally inherited, from my family, did not, indeed, amount to affluence, but placed me considerably beyond all apprehension of want. I mention these particulars merely because they are true. Many better men than myself have owed their rise from indigence and obscurity to their own talents, which were, doubtless, much more adequate to the task of raising them than any which I possess. But although it would be absurd and ungracious in me to deny, that I owe to literature many marks of distinction to which I could not otherwise have aspired, and particularly that of securing the acquaintance, and even the friendship, of many remarkable persons of the age, to whom I could not otherwise have made my way; it would, on the other hand, be ridiculous to affect gratitude to the public favour, either for my general position in society, or the means of supporting it with decency, matters which had been otherwise secured under the usual chances of human affairs. Thus much I have thought it necessary to say upon a subject, which is, after all, of very little consequence to any one but myself. I proceed to detail the circumstances which engaged me in literary pursuits.

During the last ten years of the eighteenth century, the art of poetry was at a remarkably low ebb in Britain. Hayley, to whom fashion had some years before ascribed a higher degree of reputation than posterity has confirmed, had now lost his reputation for talent, though he still lived beloved and respected as an amiable and accomplished man. The Bard of Memory slumbered on his laurels, and He of Hope had scarce begun to attract his share of public attention. Cowper, a poet of deep feeling and bright genius, was still alive, indeed; but the hypochondria, which was his mental malady, impeded his popularity. Burns, whose genius our southern neighbours could hardly yet comprehend, had long confined himself to song-writing. Names which are now known and distinguished wherever the English language is spoken, were then only beginning to be mentioned; and, unless among the small number of persons who habitually devote a part of their leisure to literature, even those of Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, were still but little known. The realms of Parnassus, like many a kingdom at the period, seemed to lie open to the first bold invader, whether he should be a daring usurper, or could show a legitimate title of sovereignty.

As far back as 1788, a new species of literature began to be introduced into this country. Germany, long known as a powerful branch of the European confederacy, was then, for the first time, heard of as the cradle of a style of poetry and literature, of a kind much more analogous to that of Britain, than either the French, Spanish, or Italian schools, though all three had been at various times cultivated and imitated among us. The names of Lessing, Klopstock, Schiller, and other German

poets of eminence, were only known in Britain very imperfectly. "The Sorrows of Werter" was the only composition that had attained any degree of popularity, and the success of that remarkable novel, notwithstanding the distinguished genius of the author, was retarded by the nature of its incidents. To the other compositions of Goethe, whose talents were destined to illuminate the age in which he flourished, the English remained strangers, and much more so to Schiller, Burger, and a whole cycle of foreigners of distinguished merit. The obscurity to which German literature seemed to be condemned, did not arise from want of brilliancy in the lights by which it was illuminated, but from the palpable thickness of the darkness by which they were surrounded. Frederick II. of Prussia had given a partial and ungracious testimony against his native language and native literature, and impolitically and unwisely, as well as unjustly, had yielded to the French that superiority in letters, which, after his death, paved the way for their obtaining, for a time, an equal superiority in arms. That great Prince, by setting the example of undervaluing his country in one respect, raised a belief in its general inferiority, and destroyed the manly pride with which a nation is naturally disposed to regard its own peculiar manners and peculiar literature.

Unmoved by the scornful neglect of its sovereigns and nobles, and encouraged by the tide of native genius, which flowed in upon the nation, German literature began to assume a new, interesting, and highly impressive character, to which it became impossible for strangers to shut their eyes. That it exhibited the faults of exaggeration and false taste, almost inseparable from the first attempts at the heroic and at the pathetic, cannot be denied. It was, in a word, the first crop of a rich soil, which throws out weeds as well as flowers with a prolific abundance.

It was so late as the 21st day of April, 1788, that the literary persons of Edinburgh, of whom, at that period, I am better qualified to speak than of those of Britain generally, or especially those of London, were first made aware of the existence of works of genius in a language cognate with the English, and possessed of the same manly force of expression. They learned, at the same time, that the taste which dictated the German compositions was of a kind as nearly allied to the English as their language. Those who were accustomed from their youth to admire Milton and Shakspeare, became acquainted, I may say for the first time, with the existence of a race of poets who had the same lofty ambition to spurn the flaming boundaries of the universe,¹ and investigate the realms of chaos and old night; and of dramatists, who, disclaiming the pedantry of the unities, sought, at the expense of occasional improbabilities and extravagancies, to present life in its scenes of wildest contrast, and in all its boundless variety of character, mingling, without hesitation, livelier with more serious incidents, and exchanging scenes of tragic distress, as they occur in common life, with those of a comic tendency. This emancipation from the rules

1 "Flammantia moenia mundi,"—*Lucretius*.

so servilely adhered to by the French school, and particularly by their dramatic poets, although it was attended with some disadvantages, especially the risk of extravagance and bombast, was the means of giving free scope to the genius of Goëthé, Schiller, and others, which, thus relieved from shackles, was not long in soaring to the highest pitch of poetic sublimity. The late venerable Henry Mackenzie, author of "The Man of Feeling," in an Essay upon the German Theatre, introduced his countrymen to this new species of national literature, the peculiarities of which he traced with equal truth and spirit, although they were at that time known to him only through the imperfect and uncongenial medium of a French translation. Upon the day already mentioned, (21st April 1788,) he read to the Royal Society an Essay on German Literature, which made much noise, and produced a powerful effect. "Germany," he observed, "in her literary aspect, presents herself to observation in a singular point of view; that of a country arrived at maturity, along with the neighbouring nations, in the arts and sciences, in the pleasures and refinements of manners, and yet only in its infancy with regard to writings of taste and imagination. This last path, however, from these very circumstances, she pursues with an enthusiasm which no other situation could perhaps have produced, the enthusiasm which novelty inspires, and which the servility incident to a more cultivated and critical state of literature does not restrain." At the same time, the accomplished critic showed himself equally familiar with the classical rules of the French stage, and failed not to touch upon the acknowledged advantages which these produced, by the encouragement and regulation of taste, though at the risk of repressing genius.

But it was not the dramatic literature alone of the Germans which was hitherto unknown to their neighbours—their fictitious narratives, their ballad poetry, and other branches of their literature, which are particularly apt to bear the stamp of the extravagant and the supernatural, began to occupy the attention of the British literati.

In Edinburgh, where the remarkable coincidence between the German language and that of the Lowland Scottish, encouraged young men to approach this newly discovered spring of literature, a class was formed, of six or seven intimate friends, who proposed to make themselves acquainted with the German language. They were in the habit of living much together, and the time they spent in this new study was felt as a period of great amusement. One source of this diversion was the laziness of one of their number, the present author, who, averse to the necessary toil of grammar and its rules, was in the practice of fighting his way to the knowledge of the German by his acquaintance with the Scottish and Anglo-Saxon dialects, and, of course, frequently committed blunders which were not lost on his more accurate and more studious companions. A more general source of amusement, was the despair of the teacher, on finding it im-

possible to extract from his Scottish students the degree of sensibility necessary, as he thought, to enjoy the beauties of the author to whom he considered it proper first to introduce them. We were desirous to penetrate at once into the recesses of the Teutonic literature, and therefore were ambitious of perusing Goëthé and Schiller, and others whose fame had been sounded by Mackenzie. Dr. Willich, (a medical gentleman,) who was our teacher, was judiciously disposed to commence our studies with the more simple diction of Gesner, and prescribed to us "The Death of Abel," as the production from which our German tasks were to be drawn. The pietistic style of this author was ill adapted to attract young persons of our age and disposition. We could no more sympathize with the overstrained sentimentality of Adam and his family, than we could have had a fellow-feeling with the jolly Faun of the same author, who broke his beautiful jug, and then made a song on it which might have affected all Staffordshire. To sum up the distresses of Dr. Willich, we, with one consent, voted Abel an insufferable bore, and gave the pre-eminence in point of masculine character, to his brother Cain, or even to Lucifer himself. When these jests, which arose out of the sickly monotony and affected ecstasies of the poet, failed to amuse us, we had for our entertainment the unutterable sounds manufactured by a Frenchman, our fellow-student, who, with the economical purpose of learning two languages at once, was endeavouring to acquire German, of which he knew nothing, by means of English, concerning which he was nearly as ignorant. Heaven only knows the notes which he uttered, in attempting, with unpractised organs, to imitate the gutturals of these two intractable languages. At length, in the midst of much laughing and little study, most of us acquired some knowledge, more or less extensive, of the German language, and selected for ourselves, some in the philosophy of Kant, some in the more animated works of the German dramatists, specimens more to our taste than "The Death of Abel."

About this period, or a year or two sooner, the accomplished and excellent Lord Woodhouselee, one of the friends of my youth, made a spirited version of "The Robbers" of Schiller, which I believe was the first published, though an English version appeared soon afterwards in London, as the metropolis then took the lead in every thing like literary adventure. The enthusiasm with which this work was received, greatly increased the general taste for German compositions.

While universal curiosity was thus distinguishing the advancing taste for the German language and literature, the success of a very young student, in a juvenile publication, seemed to show that the prevailing taste in that country might be easily employed as a formidable auxiliary to renewing the spirit of our own, upon the same system as when medical persons attempt, by the transfusion of blood, to pass into the veins of an aged and exhausted patient, the vivacity of the circulation and

1 Alexander Fraser Tytler, a Judge of the Court of Session by the title of Lord Woodhouselee, author of the well-known "Elements of General History," and long emi-

nent as Professor of History in the University of Edinburgh. He died in 1810.—Ed.

liveliness of sensation which distinguish a young subject. The person who first attempted to introduce something like the German taste into English fictitious dramatic and poetical composition, although his works, when first published, engaged general attention, is now comparatively forgotten. I mean Matthew Gregory Lewis, whose character and literary history are so immediately connected with the subject of which I am treating, that a few authentic particulars may be here inserted by one to whom he was well known.¹

Lewis's rank in society was determined by his birth, which, at the same time, assured his fortune. His father was Under-Secretary at War, at that time a very lucrative appointment, and the young poet was provided with a seat in Parliament as soon as his age permitted him to fill it. But his mind did not incline him to politics, or, if it did, they were not of the complexion which his father, attached to Mr. Pitt's administration, would have approved. He was, moreover, indolent, and though possessed of abilities sufficient to conquer any difficulty which might stand in the way of classical attainments, he preferred applying his exertions in a path where they were rewarded with more immediate applause. As he completed his education abroad, he had an opportunity of indulging his inclination for the extraordinary and supernatural, by wandering through the whole enchanted land of German fairy and *diablerie*, not forgetting the paths of her enthusiastic tragedy and romantic poetry.

We are easily induced to imitate what we admire, and Lewis early distinguished himself by a romance in the German taste, called "The Monk." In this work, written in his twentieth year, and founded on the Eastern apologue of the Santon Barsiss, the author introduced supernatural machinery with a courageous consciousness of his own power to manage its ponderous strength, which commanded the respect of his reader. "The Monk" was published in 1795, and, though liable to the objections common to the school to which it belonged, and to others peculiar to itself, placed its author at once high in the scale of men of letters. Nor can that be regarded as an ordinary exertion of genius, to which Charles Fox paid the unusual compliment of crossing the House of Commons that he might congratulate the young author, whose work obtained high praise from many other able men of that able time. The party which approved "The Monk" was at first superior in the lists, and it was some time before the anonymous author of the "Pursuits of Literature" denounced as puerile and absurd the supernatural machinery which Lewis had introduced—

"——— I bear an English heart,
Unused at ghosts or rattling bones to start."

Yet the acute and learned critic betrays some inconsistency in praising the magic of the Italian poets, and complimenting Mrs. Radcliffe for her success in supernatural imagery, for which at the same moment he thus sternly censures her brother novelist.

A more legitimate topic of condemnation was

the indelicacy of particular passages. The present author will hardly be deemed a willing, or at least an interested apologist for an offence equally repugnant to decency and good breeding. But as Lewis at once, and with a good grace, submitted to the voice of censure, and expunged the objectionable passages, we cannot help considering the manner in which the fault was insisted on, after all the amendments had been offered of which the case could admit, as in the last degree ungenerous and uncandid. The pertinacity with which the passages so much found fault with were dwelt upon, seemed to warrant a belief that something more was desired than the correction of the author's errors; and that, where the apologies of extreme youth, foreign education, and instant submission, were unable to satisfy the critics' fury, they must have been determined to act on the severity of the old proverb, "Confess and be hanged." Certain it is, that other persons, offenders in the same degree, have been permitted to sue out their pardon without either retraction or penitence.²

Another peccadillo of the author of "The Monk" was his having borrowed from Musæus, and from the popular tales of the Germans, the singular and striking adventure of the "Bleeding Nun." But the bold and free hand with which he traced some scenes, as well of natural terror as of that which arises from supernatural causes, shows distinctly that the plagiarism could not have been occasioned by any deficiency of invention on his part, though it might take place from wantonness or wilfulness.

In spite of the objections we have stated, "The Monk" was so highly popular, that it seemed to create an epoch in our literature. But the public were chiefly captivated by the poetry with which Mr. Lewis had interspersed his prose narrative. It has now passed from recollection among the changes of literary taste; but many may remember, as well as I do, the effect produced by the beautiful ballad of Durandare," which had the good fortune to be adapted to an air of great sweetness and pathos; by the ghost tale of "Alonzo and Imogene;" and by several other pieces of legendary poetry, which addressed themselves in all the charms of novelty and of simplicity to a public who had for a long time been unused to any regale of the kind. In his poetry as well as his prose, Mr. Lewis had been a successful imitator of the Germans, both in his attachment to the ancient ballad, and in the tone of superstition which they willingly mingle with it. New arrangements of the stanza, and a varied construction of verses, were also adopted, and welcomed as an addition of a new string to the British harp. In this respect, the stanza in which "Alonzo the Brave" is written, was greatly admired, and received as an improvement worthy of adoption into English poetry.

In short, Lewis's works were admired, and the author became famous, not merely through his own merit, though that was of no near quality, but because he had in some measure taken the public by surprise, by using a style of composition, which, like national melodies, is so congenial to the general taste that

¹ See note of Lewis in the *Life of Scott*, vol. ii. p. 8-14.

² See Appendix, Note B.

though it palls by being much hackneyed, it has only to be for a short time forgotten in order to recover its original popularity.

It chanced that, while his fame was at the highest, Mr. Lewis became almost a yearly visitor to Scotland, chiefly from attachment to the illustrious family of Argyle. The writer of these remarks had the advantage of being made known to the most distinguished author of the day, by a lady who belongs by birth to that family, and is equally distinguished by her beauty and accomplishments.¹ Out of this accidental acquaintance, which increased into a sort of intimacy, consequences arose which altered almost all the Scottish ballad-maker's future prospects in life.

In early youth I had been an eager student of Ballad Poetry, and the tree is still in my recollection, beneath which I lay and first entered upon the enchanting perusal of Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry."² although it has long perished in the general blight which affected the whole race of Oriental platanus to which it belonged.³ The taste of another person had strongly encouraged my own researches into this species of legendary lore. But I had never dreamed of an attempt to imitate what gave me so much pleasure.

I had, indeed, tried the metrical translations which were occasionally recommended to us at the High School. I got credit for attempting to do what was enjoined, but very little for the mode in which the task was performed, and I used to feel not a little mortified when my versions were placed in contrast with others of admitted merit. At one period of my schoolboy days I was so far left to my own desires as to become guilty of Verses on a Thunder-storm,⁴ which were much approved of, until a malevolent critic sprung up, in the shape of an apothecary's blue-buskined wife, who affirmed that my most sweet poetry was stolen from an old magazine. I never forgave the imputation, and even now I acknowledge some resentment against the poor woman's memory. She indeed accused me unjustly, when she said I had stolen my brooms ready made; but as I had, like most premature poets, copied all the words and ideas of which my verses consisted, she was so far right. I made one or two faint attempts at verse, after I had undergone this sort of daw-plucking at the hands of the apothecary's wife; but some friend or other always advised me to put my verses in the fire, and, like Dorax in the play, I submitted, though "with a swelling heart." In short, excepting the usual tribute to a mistress's eye-brow, which is the language of passion rather than poetry, I had not for ten years indulged the wish to couple so much as *love* and *dove*, when, finding Lewis in possession of so much reputation, and conceiving that, if I fell behind him in poetical powers, I considerably exceeded him in general information, I suddenly took it into my head to attempt the style of poetry by which he had raised himself to fame.

This idea was hurried into execution, in consequence of a temptation which others, as well as the author, found it difficult to resist. The celebrated ballad of "Lenoré," by Burger, was about this time introduced into England: and it is remarkable, that, written as far back as 1775, it was upwards of twenty years before it was known in Britain, though calculated to make so strong an impression. The wild character of the tale was such as struck the imagination of all who read it, although the idea of the lady's ride behind the spectre horseman had been long before hit upon by an English ballad-maker. But this pretended English original, if in reality it be such, is so dull, flat, and prosaic, as to leave the distinguished German author all that is valuable in his story, by clothing it with a fanciful wildness of expression, which serves to set forth the marvellous tale in its native terror. The ballad of "Lenoré" accordingly possessed general attractions for such of the English as understood the language in which it is written; and, as if there had been a charm in the ballad, no one seemed to cast his eyes upon it without a desire to make it known by translation to his own countrymen, and six or seven versions were accordingly presented to the public. Although the present author was one of those who intruded his translation on the world at this time, he may fairly exculpate himself from the rashness of entering the lists against so many rivals. The circumstances which threw him into this competition were quite accidental, and of a nature tending to show how much the destiny of human life depends upon unimportant occurrences, to which little consequence is attached at the moment.

About the summer of 1793 or 1794, the celebrated Miss Lætitia Aikin, better known as Mrs. Barbauld, paid a visit to Edinburgh, and was received by such literary society as the place then boasted, with the hospitality to which her talents and her worth entitled her. Among others, she was kindly welcomed by the late excellent and admired Professor Dugald Stewart, his lady, and family. It was in their evening society that Miss Aikin drew from her pocket-book a version of "Lenoré," executed by William Taylor, Esq. of Norwich, with as much freedom as was consistent with great spirit and scrupulous fidelity. She read this composition to the company, who were electrified by the tale. It was the more successful, that Mr. Taylor had holdily copied the imitative harmony of the German, and described the spectral journey in language resembling that of the original. Burger had thus painted the ghostly career:

"Und hurre, hurre, hop, hop, hop,
Gings fort in sausendem Galopp,
Dass Ross und Reiter schuonen,
Und Kies und Funken stoben."

The words were rendered by the kindred sounds in English:

many of the happiest days of my youth. (1811.) [See *Life*, vol. i. p. 156.—*Ed.*]

⁴ See these Verses among the "Miscellanies," which follow this "Essay," where also many other pieces from the pen of Sir Walter Scott are now for the first time included in an edition of his Poetical Works. (1841.)

¹ The Lady Charlotte Bury.—*Ed.*

² See *Life of Scott*, vol. i. p. 53.

³ This tree grew in a large garden attached to a cottage at Kelso, the residence of my father's sister, where I spent

"Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede,
 Splash, splash, across the sea;
 Hurra, the dead can ride apace!
 Dost fear to ride with me?"

When Miss Aikie had finished her recitation, she replaced in her pocket-book the paper from which she had read it, and enjoyed the satisfaction of having made a strong impression on the hearers, whose bosoms thrilled yet the deeper, as the ballad was not to be more closely introduced to them.

The author was not present upon this occasion, although he had then the distinguished advantage of being a familiar friend and frequent visitor of Professor Stewart and his family. But he was absent from town while Miss Aikie was in Edinburgh, and it was not until his return that he found all his friends in rapture with the intelligence and good sense of their visitor, but in particular with the wonderful translation from the German, by means of which she had delighted and astonished them. The enthusiastic description given of Burger's ballad, and the broken account of the story, of which only two lines were recollected, inspired the author, who had some acquaintance, as has been said, with the German language, and a strong taste for popular poetry, with a desire to see the original.

This was not a wish easily gratified; German works were at that time seldom found in London for sale—in Edinburgh never. A lady of noble German descent,¹ whose friendship I have enjoyed for many years, found means, however, to procure me a copy of Burger's works from Hamburg. The perusal of the original rather exceeded than disappointed the expectations which the report of Mr. Stewart's family had induced me to form. At length, when the book had been a few hours in my possession, I found myself giving an animated account of the poem to a friend, and rashly added a promise to furnish a copy in English ballad verse.

I well recollect that I began my task after supper, and finished it about daybreak the next morning, by which time the ideas which the task had a tendency to summon up were rather of an uncomfortable character. As my object was much more to make a good translation of the poem for those whom I wished to please, than to acquire any poetical fame for myself, I retained in my translation the two lines which Mr. Taylor had rendered with equal boldness and felicity.

My attempt succeeded far beyond my expectations; and it may readily be believed, that I was induced to persevere in a pursuit which gratified my own vanity, while it seemed to amuse others. I accomplished a translation of "Der Wilde Jäger"—a romantic ballad founded on a superstition universally current in Germany, and known also in Scotland and France. In this I took rather more license than in versifying "Leonoré;" and I balladized one or two other poems of Burger with more or less success. In the course of a few weeks,

¹ Born Countess Harriet Brohl of Martinskircheo, and married to Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden, now Lord Polwarth, the author's relative, and much-valued friend almost from infancy.

² Under the title of "William and Helen."—Ed.

³ This thin quarto was published by Messrs. Mansons and Miller of Edinburgh.—Ed.

my own vanity, and the favourable opinion of friends, interested by the temporary revival of a species of poetry containing a germ of popularity of which perhaps they were not themselves aware, urged me to the decisive step of sending a selection, at least, of my translations to the press, to save the numerous applications which were made for copies. When was there an author deaf to such a recommendation? In 1796, the present author was prevailed on, "by request of friends," to indulge his own vanity by publishing the translation of "Leonoré,"² with that of "The Wild Huntsman," in a thin quarto.³

The fate of this, my first publication, was by no means flattering. I distributed so many copies among my friends as, according to the booksellers, materially to interfere with the sale; and the number of translations which appeared in England about the same time, including that of Mr. Taylor, to which I had been so much indebted, and which was published in "The Monthly Magazine," were sufficient to exclude a provincial writer from competition. However different my success might have been, had I been fortunate enough to have led the way in the general scramble for precedence, my efforts sunk unnoticed when launched at the same time with those of Mr. Taylor (upon whose property I had committed the kind of piracy already noticed, and who generously forgave me the invasion of his rights); of my ingenious and amiable friend of many years, William Robert Spenser; of Mr. Pye, the laureate of the day, and many others besides. In a word, my adventure, where so many pushed off to sea, proved a dead loss, and a great part of the edition was condemned to the service of the trunk-maker. Nay, so complete was the failure of the unfortunate ballads, that the very existence of them was soon forgotten; and, in a newspaper, in which I very lately read, to my no small horror, a most appalling list of my own various publications, I saw this, my first offence, had escaped the industrious collector, for whose indefatigable research I may in gratitude wish a better object.⁴

The failure of my first publication did not operate, in any unpleasant degree, either on my feelings or spirits. I was coldly received by strangers, but my reputation began rather to increase among my own friends, and, on the whole, I was more bent to show the world that it had neglected something worth notice, than to be affronted by its indifference. Or rather, to speak candidly, I found pleasure in the literary labour in which I had, almost by accident, become engaged, and laboured, less in the hope of pleasing others, though certainly without despair of doing so, than in the pursuit of a new and agreeable amusement to myself. I pursued the German language keenly, and, though far from being a correct scholar, became a bold and daring reader, nay, even translator, of various dramatic pieces from that tongue.⁵

⁴ The list here referred to was drawn up and inserted in the Caledonian Mercury, by Mr. James Shaw, for nearly forty years past in the house of Sir Walter Scott's publishers, Messrs. Constable and Cadell, of Edinburgh.—Ed. (See it in *Life of Scott*, vol. x. pp. 260-276.)

⁵ Sir Walter Scott's second publication was a translation of Goethe's drama of Goetz of Berlichingen with the Iron

The want of books at that time, (about 1796) was a great interruption to the rapidity of my movements; for the young do not know, and perhaps my own contemporaries may have forgotten, the difficulty with which publications were then procured from the continent. The worthy and excellent friend, of whom I gave a sketch many years afterwards in the person of Jonathan Oldbuck,¹ procured me Adeluog's Dictionary, through the mediation of Father Pepper, a monk of the Scotch College of Ratisbon. Other wants of the same nature were supplied by Mrs. Scott of Harden, whose kindness in a similar instance I have had already occasion to acknowledge. Through this lady's connections on the continent, I obtained copies of Burger, Schiller, Goethe, and other standard German works; and though the obligation be of a distant date, it still remains impressed on my memory, after a life spent in a constant interchange of friendship and kindness with that family, which is, according to Scottish ideas, the head of my house.

Being thus furnished with the necessary originals, I began to translate on all sides, certainly without any thing like an accurate knowledge of the language; and although the dramas of Goethe, Schiller, and others, powerfully attracted one whose early attention to the German had been arrested by Mackenzie's Dissertation, and the play of "The Robbers," yet the ballad poetry, in which I had made a bold essay, was still my favourite. I was yet more delighted on finding, that the old English, and especially the Scottish language, were so nearly similar to the German, not in sound merely, but in the turn of phrase, that they were capable of being rendered line for line, with very little variation.²

By degrees, I acquired sufficient confidence to attempt the imitation of what I admired. The ballad called "Glenfinlas" was, I think, the first original poem which I ventured to compose. As it is supposed to be a translation from the Gaelic, I considered myself as liberated from imitating the antiquated language and rude rhythm of the Minstrel ballad. A versification of an Ossianic fragment came nearer to the idea I had formed of my task; for although controversy may have arisen concerning the authenticity of these poems, yet I never heard it disputed, by those whom an accurate knowledge of the Gaelic rendered competent judges, that in their spirit and diction they nearly resemble fragments of poetry extant in that language, to the genuine antiquity of which no doubt can attach. Indeed, the celebrated dispute on that subject is something like the more bloody, though scarce fiercer controversy, about the Popish Plot in Charles the Second's time, concerning which Dryden has said—

"Succeeding times will equal folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all."

The Celtic people of Erin and Albyn had, in

short, a style of poetry properly called national, though Macpherson was rather an excellent poet than a faithful editor and translator. This style and fashion of poetry, existing in a different language, was supposed to give the original of "Glenfinlas," and the author was to pass for one who had used his best command of English to do the Gaelic model justice. In one point, the incidents of the poem were irreconcilable with the costume of the times in which they were laid. The ancient Highland chieftains, when they had a mind to "hout the dun deer down," did not retreat into solitary bothies, or trust the success of the chase to their own unassisted exertions, without a single gille to help them; they assembled their clan, and all partook of the sport, forming a ring, or enclosure, called the Tinchell, and driving the prey towards the most distinguished persons of the hunt. This course would not have suited me, so Ronald and Moy were cooped up in their solitary wigwam, like two moorfowl-shooters of the present day.

After "Glenfinlas," I undertook another ballad, called "The Eve of St. John." The incidents, except the hints alluded to in the marginal notes, are entirely imaginary, but the scene was that of my early childhood. Some idle persons had of late years, during the proprietor's absence, torn the iron-grated door of Smallholm Tower from its hinges, and thrown it down the rock. I was an earnest soitor to my friend and kinsman, Mr. Scott of Harden, already mentioned, that the dilapidation might be put a stop to, and the mischief repaired. This was readily promised, on condition that I should make a ballad, of which the scene should lie at Smallholm Tower, and among the crags where it is situated.³ The ballad was approved of, as well as its companion "Glenfinlas;" and I remember that they procured me many marks of attention and kindness from Duke John of Roxburgh, who gave me the unlimited use of that celebrated collection of volumes from which the Roxburgh Club derives its name.

Thus I was set up for a poet, like a pedlar who has got two ballads to begin the world upon, and I hastened to make the round of all my acquaintances, showing my precious wares, and requesting criticism—a boon which no author asks in vain. For it may be observed, that, in the fine arts, those who are in no respect able to produce any specimens themselves, hold themselves not the less entitled to decide upon the works of others; and no doubt, with justice to a certain degree; for the merits of composition produced for the express purpose of pleasing the world at large, can only be judged of by the opinion of individuals, and perhaps, as in the case of Moliere's old woman, the less sophisticated the person consulted so much the better.⁴ But I was ignorant, at the time I speak of, that though the applause of the many may justly appreciate the general merits of a piece, it is

Hand, which appeared in 1799. He about the same time translated several other German plays, which yet remain in MS.—Ed.

¹ The late George Constable, Esq. See Introduction to the Antiquary, Waverley Novels, vol. v. p. iv.—Ed.

² See Appendix, Note C.

³ This is of little consequence, except in as far as it con-

tradicts a story which I have seen in print, averring that Mr. Scott of Harden was himself about to destroy this ancient building; than which nothing can be more inaccurate.

⁴ See the account of a conversation between Sir Walter Scott and Sir Thomas Lawrence, in "Cunningham's Lives of British Painters," &c. vol. vi. p. 236.—Ed.

not so safe to submit such a performance to the more minute criticism of the same individuals, when each, in turn, having seated himself in the censor's chair, has placed his mind in a critical attitude, and delivers his opinion sententiously and *ex cathedra*. General applause was in almost every case freely tendered, but the abatements in the way of proposed alterations and corrections, were cruelly puzzling. It was in vain the young author, listening with becoming modesty, and with a natural wish to please, cut and carved, tinkered and coopered, upon his unfortunate ballads—it was in vain that he placed, displaced, replaced, and misplaced; every one of his advisers was displeased with the concessions made to his co-assessors, and the author was blamed by some one, in almost every case, for having made two holes in attempting to patch up one.

At last, after thinking seriously on the subject, I wrote out a fair copy, (of *Glenfinlas*, I think,) and marked all the various corrections which had been proposed. On the whole, I found that I had been required to alter every verse, almost every line, and the only stanzas of the whole ballad which escaped criticism were two which could neither be termed good nor bad, speaking of them as poetry, but were of a mere commonplace character, absolutely necessary for conducting the business of the tale. This unexpected result, after about a fortnight's anxiety, led me to adopt a rule from which I have seldom departed during more than thirty years of literary life. When a friend, whose judgment I respect, has decided, and upon good advisement told me, that a manuscript was worth nothing, or at least possessed no redeeming qualities sufficient to atone for its defects, I have generally cast it aside; but I am little in the custom of paying attention to minute criticisms, or of offering such to any friend who may do me the honour to consult me. I am convinced, that, in general, in removing even errors of a trivial or venial kind, the character of originality is lost, which, upon the whole, may be that which is most valuable in the production.

About the time that I shook hands with criticism, and reduced my ballads back to the original form, stripping them without remorse of those "lendings" which I had adopted at the suggestion of others, an opportunity unexpectedly offered of introducing to the world what had hitherto been confined to a circle of friends. Lewis had announced a collection, first intended to bear the title of "Tales of Terror," and afterwards published under that of "Tales of Wonder." As this was to be a collection of tales turning on the preternatural, there were risks in the plan of which the ingenious editor was not aware. The supernatural, though appealing to certain powerful emotions very widely and deeply sown amongst the human race, is, nevertheless, a spring which is peculiarly apt to lose its elasticity by being too much pressed on, and a collection of ghost stories is not more likely to be terrible, than a collection of jests to be merry or entertaining. But although the very title of the proposed work carried in it an obstruction to its effect, this was far from being suspected at the time, for the popularity of the editor, and of his compositions, seemed a war-

rant for his success. The distinguished favour with which the "Castle Spectre" was received upon the stage, seemed an additional pledge for the safety of his new attempt. I readily agreed to contribute the ballads of "Glenfinlas" and of "The Eve of Saint John," with one or two others of less merit; and my friend Dr. Leyden became also a contributor. Mr. Southey, a tower of strength, added "The Old Woman of Berkeley," "Lord William," and several other interesting ballads of the same class, to the proposed collection.

In the meantime, my friend Lewis found it no easy matter to discipline his northern recruits. He was a martinet, if I may so term him, in the accuracy of rhymes and of numbers; I may add, he had a right to be so, for few persons have exhibited more mastery of rhyme, or greater command over the melody of verse. He was, therefore, rigid in exacting similar accuracy from others, and as I was quite unaccustomed to the mechanical part of poetry, and used rhymes which were merely permissible, as readily as those which were legitimate, contests often arose amongst us, which were exasperated by the pertinacity of my Mentor, who, as all who knew him can testify, was no grantor of propositions. As an instance of the obstinacy with which I had so lately adopted a tone of defiance to criticism, the reader will find in the Appendix¹ a few specimens of the lectures which I underwent from my friend Lewis, and which did not at the time produce any effect on my inflexibility, though I did not forget them at a future period.

The proposed publication of the "Tales of Wonder" was, from one reason or another, postponed till the year 1801, a circumstance by which, of itself, the success of the work was considerably impeded; for protracted expectation always leads to disappointment. But besides, there were circumstances of various kinds which contributed to its depreciation, some of which were imputable to the editor, or author, and some to the bookseller.

The former remained insensible of the passion for ballads and ballad-mongers having been for some time on the wane, and that with such alteration in the public taste, the chance of success in that line was diminished. What had been at first received as simple and natural, was now sneered at as puerile and extravagant. Another objection was, that my friend Lewis had a high but mistaken opinion of his own powers of humour. The truth was, that though he could throw some gaiety into his lighter pieces, after the manner of the French writers, his attempts at what is called pleasantry in English wholly wanted the quality of humour, and were generally failures. But this he would not allow; and the "Tales of Wonder" were filled, in a sense, with attempts at comedy, which might be generally accounted abortive.

Another objection, which might have been more easily foreseen, subjected the editor to a charge of which Mat Lewis was entirely incapable,—that of collusion with his publisher in an undue attack on the pockets of the public. The "Tales of Wonder" formed a work in

¹ I See Appendix, Note D.

royal octavo, and were, by large printing, *driven out*, as it is technically termed, to two volumes, which were sold at a high price. Purchasers mourned at finding that this size had been attained by the insertion of some of the best known pieces of the English language, such as Dryden's "Theodore and Honoria," Parnell's "Hermit," Lisle's "Porsenna King of Russia," and many other popular poems of old date, and generally known, which ought not in conscience to have made part of a set of tales, "written and collected" by a modern author. His bookseller was also accused in the public prints, whether truly or not I am uncertain, of having attempted to secure to himself the entire profits of the large sale which he expected, by refusing to his brethren the allowances usually, if not in all cases, made to the retail trade.

Lewis, one of the most liberal as well as benevolent of mankind, had not the least participation in these proceedings of his bibliopolist; but his work sunk under the obloquy which was heaped on it by the offended parties. The book was termed "Tales of Plunder," was censured by reviewers, and attacked in newspapers and magazines. A very clever parody was made on the style and the person of the author, and the world laughed as willingly as if it had never applauded.

Thus, owing to the failure of the vehicle I had chosen, my efforts to present myself before the public as an original writer proved as vain as those by which I had previously endeavoured to distinguish myself as a translator. Like Lord Home, however, at the battle of Flodden, I did so far well, that I was able to stand and save myself; and amidst the general depreciation of the "Tales of Wonder," my small share of the obnoxious publication was dismissed without much censure, and in some cases obtained praise from the critics.

The consequence of my escape made me

naturally more daring, and I attempted, in my own name, a collection of ballads of various kinds, both ancient and modern, to be connected by the common tie of relation to the Border districts in which I had gathered the materials. The original preface explains my purpose, and the assistance of various kinds which I met with. The edition was curious, as being the first work printed by my friend and school-fellow, Mr. James Ballantyne, who, at that period, was editor of a provincial newspaper, called "The Kelso Mail." When the book came out, in 1802, the imprint, Kelso, was read with wonder by amateurs of typography, who had never heard of such a place, and were astonished at the example of handsome printing which so obscure a town produced.

As for the editorial part of the task, my attempt to imitate the plan and style of Bishop Percy, observing only more strict fidelity concerning my originals, was favourably received by the public, and there was a demand within a short space for a second edition, to which I proposed to add a third volume. Messrs. Cadell and Davies, the first publishers of the work, declined the publication of this second edition, which was undertaken, at a very liberal price, by the well-known firm of Messrs. Longman and Kees of Paternoster Row. My progress in the literary career, in which I might now be considered as seriously engaged, the reader will find briefly traced in an Introduction prefixed to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

In the meantime, the Editor has accomplished his proposed task of acquainting the reader with some particulars respecting the modern imitations of the Ancient Ballad, and the circumstances which gradually, and almost insensibly, engaged himself in that species of literary employment.

W. S.

Abbotsford, April 1830.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

THE PRODUCTION OF MODERN AS ANCIENT BALLADS.

P. 464.

This failure applies to the repairs and refaciments of old ballads, as well as to complete imitations. In the beautiful and simple ballad of Gil Morris, some affected person has stuck in one or two factitious verses, which, like vulgar persons in a drawing-room, betray themselves by their over-finery. Thus, after the simple and affecting verse which prepares the readers for the coming tragedy,

"Gil Morrice sat in good green wood,
He whistled and he sang:
'O, what mean a' yon folk coming,
My mother tarries lang!'"

some such "vicious intruder" as we have described, (to use a barbarous phrase for a barbarous proceeding,) has inserted the following quintessence of affectation:—

"His locks were like the threads of gold
Drawn from Minerva's loom;
His lips like roses drapping dew,
His breath was a' perfume.

"His brow was like the mountain snow,
Gilt by the morning beam;
His cheeks like living roses blow,
His een like azure stream.

"The boy was clad in robes of green,
Sweet as the infant spring;
And, like the mavis on the bush,
He gart the valleys ring."

NOTE B.

M. G. LEWIS.

P. 469.

In justice to a departed friend, I have subjoined his own defence against an accusation so remorselessly persisted in. The following is an extract of a letter to his father:—

Feb. 23, 1798.

"My dear Father,—Though certain that the clamour raised against 'The Monk' cannot have given you the smallest doubt of the rectitude of my intentions, or the purity of my principles, yet I am conscious that it must have grieved you to find any doubts on the subject existing in the minds of other people. To express my sorrow for having given you pain is my motive for now addressing you, and also to assure you, that you shall not feel that pain a second time on my account. Having made you feel it at all, would be a sufficient reason, had I no others, to make me regret having published the first edition of 'The Monk;' but I have others, weaker, indeed, than the one mentioned, but still sufficiently strong. I perceive that I have put too much confidence in the accuracy of my own judgment; that, convinced of my object being unexceptionable, I did not sufficiently examine whether the means by which I attained that object were equally so; and that, upon my accounts, I have to accuse myself of high imprudence. Let me, however, observe, that twenty is not the age at which prudence is most to be expected. Inexperience prevented my distinguishing what would give offence; but as soon as I found that offence was given, I made the only reparation in my power—I carefully revised the work, and expunged every syllable on which could be grounded the slightest construction of immorality. This, indeed, was no difficult task; for the objections rested entirely on expressions too strong, and words carelessly chosen, not on the sentiments, characters, or general tendency of the work;—that the latter is *undeserving* censure, Addison will vouch for me. The moral and outline of my story are taken from an allegory inserted by him in the 'Guardian,' and which he commends highly for ability of invention, and 'propriety of object.' Unluckily, in working it up, I thought that the stronger my colours, the more effect would my picture produce; and it never struck me, that the exhibition of vice in her *temporary triumph*, might possibly do as much harm, as her final *exposure* and *punishment* could do good. To do much good, indeed, was more than I expected of my book; having always believed that our conduct depends on our own hearts and characters, not on the books we read, or the sen-

timents we hear. But though I did not hope much benefit to arise from the perusal of a trifling romance, written by a *youth of twenty*, I was in my own mind convinced, that no harm could be produced by a work whose subject was furnished by one of our best moralists, and in the composition of which, I did not introduce a single incident, or a single character, without meaning to illustrate some maxim universally allowed. It was then with infinite surprise, that I heard the outcry raised against the" * * * * *

[I regret that the letter, though once perfect, now only exists in my possession as a fragment.]

NOTE C.

GERMAN BALLADS.

P. 472.

Among the popular Ballads, or Volkslieder, of the celebrated Herder, is (take one instance out of many) a version of the old Scottish song of "Sir Patrick Spence," in which, but for difference of orthography, the two languages can be scarcely distinguished from each other. For example—

"The King sits in Dunfermling town,
Drinking the blood red wine;
'Where will I get a good skipper
To sail this ship of mine?'"

"Der Kæoig sitzt in Dumfermling Schloss:
Er trinkt blutrothe Wein;
'O wo triff ich einen Segler gut
Dies Schiff zu segeln mein?'"

In like manner, the opening stanza of "Child Waters," and many other Scottish ballads, fall as naturally and easily into the German habits and forms of speech, as if they had originally been composed in that language:

"About Yule, when the wind was cule,
And the round tables began,
O there is come to our king's court
Mony weel favour'd man."

"In Christmessfest, in winter kalt,
Als Tafel rund began,
Da kam zu Konig's Hoff and Hall
Manch wackrer Ritter an."

It requires only a smattering of both languages, to see at what cheap expense, even of vocables and rhymes, the popular poetry of the one may be transferred to the other. Hardly any thing is more flattering to a Scottish student of German; it resembles the unexpected discovery of an old friend in a foreign land.

NOTE D.

EXTRACTS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF
M. G. LEWIS.

P. 473.

My attention was called to this subject, which is now of an old date, by reading the following passage in Medwin's "Account of Some Passages in Lord Byron's later Years." Lord Byron is supposed to speak. "When Walter Scott began to write poetry, which was

not at a very early age. Monk Lewis corrected his verse: he understood little then of the mechanical part of the art. The Fire King, in the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' was almost all Lewis's. One of the ballads in that work, and, except some of Leyden's, perhaps one of the best, was made from a story picked up in a stage-coach; I mean, that of 'Will Jones.'

'They boill'd Will Jones within the pot,
And not much fat had Will.'

"I hope Walter Scott did not write the review on 'Christabel': for he certainly, in common with many of us, is indebted to Coleridge. But for him, perhaps, 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' would never have been thought of. The line,

'Jesu Maria shield thee well!'

is word for word from Coleridge."

There are some parts of this passage extremely mistaken and exaggerated, as generally attends any attempt to record what passes in casual conversation, which resembles, in difficulty, the experiments of the old chemists for fixing quicksilver.

The following is a specimen of my poor friend Lewis's criticism on my juvenile attempts at ballad poetry; severe enough, perhaps, but for which I was much indebted to him, as forcing upon the notice of a young and careless author hints which the said author's vanity made him unwilling to attend to, but which were absolutely necessary to any hope of his ultimate success.

Supposed 1799.

"Thank you for your revised 'Glenfinliss.' I grumble, but say no more on this subject, although I hope you will not be so inflexible on that of your other Ballads; for I do not despair of convincing you in time, that a *bad* rhyme is, in fact, no rhyme at all. You desired me to point out my objections, leaving you at liberty to make use of them or not; and so have at 'Frederic and Alice.' Stanza 1st, '*hies*' and '*joys*' are not rhymes; the 1st stanza ends with '*joys*;' the 2d begins with '*joying*.' In the 4th, there is too sudden a change of tenses, '*flows*' and '*rose*.' 6th, 7th, and 8th, I like much. 9th. Does not '*ring his ears*' sound ludicrous in yours! The first idea that presents itself is, that his ears were pulled; but even the *ringing of the ears* does not please. 12th, '*Shower*' and '*roor*,' not rhymes. '*Sail*' and '*aisle*,' in the 13th, are not much better; but '*had*' and '*descried*' are execrable. In the 14th, '*bar*' and '*stair*' are ditto; and '*groping*' is a nasty word. Vide Johnson, '*He gropes his breeches with a monarch's oir*.' In the 15th, you change your metre, which has always an unpleasant effect; and '*safe*' and '*receive*' rhyme just about as well as Scott and Lewis would. 16th, '*within*' and '*strain*' are not rhymes. 17th, '*hear*' and '*oir*,' not rhymes. 18th, Two metres are mixed; the same objection to the third line of the 19th. Observe that, in the Ballad, I do not always object to a variation of metre; but then it ought to increase the melody, whereas, in my opinion, in these instances it is diminished.

"The Chase.—12th, The 2d line reads very harshly; and '*choir*' and '*lore*' are not rhymes.

13th, '*Rides*' and '*side*' are not rhymes. 30th, '*Pow*' and '*obscure*,' not rhymes. 40th, '*Spreads*' and '*invades*' are not rhymes. 46th, '*Rends*' and '*ascend*' are not rhymes.

"William and Helen.—In order that I may bring it nearer the original title, pray introduce, in the first stanza, the name of *Ellenora*, instead of *Ellen*. '*Crusade*' and '*sped*' not rhymes in the 2d. 3d, '*Made*' and '*shed*' are not rhymes; and if they were, come too close to the rhymes in the 2d. In the 4th, '*Joy*' and '*victory*' are not rhymes. 7th, The first line wants a verb, otherwise is not intelligible. 13th, '*Grace*' and '*bliss*' are not rhymes. 14th, '*Bale*' and '*hell*' are not rhymes. 18th, '*Vain*' and '*fruitless*' is tautology; and as a verb is wanted, the line will run better thus, 'And vain is every prayer' 19th. Is not '*to her*' absolutely necessary in the 4th line? 20th, '*Grace*' and '*bliss*' not rhymes. 21st, '*Bale*' and '*hell*' not rhymes. 22d, I do not like the word '*spent*.' 23d, '*O'er*' and '*star*' are vile rhymes. 26th, A verb is wanted in the 4th line; better thus, 'Then whispers thus a voice.' 28th, Is not '*Is't thou, my love!*' better than '*My love! my love!*' 31st, If '*wight*' means, as I conjecture, '*enchanted*,' does not this let the cat out of the bag? Ought not the spur to be *sharp* rather than *bright*? In the 4th line, '*Stay*' and '*day*' jingle together: would it not be better, 'I must be gone e'er day?' 32d, '*Steed*' and '*bed*' are not rhymes. 34th, '*Bride*' and '*bed*' not rhymes. 35th, '*Seat*' and '*await*,' not rhymes. 39th, '*Keep hold*' and '*sil fast*' seem to my ear vulgar and prosaic. 40th, The 4th line is defective in point of English, and, indeed, I do not quite understand the meaning. 43d, '*Arose*' and '*pursues*' are not rhymes. 45th, I am not pleased with the epithet '*savage*;' and the latter part of the stanza is, to me, unintelligible. 49th, Is it not closer to the original in line 3d to say, 'Swift ride the dead?' 50th, Does the rain 'whistle?' 55th, line 3d. Does it express, 'Is Helen afraid of them?' 59th, '*Door*' and '*flower*' do not rhyme together. 60th, '*Scared*' and '*heard*' are not rhymes. 63d, '*Bone*' and '*skeleton*' not rhymes. 64th. The last line sounds ludicrous; one fancies the heroine coming down with a plump, and sprawling upon her bottom. I have now finished my severe examination, and pointed out every objection which I think can be suggested."

6th January, 1799.

—Wellwyn.—99.

"Dear Scott,—Your last Ballad reached me just as I was stepping into my chaise to go to Brouet Hall, (Lord Melbourne's,) so I took it with me, and exhibited both that and *Glenfinliss* with great success. I must not, however, conceal from you, that nobody understood the *Lady Flora of Glengyle* to be a disguised demon till the catastrophe arrived: and that the opinion was universal, that some previous stanzas ought to be introduced descriptive of the nature and office of the *Wayward Ladies of the Wood*. William Lamb, I too, (who writes good verses himself, and, therefore, may be allowed to judge those of other people,) was decidedly for the omission of the last stanza but one. These were the only objec-

tions started. I thought it as well that you should know them, whether you attend to them or not. With regard to *St. John's Eve*, I like it much, and, instead of finding fault with its broken metre, I approve of it highly. I think, in this last Ballad, you have hit off the ancient manner better than in your former ones. *Glenfinias*, for example, is more like a polished tale, than an old Ballad. But why, in verse 6th, is the Baron's helmet backed and hewed, if (as we are given to understand) he had assassinated his enemy? Ought not *lore* to be *lorn*? *Tore* seems to me not English. In verse 16th, the last line is word for word from *Gil Morrice*. 21st, 'Floor' and 'tower' are not rhymes." &c. &c. &c.

The gentleman noticed in the following letter, as partaker in the author's heresies respecting rhyme, had the less occasion to justify such license, as his own have been singularly accurate. Mr. Smythe is now Professor of Modern History at Cambridge.

"London, January 24, 1799.

"I must not omit telling you, for your own comfort, and that of all such persons as are wicked enough to make bad rhymes, that Mr. Smythe (a very clever man at Cambridge) took great pains the other day to convince me, not merely that a bad rhyme might pass, but that occasionally a bad rhyme was better than a good one!!!!!! I need not tell you that he left me as great an infidel on this subject as he found me.

"Ever yours,

"M. G. LEWIS."

The next letter respects the Ballad called the "Fire King," stated by Captain Medwin to be almost all Lewis's. This is an entire misconception. Lewis, who was very fond of his idea of four elementary kings, had prevailed on me to supply a Fire King. After being repeatedly urged to the task, I sat down one day after dinner, and wrote the "Fire King," as it was published in the "Tales of Wonder." The next extract gives an account of the manner in which Lewis received it, which was not very favourable; but instead of writing the greater part, he did not write a single word of it. Dr. Leyden, now no more, and another gentleman who still survives, were sitting at my side while I wrote it; nor did my occupation prevent the circulation of the bottle.

Leyden wrote a Ballad for the Cloud King, which is mentioned in the ensuing extract. But it did not answer Mat's ideas, either in the colour of the wings, or some point of costume equally important; so Lewis, who was

otherwise fond of the Ballad, converted it into the Eifin King, and wrote a Cloud King himself, to finish the hierarchy in the way desired.

There is a leading mistake in the passage from Captain Medwin. "The *Munstrely* of the Border" is spoken of, but what is meant is the "Tales of Wonder." The former work contains none of the Ballads mentioned by Mr. Medwin—the latter has them all. Indeed, the dynasty of Elemental Kings were written entirely for Mr. Lewis's publication.

My intimate friend, William Clerk, Esq. was the person who heard the legend of Bill Jones told in a mail-coach by a sea captain, who imagined himself to have seen the ghost to which it relates. The tale was versified by Lewis himself. I forget where it was published, but certainly in no miscellany or publication of mine.

I have only to add, in allusion to the passage I have quoted, that I never wrote a word parodying either Mr. Coleridge or any one else, which, in that distinguished instance, it would have been most ungracious in me to have done; for which the reader will see reasons in the Introduction to "The Lay of the Last Munstrel."

"London, 3d February, 1800.

"Dear Scott,—I return you many thanks for your Ballad, and the Extract, and I shall be very much obliged to your friend for the 'Cloud King.' I must, however, make one criticism upon the Stanzas which you sent me. The Spirit, being a wicked one, must not have such delicate wings as pale blue ones. He has nothing to do with Heaven except to deface it with storms; and therefore, in 'The Monk,' I have fitted him with a pair of sable pinions, to which I must request your friend to adapt his Stanza. With the others I am much pleased, as I am with your *Fire King*; but every body makes the same objection to it, and expresses a wish that you had conformed your Spirit to the description given of him in 'The Monk,' where his office is to play the Will o' the Wisp, and lead travellers into bogs, &c. It is also objected to, his being removed from his native land, Denmark, to Palestine; and that the office assigned to him in your Ballad has nothing peculiar to the 'Fire King,' but would have suited Arimanes, Beelzebub, or any other evil spirit, as well. However, the Ballad itself I think very pretty. I suppose you have heard from Bell respecting the copies of the Ballads. I was too much distressed at the time to write myself," &c. &c.

"M. G. L."

CONTRIBUTIONS

TO

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.

IMITATIONS OF THE ANCIENT BALLAD.

Thomas the Rhymer.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART FIRST.—ANCIENT.

Few persons are so renowned in tradition as Thomas of Erchildoune, known by the appellation of *The Rhymer*. Uniting, or supposing to unite, in his person, the powers of poetical composition, and of vaticination, his memory, even after the lapse of five hundred years, is regarded with veneration by his countrymen. To give any thing like a certain history of this remarkable man would be indeed difficult; but the curious may derive some satisfaction from the particulars here brought together.

It is agreed on all hands, that the residence, and probably the birthplace, of this ancient bard, was Erchildoune, a village situated upon the Leader, two miles above its junction with the Tweed. The ruins of an ancient tower are still pointed out as the Rhymer's castle. The uniform tradition bears, that his surname was Lermont, or Learmont; and that the appellation of *The Rhymer* was conferred on him in consequence of his poetical compositions. There remains, nevertheless, some doubt upon the subject. In a chapter, which is subjoined at length,¹ the son of our poet designed himself "Thomas of Erchildoun, son and heir of Thomas Rymour of Erchildoun," which seems to imply that the father did not bear the hereditary name of Learmont; or, at least, was better known and distinguished by the epithet, which he had acquired by his personal accomplishments. I must, however, remark, that, down to a very late period, the practice of distinguishing the parties, even in formal writings, by the epithets which had been bestowed on them from personal circumstances, instead of the proper surnames of their families, was common, and indeed necessary, among the Border clans. So early as the end of the thirteenth century, when surnames were hardly

introduced in Scotland, this custom must have been universal. There is, therefore, nothing inconsistent in supposing our poet's name to have been actually Learmont, although, in this chapter, he is distinguished by the popular appellation of *The Rhymer*.

We are better able to ascertain the period at which Thomas of Erchildoune lived, being the latter end of the thirteenth century. I am inclined to place his death a little farther back than Mr. Pinkerton, who supposes that he was alive in 1300, (*List of Scottish Poets*.) which is hardly, I think, consistent with the charter already quoted, by which his son, in 1299, for himself and his heirs, conveys to the convent of the Trinity of Soltra, the tenement which he possessed by inheritance (*hereditaire*) in Erchildoune, with all claim which he or his predecessors could pretend thereto. From this we may infer, that the Rhymer was now dead, since we find the son disposing of the family property. Still, however, the argument of the learned historian will remain unimpeached as to the time of the poet's birth. For if, as we learn from Barbour, his prophecies were held in reputation² as early as 1306, when Bruce slew the Red Cummin, the sanctity, and (let me add to Mr. Pinkerton's words) the uncertainty of antiquity, must have already involved his character and writings. In a charter of Peter de Haga de Bemersyde, which unfortunately wants a date, the Rhymer, a near neighbour, and, if we may trust tradition, a friend of the family, appears as a witness.—*Charterulary of Melrose.*

It cannot be doubted, that Thomas of Erchildoune was a remarkable and important person in his own time, since, very shortly after his death, we find him celebrated as a prophet and as a poet. Whether he himself made any pretensions to the first of these characters, or whether it was gratuitously conferred upon him by the credulity of posterity, it seems difficult to decide. If we may believe Mackenzie, Learmont only verified the prophecies delivered by Eliza, an inspired nun of a convent at Haddington. But of this there seems

¹ See Appendix, Note A.

² The lines alluded to are these:—

"I hope that Thomas's prophecies,
Of Erchildoun, shall truly be,
In him," &c.

not to be the most distant proof. On the contrary, all ancient authors, who quote the Rhymer's prophecies, uniformly suppose them to have been emitted by himself. Thus, in Winton's *Chronicle*—

“Of this fycht quilm spak Thomas
Of Eryldoune, that sayd in derne,
There suld met staitwarty, starke and
sterne.

He sayd it in his prophecy;
But how he wist it was *ferly*.”

Book viii. chap. 32.

There could have been no *ferly* (marvel) in Winton's eyes at least, how Thomas came by his knowledge of future events, had he ever heard of the inspired nun of Haddington, which, it cannot be doubted, would have been a solution of the mystery, much to the taste of the Prior of Lochleven.

Whatever doubts, however, the learned might have, as to the source of the Rhymer's prophetic skill, the vulgar had no hesitation to ascribe the whole to the intercourse between the bard and the Queen of Faery. The popular tale bears, that Thomas was carried off, at an early age, to the Fairy Land, where he acquired all the knowledge, which made him afterwards so famous. After seven years' residence, he was permitted to return to the earth, to enlighten and astonish his countrymen by his prophetic powers; still, however, remaining bound to return to his royal mistress, when she should intimate her pleasure. Accordingly, while Thomas was making merry with his friends in the Tower of Erildoune, a person came running in, and told, with marks of fear and astonishment, that a hart and hind had left the neighbouring forest, and were, composedly and slowly, parading the street of the village.¹ The prophet instantly arose, left his habitation, and followed the wonderful animals to the forest, whence he was never seen to return. According to the popular belief, he still “drees his weid” in Fairy Land, and is one day expected to revisit earth. In the meanwhile, his memory is held in the most profound respect. The Eildon Tree, from beneath the shade of which he delivered his prophecies, now no longer exists; but the spot is marked by a large stone, called Eildon Tree Stone. A neighbouring rivulet takes the name of the Bogle Burn (Goblin Brook) from the Rhymer's supernatural visitants. The veneration paid to his dwelling-place even attached itself in some degree to a person, who, within the memory of man, chose to set up his residence in the ruins of Learmont's tower. The name of this man was Murray, a kind of herbalist; who, by dint of some knowledge in simples, the possession of a musical clock, an electrical machine, and a stuffed alligator, added to a supposed communication with Thomas the Rhymer, lived for many years in very good credit as a wizard.

It seemed to the Editor unpardonable to disavow a person so important in Border tradition as the Rhymer, without some farther notice than a simple commentary upon the following ballad. It is given from a copy, obtained

from a lady residing not far from Erildoune, corrected and enlarged by one in Mrs. Brown's MSS. The former copy, however, as might be expected, is far more minute as to local description. To this old tale the Editor has ventured to add a Second Part, consisting of a kind of cento, from the printed prophecies vulgarly ascribed to the Rhymer; and a Third Part, entirely modern, founded upon the tradition of his having returned with the hart and hind, to the Land of Faery. To make his peace with the more severe antiquaries, the Editor has prefixed to the Second Part some remarks on Learmont's prophecies.

Thomas the Rhymer.

PART FIRST.

ANCIENT.

True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;
A ferlie he spied wi' his ee;
And there he saw a ladye bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane,
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas, he pull'd aff his cap,
And louted low down to his knee,
“All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!
For thy peer on earth I never did see.”—

“O no, O no, Thomas,” she said,
“That name does not belong to me;
I am but the Queen of fair Elfauld,
That am hither come to visit thee.

“Harp and carp, Thomas,” she said;
“Harp and carp along wi' me;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your bodie I will be.”—

“Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weid shall never daunton me.”—²
Syoe he has kiss'd her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

“Naw, ye maun go wi' me,” she said;
“True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Thro' weal or woe as may chance to be.”

She mounted on her milk-white steed;
She's ta'en true Thomas up behind:
And aye, whene'er her bridle rung,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and farther on;
The steed gaed swifter than the wind;
Until they reach'd a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

“Light down, light down, now, true Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee;
Abide and rest a little space,
And I will show you ferlies three.

¹ There is a singular resemblance betwixt this tradition, and an incident occurring in the life of Merlin Caladonius, which the reader will find a few pages onwards.

² That weid, &c.—That destiny shall never frighten me.

"O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briars?
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few enquires.

"And see ye not that braid braid road,
That lies across that lily leven?
That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

"And see not ye that bonny road,
That winds about the ferme brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

"But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For, if ye speak word in Elfland,
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie."

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the
knee,
And they saw neither son nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk mirk night, and there was nae
stern light,
And they waded through red blude to the
knee;
For a' the blude that's shed on earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree—
"Take this for thy wages, true Thomas;
It will give thee the tongue that can never
lie."

"My tongue is mine ain," true Thomas said;
"A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
I neither dought to buy nor sell,
At fair or tryst wiere I may be.

"I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye."—
"Now hold thy peace!" the lady said,
"For as I say, so must it be."

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green;
And til seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen.²

Thomas the Rhymer.

PART SECOND.

ALTERED FROM ANCIENT PROPHECIES.

The prophecies, ascribed to Thomas of Ercildoune, have been the principal means of securing to him remembrance "amongst the sons of his people." The author of *Sir Tristrem* would long ago have joined, in the vale of oblivion, "Clerk of Tranent, who wrote the adventure of *Schur Gowain*," if, by good hap, the same current of ideas respecting antiquity,

which causes Virgil to be regarded as a magician by the Lazaroni of Naples, had not exalted the bard of Ercildoune to the prophetic character. Perhaps, indeed, he himself affected it during his life. We know, at least, for certain, that a belief in his supernatural knowledge was current soon after his death. His prophecies are alluded to by Barbour, by Winton, and by Henry the Minstrel, or *Blind Harry*, as he is usually termed. None of these authors, however, give the words of any of the Rhymer's vaticinations, but merely narrate, historically, his having predicted the events of which they speak. The earliest of the prophecies ascribed to him, which is now extant, is quoted by Mr. Pinkerton from a MS. It is supposed to be a response from Thomas of Ercildoune to a question from the heroic Countess of March, renowned for the defence of the Castle of Dunbar against the English, and termed, in the familiar dialect of her time, *Black Agnes* of Dunbar. This prophecy is remarkable, in so far as it bears very little resemblance to any verses published in the printed copy of the Rhymer's supposed prophecies. The verses are as follows:—

"*La Countesse de Donbar demande a Thomas de Escedonne quant la guerre d'Escoce prendreit fin. E yl l'a repoundy et dyl.*

When man is mad a kyng of a capped man;
When man is levere other mones thyng than
his owen;
When londe thouys forest, ant forest is felde;
When hares kendles o' the her'stane;
When Wyt and Wille werres togedere;
When mou makes stables of kyrkes, and steles
castels with styte;
When Rokesboroughe nys no burgh ant market
is at Forwyleye;
When Bambourne is donged with dede men;
When men ledes men in ropes to buyen and
to sellen;
When a quarter of whate whete is chaunged
for a colt of ten markes;
When prude (pride) prikes and pees is leyd in
prison;
When a Scot ne me hym hude ase hare in
forme that the English ne shall hym
fynde;
When rycht ant wronge astente the togedere;
When laddes weddeth lovedies;
When Scottes fien so faste, that, for faute of
shep, hy drowneth hemselve;
When shal this be?
Nouther in thioe tyme ne in mine;
Ah comen ant gone
Withinne twenty winter ant one."
Pinkerton's Poems, from Maitland's MSS.
quoting from Hart. Lib. 2253, F. 127.

As I have never seen the MS. from which Mr. Pinkerton makes this extract, and as the date of it is fixed by him (certainly one of the most able antiquaries of our age) to the reign of Edward I. or II., it is with great diffidence that I hazard a contrary opinion. There can, however, I believe, be little doubt, that these prophetic verses are a forgery, and not the

¹ The traditional commentary upon this ballad informs us, that the apple was the produce of the fatal Tree of Knowledge, and that the garden was the terrestrial paradise. The repugnance of Thomas to be debarr'd the use

of falsehood when he might find it convenient, has a comic effect.

² See Appendix, Note B

production of our Thomas the Rhymer. But I am inclined to believe them of a later date than the reign of Edward I. or II.

The gallant defence of the castle of Dunbar, by Black Agnes, took place in the year 1337. The Rhymer died previous to the year 1299 (see the charter, by his son, in the Appendix.) It seems, therefore, very improbable, that the Countess of Dunbar could ever have an opportunity of consulting Thomas the Rhymer, since that would infer that she was married, or at least engaged in state matters, previous to 1299: whereas she is described as a young, or a middle-aged woman, at the period of her being besieged in the fortress, which she so well defended. If the editor might indulge a conjecture, he would suppose, that the prophecy was contrived for the encouragement of the English invaders, during the Scottish wars; and that the names of the Countess of Dunbar, and of Thomas of Erclidoune, were used for the greater credit of the forgery. According to this hypothesis, it seems likely to have been composed after the siege of Dunbar, which had made the name of the Countess well known, and consequently in the reign of Edward III. The whole tenency of the prophecy is to aver, that there shall be no end of the Scottish war (concerning which the question was proposed,) till a final conquest of the country by England, attended by all the usual severities of war. "When the cultivated country shall become forest," says the prophecy;—"when the wild animals shall inhabit the abode of men;—when Scots shall not be able to escape the English, should they crouch as hares in their form"—all these denunciations seem to refer to the time of Edward III., upon whose victories the prediction was probably founded. The mention of the exchange betwixt a colt worth ten marks, and a quarter of "whaty [indifferent] wheat," seems to allude to the dreadful famine, about the year 1388. The independence of Scotland was, however, as impregnable to the mines of superstition, as to the steel of our more powerful and more wealthy neighbours. The war of Scotland is, thank God, at an end; but it is ended without her people having either crouched like hares in their form, or being drowned in their flight, "for faute of ships."—thank God for that too.—The prophecy, quoted in the preceding page, is probably of the same date, and intended for the same purpose.

A minute search of the records of the time would, probably, throw additional light upon the allusions contained in these ancient legends. Among various rhymes of prophetic import, which are at this day current amongst the people of Teviotdale, is one, supposed to be pronounced by Thomas the Rhymer, pre-announcing the destruction of his habitation and family:

"The hare sall kittle [litter] on my hearth stane,
And there will never be a Laird Learmont again."

The first of these lines is obviously borrowed from that in the MS. of the Harl. Library.—"When hares kendles o' the her'stane"—an emphatic image of desolation. It is also inaccurately quoted in the prophecy of Waldhave, published by Andro Hart, 1613:

"This is a true talking that Thomas of tells,
The hare shall hirple on the hard [hearth] stane."

Spottiswoode, an honest, but credulous historian, seems to have been a firm believer in the authenticity of the prophetic wares, vended in the name of Thomas of Erclidoune. "The prophecies, yet extant in Scottish rhymes, whereupon he was commonly called *Thomas the Rhymer*, may justly be admired; having foretold, so many ages before, the union of England and Scotland in the ninth degree of the Bruce's blood, with the succession of Bruce himself to the crown, being yet a child, and other divers particulars, which the event hath ratified and made good. Boethius, in his story, relateth his prediction of King Alexander's death, and that he did foretell the same to the Earl of March, the day before it fell out; saying, 'That before the next day at noon, such a tempest should blow, as Scotland had not felt for many years before.' The next morning, the day being clear, and no change appearing in the air, the nobleman did challenge Thomas of his saying, calling him an impostor. He replied, that noon was not yet passed. About which time a post came to advertise the earl of the king his sudden death. 'Theop.' said Thomas, 'this is the tempest I foretold; and so it shall prove to Scotland.' Whence, or how, he had this knowledge, can hardly be affirmed; but sure it is, that he did divine and answer truly of many things to come."—*Spottiswoode*, p. 47. Besides that notable voucher, Master Hector Boece, the good archbishop might, had he been so minded, have referred to Fordun for the prophecy of King Alexander's death. That historian calls our bard "*ruralis ille vates*."—*Fordun*, lib. x. cap. 40.

What Spottiswoode calls "the prophecies extant in Scottish rhyme," are the metrical productions ascribed to the seer of Erclidoune, which, with many other compositions of the same nature, bearing the names of Bede, Merlin, Gildas, and other approved soothsayers, are contained in one small volume, published by Andro Hart, at Edinburgh, 1615. Nisbet the herald (who claims the prophet of Erclidoune as a brother-professor of his art, founding upon the various allegorical and emblematical allusions to heraldry) intimates the existence of some earlier copy of his prophecies than that of Andro Hart, which, however, he does not pretend to have seen. The late excellent Lord Hailes made these compositions the subject of a dissertation, published in his *Remarks on the History of Scotland*. His attention is chiefly directed to the celebrated prophecy of our bard, mentioned by Bishop Spottiswoode, bearing that the crowns of England and Scotland should be united in the person of a King, son of a French Queen, and related to the Bruce in the ninth degree. Lord Hailes plainly proves, that this prophecy is perverted from its original purpose, in order to apply it to the succession of James VI. The groundwork of the forgery is to be found in the prophecies of Berlington, contained in the same collection, and runs thus:

"Of Bruce's left side shall spring out a leaf,
As neere as the ninth degree;
And shall be fleemed of faire Scotland,
In France farre beyond the sea.
And then shall come again ryding,
With eyes that many men may see.
At Aberladye he shall light.
With hampen helteres and horse of tre.

— — — — —
However it happen for to fall,
The lyon shall be lord of all;
The French Queen shall beare the sonne,
Shall rule all Brittainne to the sea;
Ane from the Bruce's blood shal come also,
As neer as the ninth degree.

— — — — —
Yet shal there come a keene knight over
the salt sea,
A keene mau of courage and bold man of
arnes;
A duke's son dowbled [i. e. dubbed], a born
man in France,
That shall our mirths augment, and mend
all our harmes;
After the date of our Lord 1513, and thrice
three thereafter;
Which shall brooke all the broad isle to
himself,
Between thirteen and thrice three the threip
shall be ended:
The Saxons shall never recover after."

There cannot be any doubt that this prophecy was intended to excite the confidence of the Scottish nation in the Duke of Albany, regent of Scotland, who arrived from France in 1515, two years after the death of James IV. in the fatal field of Flodden. The Regent was descended of Bruce by the left, i. e. by the female side, within the ninth degree. His mother was daughter of the Earl of Boulogne, his father banished from his country—"fleemit of fair Scotland." His arrival must necessarily be by sea, and his landing was expected at Aberlady, in the Frith of Forth. He was a duke's son, dubbed knight; and nine years, from 1513, are allowed him, by the pretended prophet, for the accomplishment of the salvation of his country, and the exaltation of Scotland over her sister and rival. All this was a pious fraud, to excite the confidence and spirit of the country.

The prophecy, put in the name of our Thomas the Rhymer, as it stands in Hart's book, refers to a later period. The narrator meets the Rhymer upon a land beside a lee, who shows him many emblematical visions, described in no mean strain of poetry. They chiefly relate to the fields of Flodden and Pinkie, to the national distress which followed these defeats, and to future halcyon days, which are promised to Scotland. One quotation or two will be sufficient to establish this fully:—

"Our Scottish King sal come ful keene,
The red lyon beareth he;
A feddered arrow sharp, I ween,
Shall make him wike and warre to see.
Out of the field he shall be led,
When he is bludie and woe for blood;
Yet to his men shall he say,
'For God's love turn you againe,
And give yon sutherne folk a frey!

Why should I lose, the right is mine?
My date is not to die this day!"

Who can doubt, for a moment, that this refers to the battle of Flodden, and to the popular reports concerning the doubtful fate of James IV.? Allusion is immediately afterwards made to the death of George Douglas, heir apparent of Angus, who fought and fell with his sovereign:—

"The sternes three that day shall die,
That bears the harte in silver sheen."

The well-known arms of the Douglas family are the heart and three stars. In another place, the battle of Pinkie is expressly mentioned by name:—

"At Pinken Cloch there shall be spilt
Much gentle blood that day;
There shall the bear lose the guilt,
And the eagill bear it away."

To the end of all this allegorical and mystical rhapsody, is interpolated, in the later edition by Andro Hart, a new edition of Berlington's verses, before quoted, altered and manufactured, so as to bear reference to the accession of James VI., which had just then taken place. The insertion is made with a peculiar degree of awkwardness, betwixt a question, put by the narrator, concerning the name and abode of the person who showed him these strange matters, and the answer of the prophet to that question:—

"Then to the Beirne could I say,
Where dwells thou, or in what countrie?
[Or who shall rule the isle of Britane,
From the north to the south sey?
A French queene shall bear the sonne,
Shall rule all Britaine to the sea:
Which of the Bruce's blood shall come,
As neere as the nint degree:
I fraited fast what was his name,
Where that he came, from what country.]
In Erslingtoun I dwell at hame,
Thomas Rymour men calls me."

There is surely no one, who will not conclude, with Lord Hailes, that the eight lines, enclosed in brackets, are a clumsy interpolation, borrowed from Berlington, with such alterations as might render the supposed prophecy applicable to the union of the crowns.

While we are on this subject, it may be proper briefly to notice the scope of some of the other predictions, in Hart's Collection. As the prophecy of Berlington was intended to raise the spirits of the nation, during the regency of Albany, so those of Sybilla and Eltraire refer to that of the Earl of Arrau, afterwards Duke of Chatelherault, during the minority of Mary, a period of similar calamity. This is obvious from the following verses:—

"Take a thousand in calculation,
And the longest of the lyon,
Four crescents under one crowne,
With Saint Andrew's croce thrise,
Then threescore and thrise three:
Take tent to Merling true;

Then shall the wars ended be,
And never again rise.
In that yere there shall a king,
A duke, and no crown'd king;
Because the prince shall be yong,
And tender of yeares."

The date, above hinted at, seems to be 1549, when the Scottish Regent, by means of some succours derived from France, was endeavouring to repair the consequences of the fatal battle of Pinkie. Allusion is made to the supply given to the "Moldwarte [England] by the fained hart" (the Earl of Angus.) The Regent is described by his bearing the antelope; large supplies are promised from France, and complete conquest predicted to Scotland and her allies. Thus was the same hackneyed stratagem repeated, whenever the interest of the rulers appeared to stand in need of it. The Regent was not, indeed, till after this period, created Duke of Chateherault; but that honour was the object of his hopes and expectations.

The name of our renowned soothsayer is liberally used as an authority, throughout all the prophecies published by Andro Hart. Besides those expressly put in his name, Gildas, another assumed personage, is supposed to derive his knowledge from him; for he concludes thus:—

"True Thomas me told in a trouhlesome time,
In a harvest morn at Eldoun hills."
The Prophecy of Gildas.

In the prophecy of Berlington, already quoted, we are told,

"Marvellons Merlin, that many men of tells,
And Thomas's sayings comes all at once."

While I am upon the subject of these prophecies, may I be permitted to call the attention of antiquaries to Merdwyun Wylt, or *Merlin the Wild*, in whose name, and by no means in that of Ambrose Merlin, the friend of Arthur, the Scottish prophecies are issued? That this personage resided at Drummelziar, and roamed, like a second Nebuchadnezzar, the woods of Tweeddale, in remorse for the death of his nephew, we learn from Fordun. In the *Scottichronicon*, lib. 3. cap. 31. is an account of an interview betwixt St. Kentigern and Merlin, then in this distracted and miserable state. He is said to have been called *Lutoken*, from his mode of life. On being commanded by the saint to give an account of himself, he says, that the penance which he performs was imposed on him by a voice from heaven, during a bloody contest betwixt Lidel and Carwanolow, of which battle he had been the cause. According to his own prediction, he perished at once by wood, earth, and water; for, being pursued with stones by the rustics, he fell from a rock into the river Tweed, and was transfixed by a sharp stake, fixed there for the purpose of extending a fishing-net:—

"*Sude perfossus, lapide percussus, et unia,
Hæc tria Merlimum fertur mire necem.
Sicque ruit, mersusque fuit lignoque prehensus,
Et fecit valem per terna pericula verum.*"

But, in a metrical history of Merlin of Caledonia, compiled by Geoffrey of Monmouth, from the traditions of the Welsh bards, this mode of death is attributed to a page, whom Merlin's sister, desirous to convict the prophet of falsehood, because he had betrayed her intrigues, introduced to him, under three various disguises, enquiring each time in what manner the person should die. To the first demand Merlin answered, the party should perish by a fall from a rock; to the second, that he should die by a tree; and to the third, that he should be drowned. The youth perished, while hunting, in the mode imputed by Fordun to Merlin himself.

Fordun, contrary to the French authorities, confounds this person with the Merlin of Arthur; but concludes by informing us, that many believed him to be a different person. The grave of Merlin is pointed out at Drummelziar, in Tweeddale, beneath an aged thorn-tree. On the east side of the churchyard, the brook, called Pausayl, falls into the Tweed; and the following prophecy is said to have been current concerning their union:—

"When Tweed and Pausayl join at Merlin's
grave,
Scotland and England shall one monarch
have."

On the day of the coronation of James VI. the Tweed accordingly overflowed, and joined the Pausayl at the prophet's grave.—*Penny-cuick's History of Tweeddale*, p. 26. These circumstances would seem to infer a communication betwixt the south-west of Scotland and Wales, of a nature peculiarly intimate; for I presume that Merlin would retain sense enough to choose for the scene of his wanderings, a country having a language and manners similar to his own.

Be this as it may, the memory of Merlin Sylvester, or the Wild, was fresh among the Scots during the reign of James V. Waldhave,¹ under whose name a set of prophecies was published, describes himself as lying upon Lomand Law; he hears a voice, which bids him stand to his defence; he looks around, and beholds a flock of hares and foxes² pursued over the mountain by a savage figure, to whom he can hardly give the name of man. At the sight of Waldhave, the apparition leaves the objects of his pursuit, and assaults him with a club. Waldhave defends himself with his sword, throws the savage to the earth, and refuses to let him arise till he swear, by the law and lead he lives upon, "to do him no harm." This done, he permits him to arise, and marvels at his strange appearance:—

"He was formed like a freike [man] all his
four quarters;
And then his chin and his face haired so
thick,
With baire growing so grime, fearful to
see."

He answers briefly to Waldhave's enquiry concerning his name and nature, that he

¹ I do not know whether the person here meant be Waldhave, an abbot of Melrose, who died in the odour of sanctity, about 1160.

² See Appendix, Note D.

"drees his weird," i. e. does penance in that wood; and, having hinted that questions as to his own state are offensive, he pours forth an obscure rhapsody concerning futurity, and concludes,—

"Go musing upon Merlin if thou wilt :
For I mean no more, man, at this time."

This is exactly similar to the meeting betwixt Merlin and Kentigern in Fordun. These prophecies of Merlin seem to have been in request in the minority of James V.; for, among the amusements with which Sir David Lindsay diverted that prince during his infancy, are,

"The prophecies of Rymer, Bede, and Merlin."
Sir David Lindsay's Epistle to the King.

And we find, in Waldhava, at least one allusion to the very ancient prophecy, addressed to the Countess of Dunbar:—

"This is a true token that Thomas of tells,
When a ladde with a ladye shall go over the fields."

The original stands thus:—

"When laddes weddeth lovedies."

Another prophecy of Merlin seems to have been current about the time of the Regent Morton's execution. When that nobleman was committed to the charge of his accuser, Captain James Stewart, newly created Earl of Arran, to be conducted to his trial at Edinburgh, Spottiswoode says, that he asked, "Who was Earl of Arran?" and being answered that Captain James was the man, after a short pause, he said, "And is it so? I know then what I may look for?" meaning, as was thought, that the old prophecy of the 'Falling of the heart' by the mouth of Arran, should then be fulfilled. Whether this was his mind or not, it is not known; but some spared not, at the time when the Hamiltons were banished, in which business he was held too earnest, to say, that he stood in fear of that prediction, and went that course only to disappoint it. But if so it was, he did find himself now deluded; for he fell by the mouth of another Arran than he imagined."—*Spottiswoode*, 313. The fatal words alluded to seem to be these in the prophecy of Merlin:—

"In the mouth of Arrane a selcouth shall fall,
Two bloodie hearts shall be taken with a false traîne,
And derfly dug down without any dome."

To return from these desultory remarks, into which I have been led by the celebrated name of Merlin, the style of all these prophecies, published by Hart, is very much the same. The measure is alliterative, and somewhat similar to that of *Pierce Plowman's Vision*; a circumstance which might entitle us to ascribe to some of them an earlier date than the reign of James V., did we not know that *Sir Galloran of Galloway and Gawaire*

and *Gologras*, two romances rendered almost unintelligible by the extremity of affected alliteration, are perhaps not prior to that period. Indeed, although we may allow that, during much earlier times, prophecies, under the names of those celebrated soothsayers, have been current in Scotland, yet those published by Hart have obviously been so often vamped and re-vamped, to serve the political purposes of different periods, that it may be shrewdly suspected, that, as in the case of Sir John Cutler's transmigrated stockings, very little of the original materials now remains. I cannot refrain from indulging my readers with the publisher's title to the last prophecy, as it contains certain curious information concerning the Queen of Sheba, who is identified with the Cumæan Sibyl: "Here followeth a prophecie, pronounced by a noble queene and matron, called Sybilla, Regina Austri, that came to Solomon. Through the which she compiled four bookes, at the instance of the said King Sol, and others divers: and the fourth book was directed to a noble king, called Baldwin, King of the broad isle of Britain; in the which she maketh mention of two noble princes and emperours, the which is called Leones. How these two shall subdue and overcome all earthlie princes to their diademe and crowne, and also be glorified and crowned in the heaven among saints. The first of these two is Constantinus Magnus: that was Leprosus, the son of Saint Helena, that found the croce. The second is the sixt king of the name of Steward of Scotland, the which is our most noble king." With such editors and commentators, what wonder that the text became unintelligible, even beyond the usual oracular obscurity of prediction!

If there still remain, therefore, among these predictions, any verses having a claim to real antiquity, it seems now impossible to discover them from those which are comparatively modern. Nevertheless, as there are to be found, in these compositions, some uncommonly wild and masculine expressions, the Editor has been induced to throw a few passages together, into the sort of ballad to which this disquisition is prefixed. It would, indeed, have been no difficult matter for him, by a judicious selection, to have excited, in favour of Thomas of Ercildoune, a share of the admiration bestowed by sundry wise persons upon Mass Robert Fleming. For example:—

"But then the lilye shal be loused when they
least think;
Then clear king's blood shal quake for fear
of death;
For churls shal chop off heads of their chief
beirs,
And carfe of the crowns that Christ hath
appointed.

— — — — —
Thereafter, on every side, sorrow shal arise;
The barges of clear barons down shal be
sunken;
Seculars shall sit in spiritual seats,
Occupying offices avointed as they were."

Taking the lily for the emblem of France, can there be a more plain prophecy of the murder of her monarch, the destruction of her nobility, and the desolation of her hierarchy?

1 The heart was the cognizance of Morton.

But, without looking farther into the signs of the times, the Editor, though the least of all the prophets, cannot help thinking, that every true Briton will approve of his application of the last prophecy quoted in the ballad.

Hart's collection of prophecies was frequently reprinted during the last century, probably to favour the pretensions of the unfortunate family of Stuart. For the prophetic renown of Gildas and Bede, see *Fordun*, lib. 3.

Before leaving the subject of Thomas's predictions, it may be noticed, that sundry rhymes, passing for his prophetic effusions, are still current among the vulgar. Thus, he is said to have prophesied of the very ancient family of Haig of Bemerside,

"Betide, betide, whate'er betide,
Haig shall be Haig of Bemerside."

The grandfather of the present proprietor of Bemerside had twelve daughters, before his lady brought him a male heir. The common people troubled for the credit of their favourite soothsayer. The late Mr. Haig was at length born, and their belief in the prophecy confirmed beyond a shadow of doubt.

Another memorable prophecy bore, that the Old Kirk at Kelso, constructed out of the ruins of the Abbey, should "fall when at the fullest." At a very crowded sermon, about thirty years ago, a piece of lime fell from the roof of the church. The alarm, for the fulfilment of the words of the seer, became universal; and happy were they who were nearest the door of the predestined edifice. The church was in consequence deserted, and has never since had an opportunity of tumbling upon a full congregation. I hope, for the sake of a beautiful specimen of Saxo-Gothic architecture, that the accomplishment of this prophecy is far distant.

Another prediction, ascribed to the Rhymer, seems to have been founded on that sort of insight into futurity, possessed by most men of a sound and combining judgment. It runs thus:—

"At Eldon Tree if you shall be,
A brigg ower Tweed you there may see."

The spot in question commands an extensive prospect of the course of the river; and it was easy to foresee, that when the country should become in the least degree improved, a bridge would be somewhere thrown over the stream. In fact, you now see no less than three bridges from that elevated situation.

Corspatrick. (Comes Patrick) Earl of March, but more commonly taking his title from his castle of Dunbar, acted a noted part during the wars of Edward I. in Scotland. As Thomas of Erildonne is said to have delivered to him his famous prophecy of King Alexander's death, the Editor has chosen to introduce him into the following ballad. All the prophetic verses are selected from Hart's publication.

¹ King Alexander, killed by a fall from his horse, near Kinghorn.

Thomas the Rhymer.

PART SECOND.

When seven years were come and gane,
The sun blink'd fair on pool and stream;
And Thomas lay on Huntlie bank,
Like one awaken'd from a dream.

He heard the trampling of a steed,
He saw the flash of armour flee,
And he beheld a gallant knight
Come riding down by the Eildon-tree.

He was a stalwart knight, and strong;
Of giant make he 'pear'd to be:
He stirr'd his horse, as he were wode,
Wi' gilded spurs, of fashion free.

Says—"Well met, well met, true Thomas!
Some uncouth ferlies show to me."—
Says—"Christ thee save, Corspatrick brave!
Thrice welcome, good Dunbar, to me!

"Light down, light down, Corspatrick brave:
And I will show thee creses three,
Shall gar fair Scotland greet aad grane,
And change the green to the black livery.

"A storm shall roar this very hour,
From Ross's hills to Solway sea."—
"Ye lied, ye lied, ye warlock hoar!
For the sun shines sweet on fauld and lee."—

He put his hand on the Earlie's head;
He show'd him a rock beside the sea,
Where a king lay stiff beneath his steed,¹
And steel-dight nobles wiped their ee.

"The neist curse lights on Branxton hills:
By Floddeo's high and heathery side,
Shall wae a banner red as blude,
And chieftains throng wi' meikle pride.

"A Scottish King shall come full keen,
The ruddy lion beareth he;
A feather'd arrow sharp, I ween,
Shall make him wink and warre to see.

"When he is bloody, and all to bledde,
Thus to his men he still shall say—
'For God's sake, turn ye back again,
And give yon southern folk a fray!
Why should I lose, the right is mine?
My doom is not to die this day.'²

"Yet turn ye to the eastern hand,
And woe and wonder ye sall see;
How forty thousand spearmen stand,
Where yon rank river meets the sea.

There shall the lion lose the gylte,
And the libbards bear it clean away;
At Pinkyn Cleuch there shall be spilt
Much gentil bluid that day."—

"Enough, enough, of curse and ban;
Some blessings show thou now to me,
Or, by the faith o' my bodie," Corspatrick said,
"Ye shall rue the day ye e'er saw me!"—

² The uncertainty which long prevailed in Scotland, concerning the fate of James IV., is well known.

"The first of blessings I shall thee show,
Is by a burn, that's call'd of bread; ¹
Where Saxon men shall tine the how,
And fiod their arrows lack the head.

"Beside that brigg, out ower that burn,
Where the water bickereth bright and
sheen,
Shall many a fallen courser spurn,
And knights shall die in battle keen.

"Beside a headless cross of stone,
The libbards there shall lose the gree;
The raven shall come, the erne shall go,
And drink the Saxon bluid sae free.
The cross of stone they shall not know,
So thick the corsees there shall be."—

"But tell me now," said brave Dunbar,
"True Thomas, tell now unto me,
What man shall rule the isle Britain,
Even from the north to the southern sea?"—

"A French Queen shall bear the son,
Shall rule all Britain to the sea;
He of the Bruce's blood shall come,
As near as in the ninth degree.

"The waters worship shall his race;
Likewise the waves of the farthest sea;
For they shall ride over ocean wide.
With hempen bridles, and horse of tree."

Thomas the Rhymer.

PART THIRD.—MODERN.

BY WALTER SCOTT.

Thomas the Rhymer was renowned among his contemporaries, as the author of the celebrated romance of *Sir Tristrem*. Of this once-admired poem only one copy is now known to exist, which is in the Advocates' Library. The Editor, in 1804, published a small edition of this curious work; which, if it does not revive the reputation of the bard of Ercildoune, is at least the earliest specimen of Scottish poetry hitherto published. Some account of this romance has already been given to the world in *Mr. Ellis's Specimens of Ancient Poetry*, vol. i. p. 165, iii. p. 410; a work to which our predecessors and our posterity are alike obliged; the former, for the preservation of the best-selected examples of their poetical taste; and the latter, for a history of the English language, which will only cease to be interesting with the existence of our mother-tongue, and all that genius and learning have recorded in it. It is sufficient here to mention, that so great was the reputation of the romance of *Sir Tristrem*, that few were thought capable of reciting it after the manner of the author—a circumstance alluded to by Robert de Brunne, the annalist:—

¹ One of Thomas's rhymes, preserved by tradition, runs thus:—

"The burn of bread
Shall run sow reid."

Bannock-burn is the brook here meant. The Scots give the name of *Bannock* to a thick round cake of unleavened bread.

² Ruberslaw and Danyon, are two hills near Jedburgh.

"I see in song, in sedgeyng tale,
Of Erceldoun, and of Kendale,
Now thanie says as they thanie wrought,
And in thare saying it semes nocht.
That thou may here in Sir Tristrem,
Over gastes it has the steme,
Over all that is or was;
If men it said as made Thomas," &c.

It appears, from a very curious MS. of the thirteenth century, *pene* Mr. Douce of London, containing a French metrical romance of *Sir Tristrem*, that the work of our Thomas the Rhymer was known, and referred to, by the minstrels of Normandy and Bretagne. Having arrived at a part of the romance where reciters were wont to differ in the mode of telling the story, the French bard expressly cites the authority of the poet of Ercildoune:

"Plusurs de nos granter ne volent,
Co que del naim dire se solent,
Ki femme Koherdin dut aimer,
Li naim redut Tristram narrer,
E entusche par grant enyin,
Quant il asole Koherdin;
Pur cest plai e pur cest mal,
Enweiod Tristram Gurnal,
En Engleterre pur Ysolt:
Thomas ico granter ne volt,
Et si volt par raisun mostrer,
Qu' ico ne pul pas esteer," &c.

The tale of *Sir Tristrem*, as narrated in the Edinburgh MS. is totally different from the voluminous romance in prose, originally compiled on the same subject by Rusticien de Puisse, and analyzed by M. de Tressan; but agrees in every essential particular with the metrical performance just quoted, which is a work of much higher antiquity.

The following attempt to commemorate the Rhymer's poetical fame, and the traditional account of his marvellous return to Fairy Land, being entirely modern, would have been placed with greater propriety among the class of Modern Ballads, had it not been for its immediate connexion with the first and second parts of the same story.

Thomas the Rhymer.

PART THIRD.

When seven years more were come and gone,
Was war through Scotland spread,
And Ruberslaw show'd high Duuyon ²
His beacon blazing red.

Then all by honny Coldingknow, ³
Pitch'd palliouns took their room,
And crested helms, and spears a-rove,
Glanced gaily through the broom.

³ An ancient tower near Ercildoune, belonging to a family of the name of Home. One of Thomas's prophecies is said to have run thus:—

"Vengeance! vengeance! when and where?"

On the house of Coldingknow, now and ever mair!"

The spot is rendered classical by its having given name to the beautiful melody called the *Broom of the Coldingknows*.

The Leader, rolling to the Tweed,
Resounds the eusenzie ;¹
They roused the deer from Caddenhead,
To distant Torwoodlee.²

The feast was spread in Ercildoune,
In Learmont's high and ancient hall :
And there were knights of great renown,
And ladies, laced in pall.

Nor lacked they, while they sat at dine,
The music nor the tale,
Nor goblets of the blood-red wine,
Nor mantling quaighs³ of ale.

True Thomas rose, with harp in hand
When as the feast was done :
(In minstrel strife, in Fairy Land,
'The elfin harp he won.)

Hush'd were the throng, both limb and tongue,
And harpers for envy pale ;
And armed lords lean'd on their swords,
And hearken'd to the tale.

In numbers high, the witching tale
The prophet pour'd along ;
No after bard might e'er avail⁴
Those numbers to prolong.

Yet fragments of the lofty strain
Float down the tide of years,
As, buoyant on the stormy main,
A parted wreck appears.

He sung King Arthur's Table Round :
The Warrior of the Lake ;
How courteous Gawaine met the wound,
And hied for ladies' sake.

But chief, in gentle Tristrem's praise,
The notes melodious swell ;
Was none excell'd in Arthur's days,
The knight of Lionelle.

For Marke, his cowardly uncle's right,
A venom'd wound he bore ;
When fierce Morholde he slew in fight,
Upon the Irish shore.

No art the poison might withstand ;
No medicine could be found,
Till lovely Isolde's lily hand
Had probed the rankling wound.

With gentle hand and soothing tongue
She bore the leech's part ;
And, while she o'er his sick-bed hung,
He paid her with his heart.

O fatal was the gift, I wene !
For, doom'd in evil tide,
The maid must be rude Cornwall's queen,
His cowardly uncle's bride.

Their loves, their woes, the gifted bard
In fairy tissue wove ;
Where lords, and knights, and ladies bright,
In gay confusion strove.

The Garde Joyeuse, amid the tale,
High rear'd its glittering head ;
And Avalon's enchanted vale
In all its wonders spread.

Brangwain was there, and Segramore,
And fiend-born Merlin's granuare ;
Of that famed wizard's mighty lore,
O who could sing but he ?

Through many a maze the winning son
In changeful passion led,
Till bent at length the listening throng
O'er Tristrem's dying bed.

His ancient wounds their scars expand,
With agony his heart is wrung :
O where is Isolde's lilye hand,
And where her soothing tongue ?

She comes ! she comes !—like flash of flame
Can lovers' footsteps fly :
She comes ! she comes !—she only came
To see her Tristrem die.

She saw him die ; her latest sigh
Join'd in a kiss his parting breath ;
The gentlest pair, that Britain bare,
United are in death.

Then paused the harp : its lingering sound
Died slowly on the ear ;
The silent guests still bent around,
For still they seem'd to hear.

Then woe broke forth in murmurs weak :
Nor ladies heaved alone the sigh ;
But, half ashamed, the rugged cheek
Did many a gauntlet dry.

On Leader's stream, and Learmont's tower,
The mists of evening close ;
In camp, in castle, or in bower,
Each warrior sought repose.

Lord Douglas, in his lofty tent,
Dream'd o'er the woeful tale ;
When footsteps light, across the bent,
The warrior's ears assail.

He starts, he wakes :—"What, Richard, ho !
Arise, my page, arise !
What venturesome wight, at dead of night,
Dare step where Douglas hes !"—

Then forth they rush'd : by Leader's tide,
A selcouth⁵ sight they see—
A hart and hind pace side by side,
As white as snow on Fairmahe.⁶

Beneath the moon, with gesture proud,
They stately move and slow ;
Nor scare they at the gathering crowd,
Who marvel as they go.

To Learmont's tower a message sped,
As fast as page might run ;
And Thomas started from his bed,
And soon his clothes did on.

1 *Eusenzie*—War-cry, or gathering word.

2 Torwoodlee and Caddenhead are places in Selkirkshire ; both the property of Mr Pringle of Torwoodlee.

3 *Quaighs*—Wooden cups, composed of staves hooped together.

4 See Introduction to this ballad.

5 *Selcouth*—Wondrous.

6 An ancient seat upon the Tweed, in Selkirkshire. In a popular edition of the first part of Thomas the Rhymer, the Fairy Queen thus addresses him :—

"Gin ye wad meet wi' me again,
Gang to the bonny banke of Fairmahe."

Fairmahe is now one of the seats of Mr. Pringle of Clifton, M. P. for Selkirkshire. 1833.

First he woxe pale, and then woxe red ;
 Never a word he spake but three ;—
 " My sand is run ; my thread is spun ;
 This sign regardeth me."

The elfie harp his neck around,
 In minstrel guise, he hung ;
 And on the wind, in doleful sound,
 Its dying accents rung.

Then forth he went ; yet turn'd him oft
 To view his ancient hall :
 On the grey tower, in lustre soft,
 The autumn moonbeams fall ;

And Leader's waves, like silver sheen,
 Danc'd shimmering in the ray ;
 In deepening mass, at distance seen
 Broad Soltra's mountains lay.

" Farewell, my father's ancient tower !
 A long farewell," said he :
 " The scene of pleasure, pomp, or power,
 Thou never more shalt be.

" To Learmont's name no foot of earth
 Shall here again belong,
 And, on thy hospitable hearth,
 The hare shall leave her young.

" Adieu ! adieu !" again he cried,
 All as he turn'd him roun'—
 " Farewell to Leader's silver tide !
 Farewell to Ercildoune !"

The hart and hind approach'd the place,
 As lingering yet he stood ;
 And there, before Lord Douglas' face,
 With them he cross'd the flood.

Lord Douglas leap'd on his berry-brown steed,
 And spurr'd him the Leader o'er ;
 But, though he rode with lightning speed,
 He never saw them more.

Some said to hill, and some to glen,
 Their wondrous course had been ;
 But ne'er in haunts of living men
 Again was Thomas seen.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.—P. 478.

*From the Chartulary of the Trinity House of
 Soltra. Advocates' Library, W. 4. 14.*

ERSYLTON.

Omnibus has literas visuris vel audituris
 Thomas de Ercildoun filius et heres Thomæ
 Rymour de Ercildoun salutem in Domino.
 Noveritis me per fustem et baculum in pleno
 iudicio resignasse ac per presentes quietem
 clamasse pro me et heredibus meis Magistro
 domus Sanctæ Trinitatis de Soltre et fratribus
 ejusdem domus totam terram meam cum om-
 nibus pertinentibus suis quam in tenemento
 de Ercildoun hereditarie tenui renunciando
 de toto pro me et heredibus meis omni jure et
 clameo quæ ego seu antecessores mei in eadem
 terra alioque tempore de perpetuo habuimus
 sive de futuro habere possumus. In cujus rei
 testimonio presentibus his sigillum meum ap-
 posui data apud Ercildoun die Martis proximo
 post festum Sanctorum Apostolorum Symonis
 et Jude Anno Domini Millesimo cc. Nonagesi-
 mo Nono.

NOTE B.—P. 480.

The reader is here presented, from an old,
 and unfortunately an imperfect MS., with the
 undoubted original of Thomas the Rhymer's
 intrigue with the Queen of Faery. It will
 afford great amusement to those who would
 study the nature of traditional poetry, and the
 changes effected by oral tradition, to compare

this ancient romance with the foregoing bal-
 lad. The same incidents are narrated, even
 the expression is often the same: yet the
 poems are as different in appearance, as if the
 older tale had been regularly and systemati-
 cally modernized by a poet of the present day.

Incipit Prophesna Thomæ de Ercildoune.

In a lande as I was lent,
 In the gryking of the day,
 Ay alone as I went,
 In Huntle hankys me for to play,
 I saw the throstyl, and the jay,
 Ye mawes moyde of her song,
 Ye wodwale sauge notes gay,
 That al the wod about range.
 In that longyng as I lay,
 Undir nethe a dern tre,
 I was war of a lady gay,
 Come rydyng ouyr a fair le :
 Zogh I suld sitt to domysday,
 With my tong to wrabbe and wry,
 Certenly all hyr aray,
 It beth neuyer discryuyd for me.
 Hyr palfra was dappyll gray,
 Sycke on say neuer none ;
 As the soo in somers day,
 All abowte that lady schone.
 Hyr sadel was of a rewel bone,
 A semly syght it was to se,
 Bryht with mony a precyous stone,
 And compasyd all with crapste :
 Stones of oryens, gret plente,
 Her hair about her hede it hang,
 She rode ouer the farnyle,
 A while she blew, a while she sang,

Her girths of nobil silke they were,
 Her houcels were of beryl stone,
 Sadyll and brydil war -- ;
 With sylk and sendel about bedone,
 Hyr patyrel was of a pall fyne,
 And hyr croper of the arase,
 Her brydil was of gold fine,
 On euery syde forsothe hang bells thre,
 Her brydil reynes - - -
 A semly syzt - - - -
 Crop and patyrel - - - -
 In every joynt - - - -
 She led thre grew houndes in a leash,
 And ratches couplid by her ran;
 She bar an horn about her halse,
 And undir her gyrdil mene fene.
 Thomas lay and sa - - -
 In the bankes of - - - -
 He sayd Yonder is Mary of Might,
 That bar the child that died for me,
 Certes bot I may speke with that lady bright,
 Myd my hert will breke in thre ;
 I schal me hie with all my might,
 Hyr to mete at Eldyn Tre.
 Thomas rathly up her rase,
 And ran ouer mountayn hie,
 If it he sothe the story says.
 He met her euyn at Eldyn Tre.
 Thomas knelyd down on his kne
 Undir nethe the grenewood spray.
 And sayd, Lovely lady, thou rue on me,
 Queen of Heaven as you may well be.
 But I am a lady of another countrie,
 If I be pareld most of prise,
 I ride after the wild fee,
 My ratches riunen at my devys.
 If thou be pareld most of prise,
 And rides a lady in strang foly,
 Lovely lady, as thou art wise,
 Giue you me leue to lige ye by.
 Do way, Thomas, that were foly,
 I pray ye, Thomas, late me be,
 That sin will fordo all my bewtie.
 Lovely ladye, rewe on me,
 And euer more I shall with ye dwell,
 Here my trowth I plyght to thee,
 Where you belieues in heuin or hell.
 Thomas, and you myght lyge me by,
 Undir nethe this grene wode spray,
 Thou would tell full hastely.
 That thou had layn by a lady gay.
 Lady, mote I lyge by the,
 Undir nethe the grene wode tre,
 For all the gold in chrystenty.
 Suld you neuer be wryded for me.
 Man on molde you will me marre,
 And yet bot you may haf your will,
 I row you well, Thomas, you cheynst ye
 warre ;
 For all my bewtie wilt you spill.
 Down lyghtyd that lady bryzt,
 Undir nethe the grene wode spray,
 And as ye story sayth full ryzt,
 Seuyt tymes by her he lay.
 She sayd, Man, you lyst thi play,
 What berde in bouyr may dele with thee,
 That maries me all this long day ;
 I pray ye, Thomas, let me be.
 Thomas stode up in the stede,
 And behelde the lady gay,
 Her heyre hang down about hyr hede,
 The tane was blak, the other gray,
 Her eyn semyt onte before was gray,
 Her gay clethyng was all away,

That he before had sene in that stede
 Hyr body as blow as ony bede.
 Thomas sighede, and sayd, Allas,
 Me thynke this a dullfull syght,
 That thou art fadyd in the face,
 Before you shone as son so bryzt.
 Tak thy leue, Thomas, at son and mone,
 At gresse, and at euery tre,
 This twelmonth sall you with me gone,
 Medyl erth you sall not se.
 Alas, he seyde, ful wo is me,
 I trow my dedes will werke me care,
 Jesu, my sole tak to ye.
 Whedir so eyr my body sal fare.
 She rode furth with all her myzt,
 Undir nethe the derne lee,
 It was as derke as at midnizt,
 And eyr in water unto the kne;
 Through the space of days thre,
 He herde but swowynge of a fode ;
 Thomas sayd, Ful wo is me,
 Now I spyll for sawte of fode ;
 To a garden she lede him tyte,
 There was fruyte in grete plente,
 Peyres and appless ther were rype,
 The date and the damease.
 The fige and als fylbert tre ;
 The nyghtyngale bredyng in her neste,
 The papigaye about gan fle,
 The throstycock sang wald hafe no rest.
 He pressed to pulle fruyt with his hand,
 As man for faute that was faynt ;
 She seyde, Thomas, lat al stand,
 Or els the deuil wil the ataynt.
 Sche seyde, Thomas, I the hyzt,
 To lay thy hede upon my kne.
 And thou shalt see fayrer syght,
 Than eyr sawe man in their kintre.
 Sees thou, Thomas, you fayr way,
 That lyggs ouyr yone fayr playn ?
 Yonder is the way to heuyn for ay,
 When synful sawles haf derayed their payne,
 Sees thou, Thomas, you second way,
 That lygges lawe undir the ryse ?
 Straight is the way, sothly to say,
 To the joyes of paradyce.
 Sees thou, Thomas, you thyrd way,
 That lygges ouyr yone how ?
 Wide is the way, sothly to say,
 To the brynyng fyres of helle.
 Sees thou, Thomas, yone fayr castell,
 That stades ouyr yone fair hill ?
 Of town and tower it beereth the belle,
 In middell erth is none like theretill.
 When thou comyst in yone castell gaye,
 I pray thee curteis man to be ;
 What so any man to you say,
 Loke thou answer none bot me.
 My lord is servyd at yche messe,
 With xxx knizles feir and fre ;
 I shall say sytting on the dese,
 I toke thy speche beyone the le.
 Thomas stode as still as stone,
 And behelde that ladye gaye ;
 Than was sche fayr, and ryche anone,
 And also ryal on hir palfreye.
 The grewhoundes had fylde thaim on the
 dere,
 The raches couplid, by my fay,
 She blewe her horne Thomas to chere,
 To the castell she went her way.
 The ladye into the hall went,
 Thomas folowyd at her hand ;
 Thar kept her mony a lady gent,

With curtesy and lawe.
 Harp and fedyl both he fandē,
 The getern and the sawtry,
 Lut and rybid ther gon gan,
 Thair was al maner of mynstralsy,
 The most fertly that Thomas thought,
 When he com emyddes the flore,
 Fourty hertes to quarry were broght,
 That had been befor both long and store.
 Lymors lay happyng blode,
 And kokes standyng with dressyng knyfe,
 And dressyd dere as thai wer wode,
 And rewell was thair wonder.
 Knyghtes dancyd by two and thre,
 All that leue long day.
 Ladyes that were gret of gre,
 Sat and sang of rych aray.
 Thomas sawe much more in that place,
 Than I can descryve,
 Til on a day, alas, alas,
 My lovelye ladye sayd to me,
 Busk ye, Thomas, you must agayn,
 Here you may no longer be:
 Hy then zerne that you were at hame,
 I sal ye bryng to Eldyn Tre.
 Thomas answerd with heuy,
 And said, Lowely ladye, lat me be,
 For I say ye certenly here
 Haf I be bot the space of dayes thre.
 Sothly, Thomas, as I telle ye,
 You hath ben here thre yeres,
 And here you may no longer be;
 And I sal tele ye a skele,
 To-morrowe of helle ye foule fende
 Amang our folke shall chuse his fee;
 For you art a larg man and an hende,
 Trawe you wele he will chause thee.
 Fore all the golde that may be,
 Fro hens unto the worldes ende,
 Sall you not be betrayed by me,
 And thairfor sall you hens wende.
 She broght hym euyt to Eldyn Tre,
 Uddir nethe the grece wode spray,
 In Hunte banks was fayr to be,
 Ther breddes syng both nyzt and day.
 Ferre onyr yon montayns gray,
 Ther hathe my facon:
 Fare wele, Thomas, I wende my way.

The Elfin Queen, after restoring Thomas to earth, pours forth a string of prophecies, in which we distinguish references to the events and personages of the Scottish wars of Edward III. The battles of Dupplin and Halidon are mentioned, and also Black Agnes, Countess of Dunbar. There is a copy of this poem in the museum of the Cathedral of Lincoln, another in the collection in Peterborough, but unfortunately they are all in an imperfect state. Mr. Jamieson, in his curious Collection of Scottish Ballads and Songs, has an entire copy of this ancient poem, with all the collations. The *lacunæ* of the former editions have been supplied from this copy.

NOTE C.

ALLUSIONS TO HERALDRY.

P. 481.

"The *muscle* is a square figure like a *lozenge*, but it is always voided of the *field*. They are carried as principal figures by the name of

Learmont. Learmont of Earlston, in the Merss, carried or on a bend azure three muscles; of which family was Sir Thomas Learmont, who is well known by the name of Thomas the Rhymer, because he wrote his prophecies in rhyme. This prophetic herald lived in the days of King Alexander the Third, and prophesied of his death, and of many other remarkable occurrences; particularly of the union of Scotland with England, which was not accomplished until the reign of James the Sixth, some hundred years after it was foretold by this gentleman, whose prophecies are much esteemed by many of the vulgar even at this day. I was promised by a friend a sight of his prophecies, of which there is every where to be had an epitome, which, I suppose, is erroneous, and differs in many things from the original, it having been oft reprinted by some unskilful persons. Thus many things are amissing in the small book which are to be met with in the original, particularly these two lines concerning his neighbour, Bemerside:—

'Tyde what may betide,

Haig shall be laird of Bemerside.'

And indeed his prophecies concerning that ancient family have hitherto been true; for, since that time to this day, the Haigs have been lairds of that place. They carrie, Azure a saltier cantoned with two stars in chief and in base argent, as many crescents in the flanks or; and for crest a rock proper, with this motto, taken from the above-written rhyme—"Tide what may."—*Nisbet on Marks of Cadency*, p. 158.—He adds, "that Thomas' meaning may be understood by heralds when he speaks of kingdoms whose insignia seldom vary, but that individual families cannot be discovered, either because they have altered their bearings, or because they are pointed out by their crests and exterior ornaments, which are changed at the pleasure of the bearer." Mr. Nisbet, however, comforts himself for this obscurity, by reflecting, that "we may certainly conclude, from his writings, that heraldry was in good esteem in his days, and well known to the vulgar."—*Ibid.* p. 160.—It may be added, that the publication of predictions, either printed or hieroglyphical, in which noble families were pointed out by their armorial bearings, was, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, extremely common; and the influence of such predictions on the minds of the common people was so great as to occasion a prohibition, by statute, of prophecy by reference to heraldic emblems. Lord Henry Howard also (afterwards Earl of Northampton) directs against this practice much of the reasoning in his learned treatise, entitled, "A Defense against the Poyson of pretended Prophecies."

NOTE D.—P. 483.

The strange occupation in which Waldhave beholds Merlin engaged, derives some illustration from a curious passage in Geoffrey of Monmouth's life of Merlin, above quoted. The poem, after narrating that the prophet had fled to the forest in a state of distraction, proceeds to mention, that, looking upon the stars one

clear evening, he discerned from his astrological knowledge, that his wife, Guendolen, had resolved, upon the next morning, to take another husband. As he had presaged to her that this would happen, and had promised her a nuptial gift (cautioning her, however, to keep the bridegroom out of his sight,) he now resolved to make good his word. Accordingly, he collected all the stags and lesser game in his neighbourhood; and, having seated himself upon a buck, drove the herd before him to the capital of Cumberland, where Guendolen resided. But her lover's curiosity leading him to inspect too nearly this extraordinary cavalcade, Merlin's rage was awakened, and he slew him with the stroke of an antler of the stag. The original runs thus:—

*“Dixerat : et silvos et saltus circuit omnes,
Cervorumque greges agmen collegit in unum.
Et damas, coproseque simul ; cervoque resedit,
Et, veniente die, compellens agmina præ se,
Festinus vadit quo nubit Guendolæna,
Postquam venit eo, pacienter ipse coegit*

*Cervos ante fores, proclamans, ‘Guendolæna,
Guendolæna, veni, le tolia munera spectant.
Ocius ergo venit subridens Guendolæna,
Gestariæ virum cervo miratur, et illum
Sic parere viro, tantum quoque posse ferarum
Uniri numerum quas præ se solus agebat,
Sicut pastor oves, quas ducere suevit ad herbas.
Stabat ab excelsa sponsus spectando fenestra,
In solio mirans equitem, risumque movebat.
Ast ubi vidit eum vates, animoque quis esset
Calluit, extemplo divulsit cornua cervo
Quo gestabatur, vibrataque jecit in illum,
Et caput illius penitus contrivit, eumque
Reddidit exanimem, volamque fugavit in auras ;
Ocius inde æneum, tolorum verberè, cervum
Diffugiens egit, silvosque redire paravit.”*

For a perusal of this curious poem, accurately copied from a MS. in the Cotton Library, nearly coeval with the author, I was indebted to my learned friend, the late Mr. Ritson. There is an excellent paraphrase of it in the curious and entertaining *Spectimens of Early English Romances*, published by Mr. Ellis.

Glenfinlas;

OR,

LORD RONALD'S CORONACH.¹

The simple tradition, upon which the following stanzas are founded, runs thus: While two Highland hunters were passing the night in a solitary *bothy*, (a hut, built for the purpose of hunting,) and making merry over their venison and whisky, one of them expressed a wish that they had pretty lasses to complete their party. The words were scarcely uttered, when two beautiful young women, habited in green, entered the hut, dancing and singing. One of the hunters was seduced by the siren who attached herself particularly to him, to leave the hut: the other remained, and, suspicious of the fair seducers, continued to play upon a trumpet, or Jew's harp, some strain, consecrated to the Virgin Mary. Day at length came, and the temptress vanished. Searching in the forest, he found the bones of his unfortunate friend, who had been torn to pieces and devoured by the fiend into whose toils he had fallen. The place was from thence called the Glen of the Green Wamea.

Glenfinlas is a tract of forest-ground, lying in the Highlands of Perthshire, not far from Callender in Menteth. It was formerly a royal forest, and now belongs to the Earl of Moray. This country, as well as the adjacent district of Balquidder, was, in times of yore, chiefly inhabited by the Macgregors. To the west of the Forest of Glenfinlas lies Loch Katrine, and

its romantic avenue, called the Troshachs. Benedi, Benmore, and Benvoirlich, are mountains in the same district, and at no great distance from Glenfinlas. The river Teith passes Callender and the Castle of Doune, and joins the Forth near Stirling. The Pass of Leuny is immediately above Callender, and is the principal access to the Highlands, from that town. Glenartney is a forest, near Benvoirlich. The whole forms a sublime tract of Alpine scenery.

This ballad first appeared in the *Tales of Wonder*.

Glenfinlas;

OR,

LORD RONALD'S CORONACH.

*“For them the viewless forms of air obey,
Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair;
They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
And heartless oft, like moody maddeas stare,
To see the phantom-train their secret work prepare.”*

Collins.

*“O hone a rie! O hone a rie! 12
The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
And fall'n Glenartney's stately tree;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!”—*

¹ *Coronach* is the lamentation for a deceased warrior, sung by the aged of the clan.

² *O hone a rie* signifies—“Alas for the prince or chief.”

O, sprung from great Macgillianore,
The chief that never fear'd a foe,
How matchless was thy broad claymore,
How deadly thine unerring bow!

Well can the Saxon widows tell,¹
How, on the Teith's resounding shore,
The boldest Lowland warriors fell,
As down from Lenny's pass you bore.

But o'er his hills, in festal day,
How blazed Lord Ronald's beltane-tree,²
While youths and maids the light strathspey
So nimbly danced with Highland glee!

Cheer'd by the strength of Ronald's shell,
E'en age forgot his tresses hoar;
But now the loud lament we swell,
O ne'er to see Lord Ronald more!

From distant isles a chieftain came,
The joys of Ronald's halls to find,
And chase with him the dark-brown game,
That bounds o'er Albin's hills of wind.

'Twas Moy; whom in Columba's isle
The seer's prophetic spirit found,³
As, with a minstrel's fire the while,
He waked his harp's harmonious sound.

Full many a spell to him was known,
Which wandering spirits shriek to hear;
And many a lay of potent tone,
Was never meant for mortal ear.

For there, 'tis said, in mystic mood,
High converse with the dead they hold,
And oft espy the fatal shroud,
That shall the future corpse unfold.

O so it fell, that on a day,
To rouse the red deer from their den,
The Chiefs have ta'en their distant way,
And scour'd the deep Glenfinlas glen.

No vassals wait their sports to aid,
To watch their safety, deck their board;
Their simple dress, the Highland plaid,
Their trusty guard, the Highland sword.

Three summer days, through brake and dell,
Their whistling shafts successful flew;
And still, when dewy evening fell,
The quarry to their hut they drew.

In grey Glenfinlas' deepest nook
The solitary cabin stood,
Fast by Moneira's sullen brook,
Which murmurs through that lonely wood.

Soft fell the night, the sky was calm,
When three successive days had flown;
And summer mist in dewy balm
Steep'd heathy bank, and mossy stone.

The moon, half-hid in silvery flakes,
Afar her dubious radiance shed,
Quivering on Katrine's distant lakes,
And resting on Benledi's head.

Now in their hut, in social guise,
Their sylvan fare the Chiefs enjoy:
And pleasure languish in Ronald's eyes,
As many a pledge he quaffs to Moy.

"What lack we here to crown our bliss,
While thus the pulse of joy beats high?
What, but fair woman's yielding kiss,
Her panting breath and melting eye?"

"To chase the deer of yonder shades,
This morning left their father's pile
The fairest of our mountain maids,
The daughters of the proud Glengyle.

"Long have I sought sweet Mary's heart,
And dropp'd the tear, and heaved the sigh:
But vain the lover's wily art,
Beneath a sister's watchful eye.

"But thou mayst teach that guardian fair,
While far with Mary I am flown,
Of other hearts to cease her care,
And find it hard to guard her own.

"Touch but thy harp, thou soon shalt see
The lovely Flora of Glengyle,
Unmindful of her charge and me,
Hang on thy notes, 'twixt tear and smile.

"Or, if she choose a melting tale,
All underneath the greenwood bough,
Will good St. Oran's rule prevail,⁴
Stern huntsman of the rigid brow!"—

"Since Enrick's fight, since Morna's death,
No more on me shall rapture rise,
Responsive to the panting breath,
Or yielding kiss, or melting eyea.

"E'en then, when o'er the heath of woe,
Where sunk my hopes of love and fame,
I bade my harp's wild waifings flow,
On me the Seer's sad spirit came.

"The last dread curse of angry heaven,
With ghastly sights and sounds of woe,
To dash each glimpse of joy was given—
The gift, the future ill to know.

"The bark thou saw'st, yon summer morn,
So gaily part from Ohan's bay,
My eye beheld her dash'd and torn,
Far on the rocky Colonsay.

"Thy Fergus too—thy sister's son,
Thou saw'st, with pride, the gallant's power,
As marching 'gainst the Lord of Downe,
He left the skirts of huge Benmore.

"Thou only saw'st their tartans wave,
As down Beauvoirlach's side they wound,
Heard'st but the pibroch,⁵ answering brave
To many a target clanking round.

"I heard the groans, I mark'd the tears,
I saw the wound his bosom bore,
When on the serried Saxon spears
He pour'd his clan's resistless roar.

"And thou, who bidst me think of bliss,
And bidst my heart awake to glee,
And court, like thee, the wanton kiss—
That heart, O Ronald, bleeds for thee!

"I see the death-damps chill thy brow;
I hear thy Warning Spirit cry; [now...
The corpse-lights dance—they're gone, and
No more is given to gifted eye!"—

¹ The term *Sassenach*, or Saxon, is applied by the Highlanders to their Low-Country neighbours.

² See Appendix, Note A.

³ *Ibid*, Note B.

⁴ See Appendix, Note C.

⁵ *Tartans*—The full Highland dress, made of the checked stuff so termed.

⁶ *Pibroch*—A piece of martial music, adapted to the Highland bagpipe.

"Alone enjoy thy dreary dreams,
Sad prophet of the evil hour!
Say, should we scorn joy's transient beams,
Because to-morrow's storm may lour?"

"Or false, or sooth, thy words of woe,
Clangilian's Chieftain ne'er shall fear;
His blood shall bound at rapture's glow,
Though doom'd to stain the Saxon spear.

"E'en now, to meet me in yon dell,
My Mary's buskins brush the dew."
He spoke, nor bade the Chief farewell,
But called his dogs, and gay withdrew.

Within an hour return'd each bound;
In rush'd the rousers of the deer;
They howl'd in melancholy sound,
Then closely couch'd beside the Seer.

No Ronald yet; though midnight came,
And sad were Moy's prophetic dreams,
As, bending o'er the dying flame,
He fed the watch-fire's quivering gleams.

Sudden the hounds erect their ears,
And sudden cease their moaning howl;
Close press'd to Moy, they mark their fears
By shivering limbs and stifled growl.

Untouch'd, the harp began to ring,
As softly, slowly, oped the door;
And shook responsive every string,
As light a footstep press'd the floor.

And by the watch-fire's glimmering light,
Close by the minstrel's side was seen
An huttress maid, in beauty bright,
All dropping wet her robes of green.

All dropping wet her garments seem;
Child'd was her cheek, her bosom bare,
As, bending o'er her the dying gleam,
She wrung the moisture from her hair.

With maiden blush, she softly said,
"O gentle huntsman, hast thou seen,
In deep Glenfinlas' moonlight glade,
A lovely maid in vest of green?"

"With her a Chief in Highland pride;
His shoulders bear the hunter's bow,
The mountain dirk adorns his side,
Far on the wind his tartans flow?"—

"And who art thou? and who are they?"
All ghastly gazing, Moy replied:
"And why, beneath the moon's pale ray,
Dare ye thus roam Glenfinlas' aide?"—

"Where wild Loch Katrine pours her tide,
Blue, dark, and deep, round many an isle,
Our father's towers o'erhang her side,
The castle of the bold Glengyle.

"To chase the dun Glenfinlas deer,
Our woodland course this morn we bore,
And haply met, while wandering here,
The son of great Macgilliaoure.

"O aid me, then, to seek the pair,
Whom, loitering in the woods, I lost;
Alone, I dare not venture there,
Where walks, they say, the shrieking ghost."

"Yes, many a shrieking ghost walks there;
Then, first, my own sad vow to keep,
Here will I pour my midnight prayer,
Which still must rise when mortals sleep."

"O first, for pity's gentle sake,
Guide a lone wanderer on her way!
For I must cross the haunted brake,
And reach my father's towers ere day."—

"First, three times tell each Ave-bead,
And thrice a Pater-noster say;
Then kiss with me the holy rede;
So shall we safely wend our way."—

"O shame to knighthood, strange and foul!
Go, doff the bonnet from thy brow,
And shroud thee in the monkish cowl,
Which best befits thy sullen vow.

"Not so, by high Dunlathmon's fire,
Thy heart was froze to love and joy,
When gaily rung thy raptured lyre
To wanton Morua's melting eye."

Wild stared the minstrel's eyes of flame,
And high his sable locks arose;
And quick his colour went and came,
As fear and rage alternate rose.

"And thou! when by the blazing oak
I lay, to her and love resign'd,
Say, rode ye on the eddying smoke,
Or sail'd ye on the midnight wind?"

"Not thine a race of mortal blood,
Nor old Glengyle's pretended line;
Thy dame, the Lady of the Flood—
Thy sire, the Monarch of the Miae."

He mutter'd thrice St. Oran's rhyme,
And thrice St. Fillan's powerful prayer;¹
Then turn'd him to the eastern clime,
And sternly shook his coal-black hair.

And, bending o'er his harp, he flung
His wildest witch-notes on the wind;
And loud, and high, and strange, they rung,
As many a magic change they find.

Tall wax'd the Spirit's altering form,
Till to the roof her stature grew;
Then, mingling with the rising storm,
With one wild yell away she flew.

Rain beats, hail rattles, whirlwinds tear:
The slender hut in fragments flew;
But not a lock of Moy's loose hair
Was waved by wind, or wet by dew.

Wild mingling with the howling gale,
Loud bursts of ghastly laughter rise;
High o'er the minstrel's head they sail,
And die amid the northern skies.

The voice of thunder shook the wood,
As ceased the more than mortal yell;
And, spattering foul, a shower of blood
Upon the hissing firebranda fell.

Next dropp'd from high a mangled arm;
The fingers strain'd a half-drawn blade;
And last, the life-blood streaming warm,
Torn from the trunk, a gasping head.

Oft o'er that head, in battling field,
Stream'd the proud crest of high Benmore;
That arm the broad claymore could wield,
Which dyed the Teith with Saxon gore.

¹ See Appendix, Note D.

Woe to Moneira's sullen rills !
 Woe to Glenfinlas' dreary glen !
 There never son of Albin's hills
 Shall draw the hunter's shaft agen !

E'en the tired pilgrim's burning feet
 At noon shall shun that sheltering den,
 Lest, journeying in their rage, he meet
 The wayward Ladies of the Glen.

And we—behind the Chieftain's shield,
 No more shall we in safety dwell ;
 None leads the people to the field—
 And we the loud lament must swell.

O hone a rie' ! O hone a rie' !
 The pride of Albin's line is o'er !
 And fall'n Glenartney's stately tree ;
 We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more !

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

How blazed Lord Ronald's bellane tree.

P. 492.

The fires lighted by the Highlanders, on the first of May, in compliance with a custom derived from the Pagan times, are termed *The Bellane-tree*. It is a festival celebrated with various superstitious rites, both in the north of Scotland and in Wales.

NOTE B.

The seer's prophetic spirit found.—492.

I can only describe the second sight, by adopting Dr. Johnson's definition, who calls it "An impression, either by the mind upon the eye, or by the eye upon the mind, by which things distant and future are perceived and seen as if they were present." To which I would only add, that the spectral appearances, thus presented, usually presage misfortune; that the faculty is painful to those who suppose they possess it; and that they usually acquire it while themselves under the pressure of melancholy.

NOTE C.

Will good St. Oran's rule prevail?—P. 492.

St. Oran was a friend and follower of St. Columba, and was buried at Icolmkill. His pretensions to be a saint were rather dubious. According to the legend, he consented to be buried alive, in order to propitiate certain demons of the soil, who obstructed the attempts of Columba to build a chapel. Columba caused the body of his friend to be dug up, after three days had elapsed: when Oran, to the horror and scandal of the assistants, declared, that there was neither a God, a judgment, nor a future state! He had no time to make further discoveries, for Columba caused the earth once more to be shovelled over him with the utmost despatch. The chapel, however, and the cemetery, was called *Relig Ouron*; and, in memory of his rigid celibacy, no female was

permitted to pay her devotions, or be buried in that place. This is the rule alluded to in the poem.

NOTE D.

And thrice St. Fillan's powerful prayer.

P. 493.

St. Fillan has given his name to many chapels, holy fountains, &c. in Scotland. He was, according to Camerarius, an Abbot of Pittenweem, in Fife; from which situation he retired, and died a hermit in the wilds of Glenruchy, A. D. 649. While engaged in transcribing the Scriptures, his left hand was observed to send forth such a splendour, as to afford light to that with which he wrote; a miracle which saved many candles to the convent, as St. Fillan used to spend whole nights in that exercise. The 9th of January was dedicated to this saint, who gave his name to Kilfillan, in Renfrew, and St. Phillans, or Forgend, in Fife. Lesley, lib. 7, tells us, that Robert the Bruce was possessed of Fillan's miraculous and luminous arm, which he enclosed in a silver shrine, and had it carried at the head of his army. Previous to the Battle of Bannockburn, the king's chaplain, a man of little faith, abstracted the relic, and deposited it in a place of security, lest it should fall into the hands of the English. But, lo! while Robert was addressing his prayers to the empty casket, it was observed to open and shut suddenly; and, on inspection, the saint was found to have himself deposited his arm in the shrine as an assurance of victory. Such is the tale of Lesley. But though Bruce little needed that the arm of St. Fillan should assist his own, he dedicated to him, in gratitude, a priory at Killin, upon Loch Tay.

In the Scots Magazine for July, 1802, there is a copy of a very curious crown grant, dated 11th July, 1457, by which James III. confirms, to Malice Doire, an inhabitant of Strathfillan, in Perthshire, the peaceable exercise and enjoyment of a relic of St. Fillan, being apparently the head of a pastoral staff called the Quegrich, which he and his predecessors are said to have possessed since the days of Robert Bruce. As the Quegrich was used to

cure diseases, this document is probably the most ancient patent ever granted for a quack medicine. The ingenious correspondent, by whom it is furnished, farther observes, that additional particulars, concerning St. Fillan, are to be found in *Bellenden's Boece*, Book 4, folio cxxiii, and in *Pennant's Tour in Scotland*, 1772, pp. 11, 15.

See a note on the lines in the first canto of *Marmion*. . . .

"Thence to St. Fillan's blessed well,
Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel,
And the crazed brain restore," &c. *Editor.*

The Eve of St. John.

Smaylho'me, or Smallholm Tower, the scene of the following ballad, is situated on the northern boundary of Roxburghshire, among a cluster of wild rocks, called Sandiknow-Crags, the property of Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden, [now Lord Polwarth.] The tower is a high square building, surrounded by an outer wall, now ruinous. The circuit of the outer court, being defended on three sides, by a precipice and morass, is accessible only from the west, by a steep and rocky path. The apartments, as is usual in a Border keep, or fortress, are placed one above another, and communicate by a narrow stair; on the roof are two bartizans, or platforms, for defence or pleasure. The inner door of the tower is wood, the outer an iron gate; the distance between them being nine feet, the thickness, namely, of the wall. From the elevated situation of Smaylho'me Tower, it is seen many miles in every direction. Among the crags by which it is surrounded, one, more eminent, is called the *Watchfold*, and is said to have been the station of a beacon, in the times of war with England. Without the tower-court is a ruined chapel. Brotherstone is a heath, in the neighbourhood of Smaylho'me Tower.

This ballad was first printed in Mr. Lewis's *Tales of Wonder*. It is here published, with some additional illustrations, particularly an account of the battle of Ancram Moor; which seemed proper in a work upon Border antiquities. The catastrophe of the tale is founded upon a well-known Irish tradition. This ancient fortress and its vicinity formed the scene of the Editor's infancy, and seemed to claim from him this attempt to celebrate them in a Border tale.

The Eve of St. John.

The Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,
He spurr'd his courser on,
Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,
That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch
His banner broad to rear;
He went not 'gainst the English yew,
'To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack¹ was braced, and his helmet was laced,
And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore;
At his saddle gerthe was a good steel sperthe,
Full ten pound weight and more.

The Baron return'd in three days space,
And his looks were sad and sour;
And weary was his courser's pace,
As he reach'd his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancram Moor²
Ran red with English blood;
Where the Douglas true, and the bold Buccleuch,
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet hack'd and hew'd,
His action pierced and tore,
His axe and his dagger with blood imbrued,—
But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,
He held him close and still;
And he whistled thrice for his little foot-page,
His name was English Will.

"Come thou hither, my little foot-page,
Come hither to my knee;
Though thou art young, and tender of age,
I think thou art true to me.

"Come, tell me all that thou hast seen,
And look thou tell me true!
Since I from Smaylho'me tower have been,
What did thy lady do?"—

"My lady, each night, sought the lonely light,
That burns on the wild Watchfold;
For, from height to height, the beacons bright
Of the English foemen told.

"The bitter clamour'd from the moss,
The wind blew loud and shrill;
Yet the craggy pathway she did cross
'To the airy Beacon Hill.

¹ The plate-jack is coat-armour; the vaunt-brace, or vambrace, armour for the body: the sperthe, a battle-axe.

² See Appendix. Note A.

"I watch'd her steps, and silent came
Where she sat her on a stone;—
No watchman stood by the dreary flame,
It burned all alone.

"The second night I kept her in sight,
Till to the fire she came,
And, by Mary's might! an Armed Knight
Stood by the lonely flame.

"And many a word that warlike lord
Did speak to my lady there;
But the rain fell fast, and loud blew the blast,
And I heard not what they were.

"The third night there the sky was fair,
And the mountain-blast was still,
As again I watch'd the secret pair,
On the lonesome Beacon Hill.

"And I heard her name the midnight hour,
And name this holy eve;
And say, 'Come this night to thy lady's bower;
Ask no bold Baron's leave.

"He lifts his spear with the bold Buccleuch;
His lady is all alone;
The door she'll undo, to her knight so true,
On the eve of good St. John."

"I cannot come; I must not come;
I dare not come to thee;
On the eve of St. John I must wander alone:
In thy bower I may not be."

"Now, out on thee, fainthearted knight!
Thou shouldst not say me nay;
For the eve is sweet, and when lovers meet,
Is worth the whole summer's day.

"And I'll chain the blood-hound, and the
warder shall not sound,
And rushes shall be strew'd on the stair:
So, by the black rood-stone,¹ and by holy St.
John,
I conjure thee, my love, to be there!"

"Though the blood-hound be mute, and the
rush beneath my foot,
And the warder his bugle should not blow,
Yet there sleepeth a priest in the chamber to
the east,
And my footstep he would know."

"O fear not the priest, who sleepeth to the
east!
For to Dryburgh² the way he has ta'en;
And there to say mass, till three days do pass,
For the soul of a knight that is slayne."

"He turn'd him around, and grimly he frown'd;
Then he laugh'd right scornfully—
'He who says the mass-rite for the soul of that
knight,
May as well say mass for me:

"At the lone midnight hour, when bad spirits
have power,
In thy chamber will I be,'—
With that he was gone, and my lady left alone,
And no more did I see."

Then changed, I trow, was that bold Baron's
brow,
From the dark to the blood-red high
"Now, tell me the mien of the knight thou
hast seen,
For, by Mary, he shall die!"—

"His arms shone full bright, in the beacon's
red light;
His plume it was scarlet and blue;
On his shield was a hound, in a silver leash
bound,
And his crest was a branch of the yew."

"Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page,
Loud dost thou lie to me!
For that knight is cold, and low laid in the
mould,
All under the Eildon-tree."—³

"Yet hear but my word, my noble lord!
For I heard her name his name;
And that lady bright, she called the knight
Sir Richard of Coldinghame."

The bold Baron's brow then changed, I trow,
From high blood-red to pale—
"The grave is deep and dark—and the corpse
is stiff and stark—
So I may not trust thy tale.

"Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,
And Eildon slopes to the plain,
Full three nights ago, by some secret foe,
That gay gallant was slain

"The varying light deceived thy sight,
And the wild winds drown'd the name;
For the Dryburgh bells ring, and the white
monks do sing,
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame!"

He pass'd the court-gate, and he oped the
tower-gate,
And he mounted the narrow stair,
To the hartizan-seat, where, with maids that
on her wait,
He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood;
Look'd over hill and vale;
Over Tweed's fair flood, and Mertoun's⁴ wood,
And all down Teviotdale.

"Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!"—
"Now hail, thou Baron true!
What news, what news, from Ancram fight?
What news from the bold Buccleuch?"

"The Ancram Moor is red with gore,
For many a southron fell;
And Buccleuch has charged us, evermore,
To watch our beacons well."

The lady blush'd red, but nothing she said;
Nor added the Baron a word:
Then she stepp'd down the stair to her cham-
ber fair,
And so did her moody lord.

¹ The black-rood of Melrose was a crucifix of black marble, and of superior sanctity.

² Dryburgh Abbey is beautifully situated on the banks of the Tweed. After its dissolution, it became the property of the Halliburtons of Newnham, and is now the seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of Buchan. It belonged to the order of Premonstratenses.

³ Eildon is a high hill, terminating in three conical summits, immediately above the town of Melrose, where are the admired ruins of a magnificent monastery. Eildon-tree is said to be the spot where Thomas the Rhymer uttered his prophecies. See *ante*, p. 479.

⁴ Mertoun is the beautiful seat of Lord Polwarth.

In sleep the lady mourn'd, and the Baron toss'd
and turn'd,
And off to himself he said,—
"The worms around him creep, and his bloody
grave is deep
It cannot give up the dead!"—

It was near the ringing of matin-bell,
The night was wellnigh done,
When a heavy sleep on that Baron fell,
On the eve of good St. John.

The lady look'd through the chamber fair,
By the light of a dying flame:
And she was aware of a knight stood there—
Sir Richard of Coldinghame!

"Alas! away, away!" she cried,
"For the holy Virgin's sake!"—
"Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side;
But, lady, he will not awake.

"By Eildon-tree, for long nights three,
In bloody grave have I lain;
The mass and the death-prayer are said for
me,
But, lady, they are said in vain.

"By the Baron's braod, near Tweed's fair
strand,
Most foully slain, I fell;
And my restless sprite on the heacon's height,
For a space is doom'd to dwell.

"At our trysting-place,¹ for a certain space,
I must wander to and fro;
But I had not had power to come to thy bower
Had'st thou not conjured me so."—

Love master'd fear—her brow she cross'd;
"How, Richard, hast thou sped?
And art thou saved, or art thou lost?"—
The vision shook his head!

"Who spilleth life, shall forfeit life;
So bid thy lord believe:
That lawless love is goit above,
This awful sign receive."

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam,
His right upon her hand;
The lady shruuk, and fainting sunk,
For it scorcht like a fiery brand.

The sable score, of fingers four,
Remains on that board impress'd;
And for evermore that lady wore
A covering on her wrist.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower,
Ne'er looks upon the sun:
There is a monk in Melrose tower,
He speaketh word to none.

That nun, who ne'er beholds the day,²
That monk, who speaks to none—
That nun was Smaylho'me's Lady gay,
That monk the bold Baron.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

BATTLE OF ANCRAM MOOR. P. 495.

Lord Evers, and Sir Brian Latoun, during the year 1544, committed the most dreadful ravages upon the Scottish frontiers, compelling most of the inhabitants, and especially the men of Liddesdale, to take assurance under the King of England. Upon the 17th November, in that year, the sum total of their depredations stood thus, in the bloody ledger of Lord Evers:—

Towns, towers, barnekynes, paryshe churches, bastill houses, burned and destroyed, - - - - -	192
Scots slain, - - - - -	403
Prisoners taken, - - - - -	816
Nolt (cattle), - - - - -	10,386
Shepe, - - - - -	12,492
Nazs and geldings, - - - - -	1296
Gayt, - - - - -	200

Bolls of corn, - - - - - 850
Insight gear, &c. (furniture) an incalculable quantity.
Murdin's State Papers, vol. i. p. 51.

For these services Sir Ralph Evers was made a Lord of Parliament. See a strain of exulting congratulation upon his promotion poured forth by some contemporary minstrel, in vol. i. p. 417.

The King of England had promised to these two barons a feudal grant of the country, which they had thus reduced to a desert; upon hearing which, Archibald Douglas, the seventh Earl of Angus, is said to have sworn to write the deed of investiture upon their skins, with sharp pens and bloody ink, in resentment for their having defaced the tombs of his ancestors at Melrose.—*Godscroft*. In 1545, Lord Evers and Latoun again entered Scotland, with an army consisting of 3000 mercenarier, 1500 English Borderers, and 700 assured Scottish men, chiefly Armstrongs, Turnbulls, and other broken clans. In this

¹ *Trysting-place*—Place of rendezvous.

² See Appendix, Note B.

second incursion, the English generals even exceeded their former cruelty. Evers burned the tower of Broomhouse, with its lady, (a noble and aged woman, says Lesley,) and her whole family. The English penetrated as far as Melrose, which they had destroyed last year, and which they now again pillaged. As they returned towards Jedburgh, they were followed by Angus at the head of 1000 horse, who was shortly after joined by the famous Norman Lesley, with a body of Fife-men. The English, being probably unwilling to cross the Teviot while the Scots hung upon their rear, halted upon Ancram Moor, above the village of that name; and the Scottish general was deliberating whether to advance or retire, when Sir Walter Scott, of Buccleuch, came up at full speed with a small but chosen body of his retainers, the rest of whom were near at hand. By the advice of this experienced warrior (to whose conduct Pitscottie and Buchanan ascribe the success of the engagement), Angus withdrew from the height which he occupied, and drew up his forces behind it, upon a piece of low flat ground, called Panier-heugh, or Paniel-heugh. The spare horses being sent to an eminence in their rear, appeared to the English to be the main body of the Scots in the act of flight. Under this persuasion, Evers and Latoun hurried precipitately forward, and having ascended the hill, which their foes had abandoned, were no less dismayed than astonished to find the phalanx of Scottish spearmen drawn up in firm array upon the flat ground below. The Scots in their turn became the assailants. A heron, roused from the marshes by the tumult, soared away betwixt the encountering armies: "O!" exclaimed Angus, "that I had here my white goss-hawk, that we might all yoke at once!"—*Godscraft*. The English, breathless and fatigued, having the setting sun and wind full in their faces, were unable to withstand the resolute and desperate charge of the Scottish lances. No sooner had they begun to waver, than their own allies, the assured Borderers, who had been waiting the event, threw aside their red crosses, and, joining their countrymen, made a most merciless slaughter among the English fugitives, the pursuers calling upon each other to "remember Broomhouse!"—*Lesley*, p. 478.

In the battle fell Lord Evers, and his son, together with Sir Brian Latoun, and 800 Englishmen, many of whom were persons of rank. A thousand prisoners were taken. Among these was a patriotic alderman of London, Read by name, who, having contumaciously refused to pay his portion of a benevolence, demanded from the city by Henry VIII., was sent by royal authority to serve against the Scots. These, at settling his ransom, he found still more exorbitant in their exactions than the monarch.—*Redpath's Border History*, p. 563.

Evers was much regretted by King Henry, who swore to avenge his death upon Angus, against whom he conceived himself to have particular grounds of resentment, on account of favours received by the earl at his hands. The answer of Angus was worthy of a Dou-

glas: "Is our brother-in-law offended," I said he, "that I, as a good Scotsman, have avenged my ravaged country, and the defaced tombs of my ancestors, upon Ralph Evers? They were better men than he, and I was bound to do no less—and will he take my life for that? Little knows King Henry the skirts of Kirnatable: I can keep myself there against all his English host."—*Godscraft*.

Such was the noted battle of Ancram Moor. The spot, on which it was fought, is called Lilyard's Edge, from an Amazonian Scottish woman of that name, who is reported, by tradition, to have distinguished herself in the same manner as Squire Witherington.³ The old people point out her monument, now broken and defaced. The inscription is said to have been legible within this century, and to have run thus:

"Fair maiden Lylliard lies under this stane,
Little was her stature, but great was her
fame;
Upon the English louns she laid mony
thumps,
And, when her legs were cutted off, she
fought upon her stumps."

Vide *Account of the Parish of Melrose*.

It appears, from a passage in Stowe, that an ancestor of Lord Evers held also a grant of Scottish lands from an English monarch. "I have seen," says the historian, "under the broad-seal of the said King Edward I., a manor, called Ketnes, in the county of Forfear, in Scotland, and nere the furthest part of the same nation northward, given to John Ure and his heires, ancestor to the Lord Ure, that now is, for his service done in these partes, with market, &c. dated at Lanercost, the 20th day of October, anno regis, 34."—*Stowe's Annals*, p. 210. This grant, like that of Henry, must have been dangerous to the receiver.

NOTE B.

That nun who ne'er beholds the day.—P. 497.

The circumstance of the nun, "who never saw the day," is not entirely imaginary. About fifty years ago, an unfortunate female wanderer took up her residence in a dark vault, among the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, which, during the day, she never quitted. When night fell, she issued from this miserable habitation, and went to the house of Mr. Haliburton of Newmains, the Editor's great-grandfather, or to that of Mr. Erskine of Shellfield, two gentlemen of the neighbourhood. From their charity, she obtained such necessaries as she could be prevailed upon to accept. At twelve, each night, she lighted her candle, and returned to her vault, assuring her friendly neighbours, that, during her absence, her habitation was arranged by a spirit, to whom she gave the uncouth name of *Pallips*; describing him as a little man, wearing heavy iron shoes, with which he trampled the clay floor of the vault, to dispel the damps. This circumstance

¹ Angus had married the widow of James IV., sister to King Henry VIII.

² Kirnatable, now called Cairatable, is a mountainous tract at the head of Dougladale.

³ See *Chevy Chase*.

caused her to be regarded, by the well-informed, with compassion, as deranged in her understanding; and by the vulgar, with some degree of terror. The cause of her adopting this extraordinary mode of life she would never explain. It was, however, believed to have been occasioned by a vow, that, during the absence of a man to whom she was attached, she would never look upon the sun.

Her lover never returned. He fell during the civil war of 1745-6, and she never more would behold the light of day.

The vault, or rather dungeon, in which this unfortunate woman lived and died, passes still by the name of the supernatural being, with which its gloom was tenanted by her disturbed imagination, and few of the neighbouring peasants dare enter it by night.—1803.

Cadyow Castle.

The ruins of Cadyow, or Cadzow Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family of Hamilton, are situated upon the precipitous banks of the river Evan, about two miles above its junction with the Clyde. It was dismantled, in the conclusion of the Civil Wars, during the reign of the unfortunate Mary, to whose cause the house of Hamilton devoted themselves with a generous zeal, which occasioned their temporary obscurity, and, very nearly, their total ruin. The situation of the ruins, embosomed in wood, darkened by ivy and creeping shrubs, and overhanging the hawling torrent, is romantic in the highest degree. In the immediate vicinity of Cadyow is a grove of immense oaks, the remains of the Caledonian Forest, which anciently extended through the south of Scotland, from the eastern to the Atlantic Ocean. Some of these trees measure twenty-five feet, and upwards, in circumference; and the state of decay, in which they now appear, shows that they have witnessed the rites of the Druids. The whole scenery is included in the magnificent and extensive park of the Duke of Hamilton. There was long preserved in this forest the breed of the Scottish wild cattle, until their ferocity occasioned their being extirpated, about forty years ago. Their appearance was beautiful, being milk-white, with black muzzles, horns, and hoofs. The bulls are described by ancient authors as having white manes; but those of latter days had lost that peculiarity, perhaps by intermixture with the tame breed.¹

In detailing the death of the Regent Murray, which is made the subject of the following ballad, it would be injustice to my reader to use other words than those of Dr. Robertson, whose account of that memorable event forms a beautiful piece of historical painting.

"Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh was the person who committed this barbarous action. He had been condemned to death soon after the battle of Langside, as we have already re-

lated, and owed his life to the Regent's clemency. But part of his estate had been bestowed upon one of the Regent's favourites,² who seized his house, and turned out his wife, naked, in a cold night, into the open fields, where, before next morning, she became furiously mad. This injury made a deeper impression on him than the benefit he had received, and from that moment he vowed to be revenged of the Regent. Party rage strengthened and inflamed his private resentment. His kinsmen, the Hamiltons, applauded the enterprise. The maxims of that age justified the most desperate course he could take to obtain vengeance. He followed the Regent for some time, and watched for an opportunity to strike the blow. He resolved at last to wait till his enemy should arrive at Lulithgow, through which he was to pass in his way from Stirling to Edinburgh. He took his stand in a wooden gallery,³ which had a window towards the street; spread a feather-bed on the floor to hinder the noise of his feet from being heard; hung up a black cloth behind him, that his shadow might not be observed from without; and, after all this preparation, calmly expected the Regent's approach, who had lodged, during the night, in a house not far distant. Some indistinct information of the danger which threatened him had been conveyed to the Regent, and he paid so much regard to it, that he resolved to return by the same gate through which he had entered, and to fetch a compass round the town. But, as the crowd about the gate was great, and he himself unacquainted with fear, he proceeded directly along the street; and the throng of people obliging him to move very slowly, gave the assassin time to take so true an aim, that he shot him, with a single bullet, through the lower part of his belly, and killed the horse of a gentleman who rode on his other side. His followers instantly endeavoured to break into the house whence the blow had come; but they found the door strongly barricaded,

¹ They were formerly kept in the park at Drumlanrig, and are still to be seen at Chillingham Castle, in Northumberland. For their nature and ferocity, see Notes.

² This was Sir James Bellenden, Lord Justice-Clerk, whose shameful and inhuman rapacity occasioned the catastrophe in the text.—*Spottiswoode.*

³ This projecting gallery is still shown. The house to which it was attached was the property of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, a natural brother to the Duke of Chateaubault, and uncle to Bothwellhaugh. This, among many other circumstances, seems to evince the aid which Bothwellhaugh received from his clan in effecting his purpose.

and, before it could be forced open, Hamilton had mounted a fleet horse,¹ which stood ready for him at a back passage, and was got far beyond their reach. The Regent died the same night of his wound."—*History of Scotland*, book v.

Bothwellhaugh rode straight to Hamilton, where he was received in triumph; for the ashes of the houses in Clydesdale, which had been burned by Murray's army, were yet smoking; and party prejudice, the habits of the age, and the enormity of the provocation, seemed to his kinsmen to justify the deed. After a short abode at Hamilton, this fierce and determined man left Scotland, and served in France, under the patronage of the family of Guise, to whom he was doubtless recommended by having avenged the cause of their niece, Queen Mary, upon her ungrateful brother. De Thou has recorded, that an attempt was made to engage him to assassinate Gaspar de Coligni, the famous Admiral of France, and the buckler of the Huguenot cause. But the character of Bothwellhaugh was mistaken. He was no mercenary trader in blood, and rejected the offer with contempt and indignation. He had no authority, he said, from Scotland to commit murders in France: he had avenged his own just quarrel, but he would neither, for price nor prayer, avenge that of another man.—*Thuanus*, cap. 46.

The Regent's death happened 23d January, 1569. It is applauded or stigmatized, by contemporary historians, according to their religious or party prejudices. The triumph of Blackwood is unbounded. He not only extols the pious feat of Bothwellhaugh, "who," he observes, "satisfied, with a single ounce of lead, him whose sacrilegious avarice had stripped the metropolitan church of St. Andrews of its covering;" but he ascribes it to immediate divine inspiration, and the escape of Hamilton to little less than the miraculous interference of the Deity.—*Jebb*, vol. ii. p. 263. With equal injustice, it was, by others, made the ground of a general national reflection; for, when Mather urged Berney to assassinate Burleigh, and quoted the examples of Poltrot and Bothwellhaugh, the other conspirator answered, "that neyther Poltrot nor Hambleton did attempt their enterpryse, without some reason or consideration to lead them to it; as the one, by hyre, and promise of preferment or reward; the other, upon desperate mind of revenge, for a lyltle wrong done unto him, as the report goethe, according to the vyle trayterous dyssosvysyon of the hoole natyon of the Scottes."—*Murdin's State Papers*, vol. i. p. 197.

Cadyow Castle.

ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LADY ANNE HAMILTON.

When princely Hamilton's abode
Ennobled Cadyow's Gothic towers,
The song went round, the goblet flow'd,
And revel sped the laughing hours.

¹ The gift of Lord John Hamilton, Commendator of Aboath.

Then, thrilling to the harp's gay sound,
So sweetly rung each vaulted wall,
And echoed light the dancer's bound,
As mirth and music cheer'd the hall.

But Cadyow's towers, in ruins laid,
And vaults, by ivy mantled o'er,
Thril to the music of the shade,
Or echo Evan's hoarser roar.

Yet still, of Cadyow's faded fame,
You bid me tell a minstrel tale,
And tune my harp, of Border frame,
On the wild banks of Evandale.

For thou, from scenes of courtly pride,
From pleasure's lighter scenes, canst turn,
To draw oblivion's pall aside,
And mark the long-forgotten urn.

Then, noble maid! at thy command,
Again the crumbled halls shall rise;
Lo! as on Evan's banks we stand,
The past returns—the present flies.

Where, with the rock's wood-cover'd side,
Were blended late the ruins green,
Rise turrets in fantastic pride,
And feudal banners flaunt between:

Where the rude torrent's brawling course
Was shagg'd with thorn and tangling sloe,
The ashler buttress braves its force,
And ramparts frown in battled row.

'Tis night—the shade of keep and spire
Obscurely dance on Evan's stream;
And on the wave the warder's fire
Is chequering the moonlight beam.

Fades slow their light; the east is grey;
The weary warder leaves his tower;
Steed's snort; uncoupled stag-hounds bay,
And merry hunters quit the bower.

The drawbridge falls—they hurry out—
Clatters each plank and swinging chain,
As, dashing o'er, the jovial rout
Urge the shy steed, and slack the rein.

First of his troop, the Chief rode on;²
His shouting merry-men throng behind;
The steed of princely Hamilton
Was fleetest than the mountain wind.

From the thick copse the roebucks bound,
The startled red-deer scuds the plain,
For the hoarse hughle's warrior-sound
Has roused their mountain haunts again.

Through the huge oaks of Evandale,
Whose limbs a thousand years have worn,
What sullen roar comes down the gale,
And drowns the hunter's pealing horn!

Mightiest of all the beasts of chase,
That roam in woody Caledon,
Crashing the forest in his race,
The Mountain Bull comes thundering on.

Fierce, on the hunter's quiver'd hand,
He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow,
Spurns, with black hoof and horn, the sand,
And tosses high his mane of snow.

² The head of the family of Hamilton, at this period, was James, Earl of Arran, Duke of Châtelleraut, in France, and first peer of the Scottish realm. In 1569, he was appointed by Queen Mary her lieutenant-general in Scotland, under the singular title of her adopted father.

Aim'd well, the Chieftain's lance has flown ;
Struggling in blood the savage lies ;
His roar is sunk in hollow groan—
Sound, merry huntsmen ! sound the *pyse* !¹

'Tis noon—against the knotted oak
The hunters rest the idle spear ;
Curl through the trees the slender smoke,
Where yeomen dight the woodland cheer.

Proudly the Chieftain mark'd his clan,
On greenwood lap all careless thrown,
Yet miss'd his eye the boldest man
That bore the name of Hamilton.

"Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place,
Still wont our weal and woe to share ?
Why comes he not our sport to chase ?
Why shares he not our hunter's fare ?"—

Stern Claud replied,² with darkening face,
(Grey Paisley's haughty lord was he,)
"At merry feast, or buxom chase,
No more the warrior wilt thou see.

"Few suns have set since Woodhouselee³
Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets foam,
When to his hearths, in social glee,
The war-worn soldier turn'd him home.

"There, wan from her maternal throes,
His Margaret, beautiful and mild,
Sate in her bower, a pallid rose,
And peaceful nursed her new-born child.

"O change accursed ! past are those days ;
False Murray's ruthless spoilers came,
And, for the hearth's domestic blaze,
Ascends destruction's volumed flame.

"What sheeted phantom wanders wild,
Where mountain Eske through woodland
flows,
Her arms enfold a shadowy child—
Oh ! is it she, the pallid rose ?

"The wilder'd traveller sees her glide,
And hears her feeble voice with awe—
'Revenge,' she cries, 'on Murray's pride !
And woe for injured Bothwellhaugh !'"

He ceased—and cries of rage and grief
Burst mingling from the kindred band,
And half arose the kindling Chief,
And half unsheathed his Arran brand.

But who, o'er bush, o'er stream and rock,
Rides headlong, with resistless speed,
Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke
Drives to the leap his jaded steed ;⁴

Whose cheek is pale, whose eyeballs glare,
As one some vision'd sight that saw,
Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair ?—
'Tis he ! 'tis he ! 'tis Bothwellhaugh.

From gory selle,⁵ and reeling steed,
Sprung the fierce horseman with a bound,
And, reeking from the recent deed,
He dash'd his carbine on the ground.

Sternly he spoke—" 'Tis sweet to hear
In good greenwood the bugle blown,
But sweeter to Revenge's ear,
To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

"Your slaughter'd quarry proudly trode,
At dawning morn, o'er dale and down,
But prouder base-born Murray rode
Through old Lanlithgow's crowded town.

"From the wild Border's humbled side,⁶
In haughty triumph marched he,
While Knox relax'd his bigot pride,
And smil'd, the traitorous poup to see.

"But can stern Power, with all his vaunt,
Or pomp, with all her courtly glare,
The settled heart of Vengeance daunt,
Or change the purpose of Despair ?

"With hackbut bent,⁷ my secret stand,
Dark as the purposed deed, I chose,
And mark'd, where, mingling in his band,
'Troop'd Scottish pikes and English bows.

"Dark Morton,⁸ girt with many a spear,
Murder's foul minion, led the van ;
And clash'd his broadsword's plaided rear
The wild Macfarlanes' plaided clan.⁹

"Glencairn and stout Parkhead¹⁰ were nigh,
Obsequious at their Regent's rein,
And haggard Lindsay's iron eye,
'That saw fair Mary weep in vain.¹¹

"Mid pennon'd spears, a steely grove,
Proud Murray's plunage floated high ;
Scarce could his trampling charger move,
So close the minions crowded nigh.¹²

"From the raised vizor's shade, his eye,
Dark-rolling, glanced the ranks along,
And his steel truncheon, waved on high,
Seem'd marshalling the iron throng.

"But yet his sadden'd brow confess'd
A passing shade of doubt and awe ;
Some fiend was whispering in his breast ;
'Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh !'

"The death-shot parts—the charger springs—
To see in tumult's startling roar !
And Murray's plummy helmet rings—
—Rings on the ground, to rise no more.

"What joy the raptur'd youth can feel,
To hear her love the loved one tell—
Or he, who broaches on his steel
The wolf, by whom his infant fell !

"But dearer to my injured eye
To see in dust proud Murray roll ;
And mine was ten times trebled joy,
To hear him groan his felon soul.

"My Margaret's spectre glided near ;
With pride her bleeding victim saw ;
And shriek'd in his death-deafen'd ear,
'Remember injured Bothwellhaugh !'

¹ See Appendix, Note A.

² *Ibid.*, Note B.

³ See Appendix, Note C.

⁴ *Ibid.*, Note D.

⁵ *Selle*—Saddle. A word used by Spenser, and other ancient authors.

⁶ See Appendix, Note E.

⁷ *Ibid.*, Note F.

⁸ Of this noted person, it is enough to say, that he was

active in the murder of David Rizzio, and at least privy to that of Darnley.

⁹ See Appendix, Note G.

¹⁰ See Appendix, Note H.

¹¹ See Appendix, Note I.

¹² See Appendix, Note K.

'Then speed thee, noble Chatlerault!
Spread to the wind thy banner'd tree! 1
Each warrior bend his Clydesdale bow!—
Murray is fall'n, and Scotland free!"

Vaults every warrior to his steed;
Loud hughes join their wild acclaim—
"Murray is fall'n, and Scotland freed!
Couch, Arran! couch thy spear of flame!"

But, see! the minstrel vision fails—
The glimmering spears are seen no more;
The shouts of war die on the gales,
Or sink in Evan's lonely roar.

For the loud bugle, pealing high,
The blackbird whistles down the vale,
And sunk in ivied ruins lie
The banner'd towers of Evandale.

For Chiefs, intent on bloody deed,
And Vengeance shouting o'er the slain,
Lo! high-born Beauty rules the steed,
Or graceful guides the silken rein.

And long may Peace and Pleasure own
The maids who list the minstrel's tale;
Nor e'er a ruder guest be known
On the fair banks of Evandale!

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

— sound the pryse!—P. 501.

Pryse—The note blown at the death of the game.—In *Caledonia olim frequens erat sylvestris quidam bos, nunc vero rarior, qua, colore candidissimo, jubam densam et demissam instar leonis gestat, truculentus ac ferus ab humano genere abhorrens, ut quæcunque homines vel manibus contrectarint, vel halitu perflaverint, ab iis multos post dies omnino obstinuerunt. Ad hoc tanta audacia huic bovi indita erat, ut non solum irritatos equales furenter prosterneret, sed ne tantillum lacessitus omnes promiscue homines cornibus ac unguibus peterit; ac canum, qui apud nos ferocissimi sunt, impetus plane contemneret. Ejus carnis cartilaginosa, sed saporis suavissimi. Erat is olim per vlam vastissimam Caledonia sylvam frequens, sed humana inoltuie jam assumptus tribus tantum locis est reliquus, Strivilingii, Cumberaldie, et Kincarnia.—Lestæus, Scotiæ Descriptio, p. 13.—[See a note on *Castle Dangerous*, *Waverley Novels*.—Ed.]*

NOTE B.

Stern Claud replied.—P. 501.

Lord Claud Hamilton, second son of the Duke of Chatelherault, and commendator of the Abbey of Paisley, acted a distinguished part during the troubles of Queen Mary's reign, and remained unalterably attached to the cause of that unfortunate princess. He led the van of her army at the fatal battle of Langside, and was one of the commanders at the Raid of Stirling, which had so nearly given complete success to the Queen's faction. He was ancestor of the present Marquis of Abercorn.

1 An oak, half-sawn, with the motto *through*, is an ancient cognizance of the family of Hamilton.

NOTE C.

Woodhouselee.—P. 501.

This barony, stretching along the banks of the Esk, near Auchendinny, belonged to Bothwellhaugh, in right of his wife. The ruins of the mansion, from whence she was expelled in the brutal manner which occasioned her death, are still to be seen in a hollow glen beside the river. Popular report tenants them with the restless ghost of the Lady Bothwellhaugh; whom, however, it confounds with Lady Anne Bothwell, whose *Lament* is so popular. This spectre is so tenacious of her rights, that a part of the stones of the ancient edifice having been employed in building or repairing the present Woodhouselee, she has deemed it a part of her privilege to haunt that house also; and, even of very late years, has excited considerable disturbance and terror among the domestics. This is a more remarkable vindication of the *rights of ghosts*, as the present Woodhouselee, which gives his title to the Honourable Alexander Fraser Tytler, a senator of the College of Justice, is situated on the slope of the Pentland hills, distant at least four miles from her proper abode. She always appears in white, and with her child in her arms.

NOTE D.

Drives to the leap his jaded steed.—P. 501.

Birrel informs us, that Bothwellhaugh, being closely pursued, "after that spur and wand had failed him, he drew forth his dagger, and strocke his horse behind, whilk caused the horse to leap a very brode stanke [i. e. ditch], by whilk means he escapit, and gat away from all the rest of the horses."—*Birrel's Diary*, p. 18.

NOTE E.

From the wild Border's humbled side.—P. 501.

Murray's death took place shortly after an expedition to the Borders; which is thus commemorated by the author of his Elegy:—

"So having stablicht all thing in this sort,
To Liddisdail agane he did resort,
Throw Ewisdail, Eskdail, and all the dails
rode he,
And also lay three nights in Cannabie,
Whair na prince lay thir hundred yeiris be-
fore.
Nae thief durst stir, they did him feir aa
sair;
And, that they suld na mair thair thift
allege,
Threescore and twelf he brocht of thanie in
pledge,
Syne wardit thame, whilk maid the rest keep
ordour;
Than invcht the rasch-bus keep ky on the
Border."

Scottish Poems, 16th century, p. 232.

NOTE F.

With hackbut bent.—P. 501.

Hackbut bent—Gun cock'd. The carbine, with which the Regent was shot, is preserved at Hamilton Palace. It is a brass piece, of a middling length, very small in the bore, and, what is rather extraordinary, appears to have been rifled or indented in the barrel. It had a matchlock, for which a modern firelock has been injudiciously substituted.

NOTE G.

The wild Macfarlanes' plaided clan.—P. 501.

This clan of Lennox Highlanders were attached to the Regent Murray. Hollished, speaking of the battle of Langside, says, "In this batayle the valiancie of an Heiland gentleman, named Macfarlane, stood the Regent's part in great steede; for, in the hottest brunte of the fighte, he came up with two hundred of his friendes and countrymen, and so manfully gave in upon the flankes of the Queen's people, that he was a great cause of the disordering of them. This Macfarlane had been lately before, as I have heard, condemned to die, for some outrage by him committed, and obtayning pardon through suyte of the Countess of Murray, he recompensed that clemencie by this piece of service now at this batayle." Calderwood's account is less favourable to the

Macfarlanes. He states that "Macfarlane, with his Highlandmen, fled from the wing where they were set. The Lord Lindsay, who stood nearest to them in the Regent's battle, said, 'Let them go! I shall fill their place better:' and so, stepping forward, with a company of fresh men, charged the enemy, whose spears were now spent, with long weapons, so that they were driven back by force, being before almost overtrown by the avaunt-guard and harquebusiers, and so were turned to flight."—*Calderwood's MS apud Keith, p. 480.* Melville mentions the flight of the vanguard, but states it to have been commanded by Morton, and composed chiefly of commoners of the barony of Renfrew.

NOTE H.

Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh.

P. 501.

The Earl of Glencairn was a steady adherent of the Regent. George Douglas of Parkhead was a natural brother of the Earl of Murton, whose horse was killed by the same ball by which Murray fell.

NOTE I.

haggard Lindesay's iron eye.

That saw fair Mary weep in vain.—P. 501.

Lord Lindsay, of the Byres, was the most ferocious and brutal of the Regent's faction, and, as such, was employed to extort Mary's signature to the deed of resignation presented to her in Lochleven castle. He discharged his commission with the most savage rigour; and it is even said, that when the weeping captive, in the act of signing, averted her eyes from the fatal deed, he pinched her arm with the grasp of his iron glove.

NOTE K.

So close the minions crowded nigh.—P. 501.

Not only had the Regent notice of the intended attempt upon his life, but even of the very house from which it was threatened. With that infatuation at which men wonder, after such events have happened, he deemed it would be a sufficient precaution to ride briskly past the dangerous spot. But even this was prevented by the crowd: so that Bothwellhaugh had time to take a deliberate aim.—*Spottiswoode, p. 233. Buchanan.*

The Gray Brother.

A FRAGMENT.

The imperfect state of this ballad, which was written several years ago, is not a circumstance affected for the purpose of giving it that peculiar interest which is often found to arise from ungratified curiosity. On the contrary, it was the Editor's intention to have completed the tale, if he had found himself able to succeed to his own satisfaction. Yielding to the opinion of persons, whose judgment, if not biased by the partiality of friendship, is entitled to deference, he has preferred inserting these verses as a fragment, to his intention of entirely suppressing them.

The tradition, upon which the tale is founded, regards a house upon the barony of Gilmerton, near Lasswade, in Mid-Lothian. This building, now called Gilmerton Grange, was originally named Burdale, from the following tragic adventure. The barony of Gilmerton belonged, of yore, to a gentleman named Heron, who had one beautiful daughter. This young lady was seduced by the Abbot of Newbattle, a richly endowed abbey, upon the banks of the South Esk, now a seat of the Marquis of Lothian. Heron came to the knowledge of this circumstance, and learned also, that the lovers carried on their guilty intercourse by the connivance of the lady's nurse, who lived at this house of Gilmerton Grange, or Burdale. He formed a resolution of bloody vengeance, undeterred by the supposed sanctity of the clerical character, or by the stronger claims of natural affection. Choosing, therefore, a dark and windy night, when the objects of his vengeance were engaged in a stolen interview, he set fire to a stack of dried thorns, and other combustibles, which he had caused to be piled against the house, and reduced to a pile of glowing ashes the dwelling, with all its inmates.¹

The scene with which the ballad opens, was suggested by the following curious passage, extracted from the Life of Alexander Peden, one of the wandering and persecuted teachers of the sect of Cameronians, during the reign of Charles II. and his successor, James. This person was supposed by his followers, and, perhaps, really believed himself, to be possessed of supernatural gifts; for the wild scenes which they frequented, and the constant dangers which were incurred through their proscription, deepened upon their minds the gloom of superstition, so general in that age.

"About the same time he [Peden] came to Andrew Normand's house, in the parish of Alloway, in the shire of Ayr, being to preach at night in his barn. After he came in, he

halted a little, leaning upon a chair-back, with his face covered; when he lifted up his head, he said, 'They are in this house that I have not one word of salvation unto;' he halted a little again, saying, 'This is strange, that the devil will not go out, that we may begin our work!' Then there was a woman went out, ill-looking upon almost all her life, and to her dying hour, for a witch, with many presumptions of the same. It escaped me, in the former passages, what John Muirhead (whom I have often mentioned) told me, that when he came from Ireland to Galloway, he was at family-worship, and giving some notes upon the Scripture read, when a very ill-looking man came, and sat down within the door, at the back of the *hallon*, [partition of the cottage:] immediately he halted and said, 'There is some unhappy body just now come into this house. I charge him to go out, and not stop my mouth!' This person went out, and he insisted [went on.] yet he saw him neither come in nor go out."—*The Life and Prophecies of Mr. Alexander Peden, late Minister of the Gospel at New Glenhuce, in Galloway, part ii. § 26.*

A friendly correspondent remarks, "that the incapacity of proceeding in the performance of a religious duty, when a contumacious person is present, is of much higher antiquity than the era of the Reverend Mr. Alexander Peden."—*Vide Hygini Fabulas, cap. 26. "Medea Corintho exul, Athenas, ad Ægeum Pandionis filium devenit in hospitium, eique nupsit.*

—"*Pastea sacerdos Diane Medeam exagitare capiti, relique negabat sacra caste facere posse, eo quod in ea civitate esset mulier venefica et scelerata; tunc exulatur.*"

The Gray Brother.

The Pope he was saying the high, high mass,
All on Saint Peter's day,
With the power to him given, by the saints
in heaven.

To wash men's sins away.

The Pope he was saying the blessed mass,
And the people kneel'd around,
And from each man's soul his sins did pass,
As he kiss'd the holy ground.

And all, among the crowded throng,
Was still, both limb and tongue,
While, through vaulted roof and aisles aloof,
'The holy accents rung.

¹ This tradition was communicated to me by John Clerk, Esq. of Eldin, author of an *Essay upon Naval Tactics*, who will be remembered by posterity, as having taught the Ge-

nus of Britain to concentrate her thunders, and to launch them against her foes with an unerring aim.

At the holiest word he quiver'd for fear,
And falter'd in the sound—
And, when he would the chalice rear,
He dropp'd it to the ground.

"The breath of one of evil deed
Pollutes our sacred day;
He has no portion in our creed,
No part in what I say.

"A being, whom no blessed word
To ghostly peace can bring;
A wretch, at whose approach abhorr'd,
Recoils each holy thing.

"Up, up, unhappy I haste, arise I
My adjuration fear!
I charge thee not to stop my voice,
Nor longer tarry here!"—

Amid them all a pilgrim kneel'd,
In gown of sackcloth grey;
Far journeying from his native field,
He first saw Rome that day.

For forty days and nights so drear,
I ween he had not spoke,
And, save with bread and water clear,
His fast he ne'er had broke.

Amid the penitential flock,
Seem'd none more bent to pray;
But, when the Holy Father spoke,
He rose and went his way.

Again unto his native land
His weary course he drew,
To Lothian's fair and fertile strand,
And Pentland's mountains blue.

His unblest feet his native seat,
'Mid Eske's fair woods, regain:
Thro' woods more fair no stream more sweet
Rolls to the eastern main.

And lords to meet the pilgrim came,
And vassals bent the knee;
For all 'mid Scotland's chiefs of fame,
Was none more famed than he.

And boldly for his country, still,
In battle he had stood,
Ay, even when on the banks of Till
Her noblest pour'd their blood.

Sweet are the paths, O passing sweet I
By Eske's fair streams that run,
O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep,
Impervious to the sun.

There the rapt poet's step may rove,
And yield the muse the day;
There Beauty, led by timid Love,
May shun the tell-tale ray;

From that fair dome, where suit is paid
By blast of bugle free,¹
To Auchendinny's hazel glade,²
And haunted Woodhouselee.³

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,⁴
And Roslin's rocky glen,⁵
Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,⁶
And classic Hawthornden? ⁷

Yet never a path, from day to day,
The pilgrim's footsteps range,
Save but the solitary way
To Burndale's ruin'd grange.

A woful place was that, I ween,
As sorrow could desire;
For nodding to the fall was each crumbling
wall,
And the roof was scathed with fire.

It fell upon a summer's eve,
While, on Carnethy's head,
The last faint gleams of the sun's low beams
Had streak'd the grey with red:

And the convent bell did vespers tell,
Newbattle's oaks among,
And mingled with the solemn knell
Our Ladye's evening song:

The heavy knell, the choir's faint swell,
Came slowly down the wind,
And on the pilgrim's ear they fell,
And his wonted path he did find.

Deep sunk in thought, I ween, he was,
Nor ever raised his eye,
Until he came to that dreary place,
Which did all in ruins lie.

He gazed on the walls, so scathed with fire,
With many a bitter groan—
And there was aware of a Gray Friar,
Resting him on a stone.

"Now, Christ thee save!" said the Gray Brother;
"Some pilgrim thou seemest to be."
But in sore amaze did Lord Albert gaze,
Nor answer again made he.

"O come ye from east, or come ye from west,
Or bring reliques from over the sea;
Or come ye from the shrine of St. James the
divine,
Or St. John of Beverley!"—

"I come not from the shrine of St. James the
divine,
Nor bring reliques from over the sea;
I bring but a curse from our father, the Pope,
Which for ever will cling to me."—

"Now, woful pilgrim, say not so I
But kneel thee down to me,
And shrive thee so clean of thy deadly sin,
That absolved thou mayst be."—

"And who art thou, thou Gray Brother,
That I should shrive to thee,
When He, to whom are given the keys of earth
and heaven,
Has no power to pardon me?"—

"O I am sent from a distant clime,
Five thousand miles away,
And all to absolve a foul, foul crime,
Done here 'twixt night and day."

The pilgrim kneel'd him on the sand,
And thus began his saye—
When on his neck an ice-cold hand
Did that Gray Brother laye.

* * * * *

¹ See Appendix, Notes 1 to 7.

APPENDIX.

NOTES 1 to 7.

SCENERY OF THE ESK.

P. 505.

¹ The barony of Pennycuik, the property of Sir George Clerk, Bart., is held by a singular tenure; the proprietor being bound to sit upon a large rocky fragment called the Buckstane, and wind three blasts of a horn, when the King shall come to hunt on the Borough Moir near Edinburgh. Hence the family have adopted as their crest a demi-forester proper, winding a horn, with the motto, *Free for a Blast*. The beautiful mansion-house of Pennycuik is much admired, both on account of the architecture and surrounding scenery.

² Auchendinny, situated upon the Eske, below Pennycuik, the present residence of the ingenious H. Mackenzie, Esq., author of the *Man of Feeling*, &c.—Edition 1803.

³ "Haunted Woodhouselee."—For the traditions connected with this ruinous mansion, see *Ballad of Cadyow Castle*, Note, p. 502.

⁴ Melville Castle, the seat of the Right Honourable Lord Melville, to whom it gives the title of Viscount, is delightfully situated upon the Eske, near Lasswade.

⁵ The ruins of Roslin Castle, the baronial residence of the ancient family of St. Clair. The Gothic chapel, which is still in beautiful preservation, with the romantic and woody dell in which they are situated, belong to the

Right Honourable the Earl of Rosslyn, the representative of the former Lords of Roslin.

⁶ The village and castle of Dalkeith belonged of old to the famous Earl of Morton, but is now the residence of the noble family of Buccleuch. The park extends along the Eske, which is there joined by its sister stream of the same name.

⁷ Hawthornden, the residence of the poet Drummond. A house of more modern date is enclosed, as it were, by the ruins of the ancient castle, and overhangs a tremendous precipice upon the banks of the Eske, perforated by winding caves, which in former times were a refuge to the oppressed patriots of Scotland. Here Drummond received Ben Jonson, who journeyed from London on foot in order to visit him. The beauty of this striking scene has been much injured of late years by the indiscriminate use of the axe. The traveller now looks in vain for the leafy bower,

"Where Jonson sat in Drummond's social shade."

Upon the whole, tracing the Eske from its source till it joins the sea at Musselburgh, no stream in Scotland can boast such a varied succession of the most interesting objects, as well as of the most romantic and beautiful scenery. 1803. . . . The beautiful scenery of Hawthornden has, since the above note was written, recovered all its proper ornament of wood. 1831.

War-Song

OF THE

ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

"*Nennius*. Is not peace the end of arms?
"*Caratach*. Not where the cause implies a general conquest.

Had we a difference with some petty isle,
Or with our neighbours, Britons, for our landmarks,

The taking in of some rebellious lord,
Or making head against a slight commotion,
After a day of blood, peace might be argued:
But where we grapple for the land we live on,
The liberty we hold more dear than life,

The gods we worship, and, next these, our honours,
And, with those, swords that know no end of battle—

Those men, beside themselves, allow no neighbour,

Those minds, that, where the day is, claim inheritance,
And, where the sun makes ripe the fruit, their harvest,

And, where they march, but measure out more ground

To add to Rome —
It must not be—No! as they are our foes,
Let's use the peace of honour—that's fair dealing;

But in our hands our swords. The hardy Roman,

That thinks to graft himself into my stock,
Must first begin his kindred under ground,
And be allied in ashes."—

Bonduca.

The following War-Song was written during the apprehension of an invasion. The corps of volunteers to which it was addressed, was raised in 1797, consisting of gentlemen, mounted and armed at their own expense. It still subsists, as the Right Troop of the Royal Mid-Lothian Light Cavalry, commanded by the Honourable Lieutenant-Colonel Dundas.¹ The noble and constitutional measure of arming freemen in defence of their own rights, was nowhere more successful than in Edinburgh, which furnished a force of 3000 armed and disciplined volunteers, including a regiment of cavalry, from the city and county, and two corps of artillery, each capable of serving twelve guns. To such a force, above all others, might, in similar circumstances, be applied the exhortation of our ancient Galgacus: "*Proinde sturi in oem, et majores vestros et posteros covitate.*" 1812.

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### War-Song

OF THE

#### ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

To horse! to horse! the standard flies,  
The bugles sound the call;  
The Gallic navy stems the seas,  
The voice of battle's on the breeze,  
Arouse ye, one and all!

From high Dunedin's towers we come,  
A band of brothers true;  
Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,  
With Scotland's hardy thistle crown'd;  
We boast the red and blue.<sup>2</sup>

Though tamely crouch to Gallia's frown  
Dull Holland's tardy train;

<sup>1</sup> Now Viscount Melville.—1831.

<sup>2</sup> The royal colours.

<sup>3</sup> The allusion is to the massacre of the Swiss Guards, on the fatal 16th August, 1792. It is painful, but not useless, to remark, that the passive temper with which the Swiss regarded the death of their bravest countrymen, merci-

lessly slaughtered in discharge of their duty, encouraged and authorized the progressive injustice, by which the Alps, once the seal of the most virtuous and free people upon the Continent, have, at length, been converted into the citadel of a foreign and military despot. A state degraded is half enslaved.—1812.

Oh! had they mark'd the avenging call<sup>3</sup>  
Their brethren's murder gave,  
Disunion ne'er their ranks had mown,  
Nor patriot valour, desperate grown,  
Sought freedom in the grave!

Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head,  
In Freedom's temple born,  
Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,  
To bail a master in our isle,  
Or brook a victor's scorn?

No, though destruction o'er the land  
Come pouring as a flood,  
The sun, that sees our falling day,  
Shall mark our sabres' deadly sway,  
And set that night in blood.

For gold let Gallia's legions fight,  
Or plunder's bloody gain;  
Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw  
To guard our king, to fence our law,  
Nor shall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of British gale  
Shall fan the tri-color,  
Or footstep of invader rude,  
With rapine foul, and red with blood,  
Pollute our happy shore,—

Then farewell home! and farewell friends!  
Adieu each tender tie!  
Resolved, we mingle in the tide,  
Where charging squadrons furious ride,  
To conquer or to die.

To horse! to horse! the sabres gleam;  
High sounds our bugle-call;  
Combined by honour's sacred tie,  
Our word is *Laus and Liberty!*  
March forward one and all!

## Ballads,

TRANSLATED, OR IMITATED,

FROM THE GERMAN, &amp;c.

## William and Helen.

[1796.]

IMITATED FROM THE "LENORE" OF BURGER.

The author had resolved to omit the following version of a well-known Poem, in any collection which he might make of his poetical trifles. But the publishers having pleaded for its admission, the Author has consented, though not unaware of the disadvantage at which this youthful essay (for it was written in 1795) must appear with those which have been executed by much more able hands, in particular that of Mr. Taylor of Norwich, and that of Mr. Spencer.

The following Translation was written long before the Author saw any other, and originated in the following circumstances:—A lady of high rank in the literary world read this romantic tale, as translated by Mr. Taylor, in the house of the celebrated Professor Dugald Stewart of Edinburgh. The Author was not present, nor indeed in Edinburgh at the time; but a gentleman who had the pleasure of hearing the ballad, afterwards told him the story, and repeated the remarkable chorus—

"Tramp! tramp! across the land they speede,  
 Splash! splash! across the sea;  
 Hurrah! The dead can ride apace!  
 Dost fear to ride with me!"

In attempting a translation, then intended only to circulate among friends, the present Author did not hesitate to make use of this impressive stanza; for which freedom he has since obtained the forgiveness of the ingenious gentleman to whom it properly belongs.

## William and Helen.

I.

From heavy dreams fair Helen rose,  
 And eyed the dawning red;  
 "Alas, my love, thou tarriest long!  
 O art thou false or dead?"—

II.

With gallant Fred'rick's princely power  
 He sought the bold Crusade;  
 But not a word from Judah's wars  
 Told Helen how he sped.

III.

With Paynim and with Saracen  
 At length a truce was made,  
 And every knight return'd to dry  
 The tears his love had shed.

IV.

Our gallant host was homeward bound  
 With many a song of joy;  
 Green waved the laurel in each plume,  
 The badge of victory.

V.

And old and young, and sire and son,  
 To meet them crowd the way,  
 With shouts, and mirth, and melody,  
 The debt of love to pay.

VI.

Full many a maid her true-love met,  
 And sobb'd in his embrace,  
 And flutt'ring joy in tears and smiles  
 Array'd full many a face.

VII.

Nor joy nor smile for Helen sad;  
 She sought the host in vain;  
 For none could tell her William's fate,  
 If faithless, or if slain.

VIII.

The martial hand is past and gone;  
 She rends her raven hair,  
 And in distraction's bitter mood  
 She weeps with wild despair.

IX.

"O rise, my child," her mother said,  
 "Nor sorrow thus in vain;  
 A perjured lover's fleeting heart  
 No tears recall again."—

X.

"O mother, what is gone, is gone,  
 What's lost for ever lorn:  
 Death, death alone can comfort me;  
 O had I ne'er been born!

XI.

"O break, my heart,—O break at once!  
 Drink my life-blood, Despair!  
 No joy remains on earth for me,  
 For me in heaven no share."—



## XII.

"O enter not in judgment, Lord!"  
The pious mother prays;  
"Impute not guilt to thy frail child!  
She knows not what she says.

## XIII.

"O say thy pater noster, child!  
O turn to God and grace!  
His will, that turn'd thy bliss to bale,  
Can change thy bale to bliss."—

## XIV.

"O mother, mother, what is bliss?  
O mother, what is bale?  
My William's love was heaven on earth,  
Without it earth is hell.

## XV.

"Why should I pray to ruthless Heaven,  
Since my loved William's slain?  
I only pray'd for William's sake,  
And all my prayers were vain."—

## XVI.

"O take the sacrament, my child,  
And check these tears that flow;  
By resignation's humble prayer,  
O hallow'd be thy woe!"—

## XVII.

"No sacrament can quench this fire,  
Or slake this scorching pain;  
No sacrament can hid the dead  
Arise and live again.

## XVIII.

"O break, my heart.—O break at once!  
Be thou my god, Despair!  
Heaven's heaviest blow has fallen on me,  
And vain each fruitless prayer."—

## XIX.

"O enter not in judgment, Lord,  
With thy frail child of clay!  
She knows not what her tongue has spoke;  
Impute it not, I pray!

## XX.

"Forbear, my child, this desperate woe,  
And turn to God and grace;  
Well can devotion's heavenly glow  
Convert thy bale to bliss."—

## XXI.

"O mother, mother, what is bliss?  
O mother, what is bale?  
Without my William what were heaven,  
Or with him what were hell?"—

## XXII.

Wild she arraigns the eternal doom,  
Uphraids each sacred power,  
Till spent, she sought her silent room,  
All in the lonely tower.

## XXIII.

She beat her breast, she wrung her hands,  
Till sun and day were o'er,  
And through the glimmering lattice shone  
The twinkling of the star.

## XXIV.

Then, crash! the heavy drawbridge fell  
That o'er the moat was hung;  
And, clatter! clatter! on its boards  
The hoof of courser rung.

## XXV.

The clank of echoing steel was heard  
As off the rider bounded;  
And slowly on the winding stair  
A heavy footstep sounded.

## XXVI.

And hark! and hark! a knock—Tap! tap!  
A rustling stifled noise:—  
Door-latch and tinkling staples ring:—  
At length a whispering voice.

## XXVII.

"Awake, awake, arise, my love!  
How, Helen, dost thou fare?  
Wak'st thou, or sleep'st? laugh'st thou, or  
weep'st?  
Hast thought on me, my fair?"—

## XXVIII.

"My love! my love!—so late by night!—  
I waked, I wept for thee:  
Much have I borne since dawn of morn;  
Where, William, couldst thou be?"—

## XXIX.

"We saddle late—from Hungary  
I rode since darkness fell;  
And to its bourne we both return  
Before the matin-bell."—

## XXX.

"O rest this night within my arms,  
And warm thee in their fold!  
Chill howls through hawthorn bush the  
wind:—  
My love is deadly cold."—

## XXXI.

"Let the wind howl through hawthorn bush!  
This night we must away;  
The steed is wight, the spur is bright;  
I cannot stay till day.

## XXXII.

"Busk, busk, and boune! Thou mount'st be-  
hind  
Upon my black barb steed:  
O'er stock and stile, a hundred miles,  
We haste to bridal bed."—

## XXXIII.

"To-night—to-night a hundred miles!—  
O dearest William, stay!  
The bell strikes twelve—dark, dismal hour!  
O wait, my love, till day!"—

## XXXIV.

"Look here, look here—the moon shines  
clear—  
Fall fast I ween we ride;  
Mount and away! for ere the day  
We reach our bridal bed.

## XXXV.

"The black barb sports, the bridle rings;  
Haste, busk, and boune, and seat thee!  
The feast is made, the chamber spread,  
The bridal guests await thee."—

## XXXVI.

Strong love prevail'd : She husks, she bounes,  
She mounts the barb behind,  
And round her darling William's waist  
Her lily arms she twined.

## XXXVII.

And, hurry! hurry! off they rode,  
As fast as fast might be;  
Spurn'd from the courser's thundering heels  
The flashing pebbles flee.

## XXXVIII.

And on the right, and on the left,  
Ere they could snatch a view,  
Fast, fast each mountain, mead, and plain,  
And cot, and castle, flew.

## XXXIX.

"Sit fast—dost fear?—The moon shines  
clear—  
Fleet goes my barb—keep hold!  
Fear'st thou?"—"O no!" she faintly said;  
"But why so stern and cold?"

## XL.

"What yonder rings? what yonder sings?  
Why shrieks the owlet grey?"—  
"'Tis death-bells' clang, 'tis funeral song,  
The body to the clay.

## XLI.

"With song and clang, at morrow's dawn,  
Ye may inter the dead:  
To-night I ride, with my young bride,  
To deck our bridal bed.

## XLII.

"Come with thy choir, thou coffin'd guest,  
To swell our nuptial song!  
Come, priest, to bless our marriage feast!  
Come all, come all along!"—

## XLIII.

Ceased clang and song; down sunk the bier;  
The shrouded corpse arose:  
And, hurry! hurry! all the train  
The thundering steed pursues.

## XLIV.

And, forward! forward! on they go;  
High snorts the straining steed;  
Thick pants the rider's labouring breath,  
As headlong on they speed.

## XLV.

"O William, why this savage haste?  
And where thy bridal bed?"—  
"'Tis distant far, low, damp, and chill,  
And narrow, trustless maid."

## XLVI.

"No room for me?"—"Enough for both;—  
Speed, speed, my barb, thy course!"  
O'er thundering bridge, through boiling surge,  
He drove the furious horse.

## XLVII.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,  
Splash! splash! along the sea;  
The scourge is wight, the spur is bright,  
The flashing pebbles flee.

## XLVIII.

Fled past on right and left how fast  
Each forest, grove, and bower!  
On right and left fled past how fast  
Each city, town, and tower!

## XLIX.

"Dost fear? dost fear? The moon shines clear,  
Dost fear to ride with me?—  
Hurrah! hurrah! the dead can ride!"—  
"O William, let them be!"—

## L.

"See there, see there! What yonder swings  
And creaks 'mid whistling rain?"—  
"Gibbet and steel, th' accursed wheel;  
A murderer in his chain.—"

## LI.

"Hollo! thou felon, follow here:  
To bridal bed we ride:  
And thou shalt prance a fetter dance  
Before me and my bride."

## LII.

And, hurry! hurry! clash, clash, clash!  
The wasted form descends;  
And fleet as wind through hazel bush  
The wild career attends.

## LIII.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,  
Splash! splash! along the sea;  
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,  
The flashing pebbles flee.

## LIV.

How fled what moonshine faintly show'd!  
How fled what darkness hid!  
How fled the earth beneath their feet,  
The heaven above their head!

## LV.

"Dost fear? dost fear? The moon shines clear,  
And well the dead can ride:  
Does faithful Helen fear for them?"—  
"O leave in peace the dead!"—

## LVI.

"Barb! Barb! methinks I hear the cock;  
The sand will soon be run:  
Barb! Barb! I smell the morning air;  
The race is wellnigh done."

## LVII.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,  
Splash! splash! along the sea;  
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,  
The flashing pebbles flee.

## LVIII.

"Hurrah! hurrah! well ride the dead;  
The bride, the bride is come;  
And soon we reach the bridal bed,  
For, Helen, here's my home."

## LIX.

Reluctant on its rusty hinge  
Revolved an iron door,  
And by the pale moon's setting beam  
Were seen a church and tower.

## LX.

With many a shriek and cry whiz round  
The birds of midnight, scared;  
And rustling like autumnal leaves  
Unhallow'd ghosts were heard.

## LXI.

O'er many a tomb and tombstone pale  
He spurr'd the fiery horse,  
Till sudden at an open grave  
He check'd the wondrous course.

## LXII.

The falling gauntlet quits the rein,  
Down drops the casque of steel,  
The cuirass leaves his shrinking side,  
The spur his gory heel.

## LXIII.

The eyes desert the naked skull,  
The mould'ring flesh the bone,  
Till Helen's lily arms entwice  
A ghastly skeleton.

## LXIV.

The furious barb snorts fire and foam,  
And, with a fearful bound,  
Dissolves at once in empty air,  
And leaves her on the ground.

## LXV.

Half seen by fits, by fits half heard,  
Pale spectres flit along,  
Wheel round the maid in dismal dance,  
And howl the funeral song;

## LXVI.

"E'en when the heart's with anguish cleft,  
Revere the doom of Heaven,  
Her soul is from her body reft;  
Her spirit be forgiven!"

### The Wild Huntsman.

This is a translation, or rather an imitation, of the *Wilde Jäger* of the German poet Burger. The tradition upon which it is founded hears, that formerly a Wildgrave, or keeper of a royal forest, named Faulkenburg, was so much addicted to the pleasures of the chase, and otherwise so extremely profligate and cruel, that he not only followed this unhallowed amusement on the Sabbath, and other days consecrated to religious duty, but accompanied it with the most unheard-of oppression upon the poor peasants, who were under his vassalage. When this second Nimrod died, the people adopted a superstition, founded probably on the many various uncouth sounds heard in the depth of a German forest, during the silence of the night. They conceived they still heard the cry of the Wildgrave's hounds; and the well-known cheer of the deceased hunter, the sounds of his horses' feet, and the rustling of the branches before the game, the pack, and the sportsmen, are also distinctly discriminated; but the phantoms are rarely, if ever, visible. Once, as a benighted *Chasseur* heard this infernal chase

pass by him, at the sound of the halloo, with which the Spectre Huntsman cheered his hounds, he could not refrain from crying, "*Glück zu Falkenburgh!*" [Good sport to ye, Falkenburgh!] "Dost thou wish me good sport?" answered a hoarse voice; "thou shalt share the game;" and there was thrown at him what seemed to be a huge piece of foul carrion. The daring *Chasseur* lost two of his best horses soon after, and never perfectly recovered the personal effects of this ghostly greeting. This tale, though told with some variations, is universally believed all over Germany.

The French had a similar tradition concerning an aerial hunter, who infested the forest of Fontainebleau. He was sometimes visible; when he appeared as a huntsman, surrounded with dogs, a tall grisly figure. Some account of him may be found in "*Sully's Memoirs*," who says he was called *Le Grand Veneur*. At one time he chose to hunt so near the palace, that the attendants, and, if I mistake not, Sully himself, came out into the court, supposing it was the sound of the king returning from the chase. This phantom is elsewhere called Saint Hubert.

The superstition seems to have been very general, as appears from the following fine poetical description of this phantom chase, as it was heard in the wilds of Ross-shire.

"Ere since of old, the haughty thanes of  
Ross,—

So to the simple swain tradition tells,—  
Were wont with clans, and ready vassals  
through'd,

To wake the bounding stag, or guilty wolf,  
There oft is heard, at midnight, or at noon,  
Beginning faint, but rising still more loud,  
And nearer, voice of hunters, and of hounds,  
And horus, hoarse winded, blowing far and  
keen:—

Forthwith the hubbub multiplies; the gale  
Labourus with wilder shrieks, and ruder din  
Of hot pursuit; the broken cry of deer  
Mangled by throttling dogs; the shouts of  
men,

And hoofs, thick beating on the hollow hill.  
Sudden the grazing heifer in the vale  
Starts at the noise, and both the herdsman's  
ears

Tingle with inward dread. Aghast, he eyes  
The mountain's height, and all the ridges  
round,

Yet not one trace of living wight discerns,  
Nor knows, o'erawed, and trembling as he  
stands,

To what, or whom, he owes his idle fear,  
To ghost, to witch, to fairy, or to fiend;  
But wonders, and no end of wondering finds."

*Albania*—reprinted in *Scottish Descriptive Poems*, pp 167, 168.

A posthumous miracle of Father Lesley, a Scottish capuchin, related to his being buried on a hill haunted by these unearthly cries of hounds and huntsmen. After his sainted remains had been deposited there, the noise was never heard more. The reader will find this, and other miracles, recorded in the life of Father Bonaventura, which is written in the choicest Italian.



## THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

[1796.]

The Wildgrave winds his bugle-horn,  
To horse, to horse! halloo, halloo!  
His fiery courser snuffs the morn,  
And thronging serfs their lord pursue.

The eager pack, from couples freed,  
Dush through the bush, the brier, the brake;  
While answering hound, and horn, and steed,  
'The mountain echoes startling wake.

The beams of God's own hallow'd day  
Had painted yonder spire with gold,  
And, calling sinful man to pray,  
Loud, long, and deep the bell had toll'd:

But still the Wildgrave onward rides;  
Halloo, halloo! and, hark again!  
When, spurring from opposing sides,  
Two Stranger Horsemen join the train.

Who was each Stranger, left and right,  
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;  
The right-hand steed was silver white,  
'The left, the swarthy hue of hell.

The right-hand Horseman, young and fair,  
His smile was like the morn of May;  
The left, from eye of tawny glare,  
Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

He waved his huntsman's cap on high,  
Cried, "Welcome, welcome, noble lord!  
What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,  
To match the princely chase, afford!"—

"Cease thy loud bugle's changing knell,"  
Cried the fair youth, with silver voice;  
"And for devotion's choral swell,  
Exchange the rude unhallow'd noise.

"To-day, the ill-omen'd chase forbear,  
Yon bell yet summons to the fane;  
To-day the Warning Spirit hear,  
'To-morrow thou mayst mourn in vain."—

"Away, and sweep the glades along!"  
The Sable Hunter hoarse replies;  
"To muttering monks leave matin-song,  
And bells, and books, and mysteries."

The Wildgrave spurr'd his ardent steed,  
And, launching forward with a bound,  
"Who, for thy drowsy priestlike rede,  
Would leave the jovial horn and hound?"

"Hence, if our manly sport offend!  
With pious fools go chant and pray:—  
Well hast thou spoke, my dark-brow'd friend;  
Halloo, halloo! and, hark away!"

The Wildgrave spurr'd his courser light,  
O'er moss and moor, o'er holt and hill;  
And on the left and on the right,  
Each Stranger Horseman follow'd still.

Up springs, from yonder tangled thorn,  
A stag more white than mountain snow;  
And louder rung the Wildgrave's horn,  
"Hark forward, forward! holla, ho!"

A heedless wretch has cross'd the way;  
He gasps the thundering hoofs below;—  
But, live who can, or die who may,  
Still, "Forward, forward!" on they go.

See, where yon simple fences meet,  
A field with Autumn's blessings crown'd;  
See, prostrate at the Wildgrave's feet,  
A husbandman with toil embrown'd:

"O mercy, mercy, noble lord!  
Spare the poor's pittance," was his cry,  
"Earn'd by the sweat those brows have pour'd,  
In scorching hour of fierce July."—

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,  
The left still cheering to the prey;  
The impetuous Earl no warning heeds,  
But furious holds the onward way.

"Away, thou hound! so basely born,  
Or dread the scourge's echoing blow!"—  
Then loudly rung his bugle-horn,  
"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"

So said, so done:—A single bound  
Clears the poor labourer's humble pale;  
Wild follows man, and horse, and hound,  
Like dark December's stormy gale.

And man and horse, and hound and horn,  
Destructive sweep the field along;  
While, joying o'er the wasted corn,  
Fell Famine marks the maddening throng.

Again uprous'd, the timorous prey  
Scours moss and moor, and holt and hill;  
Hard run, he feels his strength decay,  
And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dangerous solitude appear'd:  
He seeks the shelter of the crowd;  
Amid the flock's domestic herd  
His harmless head he hopes to shroud.

O'er moss and moor, and holt and hill,  
His track the steady blood-hounds trace,  
O'er moss and moor, and unwearied still,  
The furious Earl pursues the chase

Foll' lowly did the herdsman fall;—  
"O spare, thou noble Baron, spare  
These herds, a widow's little all;  
These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care!"—

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,  
The left still cheering to the prey;  
The Earl nor prayer nor pity heeds,  
But furious keeps the onward way.

"Unmanner'd dog! To stop my sport  
Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,  
Though human spirits, of thy sort,  
Were tenants of these carrion kine!"—

Again he winds his bugle-horn,  
"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"  
And through the herd, in ruthless scorn,  
He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall;  
Down sinks their mangled herdsman near;  
The murderous cries the stag appeal.—  
Again he starts, aw-nerved by fear.

With blood besmear'd, and white with foam,  
While big the tears of anguish pour,  
He seeks, amid the forest's gloom,  
The humble hermit's hallow'd bower.

But man and horse, and horn and hound,  
Fast rattling on his traces go:  
The sacred chapel rung around  
With, "Hark away! and, holla, ho!"

All mild, amid the rout profane,  
The holy hermit pour'd his prayer;  
"Forbear with blood God's house to stain;  
Revere his altar, and forbear!"

"The meanest brute has rights to plead,  
Which, wrong'd by cruelty, or pride,  
Draw vengeance on the ruthless head;—  
Be warn'd at length, and turn aside."

Still the Fair Horseman anxious pleads;  
The Black, wild whooping, points the prey:—  
Alas! the Earl no warning heeds,  
But frantic keeps the forward way.

"Holy or not, or right or wrong,  
Thy altar, and its rites, I spurn;  
Not sainted martyrs' sacred song,  
Not God himself, shall make me turn!"

He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,  
"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"—  
But off, on whirlwind's pinions borne,  
The stag, the hut, the hermit, go.

And horse and man, and horn and hound,  
And clamour of the chase, was gone;  
For hoofs, and howls, and bugle-sound,  
A deadly silence reign'd alone.

Wild gazed the affrighted Earl around;  
He strove in vain to wake his horn,  
In vain to call: for not a sound  
Could from his anxious lips be borne.

He listens for his trusty hounds;  
No distant baying reach'd his ears:  
His courser, rooted to the ground,  
The quickening spur unmindful bears.

Still dark and darker frown the shades,  
Dark as the darkness of the grave;  
And not a sound the still invades,  
Save what a distant torrent gave.

High o'er the sinner's humbled head,  
At length the solemn silence broke;  
And, from a cloud of swarthy red,  
The awful voice of thunder spoke.

"Oppressor of creation fair!  
Apostate Spirits' harden'd tool!  
Scourer of God! Scourge of the poor!  
The measure of thy cup is full.

"Be chased for ever through the wood;  
For ever roam the affrighted wild;  
And let thy fate instruct the proud,  
God's meanest creature is his child."

'Twas hush'd:—One flash, of sombre glare,  
With yellow tinged the forests brown;  
Uprose the Wildgrave's bristling hair,  
And horror chill'd each nerve and bone.

Cold pour'd the sweat in freezing rill;  
A rising wind began to sing;  
And louder, louder, louder still,  
Brought storm and tempest on its wing.

Earth heard the call:—her entrails rend;  
From yawning rifts, with many a yell,  
Mix'd with sulphureous flames, ascend  
The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly Huntsman next arose,  
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;  
His eye like midnight lightning glows,  
His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

The Wildgrave flies o'er bush and thorn,  
With many a shriek of helpless woe;  
Behind him hound, and horse, and horn,  
And, "Hark away, and holla, ho!"

With wild despair's reverted eye,  
Close, close behind, he marks the throng,  
With bloody fangs and eager cry:  
In frantic fear he scours along.—

Still, still shall last the dreadful chase,  
Till time itself shall have an end;  
By day, they scour earth's cavern'd space,  
At midnight's witching hour, ascend.

This is the horn, and hound, and horse,  
That oft the lated peasant hears;  
Appall'd, he signs the frequent cross,  
When the wild din invades his ears.

The wakeful priest oft drops a tear  
For human pride, for human woe,  
When, at his midnight mass, he hears  
The infernal cry of, "Holla, ho!"

### The Fire-King.

"The blessings of the evil Genii, which are curses, were upon him."—*Eastern Tale.*

[1801.]

This ballad was written at the request of Mr. Lewis, to be inserted in his "Tales of Wonder." It is the third in a series of four ballads, on the subject of Elementary Spirits. The story is, however, partly historical; for it is recorded, that, during the struggles of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem, a Knight-Templar, called Saint-Alban, deserted to the Saracens, and defeated the Christians in many combats, till he was finally routed and slain, in a conflict with King Baldwin, under the walls of Jerusalem.

Bold knights and fair dames, to my harp give  
an ear,  
Of love, and of war, and of wonder to hear,  
And you haply may sigh, in the midst of your  
glee,

At the tale of Count Albert, and fair Rosalie.  
O see you that castle, so strong and so high?  
And see you that lady, the tear in her eye?  
And see you that palmer, from Palestine's  
land,  
The shell in his hat, and the staff in his  
hand!—

"Now palmer, grey palmer, O tell unto me,  
What news bring you home from the Holy  
Country?  
And how goes the warfare by Galilee's strand?  
And how fare our nobles, the flower of the  
land!"—

"O well goes the warfare by Galilee's wave,  
For Gilead, and Nablous, and Ramah we have;  
And well fare our nobles by Mount Lebanon,  
For the Heathen have lost, and the Christians  
have won."

A fair chain of gold 'mid her ringlets there hung;  
O'er the palmer's grey locks the fair chain has she flung:  
"O palmer, grey palmer, this chain be thy fee,  
For the news thou hast brought from the Holy Countree.

"And, palmer, good palmer, by Galilee's wave,  
O saw ye Count Albert, the gentle and brave?  
When the Crescent went back, and the Red-cross rosh'd on?  
O saw ye him foremost on Mount Lebanon?"—

"O lady, fair lady, the tree green it grows;  
O lady, fair lady, the stream pure it flows:  
Your castle stands strong, and your hopes soar on high,  
But, lady, fair lady, all blossoms to die.

"The green boughs they wither, the thunder-bolt falls,  
It leaves of your castle but levin-scorch'd walls;  
The pure stream runs muddy; the gay hope is gone;  
Count Albert is prisoner on Mount Lebanon."

O she's ta'en a horse, should be fleet at her speed;  
And she's ta'en a sword, should be sharp at her need;  
And she has ta'en shipping for Palestine's land,  
To ransom Count Albert from Soldanrie's hand.

Small thought had Count Albert on fair Rosalie,  
Small thought on his faith, or his knighthood, had he;  
A heathenish damsel his light heart had won,  
The Soldan's fair daughter of Mount Lebanon.

"O Christian, brave Christian, my love wouldst thou be,  
Three things must thou do ere I hearken to thee:  
Our laws and our worship on thee shalt thou take;  
And this shalt thou first do for Zulema's sake.

"And, next, in the cavern, where burns evermore  
The mystical flame which the Curdmans adore,  
Alone, and in silence, three nights shalt thou wake;  
And this thou shalt next do for Zulema's sake.

"And, last, thou shalt aid us with counsel and hand,  
To drive the Frank robber from Palestine's land;  
For my lord and my love then Count Albert I'll take,  
When all this is accomplish'd for Zulema's sake."

He has thrown by his helmet, and cross-huddled sword,  
Renouncing his knighthood, denying his Lord;  
He has ta'en the green caftan, and turban put on,  
For the love of the maiden of fair Lebanon.

And in the dread cavern, deep deep under ground,  
Which fifty steel gates and steel portals surround,  
He has watch'd until daybreak, but sight saw he none,  
Save the flame burning bright on its altar of stone.

Amazed was the Princess, the Soldan amazed,  
Sore murmur'd the priests as on Albert they gazed;  
They searched all his garments, and, under his weeds,  
They found, and took from him, his rosary beads.

Again in the cavern, deep deep under ground,  
He watch'd the lone night, while the winds whistled round;  
Far off was their murmur, it came not more nigh,  
The flame burn'd unmoved, and nought else did he spy.

Loud murmur'd the priests, and amazed was the King,  
While many dark spells of their witchcraft they sing;  
They search'd Albert's body, and, lo! on his breast  
Was the sign of the Cross, by his father impress'd.

The priests they erase it with care and with pain,  
And the recreant return'd to the cavern again;  
But, as he descended, a whisper there fell:  
It was his good angel, who bade him farewell!

High bristled his hair, his heart flutter'd and beat,  
And he turn'd him five steps, half resolv'd to retreat:  
But his heart it was harden'd, his purpose was gone,  
When he thought of the Maiden of fair Lebanon.

Scarce pass'd he the archway, the threshold scarce trode,  
When the winds from the four points of heaven were abroad,  
They made each steel portal to rattle and ring,  
And, borne on the blast, came the dread Fire-King.

Foll sore rock'd the cavern whene'er he drew nigh,  
The fire on the altar blazed hickering and high:  
In volcanic explosions the mountains proclaim  
The dreadful approach of the Monarch of Flame.

Unmeasur'd in height, undistinguish'd in form,  
His breath it was lightning, his voice it was storm;  
I ween the stout heart of Count Albert was tame,  
When he saw in his terrors the Monarch of Flame.



In his hand a broad falchion blue-glimmer'd  
through smoke  
And Mount Lebanon shook as the monarch he  
spoke ;  
"With this brand shalt thou conquer, thus  
long, and no more,  
Till thou bend to the Cross, and the Virgin  
adore."

The cloud-shrouded Arm gives the weapon :  
and see !  
The recreant receives the charm'd gift on his  
knee :  
The thunders growl distant, and faint gleam  
the fires,  
As, borne on the whirlwind, the phantom  
retires.

Count Albert has arm'd him the Paynim  
among,  
Though his heart it was false, yet his arm it  
was strong ;  
And the Red-cross wax'd faint, and the Cres-  
cent came on,  
From the day he commanded on Mount Leba-  
non.

From Lebanon's forests to Galilee's wave,  
The sands of Samaar drank the blood of the  
brave ;  
Till the Knights of the Temple, and Knights  
of Saint John,  
With Salem's King Baldwin, against him  
came on.

The war-cymbals clattered, the trumpets  
replied,  
The lances were couch'd, and they closed on  
each side ;  
And horsemen and horses Count Albert o'er-  
threw,  
Till he pierc'd the thick tumult King Baldwin  
unto.

Against the charm'd blade which Count Albert  
did wield,  
The fence had been vain of the King's Red-  
cross shield ;  
But a Page thrust him forward the monarch  
before,  
And cleft the proud turban the renegade wore.

So fell was the dint, that Count Albert  
stoop'd low  
Before the cross'd shield, to his steel saddle-  
bow ;  
And scarce had he bent to the Red-cross his  
head,—  
" *Bonne Grace, Notre Dame !*" he unwittingly  
said.

Sore sigh'd the charm'd sword, for its virtue  
was o'er,  
It sprang from his grasp, and was never seen  
more ;  
But true men have said, that the lightning's  
red wing  
Did waft back the brand to the dread Fire-  
King.

He clench'd his set teeth, and his gauntletted  
hand ;  
He stretch'd, with one buffet, that Page on the  
strand ;

As back from the stripling the broken casque  
roll'd,  
You might see the blue eyes, and ringlets of  
gold.

Short time had Count Albert in horror to  
stare  
On those death-swimming eyeballs, and blood-  
clotted hair ;  
For down came the Templars, like Cedron in  
flood,  
And dyed their long lances in Saracen blood.  
The Saracens, Curduans, and Ishmaelites  
yield  
To the scallop, the saltier, and crossletted  
shield ;  
And the eagles were gorged with the infidel  
dead,  
From Bethsaida's fountains to Napthali's  
head.

The battle is over on Bethsaida's plain —  
Oh, who is yon Paynim lies stretch'd 'mid the  
slain ?  
And who is yon Page lying cold at his knee ?—  
Oh, who but Count Albert and fair Rosalie !

The Lady was buried in Salem's bless'd  
bound.  
The Count he was left to the vulture and  
hound ;  
Her soul to high mercy our Lady did bring ;  
His went on the blast to the dread Fire-King.

Yet many a minstrel, in harping, can tell,  
How the Red-cross it conquer'd, the Crescent  
it fell ;  
And lords and gay ladies 'have sigh'd, 'mid  
their glee,  
At the tale of Count Albert and fair Rosalie.

### Frederick and Alice.

[1801.]

This tale is imitated, rather than translated,  
from a fragment introduced in Goethe's "*Claudia  
Von Villa Bella*," where it is sung by a  
member of a gang of banditti, to engage the  
attention of the family, while his companions  
break into the castle. It owes any little merit  
it may possess to my friend Mr. Lewis, to  
whom it was sent in an extremely rude state ;  
and who, after some material improvements,  
published it in his "*Tales of Wonder*."

Frederick leaves the land of France,  
Homeward hastes his steps to measure,  
Careless casts the parting glance  
On the scene of former pleasure.

Joying in his prancing steed,  
Keen to prove his untried blade,  
Hope's gay dreams the soldier lead  
Over mountain, moor, and glade.

Helpless, ruin'd, left forlorn,  
Lovely Alice wept alone ;  
Mourn'd o'er love's fond contract torn,  
Hope, and peace, and honour flown.

Mark her breast's convulsive throbs  
See, the tear of anguish flows!—  
Mingling soon with bursting sobs,  
Loud the laugh of frenzy rose.

Wild she cursed, and wild she pray'd;  
Seven long days and nights are o'er;  
Death in pity brought his aid,  
As the village bell struck four.

Far from her, and far from France,  
Faithless Frederick onward rides;  
Marking, blithe, the morning's glance  
Mantling o'er the mountain's sides.

Heard ye not the boding sound,  
As the tongue of yonder tower,  
Slowly, to the hills around,  
Told the fourth, the fated hour?

Starts the steed, and snuffs the air,  
Yet no cause of dread appears;  
Bristles high the rider's hair,  
Struck with strange mysterious fears.

Desperate, as his terrors rise,  
In the steed the spur he hides;  
From himself in vain he flies;  
Anxious, restless, on he rides.

Seven long days, and seven long nights,  
Wild he wander'd, woe the while!  
Ceaseless care, and causeless fright,  
Urge his footsteps nase a mile.

Dark the seventh sad night descends;  
Rivers swell, and rain-streams pour;  
While the deafening thunder leads  
All the terrors of its roar.

Weary, wet, and spent with toil,  
Where his head shall Frederick hide,  
Where, but in yon ruin'd aisle,  
By the lightning's flash descried.

To the portal, dank and low,  
Fast his steed the wanderer bound:  
Down a ruin'd staircase slow,  
Next his darkling way he wound.

Long drear vaults before him lie!  
Glimmering lights are seen to glide!—  
"Blessed Mary, hear my cry!  
Deign a sinner's steps to guide!"

Often lost their quivering beam,  
Still the lights move slow before,  
Till they rest their ghastly gleam  
Right against an iron door.

Thundering voices from within,  
Mix'd with peals of laughter, rose;  
As they fell, a solemn strain  
Leat its wild and wondrous close!

Midst the din, he seem'd to hear  
Voice of friends, by death removed;—  
Well he knew that solemn air,  
'Twas the lay that Alice loved.—

Hark! for now a solemn knell  
Four times on the still night broke;  
Four times, at its deaden'd swell,  
Echoes from the ruin's spoke.

As the lengthen'd clangours die,  
Slowly ope the iron door!  
Straight a banquet met his eye,  
But a funeral's form it wore!

Coffins for the seats extend;  
All with black the board was spread;  
Girt by parent, brother, friend,  
Long since number'd with the dead!

Alice, in her grave-clothes bound,  
Ghastly smiling, points a seat;  
All arose, with thundering sound;  
All the expected stranger greet.

High their meagre arms they wave,  
Wild their notes of welcome swell;—  
"Welcome, traitor, to the grave!  
Perjur'd, bid the light farewell!"

### The Battle of Sempach.

[1818.]

These verses are a literal translation of an ancient Swiss ballad upon the battle of Sempach, fought 9th July, 1386, being the victory by which the Swiss cantons established their independence; the author, Albert Tchudi, denominated the Souter, from his profession of a shoemaker. He was a citizen of Lucerne, esteemed highly among his countrymen, both for his powers as a *Meister-Singer*, or minstrel, and his courage as a soldier; so that he might share the praise conferred by Collins on Æschylus, that

"—Not alone he nursed the poet's flame,  
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot steel."

The circumstance of their being written by a poet returning from the well-fought field he describes, and in which his country's fortune was secured, may confer on Tchudi's verses an interest which they are not entitled to claim from their poetical merit. But ballad poetry, the more literally it is translated, the more it loses its simplicity, without acquiring either grace or strength; and, therefore, some of the faults of the verses must be imputed to the translator's feeling it a duty to keep as closely as possible to his original. The various puns, rude attempts at pleasantry, and disproportioned episodes, must be set down to Tchudi's account, or to the taste of his age.

The military antiquary will derive some amusement from the minute particulars which the martial poet has recorded. The mode in which the Austrian men-at-arms received the charge of the Swiss, was by forming a phalanx, which they defended with their long lances. The gallant Winkelreid, who sacrificed his own life by rushing among the spears, clasping in his arms as many as he could grasp, and thus opening a gap in those iron battalions, is celebrated in Swiss history. When fairly mingled together, the unwieldy length of their weapons, and cumbrous weight of their defensive armour, rendered the Austrian men-at-arms a very unequal match for the light-armed mountaineers. The victories obtained by the Swiss over the German chivalry, hitherto deemed as formidable on foot as on horseback, led to important changes in the art of war. The poet describes the Austrian knights and squires as cutting the

peaks from their boots ere they could act upon foot, in allusion to an inconvenient piece of foppery, often mentioned in the middle ages. Leopold III., Archduke of Austria, called "The handsome man-at arms," was slain in the battle of Sempach, with the flower of his chivalry.

### THE BATTLE OF SEMPACH.

'Twas when among our linden-trees  
The bees had housed in swarms,  
(And grey-hair'd peasants say that these  
Betoken foreign arms,)

Then looked we down to Willisow,  
The land was all in flame;  
We knew the Archduke Leopold  
With all his army came.

The Austrian nobles made their vow,  
So hot their heart and bold,  
"On Switzer carles we'll trample now,  
And slay both young and old."

With clarion loud, and banner proud,  
From Zurich on the lake,  
In martial pomp and fair array,  
Their onward march they make.

"Now list, ye lowland nobles all—  
Ye seek the mountain strand,  
Nor wot ye what shall be your lot,  
In such a dangerous land.

"I rede ye, ahriue ye of your sins,  
Before ye farther go;  
A skirmish in Helvetian bills  
May send your souls to woe."

"But where now shall we find a priest  
Our shrift that he may hear?"—

"The Switzer priest I has ta'en the field,  
He deals a penance drear.

"Right heavily upon your head  
He'll lay his hand of steel;  
And with his trusty partizan  
Your absolution deal."

'Twas on a Monday morning then,  
The corn was steep'd in dew,  
And merry maids had sickles ta'en,  
When the host to Sempach drew.

The stalwart men of fair Lucerne  
Together have they joined;  
The pith and core of manhood stern,  
Was none cast looks behind.

It was the Lord of Hare-castle,  
And to the Duke he said,  
"Yon little band of brethren true  
Will meet us undismay'd."

"O Hare-castle,<sup>2</sup> thou heart of hare!"  
Fierce Oxenstern replied—  
"Shalt see then how the game will fare,"  
The taunted knight replied.

There was lacing then of helmets bright,  
And closing ranks amain;  
The peaks they hew'd from their boot points  
Might well-nigh load a wain.<sup>3</sup>

And thus they to each other said,  
"Yon handful down to hew  
Will be no boastful tale to tell,  
The peasants are so few."

The gallant Swiss Confederates there  
They pray'd to God aloud,  
And he display'd his rainbow fair  
Against a swarthy cloud.

Then heart and pulse throbb'd more and more  
With courage firm and high,  
And down the good Confederates bore  
On the Austrian chivalry.

The Austrian Lion<sup>4</sup> 'gan to growl,  
And toss his main and tail;  
And hall, and shaft, and crossbow bolt,  
Went whistling forth like hail.

Lance, pike, and halbert, mingled there,  
The game was nothing sweet;  
The boughs of many a stately tree  
Lay shiver'd at their feet.

The Austrian men-at-arms stood fast,  
So close their spears they laid;  
It chafed the gallant Winkelreid,  
Who to his comrades said—

"I have a virtuous wife at home,  
A wife and infant son;  
I leave them to my country's care,—  
This field shall soon be won.

"These nobles lay their spears right thick,  
And keep full firm array,  
Yet shall my charge their order break,  
And make my brethren way."

He rush'd against the Austrian band,  
In desperate career,  
And with his body, breast, and hand,  
Bore down each hostile spear.

Four lances splinter'd on his crest,  
Six shiver'd in his side;  
Still on the serried files he press'd—  
He broke their ranks, and died.

This patriot's self-devoted deed  
First tamed the Lion's mood,  
And the four forest cantons freed  
From thralldom by his blood.

Right where his charge had made a lane,  
His valiant comrades burst,  
With sword, and axe, and partisan,  
And hack, and atab, and thrust.

The daunted Lion 'gan to whine,  
And granted ground amain.  
The Mountain Bull<sup>5</sup> he bent his brows,  
And gored his sides again.

Then lost was banner, spear, and shield,  
At Sempach in the flight,  
The cloister vaults at Konig's-field  
Hold many an Austrian knight.

It was the Archduke Leopold,  
So lordly would he ride,  
But he came against the Switzer churls,  
And they slew him in his pride.

1 All the Swiss clergy who were able to bear arms fought in this patriotic war.

2 In the original, *Haasenstein*, or *Hare-stone*.

3 This seems to allude to the preposterous fashion, during the middle ages, of wearing boots with the points or peaks turned upwards, and so long, that in some cases they were fastened to the knees of the wearer with small chains.

When they alighted to fight upon foot, it would seem that the Austrian gentlemen found it necessary to cut off these peaks, that they might move with the necessary activity.

4 A pun on the Archduke's name, Leopold.

5 A pun on the *Urus*, or wild-hull, which gives name to the Canton of Uri.



The heifer said unto the bull,  
 "And shall I not complain?  
 There came a foreign nobleman  
 To milk me on the plain.

"One thrust of thine outrageous horn  
 Has gall'd the knight so sore,  
 That to the churchyard he is borne,  
 To range our glebs no more."

An Austrian noble left the stour,  
 And fast the fight gan take;  
 And he arrived in luckless hour  
 At Sempach on the lake.

He and his squire a fisher call'd,  
 (His name was Hans Von Rot,)  
 "For love, or need, or charity,  
 Receive us in thy boat!"

Their anxious call the fisher heard,  
 And, glad the need to win,  
 His shallop to the shore he steer'd,  
 And took the flyers in.

And while against the tide and wind  
 Hans stoutly row'd his way,  
 The noble to his follower sign'd  
 He should the boatman slay.

The fisher's back was to them turn'd,  
 The squire his dagger drew,  
 Hans saw his shadow in the lake,  
 The boat he overthrew.

He 'whelm'd the boat, and as they strove,  
 He stunn'd them with his oar.

"Now, drink ye deep, my gentle sirs,  
 You'll ne'er stab boatman more.

"Two gilded fishes in the lake  
 This morning have I caught,  
 Their silver scales may much avail,  
 Their carrion flesh is nought."

It was a messenger of woe  
 Has sought the Austrian land:  
 "Ah! gracious lady, evil news!  
 My lord lies on the strand.

"At Sempach, on the battle-field,  
 His bloody corpse lies there."  
 "Ah, gracious God!" the lady cried,  
 "What tidings of despair!"

Now would you know the minstrel wight  
 Who sings of strife so stern,  
 Albert the Souter is he light,  
 A burger of Lucerne.

A merry man was he, I wot,  
 The night he made the lay,  
 Returning from the bloody spot,  
 Where God had judged the day.

### The Noble Moringer.

AN ANCIENT BALLAD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

[1819.]

The original of these verses occurs in a collection of German popular songs, entitled, *Sammlung Deutschen Volkslieder*, Berlin, 1807, published by Messrs. Busching and Von

der Hagen, both, and more especially the last, distinguished for their acquaintance with the ancient popular poetry and legendary history of Germany.

In the German Editor's notice of the ballad, it is stated to have been extracted from a manuscript Chronicle of Nicholas Thomann, chaplain to Saint Leonard in Weisenhorn, which bears the date 1533; and the song is stated by the author to have been generally sung in the neighbourhood at that early period. Thomann, as quoted by the German Editor, seems faithfully to have believed the event he narrates. He quotes tombstones and obituaries to prove the existence of the personages of the ballad, and discovers that there actually died, on the 11th May, 1349, a Lady Von Neuffen, Countess of Marstetten, who was, by birth, of the house of Moringer. This lady he supposes to have been Moringer's daughter, mentioned in the ballad. He quotes the same authority for the death of Berckhold Von Neuffen, in the same year. The editors, on the whole, seem to embrace the opinion of Professor Smith of Ulm, who, from the language of the ballad, ascribes its date to the 15th century.

The legend itself turns on an incident not peculiar to Germany, and which, perhaps, was not unlikely to happen in more instances than one, when crusaders abode long in the Holy Land, and their disconsolate dames received no tidings of their fate. A story, very similar in circumstances, but without the miraculous machinery of Saint Thomas, is told of one of the ancient Lords of Haigh-hall, in Lancashire, the patrimonial inheritance of the late Countess of Balcarras; and the particulars are represented on stained glass upon a window in that ancient manor-house.

### THE NOBLE MORINGER.

#### I.

O, wilt you hear a knightly tale of old  
 Bohemian day,

It was the noble Moringer in wedlock bed he  
 lay;

He halsed and kissed his dearest dame, that  
 was as sweet as May,

And said, "Now, lady of my heart, attend the  
 words I say.

#### II.

"Tis I have vow'd a pilgrimage unto a distant  
 shrine,

And I must seek Saint Thomas-land, and leave  
 the land that's mine:

Here shalt thou dwell the while in state, so  
 thou wilt pledge thy fay,

That thou for my return wilt wait seven  
 twelvemonths and a day."

#### III.

Then out and spoke that Lady bright, sore  
 troubled in her cheer,

"Now tell me true, thou noble knight, what  
 order takest thou here;

And who shalt lead thy vassal hand, and hold  
 thy lordly way,

And be thy lady's guardian true when thou  
 art far away?"

## IV.

Out spoke the noble Moringer, "Of that have thou no care,  
There's many a valiant gentleman of nie holds living fair;  
The trustiest shall rule my land, my vassals and my state,  
And be a guardian tried and true to thee, my lovely mate.

## V.

"As Christian-man, I needs must keep the vow which I have plight,  
When I am far in foreign land, remember thy true knight;  
And cease, my dearest dame, to grieve, for vain were sorrow now,  
But grant thy Moringer his leave, since God hath heard his vow."

## VI.

It was the noble Moringer from bed he made him boune,  
And met him there his Chamberlain, with ewer and with gown;  
He flung the mantle on his back, 'twas furr'd with miniver,  
He dipp'd his hand in water cold, and bathed his forehead fair.

## VII.

"Now hear," he said, "Sir Chamberlain, true vassal art thou mine,  
And such the trust that I repose in that proved worth of thine,  
For seven years shalt thou rule my towers, and lead my vassal train,  
And pledge thee for my Lady's faith till I return again."

## VIII.

The Chamberlain was blunt and true, and sturdily said he,  
"Abide, my lord, and rule your own, and take this rede from me;  
That woman's faith 's a brittle trust—Seven twelvemonths didst thou say?  
I'll pledge me for no lady's truth beyond the seventh fair day."

## IX.

The noble Baron turn'd him round, his heart was full of care,  
His gallant Esquire stood him nigh, he was Marstetten's heir,  
To whom he spoke right anxiously, "Thou trusty squire to me,  
Wilt thou receive this weighty trust when I am o'er the sea I

## X.

"To watch and ward my castle strong, and to protect my land,  
And to the hunting or the host to lead my vassal hand;  
And pledge thee for my Lady's faith till seven long years are gone,  
And guard her as Our Lady dear was guarded by Saint John."

## XI.

Marstetten's heir was kind and true, but fiery, hot, and young,  
And readily he answer made with too presumptuous tongue:  
"My noble lord, cast care away, and on your journey wend,  
And trust this charge to me until your pilgrimage have end.

## XII.

"Rely upon my plighted faith, which shall be truly tried,  
To guard your lands, and ward your towers, and with your vassals ride:  
And for your lovely Lady's faith, so virtuous and so dear,  
I'll gage my head—it knows no change, be absent thirty year."

## XIII.

The noble Moringer took cheer when thus he heard him speak,  
And doubt forsook his troubled brow, and sorrow left his cheek;  
A long adieu he bids to all—hoist topsails and away,  
And wanders in Saint Thomas-land seven twelvemonths and a day.

## XIV.

It was the noble Moringer within an orchard slept,  
When on the Baron's slumbering sense a hoding vision crept;  
And whisper'd in his ear a voice, "'Tis time, Sir Knight, to wake,  
Thy lady and thy heritage another master take.

## XV.

"Thy tower another banner knows, thy steeds another rein,  
And stoop them to another's will thy gallant vassal train;  
And she, the Lady of thy love, so faithful once and fair,  
This night within thy fathers' hall she weds Marstetten's heir."

## XVI.

It is the noble Moringer starts up and tears his beard,  
"O would that I had ne'er been born! what tidings have I heard!  
To lose my lordship and my lands the less would be my care,  
But, God! that e'er a squire untrue should wed my Lady fair.

## XVII.

"O good Saint Thomas, hear," he pray'd,  
"my patron Saint art thou,  
A traitor robs me of my land even while I pay my vow!  
My wife he brings to infamy that was so pure of name,  
And I am far in foreign land, and must endure the shame."

## XVIII.

It was the good Saint Thomas, then, who  
heard his pilgrim's prayer,  
And seat a sleep so deep and dead that it o'er-  
power'd his care ;  
He waked in fair Bohemian land outstretch'd  
beside a mill,  
High on the right a castle stood, low on the  
left a mill.

## XIX.

The Moringer he started up as one from spell  
unbound,  
And dizzy with surprise and joy gazed wildly  
all around ;  
" I know my fathers' ancient towers, the mill,  
the stream I know,  
Now blessed be my patron Saint, who cheer'd  
his pilgrim's woe ! "

## XX.

He leant upon his pilgrim staff, and to the  
mill he drew,  
So niter'd was his goodly form that none their  
master knew ;  
The Baron to the miller said, " Good friend,  
for charity,  
Tell a poor palmer in your land what tidings  
may there be ! "

## XXI.

The miller answer'd him again, " He knew of  
little news,  
Save that the lady of the land did a new  
bridegroom choose ;  
Her husband died in distant land, such is the  
constant word,  
His death sits heavy on our souls, he was a  
worthy Lord.

## XXII.

Of him I held the little mill which wins me  
living free,  
God rest the Baron in his grave, he still was  
kind to me !  
And when Saint Martin's tide comes round,  
and millers take their toll,  
The priest that prays for Moringer shall have  
both cope and stole."

## XXIII.

It was the noble Moringer to climb the hill  
began,  
And stood before the bolted gate a woe and  
weary man ;  
" Now help me, every saint in heaven that  
can compassion take,  
To gain the entrance of my hall this woful  
match to break.

## XXIV.

His very knock it sounded sad, his call was  
sad and slow,  
For heart and head, and voice and hand, were  
heavy all with woe ;  
And to the warder thus he spoke ; " Friend, to  
thy Lady say,  
A pilgrim from Saint Thomas-land craves  
harbour for a day.

## XXV.

" I've wander'd many a weary step, my  
strength is wellnigh done,  
And if she turn me from her gate I'll see no  
morrow's sun ;  
I pray, for sweet Saint Thomas' sake, a pil-  
grim's bed and dole,  
And for the sake of Moringer's, her once-loved  
husband's soul."

## XXVI.

It was the stalwart warder then he came his  
dame before,  
" A pilgrim, worn and travel-toil'd, stands at  
the castle door ;  
And prays, for sweet Saint Thomas' sake, for  
harbour and for dole,  
And for the sake of Moringer, thy noble hus-  
band's soul."

## XXVII.

The Lady's gentle heart was mov'd, " Do up  
the gate," she said,  
" And bid the wanderer welcome be to ban-  
quet and to bed ;  
And since he names my husband's name, so  
that he lists to stay,  
These towers shall be his harbourage a  
twelvemonth and a day."

## XXVIII.

It was the stalwart warder then undid the por-  
tal broad,  
It was the noble Moringer that o'er the thresh-  
hold strode ;  
" And have thou thanks, kind heaven," he  
said, " though from a man of sin,  
That the true lord stands here once more his  
castle-gate within "

## XXIX.

Then up the halls paced Moringer, his step  
was sad and slow ;  
It sat full heavy on his heart, none seem'd  
their Lord to know ;  
He sat him on a lowly bench, oppress'd with  
woe and wrong,  
Short space he sat, but ne'er to him seem'd  
little space so long.

## XXX.

Now spent was day, and feasting o'er, and  
come was evening hour,  
The time was nigh when new-made brides  
retire to nuptial bower ;  
" Our castle's wont," a brides-man said, " hath  
been both firm and long,  
No guest to harbour in our halls till he shall  
chant a song."

## XXXI.

Then spoke the youthful bridegroom there as  
he sat by the bride,  
" My merry minstrel folk," quoth he, " lay  
shalm and harp aside ;  
Our pilgrim guest must sing a lay, the castle's  
rule to hold,  
And well his guerdon will I pay with garment  
and with gold."—



## XXXII.

"Chill flows the lay of frozen age," 'twas thus  
the pilgrim sung,  
"Nor golden meed nor garment gay, unlocks  
his heavy tongue;  
Once did I sit, thou bridegroom gay, at board  
as rich as thine,  
And by my side as fair a bride with all her  
charms was mine.

## XXXIII.

"But time traced furrrows on my face, and I  
grew silver-hair'd,  
For locks of brown, and cheeks of youth, she  
left this brow and beard;  
Once rich, but now a palmer poor, I tread life's  
latest stage,  
And mingle with your bridal mirth the lay of  
frozen age."

## XXXIV.

It was the noble Lady there this woful lay that  
hears,  
And for the aged pilgrim's grief her eye was  
dim'd with tears;  
She bade her gallant cupbearer a golden  
beaker take,  
And bear it to the palmer poor to quaff it for  
her sake.

## XXXV.

It was the noble Meringer that dropp'd amid  
the wine  
A bridal ring of burning gold so costly and so  
fine:  
Now listen, gentles, to my song, it tells you  
but the sooth,  
'Twas with that very ring of gold he pledged  
his bridal truth.

## XXXVI.

Then to the cupbearer he said, "Do me one  
kindly deed,  
And should my better days return, full rich  
shall be thy meed;  
Bear back the golden cup again to yonder  
bride so gay,  
And crave of her the courtesy to pledge the  
palmer grey."

## XXXVII.

The cupbearer was courtly bred, nor was the  
boon denied,  
The golden cup he took again, and bore it to  
the bride;  
"Lady," he said, "your reverend guest sends  
this, and bids me pray,  
That, in thy noble courtesy, thou pledge the  
palmer grey."

## XXXVIII.

The ring hath caught the Lady's eye, she  
views it close and near,  
Then might you hear her shriek aloud, "The  
Meringer is here!"  
Then might you see her start from seat, while  
tears in torrents fell,  
But whether 'twas for joy or woe, the ladies  
best can tell.

## XXXIX.

But loud she utter'd thanks to Heaven, and  
every saintly power,  
That had return'd the Meringer before the  
midnight hour;  
And loud she utter'd vow on vow, that never  
was there bride,  
That had like her preserved her troth, or  
been so sorely tried.

## XL.

"Yes, here I claim the praise," she said, "to  
constant matrons due,  
Who keep the troth that they have plight, so  
stedfastly and true;  
For count the term howe'er you will, so that  
you count aright,  
Seven twelve-months and a day are out when  
bells toll twelve to-night."

## XLI.

It was Marstetten then rose up, his falchion  
there he drew,  
He kneel'd before the Meringer, and down his  
weapon threw;  
"My oath and knightly faith are broke," these  
were the words he said,  
"Then take, my liege, thy vassal's sword, and  
take thy vassal's head."

## XLII.

The noble Meringer he smiled, and then aloud  
did say,  
"He gathers wisdom that hath roam'd seven  
twelve-months and a day;  
My daughter now hath fifteen years, fame  
speaks her sweet and fair,  
I give her for the bride you lose, and name her  
for my heir.

## XLIII.

"The young bridegroom hath youthful bride,  
the old bridegroom the old,  
Whose faith was kept till term and tide so  
punctually were told;  
But blessings on the warder kind that oped  
my castle gate,  
For had I come to-morrow tide, I came a day  
too late."

~~~~~

The Erl-King.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

(The Erl-King is a goblin that haunts the Black Forest in Thuringia.—To be read by a candle particularly long in the snuff)

O, who rides by night thro' the woodland so
wild?
It is the fond father embracing his child;
And close the boy nestles within his loved
arm,
To hold himself fast, and to keep himself
warm.
"O father, see yonder! see yonder!" he says;
"My boy, upon what doest thou fearfully
gaze?"—

"O, 'tis the Erl-King with his crown and his shroud"—

"No, my son, it is but a dark wreath of the cloud."

(*The Erl-King speaks*)

"O come and go with me, thou loveliest child; By may a gay sport shall thy time be beguiled; My mother keeps for thee full many a fair toy,

And many a fine flower shall she pluck for my boy."

"O father, my father, and did you not hear The Erl-King whisper so low in my ear?"—

"Be still, my heart's darling—my child, be at ease;

It was but the wild blast as it sung thro' the trees."

Erl-King.

"O wilt thou go with me, thou loveliest boy? My daughter shall tend thee with care and with joy;

She shall bear thee so lightly thro' wet and thro' wild,

And press thee, and kiss thee, and sing to my child."

"O father, my father, and saw you not plain,

The Erl-King's pale daughter glide past thro' the rain?"—

"O yes, my loved treasure, I knew it full soon;

It was the grey willow that danced to the moon."

Erl-King.

"O come and go with me, no longer delay, Or else, silly child, I will drag thee away."—

"O father! O father! now, now keep your hold,

The Erl-King has seized me, his grasp is so cold!"

Sore trembled the father; he spurr'd thro' the wild,

Clasping close to his bosom his shuddering child;

He reaches his dwelling in doubt and in dread,

But, clasp'd to his bosom, the infant was dead!"

END OF BALLADS FROM THE GERMAN.

Lyrical and Miscellaneous Pieces,

IN THE

ORDER OF THEIR COMPOSITION OR PUBLICATION.

Juvenile Verses.

FROM VIRGIL.

1782.—ÆTAT. 11.

"Scott's autobiography tells us that his translations in verse from Horace and Virgil were often approved by Dr. Adams, [Rector of the High School, Edinburgh.] One of these little pieces, written in a weak boyish scrawl, within pencilled marks still visible, had been carefully preserved by his mother; it was found folded up in a cover, inscribed by the old Isdy—"My Walter's first lines, 1782."—Lockhart, *Life of Scott*, vol. i, p. 129.

In awful ruins Ætna thunders nigh,
And sends in piteily whirlwinds to the sky
Black clouds of smoke, which still as they
aspire,
From their dark sides there bursts the glowing fire;

At other times huge balls of fire are toss'd,
That lick the stars, and in the smoke are
lost:

Sometimes the mount, with vast convulsions
torn,
Emits huge rocks, which instantly are borne

With loud explosions to the starry skies,
The stones made liquid as the huge mass flies,
Then back again with greater weight recoils,
While Ætna thundering from the bottom
boils.

On a Thunder Storm.

1783.—ÆT. 12.

"In Scott's Introduction to the Lay, he alludes to an original effusion of these 'school-boy days,' prompted by a thunder-storm, which he says 'was much approved of, until a malevolent critic sprung up in the shape of an apothecary's blue-buskined wife,' &c., &c. These lines, and another short piece 'On the Setting Sun,' were lately found wrapped up in a cover, inscribed by Dr. Adams, 'Walter Scott, July, 1783.'"

Loud o'er my head though awful thunders roll,
And vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Yet 'tis thy voice, my God, that bids them fly,
'By arm directs those lightnings through the
sky.

Then let the good thy mighty name revere,
And harden'd sinners thy just vengeance fear.

On the Setting Sun.

1783.

Those evening clouds, that setting ray,
And beauteous tints, serve to display
Their great Creator's praise;
Then let the short-lived thing call'd man,
Whose life's compris'd within a span,
To him his homage raise.

We often praise the evening clouds,
And tints so gay and bold,
But seldom think upon our God,
Who tinged these clouds with gold.

The Violet.

1797.

It appears from the *Life of Scott*, vol. i., p. 333, that these lines, first published in the *English Minstrelsy*, 1810, were written in 1797, on occasion of the Poet's disappointment in love.

The violet in her green-wood hower,
Where birchen boughs with hazels miogle,
May boast itself the fairest flower
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,
Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining;
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
More sweet through wat'ry lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry,
Ere yet the day be past its morrow;
Nor longer in my false love's eye
Remained the tear of parting sorrow.

To a Lady.

WITH FLOWERS FROM A ROMAN WALL.

1797.

Written in 1797, on an excursion from Gills-land, in Cumberland. See *Life*, vol. i., p. 365

Take these flowers which, purple waying,
On the ruin'd rampart grew,
Where, the sons of freedom braving,
Rome's imperial standards flew.

Warriors from the breach of danger
Pluck no longer laurels there;
They but yield the passing stranger
Wild-flower wreaths for Beauty's hair.

FRAGMENTS.

(1.) Bothwell Castle.

1799.

The following fragment of a ballad written at Bothwell Castle, in the autumn of 1799, was first printed in the *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, vol. ii., p. 28.

When fruitful Clydesdale's apple-bowers
Are mellowing in the noon;
When sighs round Pembroke's ruin'd towers
The sultry breath of June;

When Clyde, despite his sheltering wood,
Must leave his channel dry;
And vainly o'er the limpid flood
The angler guides his fly;

If chance by Bothwell's lovely braes
A wanderer thou hast been,
Or hid thee from the summer's blaze
In Blantyre's bowers of green,

Full where the copsewood opens wild
Thy pilgrim step hath staid,
Where Bothwell's towers, in ruin piled,
O'erlook the verdant glade;

And many a tale of love and fear
Hath mingled with the scene—
Of Bothwell's hanks that bloom'd so dear,
And Bothwell's bonny Jean.

O, if with ragged minstrel lays
Unsated be thy ear,
And thou of deeds of other days
Another tale wilt hear.—

Then all beneath the spreading beach,
Flung careless on the lea,
The Gothic muse the tale shall teach
Of Bothwell's sisters three.

Wight Wallace stood on Deckmont head,
He blew his bugle round,
Till the wild bull in Cadyow wood
Has started at the sound.

St. George's cross, o'er Bothwell hung,
Was waving far and wide,
And from the lofty turret sung
Its crimson blaze on Clyde;

And rising at the bugle blast
That mark'd the Scottish foe,
Old England's yeomen muster'd fast,
And bent the Norman bow.

Tall in the midst Sir Aylmer rose,
Proud Pembroke's Earl was he—
While"

(2.) *The Shepherd's Tale.*

1799.

"Another imperfect ballad, in which he had meant to blend together two legends familiar to every reader of Scottish history and romance, has been found in the same portfolio, and the handwriting proves it to be of the same early date."—*Lockhart*, vol. ii., p. 30.

And ne'er but once, my son, he says,
Was yon sad cavern trod,
In persecution's iron days,
When the land was left by God.

From Bewlie bog, with slaughter red,
A wanderer hither drew,
And oft he stopt and turn'd his head,
As by fits the night wind blew:

For trampling round by Cheviot edge
Were heard the troopers keen,
And frequent from the Whitelaw ridge
The death-shot flash'd between.

The moonbeams through the misty shower
On yon dark cavern fell;
Through the cloudy night the snow gleam'd
white,
Which sunbeam ne'er could quell.

"Yon cavern dark is rough and rude,
And cold its jaws of snow;
But more rough and rude are the men of
blood,
That hunt my life below I

"Yon spell-bound den, as the aged tell,
Was hewn by demon's hands;
But I had loud¹ melle with the fiends of
hell,
Than with Clavers and his band."

He heard the deep-mouth'd bloodhound bark,
He heard the horses neigh,
He plunged him in the cavern dark,
And downward sped his way.

Now faintly down the winding path
Came the cry of faulting hound,
And the muter'd oath of baulked wrath
Was lost in hollow sound.

He threw him on the flinted floor,
And held his breath for fear;
He rose and bitter cursed his foes,
As the snouds died on his ear.

"O bare thine arm, thou battling Lord,
For Scotland's wandering had;
Dash from the oppressor's grasp the sword,
And sweep him from the land I

"Forget not thou thy people's groans
From dark Dunnotter's tower,
Mix'd with the seawolf's shrilly moans,
And Ocean's bursting roar I

"O, in fell Clavers' hour of pride,
Even in his mightiest day,
As bold he strides through conquest's tide,
O stretch him on the clay!

"His widow and his little ones,
O may their tower of trust
Renove its strong foundation stones
And crush them in the dust!"—

"Sweet prayers to me," a voice replied,
"Thrice welcome, guest of mine!"
And glimmering on the cavern side,
A light was seen to shine.

An aged man, in amice brown,
Stood by the wanderer's side.
By powerful charin, a dead man's arm
The torch's light supplied.

From each stiff finger, stretch'd upright,
Arose a ghastly flame,
That waned not in the blast of night
Which through the cavern came.

O, deadly blue was that taper's hue,
That flamed the cavern o'er,
But more deadly blue was the ghastly hue
Of his eyes who the taper bore.

He laid on his head a hand like lead,
As heavy, pale, and cold—
"Vengeance be thine, thou guest of mine,
If thy heart be firm and bold.

"But if faint thy heart, and caitiff fear
Thy recreant sinews know,
The mountain erne thy heart shall tear,
Thy nerves the hooded crow."

The wanderer raised him undismay'd:
"My soul, by dangers steel'd,
Is stubborn as my border blade,
Which never knew to yield.

"And if thy power can speed the hour
Of vengeance on my foes,
Theirs be the fate, from bridge and gate,
To feed the hooded crows."

The Brownie look'd him in the face,
And his colour fled with speed—
"I fear me," quoth he, "uncath it will be
To match thy word and deed.

"In ancient days when English bands
Sore ravaged Scotland fair,
The sword and shield of Scottish land
Was valiant Halbert Kerr.

"A warlock loved the warrior well,
Sir Michael Scott by name,
And he sought for his sake a spell to make,
Should the Southern foemen tame.

"'Look thou,' he said, 'from Cessford head,
As the July sun sinks low,
And when glimmering white on Cheviot's
height

Thou shalt spy a wreath of snow,
The spell is complete which shall bring to thy
feet
The haughty Saxon foe.'

"For many a year wrought the wizard here,
In Cheviot's bosom low.
Till the spell was complete, and in July's heat
Appear'd December's snow;
But Cessford's Halbert never came
The wondrous cause to know.

¹ Loud; i. e. liefer—rather.

"For years before in Bowden aisle
The warrior's bones had lain,
And after short while, by female guile,
Sir Michael Scott was slain.

"But me and my brethren in this cell
His mighty charms retain,—
And he that can quell the powerful spell
Shall o'er broad Scotland reign."

He led him through an iron door
And up a winding stair,
And in wild amaze did the wanderer gaze
On the sight which open'd there.

Through the gloomy night flash'd ruddy
light,—
A thousand torches glow;
The cave rose high, like the vaulted sky,
O'er stalls in double row.

In every stall of that endless hall,
Stood a steed in barbing bright;
At the foot of each steed, all arm'd save the
head,
Lay stretch'd a stalwart knight.

In each mail'd hand was a naked brand;
As they lay on the black bull's hide,
Each visage stern did upwards turn,
With eyeballs fix'd and wide.

A launcegay strong, full twelve ells long,
By every warrior hung;
At each pommel there, for battle yare,
A Jedwood axe was slung.

The casque hung near each cavalier;
The plumes waved mournfully
At every tread which the wanderer made
Through the hall of gramarye.

The ruddy beam of the torches' gleam
That glared the warriors on,
Reflected light from armour bright,
In noontide splendour shone.

And onward seen in lustre sheen,
Still lengthening on the sight,
Through the boundless hall stood steeds in
stall,
And by each lay a sable knight.

Still as the dead lay each horseman dread,
And moved nor limb nor tongue;
Each steed stood stiff as an earthfast cliff,
Nor hoof nor bridle rung.

No sounds through all the spacious hall
The deadly still divide,
Save where echoes from the vaulted roof
To the wanderer's step replied.

At length before his wondering eyes,
On an iron column borne,
Of antique shape, and giant size,
Appear'd a sword and horn.

"Now choose thee here," quoth his
leader,
"Thy venturesome fortune try:
Thy woe and weal, thy boot and bale,
In yon brand and bugle lie."

To the fatal brand he mounted his hand,
But his soul did quiver and quail;
The life-blood did start to his shuddering
heart,
And left him wan and pale.

The brand he forsook, and the horn he
took
To 'say a gentle sound:
But so wild a blast from the bngle brast
That the Cheviot rock'd around.

From Forth to Tees, from seas to seas,
The awful bugle rung:
On Carlisle wall, and Berwick withal,
To arms the warders sprung.

With clank and clang the cavern rang,
The steeds did stamp and neigh;
And loud was the yell as each warrior
fell
Sterte up with hoop and cry.

"Woe, woe," they cried, "thou caitiff coward,
That ever thou wert born!
Why drew ye not the knightly sword
Before ye blew the horn!"

The morning on the mountain shone,
And on the bloody ground,
Hurl'd from the cave with shiver'd bone,
The mangled wretch was found.

And still beneath the cavern dread,
Among the glidders grey,
A shapeless stone with lichens spread
Marks where the wanderer lay."¹

* * * * *

1 "The reader may be interested by comparing with this ballad the author's prose version of part of its legend, as given in one of the last works of his pen. He says, in the Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft, 1830:—"Thomas of Erekildawne, during his retirement, has been snapposed, from time to time, to be levying forces to take the field in some crisis of his country's fate. The story has often been told of a daring horse-jockey having sold a black horse to a man of venerable and antique appearance, who appointed the remarkable hillock upon Eildon hills, called the Lucken-hare, as the place where, at twelve o'clock at night, he should receive the price. He came, his money was paid in ancient coin, and he was invited by his customer to view his residence. The trader in horses followed his guide in the deepest astonishment through several long ranges of stalls, in each of which a horse stood motionless, while an armed warrior lay equally still at the charger's feet. "All these men," said the wizard in a whisper, "will awaken at the battle of Sheriffmuir." At the extremity

of this extraordinary depot hung a sword and a horn, which the prophet pointed out to the horse-dealer as containing the means of dissolving the spell. The man in confusion took the horn and attempted to wind it. The horses instantly started in their stalls, stamped, and shook their bridles, the man arose and clashed his armour, and the mortal, terrified at the tumult he had excited, dropped the horn from his hand. A voice like that of a giant, louder even than the tumult around, pronounced these words:—

'Woe to the coward that ever he was born,
That did not draw the sword before he blew the horn.'

A whirlwind expelled the horse-dealer from the cavern, the entrance to which he could never again find. A moral might be perhaps extracted from this legend, namely, that it is better to be armed against danger before hiding it defiance.

(3.) *Cheviot.*

1799.

Go sit old Cheviot's crest below,
And pensive mark the lingering snow
In all his scours abide,
And slow dissolving from the hill
In many a sightless, soundless rill,
Feed sparkling Bowmont's tide.

Fair shines the stream by bank and lea,
As wimpling to the eastern sea
She seeks Till's sullen bed,
Indenting deep the fatal plain,
Where Scotland's noblest, brave in vain,
Around their monarch bled.

And westward hills on hills you see,
Even as old Ocean's nightiest sea
Heavea high her waves of foam,
Dark and snow-ridged from Cutsfeld's wold
To the proud foot of Cheviot roll'd,
Earth's mountain billows come.

(4.) *The Kelfer's Wedding.*

1802.

In "The Reiver's Wedding," the Poet had evidently designed to blend together two traditional stories concerning his own forefathers, the Scots of Harden, which are detailed in the first chapters of his *Life*. The biographer adds:—"I know not for what reason, Lochwood, the ancient fortress of the Johnstones in Annandale, has been substituted for the real locality of his ancestor's drum-head Wedding Contract."—*Life*, vol. ii., p. 94.

O will ye hear a mirthful boud?
Or will ye hear of courtesie?
Or will ye hear how a gallant lord
Was wedded to a gay ladye?

"Ca' out the hie," quo' the village herd,
As he stood on the knowe,
"Ca' this ane's nine and that ane's ten,
And bauld Lord William's cow!"

"Ah! by my sooth," quoth William then,
"And stands it that way now,
When knave and churl have nine and ten,
That the Lord has but his cow?"

"I swear by the light of the Michaelmas
moon,
And the night of Mary high,
And by the edge of my braidsword brown,
They shall soon say Harden's kye."

He took a hagle frse his side,
With names carved o'er and o'er—
Full many a chief of meikle pride
That border bugle bore —¹

¹ This celebrated horn is still in the possession of the chief of the Harden family, Lord Polwarth.

² At Linton, in Roxburghshire, there is a circle of stones surrounding a smooth plot of turf, called the *Tryst*, or place

He blew a note baith sharp and hie,
Till rock and water rang around—
Three-score of moss-troopers and three
Have mounted at that bugle sound.

The Michaelmas moon had enter'd then,
And ere she wan the full,
Ye might see by her light in Harden glen
A bow o' kye and a bassen'd bull.

And loud and loud in Harden tower
The quaigh gaed round wi' meikle glee;
For the English beef was brought in bower,
And the English ale flow'd merrilie.

And many a guest from Teviotside
And Yarrow's Brnes was there;
Was never a lord in Scotland wide
That made more dainty fare.

They ate, they laugh'd, they sang and quaff'd,
Till nought on board was seen.
When knight and squire were boune to dine,
But a spur of silver sheen.

Lord William has ta'en his herry brown
steed—
A sore shent man was he;
"Wait ye, my guests, a little speed—
Weel feasted ye shall be."

He rode him down by Falsehope burn,
His cousin dear to see,
With him to take a riding turn—
Wat-draw-the-sword was he.

And when he came to Falsehope glen,
Beneath the trysting-tree,
On the smooth green was carved plain,
"Tn Lochwood bound are we."²

"O if they be gane to dark Lochwood
To drive the Warden's gear,
Betwix our names, I ween, there's feud;
I'll go and have my share:

"For little reck I for Johnstone's feud,
The Warden though he be."
So Lord William is away to dark Dochwood,
With riders barely three.

The Warlen's daughters in Lochwood sate,
Were all both fair and gay,
All save the Lady Margaret,
And she was wan and wae.

The sister, Jean, had a full fair skin,
And Grace was bauld and brow;
But the leal-fast heart her breast within
It weel was worth them a'.

Her father 's pranked her sisters twa
With meikle joy and pride;
But Margaret maun seek Dundrennan's wa'—
She ne'er can be a bride.

On spear and casque by gallants gent
Her sisters' scarfs were borne,
But never at tilt or tournament
Were Margaret's colours worn.

Her sisters rode to Thirlstane bower,
But she was left at hame
To wander round the gloomy tower,
And sigh young Harden's name.

of appointment, which tradition avers to have been the rendezvous of the neighbouring warriors. The name of the leader was cut in the turf, and the arrangement of the letters announced to his followers the course which he had taken."—*Introduction to the Minstrelsy*, p. 166.

"Of all the knights, the knight most fair,
From Yarrow to the Tyne,"
Soft sigh'd the maid, "is Harden's heir,
But ne'er can he be mine ;
"Of all the maids, the foulest maid
From Teviot to the Dee,
Ah !" sighing sad, that lady said,
"Can ne'er young Harden's be."—
She looked up the briery glen,
And up the mossy brae,
And she saw a score of her father's men
Yclad in the Johnstone grey.
O fast and fast they downwards sped
The moss and briars among,
And in the midst the troopers led
A shackled knight along.
* * * * *

The Bard's Incantation.

WRITTEN UNDER THE THREAT OF INVASION
IN THE AUTUMN OF 1804.

The forest of Glenmore is drear,
It is all of black pine and the dark oak-
tree ;
And the midnight wind, to the mountain deer,
Is whistling the forest lullaby :
The moon looks through the drifting storm,
But the troubled lake reflects not her form,
For the waves roll whitening to the land,
And dash against the shelvy strand.
There is a voice among the trees,
That mingles with the groaning oak—
That mingles with the stormy breeze,
And the lake-waves dashing against the
rock ;—
There is a voice within the wood,
The voice of the bard in fitful mood ;
His song was louder than the blast,
As the bard of Glenmore through the forest
past.
"Wake ye from your sleep of death,
Minstrels and bards of other days !
For the midnight wind is on the heath,
And the midnight meteors dimly blaze :
The Spectre with his Bloody Hand,¹
Is wandering through the wild woodland ;
The owl and the raven are mute for dread,
And the time is meet to awake the dead !
"Souls of the mighty, wake and say,
To what high strain your harps were
strung,
When Lochlin plough'd her billowy way,
And on your shores her Norsemen sung ?
Her Norsemen train'd to spoil and blood,
Skill'd to prepare the Raven's food,
All, by your harpings, doom'd to die
On bloody Largs and Luncarty.²
"Mute are ye all ! No murmurs strange
Upon the midnight breeze sail by ;
Nor through the pines, with whistling
change,
Mimic the harp's wild harmony !
Mute are ye now !—Ye ne'er were mute,
When Murder with his bloody foot,
And Rapine with his iron hand,
Were hovering near yon mountain strand.

"O yet awake the strain to tell,
By every deed in song enroll'd,
For every chief who fought or fell,
For Albion's weal in battle bold :—
From Colgach,³ first who roll'd his car
Through the deep ranks of Roman war,
To him, of veteran memory dear,
Who victor died on Aboukir.

"By all their swords, by all their scars,
By all their names, a mighty spell !
By all their wounds, by all their wars,
Arise, the mighty strain to tell !
For fiercer than fierce Hengist's strain,
More impious than the heathen Dane,
More grasping than all-grasping Ronie,
Gaul's ravening legions hither come !"
The wind is hush'd, and still the lake—
Strange murmurs fill my tinkling ears,
Bristles my hair, my sinews quake,
At the dread voice of other years—
"When targets clash'd, and bugles rung,
And blades round warriors' heads were
flung,
The foremost of the band were we,
And hymn'd the joys of Liberty !"

Hellbellyn.

1805.

In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman
of talents, and of a most amiable disposition,
perished by losing his way on the mountain
Hellbellyn. His remains were not discovered
till three months afterwards, when they were
found guarded by a faithful terrier-hitch, his
constant attendant during frequent solitary
rambles through the wilds of Cumberland
and Westmoreland.

I climb'd the dark brow of the mighty Hell-
veilyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd
misty and wide ;
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was
yelling,
And starting around me the echoes re-
plied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn
was bending,
And Cutchedicam its left verga was de-
fending,
One huge pameless rock in the front was
ascending.
When I mark'd the sad spot where the
waderer had died.
Dark green was the spot 'mid the brown
mountain-heather,
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretch'd
in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandon'd to
weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenant-
less clay.

¹ The forest of Glenmore is haunted by a spirit called
Lhamdearg, or Red-head.

² Where the Norwegian invader of Scotland received two
bloody defeats.

³ The Galgacus of Tacitus.

Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely ex-
tended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite
attended,
The much-loved remains of her master de-
fended.

And chased the hill-fox and the raven
away.

How long didst thou think that his silence
was slumber?

When the wind waved his garment, how
oft didst thou start?

How many long days and long weeks didst
thou number,

Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy
heart?

And, oh, was it meet, that — no requiem read
o'er him—

No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore
him,

And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd
before him,—

Unhonour'd the Pilgrim from life should
depart?

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant was
yielded,

The tapestry waves dark round the dim-
lighted hall;

With scutcheons of silver the coffin is
shielded,

And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the
torches are gleaming;

In the proudly-arch'd chapel the banners are
beaming,

Far adown the long aisle sacred music is
streaming,

Lamenting a Chief of the people should fall.
But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,

To lay down thy head like the meek moun-
tain lamb,

When, wilder'd, he drops from some cliff
huge in stature,

And draws his last sob by the side of his
dam.

And more stately thy couch by this desert
lake lying,

Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy
dying,

In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

The Dying Bard.

1806.

Air—*Daffydz Gangwen.*

The Welsh tradition bears, that a Bard, on
his death-bed, demanded his harp, and played
the air to which these verses are adapted;
requesting that it might be performed at his
funeral.

I.

Dinas Emlinn, lament; for the moment is
nigh,

When mute in the woodlands thine echoes
shall die:

No more by sweet Teivi Cadwallon shall
rave,
And mix his wild notes with the wild dashing
wave.

II.

In spring and in autumn thy glories of shade
Unhonour'd shall flourish, unhonour'd shall
fade;

For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the
tongue,

That view'd them with rapture, with rapture
that sung.

III.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may march in their
pride,

And chase the proud Saxon from Prestatyn's
side;

But where is the harp shall give life to their
name?

And where is the bard shall give heroes their
fame?

IV.

And oh, Dinas Emlinn! thy daughters so fair,
Who heave the white bosom, and wave the
dark hair;

What tuneful enthusiast shall worship their
eye.

When half of their charms with Cadwallon
shall die?

V.

Then adieu, silver Teivi! I quit thy loved
scene,

To join the dim choir of the bards who have
been;

With Lewarch, and Meilor, and Merlin the
Old,

And sage Taliessin, high harping to hold.

VI.

And adieu, Dinas Emlinn! still green be thy
shades,

Unconquer'd thy warriors, and matchless thy
maids!

And thou, whose faint warblings my weakness
can tell,

Farewell, my loved Harp! my last treasure,
farewell!

The Norman Horse-Shoe.

1806.

Air—*The War-Song of the Men of Glamorgan.*

The Welsh, inhabiting a mountainous coun-
try, and possessing only an inferior breed of
horses, were usually unable to encounter the
shock of the Anglo-Norman cavalry. Occa-
sionally, however, they were successful in
repelling the invaders; and the following
verses are supposed to celebrate a defeat of
Clare, Earl of Striguil and Pembroke, and of
Neville, Baron of Chepstow, Lords-Marchers
of Monmouthshire. Rymny is a stream which
divides the counties of Monmouth and Gla-

morgan: Caerphili, the scene of the supposed battle, is a vale upon its banks, dignified by the ruins of a very ancient castle.

I.

Red glows the forge in Striguil's honnds,
And hammers din, and anvil sounds,
And armourers, with iron toil,
Barb many a steed for battle's broil.
Foul fall the hand which bends the steel
Around the courser's thundering heel,
That e'er shall dint a sable wound
On fair Glamorgan's velvet ground!

II.

From Chepstow's towers, ere dawn of morn,
Was heard afar the bugle-horn;
And forth, in banded pomp and pride,
Stout Clare and fiery Neville ride.
They swore, their banners broad should gleam,
In crimson light, on Rymny's stream;
They vow'd, Caerphili's sod should feel
The Norman charger's spurning heel.

III.

And sooth they swore—the sun arose,
And Rymny's wave with crimson glows;
For Clare's red banner, floating wide,
Roll'd down the stream to Severn's tide!
And sooth they vow'd—the trampled green
Show'd where hot Neville's charge had been:
In every sable hoof-tramp stood
A Norman horseman's curdling blood!

IV.

Old Chepstow's brides may curse the toil,
That arm'd stout Clare for Cambrian broil;
Their orphans long the art may rue,
For Neville's war-horse forged the shoe.
No more the stamp of armed steed
Shall dint Glamorgan's velvet mead;
Nor trace be there, in early spring,
Save of the Fairies' emerald ring.

The Maid of Toro.

1806.

O, low shone the sun on the fair lake of Toro,
And weak were the whispers that waned
The dark wood.
All as a fair maiden, bewilder'd in sorrow,
Sorely sigh'd to the breezes, and wept to the flood.
"O saints, from the mansions of bliss lowly
bending;
Sweet Virgin! who hearest the suppliant's
cry,
Now grant my petition, in anguish ascending,
My Henry restore, or let Eleanor die!"
All distant and faint were the sounds of the
battle,
With the breezes they rise, with the breezes
they fail.
Till the shout, and the groan, and the conflict's
dread rattle,
And the chase's wild clamour, came loading
the gale.

Breathless she gazed on the woodlands ao
dreary;
Slowly approaching a warrior was seen;
Life's ebbing tide mark'd his footsteps ao
weary,
Cleft was his helmet, and woe was his mien.
"O save thee, fair maid, for our armies are
flying!
O save thee, fair maid, for thy guardian is
low!
Deadly cold on yon heath thy brave Henry is
lying,
And fast through the woodland approachea
the foe."
Scarce could he falter the tidings of sorrow,
And scarce could she hear them benumb'd
with despair:
And when the sun sank on the sweet lake of
Toro,
For ever he set to the Brave and the Fair.

The Palmer.

1806.

"O open the door, some pity to show,
Keen blows the northern wind!
The glen is white with the drifted snow,
And the path is hard to find.
"No outlaw seeks your castle gate,
From chasing the King's deer,
Though even an outlaw's wretched state
Might claim compassion here.
"A weary Palmer, worn and weak,
I wander for my sin;
O open, for Our Lady's sake!
A pilgrim's blessing win!
"I'll give you pardons from the Pope,
And reliques from o'er the sea;
Or if for these you will not ope,
Yet open for charity.
"The hare is crouching in her form,
The hart beside the hind;
An aged man, amid the storm,
No shelter can I find.
"You hear the Etrick's sullen roar,
Dark, deep, and strong is he,
And I must ford the Etrick o'er,
Unless you pity me.
"The iron gate is bolted hard,
At which I knock in vain;
The owner's heart is closer barr'd,
Who hears me thus complain.
"Farewell, farewell! and Mary grant,
When old and frail you be,
You never may the shelter want,
That's now denied to me."
The Ranger on his couch lay warm,
And heard him plead in vain;
But oft amid December's storm,
He'll hear that voice again:
For lo, when through the vapours dank,
Morn shone on Etrick fair,
A corpse amid the alders rank,
The Palmer welter'd there.

The Maid of Neidpath.

1806.

There is a tradition in Tweeddale, that, when Neidpath castle, near Peebles, was inhabited by the Earls of March, a mutual passion subsisted between a daughter of that noble family, and a son of the Laird of Tushielaw, in Ettrick forest. As the alliance was thought unsuitable by her parents, the young man went abroad. During his absence, the lady fell into a consumption; and at length, as the only means of saving her life, her father consented that her lover should be recalled. On the day when he was expected to pass through Peebles, on the road to Tushielaw, the young lady, though much exhausted, caused herself to be carried to the balcony of a house in Peebles, belonging to the family, that she might see him as he rode past. Her anxiety and eagerness gave such force to her organs, that she is said to have distinguished his horse's footsteps at an incredible distance. But Tushielaw, unprepared for the change in her appearance, and not expecting to see her in that place, rode on without recognizing her, or even slackening his pace. The lady was unable to support the shock; and, after a short struggle, died in the arms of her attendants. There is an incident similar to this traditional tale in Count Hamilton's "Fleur d'Épine."

O lovers' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower,
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decay'd by pining,
Till through her wasted hand, at night,
You saw the taper shining;
By fits, a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek were flying;
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keener powers to see and hear,
Seem'd in her frame residing;
Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear,
She heard her lover's riding;
Ere scarce a distant form was ken'd,
She knew, and waded to greet him;
And o'er the battlement did bend,
As on the wing to meet him.

He came—he pass'd—an heedless gaze
As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing—
The castle arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan,
Which told her heart was broken.

Wandering Willie.

1806.

All joy was bereft me the day that you left me,

Aud climb'd the tall vessel to sail yon wide sea;

O weary betide it! I wander'd beside it,
And bann'd it for parting my Willie and me.

Far o'er the wave hast thou follow'd thy fortune,

Oft fought the squadrons of France and of Spain;

Ae kiss of welcome's worth twenty at parting,
Now I hae gotten my Willie again.

When the sky it was mirk, and the winds they were wailing,

I sat on the beach wi' the tear in my ee,

And thought o' the bark where my Willie was sailing,
And wish'd that the tempest could a' blaw on me.

Now that thy gallant ship rides at her mooring,

Now that my wanderer's in safety at home,
MUSIC TO ME WERE THE WILDEST WINDS' ROARING,

That e'er o'er Inch-Keith drove the dark ocean faem.

When the lights they did blaze, and the guns they did rattle,

And blithe was each heart for the great victory,

In secret I wept for the dangers of battle,
And thy glory itself was scarce comfort to me,

But now shalt thou tell, while I eagerly listen,

Of each bold adventure, and every brave scar;

And trust me, I'll smile, though my een they may glisten;

For sweet after danger's the tale of the war,

And oh, how we doubt when there's distance 'tween lovers,

When there's naething to speak to the heart thro' the ee:

How often the kindest and warmest prove rovers,

And the love of the faithfulest ebbs like the sea.

Till, at times—could I help it?—I pined and I ponder'd,

If love could change notes like the bird on the tree—

Now I'll ne'er ask if thine eyes may hae wander'd,

Enough, thy leal heart has been constant to me.

Welcome, from sweeping o'er sea and through channel,

Hardships and danger despising for faem,

Furnishing story for glory's bright annal,
Welcome, my wanderer, to Jeanie and hame!

Enough, now thy story in annals of glory
 Has humbled the pride of France, Holland,
 and Spain;
 No more shalt thou grieve me, no more shalt
 thou leave me,
 I never will part with my Willie again.

Wealthy to Lord Melville.

1806.

Air—*Carrickfergus.*

"The impeachment of Lord Melville was among the first measures of the new (Whig) Government; and personal affection and gratitude graced as well as heightened the zeal with which Scott watched the issue of this, in his eyes, vindictive proceeding; but, though the ex-minister's ultimate acquittal was, as to all the charges involving his personal honour, complete, it must now be allowed that the investigation brought out many circumstances by no means creditable to his discretion; and the rejoicings of his friends ought not, therefore, to have been scornfully jubilant. Such they were, however — at least in Edinburgh; and Scott took his share in them by inditing a song, which was sung by James Ballantyne, and received with clamorous applauses, at a public dinner given in honour of the event, on the 27th of June, 1806."—*Life*, vol. ii., p. 322.

Since here we are set in array round the table,
 Five hundred good fellows well met in a
 hall,
 Come listen, brave boys, and I'll sing us I'm
 able
 How innocence triumph'd and pride got a
 fall.
 But push round the claret—
 Come, stewards, don't spare it—
 With rapture you'll drink to the toast that I
 give;
 Here, boys,
 Off with it merrily—
 Melville for ever, and long may he live!
 What were the Whigs doing, when boldly
 pursuing,
 Pitt banish'd Rebellion, gave Treason a
 string;
 Why, they swore on their honour, for Arthur
 O'Connor,
 And fought hard for Despard against country
 and king
 Well, then, we knew, boys,
 Pitt and Melville were true boys,
 And the tempest was raised by the friends of
 Reform.
 Ah! woe!
 Weep to his memory;
 Low lies the pilot that weather'd the storm!
 And pray, don't you mind when the Blues first
 were raising,
 And we scarcely could think the house safe
 o'er our heads!
 When villains and coxcombs, French politics
 praising,
 Drove peace from our tables and sleep from
 our beds!

Our hearts they grew bolder
 When, musket on shoulder,
 Stepp'd forth our old Statesmen example to
 give.
 Come, boys, never fear,
 Drink the Blue grenadier—
 Here's to old Harry, and long may he live!

They would turn us adrift, though rely, sir,
 upon it—
 Our own faithful chronicles warrant us that
 The free mountaineer and his bonny blue
 bonnet
 Have oft gone as far as the regular's hat.
 We laugh at their taunting,
 For all we are wanting
 Is licence our life for our country to give.
 Off with it merrily,
 Horse, foot, and artillery.
 Each loyal Volunteer, long may he live!

'Tis not us alone, boys—the Army and Navy
 Have each got a slap 'mid their politic
 pranks;
 Cornwallis cashier'd, that watch'd winters to
 save ye,
 And the Cape call'd a bauble, unworthy of
 thanks.
 But vain is their taunt,
 No soldier shall want
 The thanks that his country to valour can
 give:
 Come, boys,
 Drink it off merrily.—
 Sir David and Popham, and long may they
 live!

And then our revenue—Lord knows how they
 view'd it,
 While each petty statesman talk'd lofty and
 big;
 But the beer-tax was weak, as if Whitbread
 had brew'd it,
 And the pig-iron duty a shame to a pig.
 In vain is their vaunting,
 Too surely there's the wanting
 What judgment, experience, and steadiness
 give:
 Come, boys,
 Drink about merrily,—
 Health to sage Melville, and long may he live!

Our King, too—our Princess—I dare not say
 more, sir,—
 May Providence watch them with mercy and
 might!
 While there's one Scottish hand that can wag
 a claymore, sir,
 They shall ne'er want a friend to stand up
 for their right.
 Be damn'd he that dare not,—
 For my part, I'll spare not
 To beauty afflicted a tribute to give:
 Fill it up steadily,
 Drink it off readily—
 Here's to the Princess, and long may she live!

And since we must not set Auld Reekie in
 glory,
 And make her brown visage as light as her
 heart;¹

¹ The Magistrates of Edinburgh had rejected an application for illumination of the town, on the arrival of the news of Lord Melville's acquittal.

Till each man illumine his own upper story,
Nor law-book nor lawyer shall force us to
part.

In Grenville and Spencer,
And some few good men, sir,
High talents we honour, slight difference for-
give;

But the Brewer we'll hoax,
Tallyho to the Fox,
And drink Melville for ever, as long as we
live!"—

Hunting Song.

1808.

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are kuelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain grey,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming:
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the green-wood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;
You shall see him brought to bay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay!
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman! who can bank,
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk;
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

The Resolve.

IN IMITATION OF AN OLD ENGLISH POEM.

1808.

My wayward fate I needs must plain,
Though bootless be the theme;
I loved, and was beloved again,
Yet all was but a dream:
For, as her love was quickly got,
So it was quickly gone;
No more I'll bask in flame so hot,
But coldly dwell alone.

Not maid more bright than maid was e'er
My fancy shall beguile,
By flattering word, or feigned tear,
By gesture, look, or smile:

No more I'll call the shaft fair shot,
Till it has fairly flown,
Nor scorch me at a flame so hot;—
I'll rather freeze alone.

Each ambush'd Cupid I'll defy,
In cheek, or chin, or brow,
And deem the glance of woman's eye
As weak as woman's vow;
I'll lightly hold the lady's heart,
'That is but lightly won;
I'll steel my breast to beauty's art,
And learn to live alone.

The flaunting torch soon blazes out,
'The diamond's ray abides;
The flame its glory huris about,
The gem its lustre hides:
Such gem I fondly deem'd was mine,
And glow'd a diamond stone,
But, since each eye may see it shine,
I'll darkling dwell alone.

No waking dream shall tinge my thought
With dyes so bright and vain,
No silken net, so slightly wrought,
Shall tangle me again:
No more I'll pay so dear for wit,
I'll live upon mine own,
Nor shall wild passion trouble it,—
I'll rather dwell alone.

And thus I'll lush my heart to rest,—
"Thy loving labour's lost;
Thou shalt no more be wildly blest,
'To be so strangely crost;
The widow'd turtles mateless die,
The phœnix is but one;
They seek no loves—no more will I—
I'll rather dwell alone."

Epitaph,

DESIGNED FOR A MONUMENT

IN LITCHFIELD CATHEDRAL, AT THE BURIAL-
PLACE OF THE FAMILY OF MISS SEWARD.

Amid these aisles, where once his precepts
show'd
The Heavenward pathway which in life he
trod,
This simple tablet marks a Father's bier,
And those he loved in life, in death are near;
For him, for them, a Daughter made it rise,
Memorial of domestic charities.
Still wouldst thou know why o'er the marble
spread,
In female grace the willow droops her head;
Why on her branches, silent and unstrung,
The minstrel harp is emblematic hung;
What poet's voice is smother'd here in dust
Till waked to join the chorus of the just,—
Lo! one brief line an answer sad supplies,
Honour'd, beloved, and mourn'd, here Seward
lies.
Her worth, her warmth of heart, let friendship
say,—
Go seek her genius in her living lay.

Prologue

TO MISS BAILLIE'S PLAY OF THE FAMILY
LEGEND.¹

1809.

'Tis sweet to hear expiring Summer's sigh,
Through forests tinged with russet, wail and die;

'Tis sweet and sad the latest notes to hear
Of distant music, dying on the ear;
But far more sadly sweet, on foreign strand,
We list the legends of our native land,
Link'd as they come with every tender tie,
Memorials dear of youth and infancy.

Chief, thy wild tales, romantic Caledon,
Wake keen remembrance in each hardy son.
Whether on India's burning coasts he toil,
Or till Acadia's² winter-fetter'd soil,
He hears with throbbing heart and moisten'd eyes,

And, as he hears, what dear illusions rise!
It opens on his soul his native dell,
The woods wild waving, and the water's swell;

Tradition's theme, the tower that threatens the plain.

The mossy cairn that hides the hero slain;
The cot, beneath whose simple porch were told,

By grey-hair'd patriarch, the tales of old,
The infant group, that hush'd their sports the while,

And the dear maid who listen'd with a smile.
The wanderer, while the vision warms his brain,

Is denizen of Scotland once again.

Are such keen feelings to the crowd confined,

And sleep they in the Poet's gifted mind?
Oh no! For She, within whose mighty page
Each tyrant Passion shows his woe and rage,
Has felt the wizard influence they inspire,
And to your own traditions tuned her lyre,
Yourselves shall judge—whoe'er has raised
the sail

By Mull's dark coast, has heard this evening's tale.

The plaided boatman, resting on his oar,
Points to the fatal rock amid the roar
Of whitening waves, and tells whate'er to-night

Our humble stage shall offer to your sight;
Proudly prefer'd that first our efforts give
Scenes glowing from her pen to breathe and live;

More proudly yet, should Caledon approve
The filial token of a Daughter's love.

¹ Miss Baillie's *Family Legend* was produced with considerable success on the Edinburgh stage in the winter of 1809-10. This prologue was spoken on that occasion by the Author's friend, Mr. Daniel Terry.

² Acadia, or Nova Scotia.

The Poacher.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF CRABBE, AND
PUBLISHED IN THE EDINBURGH ANNUAL
REGISTER OF 1809.

Welcome, grava Stranger, to our green re-
treats,
Where health with exercise and freedom
meets!

Thrice welcome, Sage, whose philosophic
plan

By nature's limits metes the rights of man;
Generous as he, who now for freedom bawls,
Now gives full value for true Indian shawls:
O'er courts, o'er customhouse, his shoe who
flings,

Now bilks excisemen, and now bullies kings.
Like his, I ween, thy comprehensive mind
Holds laws as mouse-traps baited for man-
kind:

Thine eye, applausive, each alty vermin sees,
That baulks the snare, yet battens on the
cheese;

Thine ear has heard, with scorn instead of
awe,

Our buckskinn'd justices expound the law,
Wire-draw the acts that fix for wires the
pain.

And for the netted partridge noose the swain;
And thy vindictive arm would fain have broke
The last light fetter of the feudal yoke,
To give the denizens of wood and wild,
Nature's free race, to each her free-born
child.

Hence hast thou mark'd, with grief, fair
London's race,

Mock'd with the boon of one poor Easter
chase,

And long'd to send them forth us free as when
Pour'd o'er Chantilly the Parisian train,
When musket, pistol, blunderbuss, combined,
And scarce the field-pieces were left behind!
A squadron's charge each leveret's heart dis-
may'd,

On every covey fired a bold brigade;
La Douce Humanite approved the sport,
For great the alarm indeed, yet small the
hurt:

Shouts patriotic solemnized the day,
And Seine re-echoed, *Vive la Liberte!*
But mad *Citoyen*, meek *Monsieur* again,
With some few added licks resumes his
chain.

Then, since such scenes to France no more
are known,

Come, view with me a hero of thine own!
One, whose free actions vindicate the cause
Of silvan liberty o'er feudal laws.

Seek we yon glades, where the proud oak
o'ertops

Wide-waving seas of birch and hazel copse,
Leaving between deserted isles of land,
Where stunted heath is patch'd with ruddy
sand;

And lonely on the waste the yew is seen,
Or straggling hollies spread a brighter green.
Here, little worn, and winding dark and
steep,

Our scarce mark'd path descends yon dingle
deep:

Follow—but heedful, cautious of a trip,—
In earthly mire philosophy may slip.

Step slow and wary o'er that swampy stream,
Till, guided by the charcoal's smothering
steam,

We reach the frail yet barricaded door
Of hovel form'd for poorest of the poor;
No hearth the fire, no vent the smoke
receives,

The walls are wattles, and the covering
leaves;

For, if such hut, our forest statutes say,
Rise in the progress of one night and day,
(Though placed where still the Conqueror's
hests o'erawe,

And his son's stirrup shines the badge of law,)
The builder claims the unenviable boon,
To tenant dwelling, framed as slight and soon
As wiggam wild, that shrouds the native
froe

On the bleak coast of frost-barr'd Labrador.¹

Approach, and through the unlatticed window
peep—

Nay, shrink not back, the inmate is asleep;
Stunk 'mid yon sordid blankets, till the sun
Stoop to the west, the plunderer's toils are
done.

Loaded and primed, and prompt for desperate
hand,

Rife and fowling-piece beside him stand;
While round the hut are in disorder laid
The tools and booty of his lawless trade;
For force or fraud, resistance or escape,
The crow, the saw, the bludgeon, and the
crape.

His pilfer'd powder in yon nook he hoards,
And the filch'd lead the church's roof affords—
(Hence shall the rector's congregation fret,
That while his sermon's dry his walls are
wet.)

The fish-spear barb'd, the sweeping net are
there,
Doe-hides, and pheasant plumes, and skins of
hare,

Cordage for toils, and wiring for the snare.
Barter'd for game from chase or warren won,
Yon cask holds moonlight,² run when moon
was none;
And late-snatch'd spoils lie stow'd in hutch
apart.

To wait the associate higgler's evening cart.

Look on his pallet foul, and mark his rest:
What scenes perturb'd are acting in his
breast!

His sable brow is wet and wrung with pain,
And his dilated nostril toils in vain;
For short and scant the breath each effort
draws.

And 'twixt each effort Nature claims a pause.
Beyond the loose and sable sackcloth
stretch'd,

His sinewy throat seems by convulsion
twitch'd.

While the tongue falters, as to utterance loth,
Sounds of dire import—watchword, threat,
and oath.

¹ Such is the law in the New Forest, Hampshire, tending greatly to increase the various settlements of thieves, smugglers, and deer-stealers, who infest it. In the forest courts the presiding judge wears as a badge of office an

Though, stupified by toil, and drugg'd with
gin,

The body sleep, the restless guest within
Now pines on wood and wold his lawless
trade,

Now in the fangs of justice wakes dismay'd.—

“Was that wild start of terror and despair,
Those bursting eyeballs, and that wider'd
air,

Sighs of compunction for a murder'd hare?
Do the locks bristle and the eyebrows arch,
For grouse or partridge massacred in
March?”—

No, scoffer, no! Attend, and mark with awe,
There is no wicket in the gate of law!
He, that would e'er so lightly set ajar
That awful portal, must undo each bar:
Tempting occasion, habit, passion, pride,
Will join to storm the breach, and force the
barrier wide.

That ruffian, whom true men avoid and
dread,

Whom hruisers, poachers, smugglers, call
Black Ned,

Was Edward Mansell once;—the lightest
heart,

That ever play'd on holiday his part!
The leader he in every Christmas game,

The harvest-feast grew blither when he came,
And liveliest on the chords the bow did
glance,

When Edward named the tune and led the
dance.

Kind was his heart, his passions quick and
strong,

Hearty his laugh, and jovial was his song;
And if he loved a gun, his father swore,

“'Twas but a trick of youth would soon be
o'er,

Himself had done the same some thirty years
before.”

But he whose humours spurn law's awful
yoke,

Must herd with those by whom law's bonds
are broke,

The common dread of justice soon allies
The clown, who robs the warren, or excise,

With sterner felons train'd to act more dread,
Even with the wretch by whom his fellow
bled.

Then, as in plagues the foul contagion pass,
Leavening and festering the corrupted mass,—
Guilt leagues with guilt, while mutual motives
draw,

Their hope impunity, their fear the law;
Their foes, their friends, their rendezvous the
same,

Till the revenue balk'd, or pilfer'd game,
Flesh the young culprit, and example leads

To darker villany, and direr deeds.

Wild howl'd the wind the forest glades
along.

And oft the owl renew'd her dismal song:
Around the spot where erst he felt the wound,
Red William's spectre walk'd his midnight
round.

antique stirrup, said to have been that of William Rufus. See Mr. William Rose's spirited poem, entitled “The Red King.”

² A cant term for smuggled spirits.

When o'er the swamp he cast his blighting
look,
From the green marshes of the stagnant
brook
The bittern's sullen shout the sedges shook!
The waning moon, with storm-presaging
gleam,
Now gave and now withheld her doubtful
beam;
The old Oak stoop'd his arms, then flung them
high,
Bellowing and groaning to the troubled sky—
'Twas then, that, couch'd amid the brush-
wood sere,
In Malwood-walk young Mansell watch'd the
deer:
The fattest buck received his deadly shot—
The watchful keeper heard, and sought the
spot.
Stout were their hearts, and stubborn was
their strife,
O'erpower'd at length the Outlaw drew his
knife.
Next morn a corpse was found upon the fell—
The rest his waking agony may tell!

Song.

Oh, say not, my love, with that mortified air,
That your spring-time of pleasure is flown,
Nor bid me to maids that are younger repair,
For those raptures that still are thine own.
Though April his temples may wreath with
the vine,
Its tendrils in infancy curl'd,
'Tis the ardour of August matures us the
wine.
Whose life-blood enlivens the world.
Though thy form, that was fashion'd as light
as a fly's,
Has assumed a proportion more round,
And thy glance, that was bright as a falcon's
at gaze,
Looks soberly now on the ground,—
Enough, after absence to meet me again,
Thy steps still with ecstasy move;
Enough, that those dear sober glances retain
For me the kind language of love.

The Bold Dragoon;*

OR,

THE PLAIN OF BADAJOS.

1812.

'Twas a Maréchal of France, and he fain
would honour gain,
And he long'd to take a passing glance at
Portugal from Spain;

* This song was written shortly after the battle of Bada-
jos, (April, 1812), for a Yeomanry Cavalry diocet.

With his flying guns this gallant gay,
And boasted corps d'armée—
O he fear'd not our dragoons, with their long
swords, boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, &c.

To Campo Mayor come, he had quietly sat
down,
Just a fricassee to pick while his soldiers
sack'd the town,
When, 'twas peste! morbleu! mon Gen-
eral,
Hear the English bugle-call!
And behold the light dragoons, with their long
swords, boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, &c.

Right about went horse and foot, artillery and
all,
And, as the devil leaves a house, they tumbled
through the wall:²
They took no time to seek the door,
But, best foot set before—
O they ran from our dragoons, with their long
swords, boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, &c.

Those valiant men of France they had scarcely
fled a mile,
When on their flank there sous'd at once the
British rank and file:
For Long, De Grey, and Otway, then
Ne'er minded one to ten,
But came on like light dragoons, with their
long swords, boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, &c.

Three hundred British lads they made three
thousand reel,
Their hearts were made of English oak, their
swords of Sheffield steel,
Their horses were in Yorkshire bred,
And Beresford them led;
So huzza for brave dragoons, with their long
swords, boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, &c.

Then here's a health to Wellington, to
Beresford, to Long,
And a single word of Bonaparte before I close
my song:
The eagles that to fight he brings
Should serve his men with wings,
When they meet the bold dragoons, with their
long swords, boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, &c.

On the Massacre of Glencoe.

1814.

* In the beginning of the year 1692, an action
of unexampled barbarity disgraced the govern-
ment of King William III. in Scotland. In the
August preceding, a proclamation had been
issued, offering an indemnity to such insur-
gents as should take the oath to the King and
Queen, on or before the last day of Decem-

² In their hasty evacuation of Campo Mayor, the French
pulled down a part of the rampart, and marched out over
the glacis.

ber; and the chiefs of such tribes as had been in arms for James, soon after took advantage of the proclamation. But Macdonald of Glencoe was prevented by accident, rather than by design, from tendering his submission within the limited time. In the end of December he went to Colonel Hill, who commanded the garrison in Fort-William, to take the oath of allegiance to the government; and the latter having furnished him with a letter to Sir Colin Campbell, sheriff of the county of Argyll, directed him to repair immediately to Inverary, to make his submission in a legal manner before that magistrate. But the way to Inverary lay through almost impassable mountains, the season was extremely rigorous, and the whole country was covered with a deep snow. So eager, however, was Macdonald to take the oaths before the limited time should expire, that, though the road lay within half a mile of his own house, he stopped not to visit his family, and, after various obstructions, arrived at Inverary. The time had elapsed, and the sheriff hesitated to receive his submission; but Macdonald prevailed by his importunities, and even tears, in inducing that functionary to administer to him the oath of allegiance, and to certify the cause of his delay. At this time Sir John Dalrymple, afterwards Earl of Stair, being in attendance upon William as Secretary of State for Scotland, took advantage of Macdonald's neglecting to take the oath within the time proscribed, and procured from the king a warrant of military execution against that chief and his whole clan. This was done at the instigation of the Earl of Breadalbane, whose lands the Glencoe men had plundered, and whose treachery to government in negotiating with the Highland clans, Macdonald himself had exposed. The King was accordingly persuaded that Glencoe was the main obstacle to the pacification of the Highlands; and the fact of the unfortunate chief's submission having been concealed, the sanguinary orders for proceeding to military execution against his clan were in consequence obtained. The warrant was both signed and countersigned by the King's own hand, and the Secretary urged the officers who commanded in the Highlands to execute their orders with the utmost rigour. Campbell of Glenlyon, a captain in Argyll's regiment, and two subalterns, were ordered to repair to Glencoe on the first of February with a hundred and twenty men. Campbell, being uncle to young Macdonald's wife, was received by the father with all manner of friendship and hospitality. The men were lodged at free quarters in the houses of his tenants, and received the kindest entertainment. Till the 13th of the month the troops lived in the utmost harmony and familiarity with the people; and on the very night of the massacre the officers passed the evening at cards in Macdonald's house. In the night, Lieutenant Lindsay, with a party of soldiers, called in a friendly manner at his door, and was instantly admitted. Macdonald, while in the act of rising to receive his guest, was shot dead through the back with two bullets. His wife had already dressed; but she was stripped naked by the soldiers, who tore the rings off her fingers with their teeth. The slaughter now became general, and neither age nor

infirmity was spared. Some women, in defending their children, were killed: boys imploring mercy, were shot dead by officers on whose knees they hung. In one place nine persons, as they sat enjoying themselves at table, were butchered by the soldiers. In Inverriggon, Campbell's own quarters, nine men were first bound by the soldiers, and then shot at intervals, one by one. Nearly forty persons were massacred by the troops; and several who fled to the mountains perished by famine and the inclemency of the season. Those who escaped owed their lives to a tempestuous night. Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, who had received the charge of the execution from Dalrymple, was on his march with four hundred men, to guard all the passes from the valley of Glencoe; but he was obliged to stop by the severity of the weather, which proved the safety of the unfortunate clan. Next day he entered the valley, laid the houses in ashes, and carried away the cattle and spoil, which were divided among the officers and soldiers." — *Article "Britain;" Encyc. Britannica — New Edition.*

"O tell me, Harper, wherefore flow
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe,
Far down the desert of Glencoe,
Where none may list their melody?
Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly,
Or to the dun-deer glancing by,
Or to the eagle, that from high
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?"—

"No, not to these, for they have rest,—
The mist-wreath has the mountain-crest,
The stag his lair, the erne her nest,
Abode of lone security.
But those for whom I pour the lay,
Not wild-wood deep, nor mountain grey,
Not this deep dell, that shreds from day,
Could screen from treach'rous cruelty.

"Their flag was fur'd, and mute their drum,
The very household dogs were dumb,
Unwont to bay at guests that come
In guise of hospitality.
His blithest notes the piper plied,
Her gayest snood the maiden tied,
The dame her distaff flung aside,
'To tend her kindly housewifery.

"The hand that mingled in the meal,
At midnight drew the felon steel,
And gave the host's kind breast to feel
Meed for his hospitality!
The friendly hearth which warm'd that hand,
At midnight arm'd it with the brand,
That bade destruction's flames expand
Their red and fearful blazonry.

"Then woman's shriek was heard in vain,
Nor infancy's unpitied plain,
More than the warrior's groan, could gain
Respite from ruthless butchery!
The winter wind that whistled ahrill,
The snows that night that cloaked the hill,
Though wild and pitiless, had still
Far more than Southern clemency.

"Long have my harp's best notes been gone,
Few are its strings, and faint their tone,
They can but sound in desert lone
Their grey-hair'd master's misery.

Were each grey hair a minstrel string,
Each chord should imprecations fling,
Till startled Scotland loud should ring,
'Revenge for blood and treachery!'"

For a' that an' a' that.¹

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

1814.

Though right be aft put down by strength,
As mony a day we saw that,
The true and leifu' cause at length
Shall bear the grie for a' that.
For a' that an' a' that,
Guns, guillotines, and a' that,
The Fleur-de-lis, that lost her right,
Is queen again for a' that!

We'll twine her in a friendly knot
With England's Rose, and a' that;
The hamrock shall not be forgot,
For Wellington made braw that.
The Thistle, though her leaf be rude,
Yet faith we'll no misca' that,
She shelter'd in her solitude
The Fleur-de-lis, for a' that.

The Austrian Vine, the Prussian Pine,
(For Blucher's sake, hurra that,)
The Spanish Olive, too, shall join,
And bloom in peace for a' that.
Stout Russia's Hemp, so surely twined
Around our wreath we'll draw that,
And he that would the cord unbind,
Shall have it for his gra-vat!

Or, if to choke sae puir a sot,
Your pity scorn to thraw that,
The Devil's elbow be his lot,
Where he may sit and claw that.
In spite of slight, in spite of might,
In spite of brags, an' a' that,
The lads that battled for the right,
Have won the day, an' a' that!

There's ae bit spot I had forgot,
America they ca' that!
A coward plot her rats had got
Their father's flag to gnaw that:
Now see it fly top-gallant high,
Atlantic winds shall blaw that,
And Yankee loon, beware your crown,
There's kames in hand to claw that!

For on the land, or on the sea,
Where'er the breezes blaw that,
The British Flag shall bear the grie,
And win the day for a' that!

Song,

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE PITT CLUB OF SCOTLAND.

1814.

O, dread was the time, and more dreadful the
omen,
When the brave on Marengo lay slaughter'd
in vain,

And beholding broad Europe bow'd down by
her foemen,
Pitt closed in his anguish the map of her
reign!

Not the fate of broad Europe could bend his
brave apirit
To take for his country the safety of shame;
O, then in her triumph remember his merit,
And hallow the goblet that flows to his
name.

Round the husbandman's head, while he traces
the furrow,
The mists of the winter may mingle with
rain,
He may plough it with labour, and sow it in
sorrow,
And sigh while he fears he has sow'd it in
vain;
He may die ere his children shall reap in their
gladness,
But the blithe harvest-home shall remember
his claim;
And their jubilee-shout shall be soften'd with
sadness,
While they hallow the goblet that flows to
his name.

Though anxious and timeless his life was ex-
pended,
In toils for our country preserved by his
care,
Though he died ere one ray o'er the nations
ascended,
To light the long darkness of doubt and de-
spair;
The storms he endured in our Britain's De-
cember,
The perils his wisdom foresaw and o'er-
came,
In her glory's rich harvest shall Britain re-
member,
And hallow the goblet that flows to his
name.

Nor forget His grey head, who, all dark in
affliction,
Is deaf to the tale of our victories won,
And to sounds the most dear to paternal affec-
tion,
The shout of his people applauding his Son;
By his firmness unmoved in success and dis-
aster,
By his long reign of virtue, remember his
claim!
With our tribute to Pitt join the praise of his
Master.
Though a tear stain the goblet that flows to
his name.

Yet again fill the wine-cup, and change the
sad measure,
The rites of our grief and our gratitude paid,
To our Prince, to our Heroes, devote the bright
treasure,
The wisdom that plann'd, and the zeal that
obey'd;
Fill Wellington's cop till it beam like his
glory,
Forget not our own brave Dalhousie and
Græme;
A thousand years hence hearts shall bound at
their story,
And hallow the goblet that flows to their
fanie.

¹ Sung at the first meeting of the Pitt Club of Scotland, and published in the Scots Magazine for July, 1814.

Pharos Loquitur.¹

Far in the bosom of the deep,
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep;
A ruddy gem of changeful light,
Bound on the dusky brow of night,
The seaman bids my lustre hail,
And scorns to strike his timorous sail.

Lines,²

ADDRESSED TO RANALD MACDONALD, ESQ. OF
STAFFA. 3

1814.

Staffa, sprung from high Macdonald,
Wo'ry branch of old Clan-Ranald!
Staffa! king of all kind fellows!
Well hefall thy hills and valleys,
Lakes and inlets, deeps and shallows—
Cliffs of darkness, caves of wonder,
Echoing the Atlantic thunder;
Mountains which the grey mist covers,
Where the Chieftain spirit hovers,
Pausing while his pinions quiver,
Stretch'd to quit our land for ever!
Each kind influence reign above thee!
Warmer heart, 'twixt this and Staffa
Beats not, than in heart of Staffa!

Letter in Verse

ON THE VOYAGE WITH THE COMMISSIONERS
OF NORTHERN LIGHTS.

"Of the letters which Scott wrote to his friends during those happy six weeks, I have recovered only one, and it is, thanks to the leisure of the yacht, in verse. The strong and easy heroics of the first section prove, I think, that Mr. Canning did not err when he told him that if he chose he might emulate even Dryden's command of that noble measure; and the dancing anapæsts of the second, show that he could with equal facility have rivalled the gay graces of Cotton, Anstey, or Moore."—*Lockhart, Life*, vol. iv., p. 372.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH,
&c. &c. &c.

Lighthouse Yaebt in the Sound of Lerwick,
Zetland, 6th August, 1814.

Health to the chieftain from his clansman true!
From her true minstrel, health to fair Buccleuch!

Health from the isles, where dewy Morning
weaves
Her chaplet with the tints that Twilight
leaves;
Where late the sun scarce vanish'd from the
sight,
And his bright pathway graced the short-lived
night,
Though darker now as autumn's shades
extend,
The north winds whistle and the mists
ascend!
Health from the land where eddying whirl-
winds toss
The storm-rock'd *cradle* of the Cape of Noss!
On outstretch'd cords the giddy engine slides,
His own strong arm the bold adventurer
guides,
And he that lists such desperate feat to try,
May, like the sea-mew, skim 'twixt earth and
sky,
And feel the mid-air gales around him blow,
And see the billows rage five hundred feet
below.

Here, by each stormy peak and desert
shore,
The hardy islesman tugs the daring oar,
Practised alike his venturous course to keep,
Through the white breakers or the pathless
deep,
By ceaseless peril and by toil to gain
A wretched pittance from the niggard main.
And when the worn-out drudge old ocean
leaves,
What comfort greets him, and what hut re-
ceives?
Lady! the worst your presence ere has
cheer'd
(When want and sorrow fled as you ap-
pear'd)
Were to a Zetlander as the high dome
Of proud Drumlanrig to my humble home.
Here rise no groves, and here no gardens
blow,
Here even the hardy heath scares dares to
grow;
But rocks on rocks, in mist and storm
array'd,
Stretch far to sea their giant colonnade,
With many a cavern seam'd, the dreary
haunt
Of the dun seal and swarthy cormorant.
Wild round their rifted brows, with frequent
cry
As of lament, the gulls and gannets fly,
And from their sable base, with sullen sound,
In sheets of whitening foam the waves
rebound.

Yet even these coasts a touch of envy gain
From those whose land has known oppres-
sion's chain;
For here the industrious Dutchman comes
once more
To moor his fishing craft by Bressy's shore;

¹ On the 30th of July, 1814, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Erskine, and Mr. Dalz, Commissioners, along with Mr. (now Sir) Walter Scott, and the writer, visited the Lighthouse; the Commissioners being then on one of their voyages of inspection, noticed in the Introduction. They breakfasted in the Library, when Sir Walter, at the entreaty of the party, upon inscribing his name in the Album, added these interesting lines."—*Stepenson's Account of the Bell-Rock Lighthouse*. 1824. Scott's *Diary of the Voyage* is now published in the 4th volume of his *Life*.

² These lines were written in the Album, kept at the Sound of Uiva Inn, in the month of August, 1814.

³ Afterwards Sir Reginald Macdonald Stewart Seton, of Staffa, Allanton, and Touch, Baronet. He died 16th April 1838, in his 61st year. The reader will find a warm tribute to Staffa's character as a Highland landlord, in Scott's article on Sir John Carr's Caledonian Sketches.—*Miscellaneous Prose Works*, vol. xix.

Greets every former mate and brother tar,
 Marvels how Lerwick 'scaped the rage of war,
 Tells many a tale of Gallic outrage done,
 And ends by blessing God and Wellington.
 Here too the Greenland tar, a fiercer guest,
 Claims a brief hour of riot, not of rest;
 Proves each wild frolic that in wine has birth,
 And wakes the land with brawls and boisterous mirth.

A sadder sight on yon poor vessel's prow
 The captive Norseman sits in silent woe,
 And eyes the flags of Britain as they flow.
 Hard fate of war, which bade her terrors sway

His destined course, and seize so mean a prey;

A bark with planks so warp'd and seams so riven.

She scarce might face the gentlest airs of heaven;

Pensive he sits, and questions oft if none
 Can list his speech, and understand his moan;
 In vain—no Islesman now can use the tongue
 Of the bold Norse, from whom their lineage sprang.

Not thus of old the Norsemen hither came,
 Won by the love of danger or of fame;
 On every storm-beat cape a shapeless tower
 Tells of their wars, their conquests, and their power;

For ne'er for Grecia's vales, nor Latian land,
 Was fiercer strife than for this barren strand;
 A race severe—the iale and ocean lords
 Loved for its own delight the strife of swords;
 With scornful laugh the mortal pang defied,
 And blest their gods that they in battle died.

Such were the sires of Zetland's simple race.

And still the eye may faint resemblance trace
 In the blue eye, tall form, proportion fair,
 The limbs athletic, and the long light hair—
 (Such was the mien, as Scald and Minstrel sings,

Of fair-hair'd Harold, first of Norway's Kings;)

But their high deeds to scale these crags confined.

Their only warfare is with waves and wind.

Why should I talk of Mousa's castled coast?

Why of the horrors of the Sumburgh Rost I
 May not these bald disjointed lines suffice,
 Penn'd while my comrades whirl the rattling dice—

While down the cabin skylight lessening shine

The rays, and eve is chased with mirth and wine!

Imagined, while down Mousa's desert bay
 Our well-trimm'd vessel urged her nimble way,

While to the freshening breeze she lean'd her side,

And bade her bowsprit kiss the foamy tide!

Such are the lays that Zetland isles supply;
 Drench'd with the drizzly spray and dropping sky.

Weary and wet, a sea-sick minstrel I.—
 W. Scott.

POSTSCRIPTUM.

Kirkwall, Orkney, Aug. 13, 1814.

In respect that your Grace has commission'd a Kraken,
 You will please be inform'd that they seldom are taken;

It is January two years, the Zetland folks say,

Since they saw the last Kraken in Scalloway bay;

He lay in the offing a fortnight or more,
 But the devil a Zetlander put from the shore,
 Though bold in the seas of the North to assail

The morse and the sea-horse, the grampus and whale.

If your Grace thinks I'm writing the thing that is not,

You may ask at a namesake of ours, Mr. Scott—

(He's not from our clan, though his merits deserve it,

But springs, I'm inform'd, from the Scotts of Scotsfarvet:)¹

He question'd the folks who beheld it with eyes,

But they differ'd confoundedly as to its size.
 For instance, the modest and diffident swore

That it seem'd like the keel of a ship, and no more—

Those of eyesight more clear, or of fancy more high,

Said it rose like an island 'twixt ocean and sky—

But all of the hulk had a steady opinion
 That 'twas sure a live subject of Neptune's dominion—

And I think, my Lord Duke, your Grace hardly would wish,

To cumber your house, such a kettle of fish,
 Had your order related to night-caps or hose,

Or mittens of worsted, there's plenty of those,
 Or would you be pleased but to fancy a whale?

And direct me to send it—by sea or by mail I

The season, I'm told, is nigh over, but still
 I could get you one fit for the lake at

Bowhill.

Indeed, as to whales, there's no need to be thrifty,

Since one day last fortnight two hundred and fifty,

Pursued by seven Orkney-men's boats and no more,

Betwixt Truffness and Luffness were drawn on the shore!

You'll ask if I saw this same wonderful sight;
 I own that I did not, but easily might—

For this mighty shoal of Leviathans lay
 On our lee-beam a mile, in the loop of the

bay,
 And the islesmen of Sanda were all at the spoil.

And *flunching*, (so term it) the blubber to boil;
 (Ye spirits of lavender, drown the reflection

That awakes at the thought of this odorous dissection.)

To see this huge marvel full fain would we go,
 But Wilson, the wind, and the current, said no.

¹ The Scotts of Scotstarvet, and other families of the name in Fife and elsewhere, claim no kindred with the

great clan of the Border—and their armorial bearings are different.

We have now got to Kirkwall, and needs I
 must stare
 When I think that in verse I have once call'd
 it fair ;
 'Tis a base little borough, both dirty and
 mean—
 There's nothing to hear, and there's nought to
 be seen,
 Save a church, where, of old times, a prelate
 harangued,
 And a palace that's built by an earl that was
 hang'd.
 But, farewell to Kirkwall—aboard we are
 going,
 The anchor's a-peak, and the breezes are
 blowing ;
 Our commodore calls all his band to their
 places,
 And 'tis time to release you—good night to
 your Graces !

Verses from Waverley.

1814.

"The following song, which has been since
 borrowed by the worshipful author of the
 famous 'History of Fryar Bacon,' has been
 with difficulty deciphered. It seems to have
 been sung on occasion of carrying home the
 bride."

(1.)—BRIDAL SONG.

To the tune of "I have been a Fiddler," &c.

And did ye not hear of a mirth befell
 The morrow after a wedding day,
 And carrying a bride at home to dwell ?
 And away to Tewin, away, away.

The gointain was set, and the garlands were
 made,
 'Tis pity old customs should ever decay ;
 And wne be to him that was horsed on a jade,
 For he carried no credit away, away.

We met a concert of fiddle-de-dees ;
 We set them a-cockhorse, and made them
 play
 The winning of Bullen, and Upsey-frees,
 And away to Tewin, away, away !

There was ne'er a lad in all the parish
 That would go to the plough that day ;
 But on his fore-horse his wench he carries,
 And away to Tewin, away, away !

The butler was quirk, and the ale he did tap,
 The maidens did make the chamber full
 gay ;
 The servants did give me a fuddling cup,
 And I did carry't away, away.

The smith of the town his liquor so took,
 That he was persuaded that the ground
 look'd blue ;
 And I dare boldly be sworn on a book,
 Such smiths as he there's but a few.

A posset was made, and the women did sip,
 And simpering said, they could eat no more ;
 Full many a maiden was laid on the lip.—
 I'll say no more, but give o'er, (give o'er.)

Appendix to the General Preface.

(2.)—WAVERLEY.

"On receiving intelligence of his commis-
 sion as captain of a troop of horse in Colonel
 Gardiner's regiment, his tutor, Mr. Pembroke,
 picked up about Edward's room some frag-
 ments of irregular verse, which he appeared
 to have composed under the influence of the
 agitating feelings occasioned by this sudden
 page being turned up to him in the book of
 life."

Late, when the autumn evening fell
 On Mirkwood-Mere's romantic dell,
 'The lake return'd, in chasten'd gleam,
 'The purple cloud, the golden beam :
 Reflected in the crystal pool,
 Headland and bank lay fair and cool ;
 The weather-tinted rock and tower,
 Each drooping tree, each fairy flower,
 So true, so soft, the mirror gave,
 As if there lay beneath the wave,
 Secure from trouble, toil, and care,
 A world than earthly world more fair.

But distant winds began to wake.
 And roused the Genius of the Lake !
 He heard the groaning of the oak,
 And down'd at once his sable cloak,
 As warrior, at the battle cry,
 Invests him with his panoply :
 Then, as the whirlwind nearer press'd,
 He gan to shake his foamy crest
 O'er furrow'd brow and blacken'd cheek,
 And bade his surge in thunder speak.
 In wild and broken eddies whirl'd,
 Flitted that fond ideal world ;
 And, to the shore in tumult tost,
 The realms in fairy bliss were lost.

Yet, with a stern delight and strange,
 I saw the spirit-stirring change
 As warr'd the wind with wave and wood,
 Upon the ruin'd tower I stood,
 And felt my heart more strongly bound,
 Responsive to the lofty sound,
 While, joving in the mighty roar,
 I mourn'd that tranquil scene no more.

So, on the idle dreams of youth
 Breaks the loud trumpet-call of truth,
 Bids each fair vision pass away.
 Like landscape on the lake that lay,
 As fair, as sitting, and as frail,
 As that which fled the autumn gale—
 For ever dead to fancy's eye
 Be each gay form that glided by,
 While dreams of love and lady's charms
 Give place to honour and to arms !

Chap. v.

(3.)—DAVIE GELLATLEY'S SONG.

"He (Daft Davie Gellatley) sung with great
 earnestness, and not without some taste, a
 fragment of an old Scotch ditty:"

False love, and hast thou play'd me this
 In summer among the flowers ?
 I will repay thee back again
 In winter among the showers.
 Unless again, again, my love,
 Unless you turn again ;
 As you with other maidens rove,
 I'll smile on other men.

"This is a genuine ancient fragment, with some alteration in the last two lines."

"— The question'd party replied,—and, like the witch of Thulaba, 'still his speech was song.'"

The Knight's to the mountain
 His bugle to wind ;
 The lady's to greenwood
 Her garland to bind.
 The bower of Burd Ellen
 Has moss on the floor.
 That the step of Lord William
 Be silent and sure.

Chap. ix.

(4.)—SCENE

IN LUCKIE MACLEARY'S TAVERN.

"In the middle of this din, the Baron repeatedly implored silence ; and when at length the instinct of polite discipline so far prevailed, that for a moment he obtained it, he hastened to beseech their attention 'unto a military ariette, which was a particular favourite of the Maréchal Duc de Berwick ;' then, imitating, as well as he could, the manner and tone of a French musquetaire, he immediately commenced,"

Man cœur volage, dit-elle,
 N'est pas pour vous, garçon,
 Est pour un homme de guerre,
 Qui a barbe au menton.
 Lon, Lon, Laridon.

Qui porte chapeau a plume,
 Soulier a rouge talon,
 Qui joue de la flute,
 Aussi de violon.
 Lon, Lon, Laridon.

"Balmawhapple could hold no longer, but broke in with what he called a d—d good song, composed by Gibby Gaethrowit, the Piper of Cupar ; and, without wasting more time, struck up—"

It's up Glembarchan's braes I gaed,
 And o'er the bent of Killiebraid,
 And nony a weary cast I made,
 To cuittle the moor-fowl's tail.

If up a bonny black-cock should spring,
 To whistle him down wi' a slug in his wing,
 And strap him on to my lunzie string,
 Right seldom would I fail.

Chap. xi.

(5.)—"HIE AWAY, HIE AWAY."

"The stamping of horses was now heard in the court, and Davie Gellatley's voice singing to the two large deer greyhounds,"

Hie away, hie away,
 Over bank and over brae,
 Where the copsewood is the greenest,
 Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
 Where the lady-fern grows strongest,
 Where the morning dew lies longest,
 Where the black-cock sweetest sips it,
 Where the fairy latest trips it :
 Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
 Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green,
 Over bank and over brae,
 Hie away, hie away.

Chap. xii.

(6.)—ST. SWITHIN'S CHAIR.

"The view of the old tower, or fortalice, introduced some family anecdotes and tales of Scottish chivalry, which the Baron told with great enthusiasm. The projecting peak of an impending crag, which rose near it, had acquired the name of St. Swithin's Chair. It was the scene of a peculiar superstition, of which Mr. Rubrick mentioned some curious particulars, which reminded Waverley of a rhyme quoted by Edgar in King Lear ; and Rose was called upon to sing a little legend, in which they had been interwoven by some village poet,

Who, noteless as the race from which he sprung,
 Saved others' names, but left his own unsung.

"The sweetness of her voice, and the simple beauty of her music, gave all the advantage which the minstrel could have desired, and which his poetry so much wanted."

On Hallow-Mass Eve, ere you boune ye to rest,
 Ever beware that your couch be bless'd ;
 Sign it with cross, and sain it with bead,
 Sing the Ave, and say the Creed.

For on Hallow-Mass Eve the Night-Hag will ride,
 And all her nine-fold sweeping on by her side,
 Whether the wind sing lowly or loud,
 Sailing through moonshine or swath'd in the cloud.

The Lady she sate in St. Swithin's Chair,
 The dew of the night has damp'd her hair ;
 Her cheek was pale—but resolv'd and high
 Was the word of her lip and the glance of her eye.

She mutter'd the spell of Swithin bold,
 When his naked foot traced the midnight wold,
 When he stopp'd the Hag as sha rode the night,
 And bade her descend, and her promise plight.

He that dare sit on St. Swithin's Chair,
 When the Night-Hag wings the troubled air,
 Questions three when he speaks the spell,
 He may ask, and she must tell.

The Baron has been with King Robert his liege,
 These three long years in battle and siege :

News are there none of his weal or his woe,
And fain the Lady his fate would know.

She shudders and stops as the charm she
speaks :—
Is it the moody owl that shrieks ?
Or is that sound, betwixt laughter and
scream,
The voice of the Demon who haunts the
stream ?

The moan of the wind sunk silent and low,
And the roaring torrent had ceased to flow ;
The calm was more dreadful than raging
storm,
When the cold grey mist brought the ghastly
form !

Chap. xiii.

(7.)—DAVIE GELLATLEY'S SONG.

"The next day Edward arose betimes, and
in a morning walk around the house and its
vicinity, came suddenly upon a small court in
front of the dog-kennel, where his friend
Davie was employed about his four-footed
charge. One quick glance of his eye recog-
nized Waverley, when, instantly turning his
back, as if he had not observed him, he began
to sing part of an old ballad."

Young men will love thee more fair and more
fast ;
Heard ye so merry the little bird sing ?
Old men's love the longest will last,
*And the throstle-cock's head is under his
wing.*

The young man's wrath is like light straw on
fire ;
Heard ye so merry the little bird sing ?
But like red-hot steel is the old man's ire,
*And the throstle-cock's head is under his
wing.*

The young man will brawl at the evening
board ;
Heard ye so merry the little bird sing ?
But the old man will draw at the dawning the
sword,
*And the throstle-cock's head is under his
wing.*

[The song has allusion to the Baron of
Brawwardine's personal encounter with Bal-
muhwapple early next morning, after the
evening quarrel betwixt the latter and Wa-
verley.]

Chap. xiv.

(8.)—JANET GELLATLEY'S ALLEGED WITCHCRAFT.

"This anecdote led into a long discussion of,"
All those idle thoughts and phantasies,
Devices, dreams, opinions unsound,
Shows, visions, soothsayers, and prophecies,
And all that feigned is, as leasings, tales, and
lies.

(9.)—FLORA MACIVOR'S SONG.

"Flora had exchanged the measured and
monotonous recitative of the bard for a lofty
and uncommon Highland air, which had been
a battle-song in former ages. A few irregular
strains introduced a prelude of a wild and
peculiar tone, which harmonized well with
the distant water-fall, and the soft sigh of the
evening breeze in the rustling leaves of an
aspens which overhung the seat of the fair
harpstress. The following verses convey but
little idea of the feelings with which, so sung
and accompanied, they were heard by Waver-
ley."

There is mist on the moontain, and night on
the vale,
But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the
Gael.
A stranger commanded—it sunk on the land,
It has frozen each heart, and benum'd every
hand !

The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust,
The bloodless claymore is but reddened with
rust :
On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,
It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer.
The deeds of our sires if our bards should
rehearse,
Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their
verse !
Be mute every string, and be hush'd every
tone,
That shall bid us remember the fame that is
flown.

But the dark hours of night and of slumber
are past,
The morn on our mountains is dawning at
last ;
Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with the rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in
the blaze.

O high-minded Moray!—the exiled—the
dear!—
In the blush of the dawning the *Standard*
uprear !
Wide, wide to the winds of the north let it fly,
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is
nigh !

Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning
shall break,
Need the harp of the aged remind you to
wake ?
That dawn never beam'd on your forefathers'
eye.
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish
or die.

O sprung from the Kings who in Islay kept
state,
Proud chiefs of Clan-Ranald, Glengary, and
Sleat !
Combine like three streams from one moun-
tain of snow,
And resistless in union rush down on the foe !

True son of Sir Evan, undaunted Lochiel,
Place thy targe on thy shoulder and burnish
thy steel !

Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugle's
bold swell,

Till far Coryarrick resound to the knell !

Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of
Kintail,

Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the
gale !

May the race of Clan-Gillian, the fearless and
free,

Remember Glenlivet, Harlaw, and Dundee !

Let the clan of grey Fiagon, whose offspring
has given

Such heroes to earth, and such martyrs to
heaven.

Unite with the race of renown'd Rorri More,
'To launch the long galley, and stretch to the
oar !

How Mac-Shimei will joy when their chief
shall display

The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of grey !
How the race of wrong'd Alpine and murder'd
Glencoe

Shall shout for revenge when they pour on
the foe !

Ye sons of brown Dermid, who slew the wild
boar,

Resume the pure faith of the great Callum-
More !

Mac-Niel of the Islands, and Moy of the
Lake,

For honour, for freedom, for vengeance
awakel

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the
lake !

'Tis the bugle—but not for the chase is the
call ;

'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons — but not to
the hall.

'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or
death,

When the banners are blazing on mountain
and heath ;

They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the
targe,

To the march and the muster, the line and
the charge.

Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin's in
his ire !

May the blood through his veins flow like
currents of fire !

Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did
of yore !

Or die, like your sires, and endure it no
more !

" As Flora concluded her song, Fergus stood
before them, and immediately commenced
with a theatrical air,"

O Lady of the Desert, hail !
That lovest the harping of the Gael,
Through fair and fertile regions borne,
Where never yet grew grass or corn.

" But English poetry will never succeed
under the influence of a Highland Helicon —
Allons, courage!"—

O vous, qui avez a tasse pleine,
A cette heureuse fontaine,
Ou on ne voit sur le rivage
Que quelques vilains troupeaux,
Suis de nymphes de village,
Qui les escortent sans sabots—

Chap. xxii.

(10.)—LINES ON CAPTAIN WOGAN.

" The letter from the Chief contained Flora's
lines on the fate of Captain Wogan, whose
enterprising character is so well drawn by
Clarendon. He had originally engaged in the
service of the Parliament, but had abjured
that party upon the execution of Charles I ;
and upon hearing that the royal standard was
set up by the Earl of Glencairn and General
Middleton in the Highlands of Scotland, took
leave of Charles II., who was then at Paris,
passed into England, assembled a body of
cavaliers in the neighbourhood of London,
and traversed the kingdom, which had been
so long under domination of the usurper, by
marches conducted with such skill, dexterity,
and spirit, that he safely united his handful
of horsemen with the body of Highlanders
then in arms. After several months of desul-
tory warfare, in which Wogan's skill and
courage gained him the highest reputation, he
had the misfortune to be wounded in a
dangerous manner, and no surgical assistance
being within reach, he terminated his short
but glorious career."

The Verses were inscribed,

TO AN OAK TREE,

IN THE CHURCHYARD OF —, IN THE HIGH-
LANDS OF SCOTLAND, SAID TO MARK THE
GRAVE OF CAPTAIN WOGAN, KILLED IN 1649.

Emblem of England's ancient faith,

Full proudly may thy branches wave,
Where loyalty lies low in death,
And valour fills a timeless grave.

And thou, brave tenant of the tomb !

Repine not if our clime deny,
Above thine honour'd sod to bloom,
The flowrets of a milder sky.

These owe their birth to genial May ;

Beneath a fiercer sun they pine,
Before the winter storm decay—
And can their worth be type of thine ?

No ! for, 'mid storms of Fate opposing,
Still higher swell'd thy dauntless heart,
And, while Despair the scene was closing,
Commenced thy brief but brilliant part.

'Twas then thou sought'st on Albyn's hill,
(When England's sons the strife resign'd,)
A rugged race resisting still,
And unsubdued though unrefined.

Thy death's hour heard no kindred wail,
No holy knell thy requiem rung ;
Thy mourners were the pained Gael,
Thy dirge the clamorous pibroch sung.

Yet who, in Fortune's summer-shine
To waste life's longest term away,
Would change that glorious dawn of thine,
Though darken'd ere its noontide day?

Be thine the Tree whose dauntless boughs
Brave summer's drought and winter's
gloom!

Rome bound with oak her patriot's brows,
As Albyn shadowa Wogan's choh.

Chap. xxix.

(11.)—"FOLLOW ME, FOLLOW ME."

"Who are dead?" said Waverley, forgetting
the incapacity of Davie to hold any connected
discourse.

"Baron—and Baillie—and Sanders Sanderson—
and Lady Rose, that sang sae sweet—A'
dead and gaue—dead and gaue, (said Davie)—

But follow, follow me,
While glow-worms light the lea,
I'll show ye where the dead should be—
Each in his shroud,
While winds pipe loud,
And the red moon peeps dim through the
cloud.

Follow, follow me;
Brave should he be
That treads by the night the dead man's
lea."

Chap. lxiii.

The Author of Waverley.

["I am not able to give the exact date of the
following reply to one of John Ballantyne's
expostulations on the subject of *the secret*."—
Life, vol. iv., p. 179.]

"No, John, I will not own the book—
I won't, you Piccaroon.
When next I try St. Grubby's brook,
The A. of Wa— shall hait the hook—
And flat-fish bite as soon,
As if before them they had got
The worn-out wriggler

WALTER SCOTT."

Farewell to Mackenzie,

HIGH CHIEF OF KINTAIL.

FROM THE GAELIC.

1815.—ÆT. 44.

The original verses are arranged to a beautiful Gaelic air, of which the chorus is adapted to the double pull upon the oars of a galley, and which is therefore distinct from the ordinary jorrams, or boat-songs. They were composed by the Family Bard upon the departure of the Earl of Seaforth, who was obliged to take refuge in Spain, after an unsuccessful effort of insurrection in favour of the Stuart family, in the year 1718.

Farewell to Mackenneth, great Earl of the
North,
The Lord of Lochcarron, Glenshiel, an Sea-
forth;

To the Chieftain this morning his course who
began,
Launching forth on the billows his bark like a
swan.

For a far foreign land he has hoisted his sail,
Farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!

O swift be the galley, and hardy her crew,
May her captain be skilful, her mariners true,
In danger undaunted, unwearied by toil,
Though the whirlwind should rise, and the
ocean should boil:

On the brave vessel's gunnel I drank her
bonail,¹

And farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of
Kintail!

Awake in thy chamber, thou sweet southland
gale!

Like the sighs of his people, breathe soft on
his sail:

Be prolong'd as regret, that his vassals must
know,

Be fair as their faith, and sincere as their woe:
Be so soft, and so fair, and so faithful, sweet
gale,

Wafting onward Mackenzie, High Chief of
Kintail!

Be his pilot experienced, and trusty, and wise,
To measure the seas and to study the skies:
May he hoist all his canvass from streamer to
deck,

But O! crowd it higher when wafting him
back—

Till the cliffs of Skoorroora, and Conan's glad
vale,

Shall welcome Mackenzie, High Chief of
Kintail!

IMITATION OF THE PRECEDING
SONG.²

So sung the old Bard, in the grief of his heart,
When he saw his loved Lord from his people
depart.

Now mute on thy mountains, O Albyn, are
heard

Nor the voice of the song, nor the harp of the
bard;

Or its strings are but waked by the stern
winter gale,

As they mourn for Mackenzie, last Chief of
Kintail.

From the far Southland Border a Minstrel
came forth,

And he waited the hour that some Bard of the
north

His hand on the harp of the ancient should
cast,

And bid its wild numbers mix high with the
blast;

¹ Bonail, or Bonellex, the old Scottish phrase for a feast at parting with a friend.

² These verses were written shortly after the death of Lord Seaforth, the last male representative of his illustrious house. He was a nobleman of extraordinary talents, who must have made for himself a lasting reputation, had not his political exertions been checked by the painful natural infirmities alluded to in the fourth stanza.—See *Life of Scott*, vol. v., pp. 18, 19.

But no bard was there left in the land of the Gael.

To lament for Mackenzie, last Chief of Kintail.

And shalt thou then sleep, did the Minstrel exclaim.

Like the son of the lowly, unnoticed by fame ! No, son of Fitzgerald : in accents of woe,

The song thou hast loved o'er thy coffin shall flow,

And teach thy wild mountains to join in the wail,

That laments for Mackenzie, last chief of Kintail.

In vain, the bright course of thy talents to wrong,

Fate deaden'd thine ear and imprison'd thy tongue ;

For brighter o'er all her obstructions arose The glow of the genius they could not oppose :

And who in the land of the Saxon or Gael, Might match with Mackenzie High Chief of Kintail.

Thy sons rose around thee in light and in love,

All a father could hope, all a friend could approve ;

What wails it the tale of thy sorrows to tell,— In the spring-time of youth and of promise they fell !

Of the line of Fitzgerald remains not a male, To hear the proud name of the Chief of Kintail.

And thou, gentle Dame, who must bear, to thy grief,

For thy clan and thy country the cares of a Chief,

Whom brief rolling moons in six changes have left,

Of thy husband, and father, and brethren bereft.

To thine ear of affection, how sad is the hail, That salutes thee the heir of the line of Kintail.¹

War-Song of Lachlan,

HIGH CHIEF OF MACLEAN.

FROM THE GAELIC.

1815.

This song appears to be imperfect, or, at least, like many of the early Gaelic poems, makes a rapid transition from one subject to another; from the situation, namely, of one of the daughters of the clan, who opens the song by lamenting the absence of her lover, to an eulogium over the military glories of the Chieftain. The translator has endeavoured to imitate the abrupt style of the original.

¹ The Honourable Lady Hood, daughter of the last Lord Seaforth, widow of Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, now Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie of Seaforth and Glasserton,—1853.

² i. e. The clan of Maclean, literally the race of Gillian.

A weary month has wander'd o'er
Since last we parted on the shore :
Heaven ! that I saw thee, Love, once more,

Safe on the shore again ! —
'Twas valiant Lachlan gave the word :
Lachlan, of many a galley lord :
He call'd his kindred banda on board,
And launch'd them on the main.

Clan-Gillian² is to ocean gone,
Clan-Gillian, fierce in foray known ;
Rejoicing in the glory won
In many a bloody broil :
For wide is heard the thundering fray,
The rout, the ruin, the dismay,
When from the twilight glens away,
Clan-Gillian drives the spoil.

Woe to the hills that shall rebound
Our banner'd hag-pipes' maddening sound ;
Clan-Gillian's onset echoing round,
Shall shake their inmost cell.
Woe to the hark whose crew shall gaze,
Where Lachlan's silken streamer plays !
The fools might face the lightning's blaze
As wisely and as well !

Saint Cloud.

[Paris, 5th September, 1815.]

Soft spread the southern summer night
Her veil of darksome blue ;
Ten thousand stars combined to light,
The terrace of Saint Cloud.

The evening breeze gently sigh'd,
Like breath of lover true,
Bewailing the deserted pride
And wreck of sweet Saint Cloud.

The drum's deep roll was heard afar,
The hughle wildly blew
Good-night to Hulan and Hassar,
That garrison Saint Cloud.

The startled Naiads from the shade
With broken urns withdrew,
And silenced was that proud cascade,
The glory of Saint Cloud.

We sate upon its steps of stone,
Nor could its silence roe,
When waked, to music of our own,
The echoes of Saint Cloud.

Slow Seine might hear each lovely note
Fall light as summer dew,
While through the moonless air they float,
Prolong'd from fair Saint Cloud.

And sure a melody more sweet
His waters never knew,
Though music's self was wont to meet
With Princes at Saint Cloud.

Nor then, with more delighted ear,
The circle round her drew,
Than ours, when gather'd round to hear
Our songstress¹ at Saint Cloud.

¹ These lines were written after an evening spent at Saint Cloud with the late Lady Alvauley and her daughters, one of whom was the songstress alluded to in the text.

Few happy hours poor mortals pass,—
Then give those hours their due,
And rank among the foremost class
Our evenings at Saint Cloud.

The Dance of Death.

1815.

I.

Night and morning were at meeting
Over Waterloo;
Cocks had sung their earliest greeting;
Faint and low they crew,
For no paly beam yet shone
On the heights of Monnt Saint John;
Tempest-clouds prolong'd the away
Of timeless darkness o'er day;
Whirlwind, thunder-clap, and shower,
Mark'd it a predestined hour.
Broad and frequent through the night
Flash'd the sheets of levin-light;
Muskets, glancing lightnings back,
Show'd the dreary bivouac
Where the soldier lay,
Chill and stiff, and drench'd with rain,
Wishing dawn of morn again,
Though death should come with day.

II.

'Tis at such a tide and hour,
Wizard, witch, and fiend have power,
And ghastly forms through mist and shower
Gleam on the gifted ken;
And then the affrighted prophet's ear
Drinks whispers strange of fate and fear
Presaging death and ruin near
Among the sons of men;—
Apart from Albyn's war-array,
'T was then grey Allan sleepless lay;
Grey Allan, who, for many a day,
Had follow'd stout and stern,
Where, through battle's rout and reel,
Storm of shot and hedge of steel,
Led the grandson of Lochiel,
Valiant Fassiefern.
Through steel and shot he leads no more,
Low laid 'mid friends' and foemen's gore—
But long his native lake's wild shore,
And Sunart rough, and high Ardgower,
Aod Morven long shall tell,
And proud Bennevis hear with awe,
How, upon bloody Quatre-Bras,
Brave Cameron heard the wild hurra
Of conquest as he fell.¹

III.

'Lone on the outskirts of the host,
The weary sentinel held post,
And heard, through darkness far aloof,
The frequent clang of courser's hoof.
Where held the cloak'd patrol their course,
And spur'd 'gainst storm the swerving horse;
But there are sounds in Allan's ear,
Patrol nor sentinel may hear,
And sights before his eye aghast
Invisible to them have pass'd,

When down the destined plain,
'Twixt Britain and the bands of France,
Wild as marsh-borne meteor's glance,
Strange phantoms wheel'd a revel dance,
And doom'd the future slain —
Such forms were seen, such sounds were heard.
When Scotland's James his march prepared
For Flodden's fatal plain;²
Such, when he drew his ruthless sword,
As Choosers of the Slain, adored
The yet unchristen'd Daue.
An indistinct and phantom band,
They wheel'd their ring-dance had in hand,
With gestures wild and dread;
The Seer, who watch'd them ride the storm,
Saw through their faint and shalowy form
The lightning's flash more red;
And still their ghastly roundelay
Was of the coming battle-fray
And of the destined dead.

IV.

SONG.

"Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Our airy feet,
So light and fleet,
They do not bend the rye
That sinks its head when whirlwinds rave,
And swells again in eddying wave,
As each wild gust blows by;
But still the corn,
At dawn of morn,
Our fatal steps that bore,
At eve lies waste,
A trampled paste
Of blackening mud and gore.

V.

"Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Wheel the wild dance!
Brave sons of France,
For you our ring makes room;
Make space full wide
For martial pride,
For banner, spear, and plume.
Approach, draw near,
Proud cuirassier!
Room for the men of steel!
Through crest and plate
The broadsword's weight
Both head and heart shall feel.

VI.

"Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

¹ See note, ante, p. 424.

² See ante, Marston, canto v., stanzas 24, 25, 26, and Appendix, Note 4 A., p. 149.

Sons of the spear!
 You feel us near
 In many a ghastly dream;
 With fancy's eye
 Our forms you spy.
 And hear our fatal scream.
 With clearer sight
 Ere falls the night,
 Just when to weal or woe
 Your disembodied souls take flight
 On trembling wing—each startled sprite
 Our choir of death shall know.

VII.

“Wheel the wild dance
 While lightnings glance,
 And thunders rattle loud,
 And call the brave
 To bloody grave.
 To sleep without a shroud.

Burst, ye clouds, in tempest showers,
 Redder rain shall soon be ours—
 See the east grows wan—
 Yield we place to sterner game,
 Ere deadlier bolts and direr flame
 Shall the welkin's thunders shame.
 Elemental rage is tame
 To the wrath of man.”

VIII.

At morn, grey Allan's mates with awe
 Heard of the vision'd sights he saw,
 The legend heard him say;
 But the seer's gifted eye was dim,
 Deafen'd his ear, and stark his limb,
 Ere closed that bloody day—
 He sleeps far from his Highland heath,—
 But often of the Dance of Death
 His comrades tell the tale,
 On picquet-post, when ebbs the night,
 And waning watch-fires glow less bright,
 And dawn is glimmering pale.

Romance of Dunols.

FROM THE FRENCH.

1816.

The original of this little Romance makes part of a manuscript collection of French Songs, probably compiled by some young officer, which was found on the field of Waterloo, so much stained with clay and with blood, as sufficiently to indicate the fate of its late owner. The song is popular in France, and is rather a good specimen of the style of composition to which it belongs. The translation is strictly literal.

It was Dunols, the young and brave, was bound for Palestine,
 But first he made his orisons before St. Mary's shrine:
 “And grant, immortal Queen of Heaven,” was still the Soldier's prayer,
 “That I may prove the bravest knight, and love the fairest fair.”

His oath of honour on the shrine he graved it
 with his sword,
 And follow'd to the Holy Land the banner of his Lord;
 Where, faithful to his noble vow, his war-cry fill'd the air,
 “Be honour'd aye the bravest knight, beloved the fairest fair.”

They owed the conquest to his arm, and then his Liege-Lord said,
 “The heart that has for honour beat by bliss must be repaid.—
 My daughter Isabel and thou shall be a wedded pair.
 For thou art bravest of the brave, she fairest of the fair.”

And then they bound the holy knot before Saint Mary's shrine,
 That makes a paradise on earth, if hearts and hands combine:
 And every lord and lady bright, that were in chapel there,
 Cried, “Honour'd be the bravest knight, beloved the fairest fair!”

The Troubadour.

FROM THE SAME COLLECTION.

1815.

Glowing with love, on fire for fame,
 A Troubadour that hated sorrow,
 Beneath his Lady's window came,
 And thus he sung his last good-morrow:
 “My arm it is my country's right,
 My heart is in my true-love's bower;
 Gaily for love and fame to fight
 Befits the gallant Troubadour.”

And while he march'd with helm on head
 And harp in hand, the descant rung,
 As, faithful to his favourite maid,
 The minstrel-burden still he sung:
 “My arm it is my country's right,
 My heart is in my lady's bower;
 Resolved for love and fame to fight,
 I come, a gallant Troubadour.”

Even when the battle-roar was deep,
 With dauntless heart he bewed his way,
 Mid splintering lance and falchion-sweep,
 And still was heard his warrior-lay:
 “My life it is my country's right,
 My heart is in my lady's bower;
 For love to die, for fame to fight,
 Becomes the valiant Troubadour.”

Alas! upon the bloody field
 He fell beneath the foeman's glaive,
 But still reclining on his shield,
 Expiring sung the exulting stave:—
 “My life it is my country's right,
 My heart is in my lady's bower;
 For love and fame to fall in fight
 Becomes the valiant Troubadour.”

From the French.

1815.

It chanced that Cupid on a season,
By Fancy urged, resolved to wed,
But could not settle whether Reason
Or Folly should partake his bed.

What does he then?—Upon my life,
'Twas had example for a deity—
He takes me Reason for a wife,
And Folly for his hours of gaiety.

Though thus he dealt in petty treason,
He loved them both in equal measure;
Fidelity was born of Reason,
And Folly brought to bed of Pleasure.

SONG,

ON THE LIFTING OF THE BANNER OF THE
HOUSE OF BUCCLEUCH, AT A GREAT FOOT-BALL
MATCH ON CARTERHAUGH. 1

1815.

From the brown crest of Newark its sum-
mons extending,
Our signal is waving in smoke and in
flame;
And each forester blithe, from his mountain
descending,
Bounds light o'er the heather to join in the
game.

CHORUS.

*Then up with the Banner, let forest winds fan
her,
She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and
more;
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
With heart and with hand, like our fathers
before.*

When the Southern invader spread waste and
disorder,
At the glance of her crescents he paused
and withdrew,
For around them were marshall'd the pride
of the Border,
The Flowers of the Forest, the Bands of
Buccleuch.
Then up with the Banner, &c.

A Stripling's weak hand² to our revel has
borne her,
No mail-glove has grasp'd her, no spearmen
surround;
But ere a bold fueman should scatha or should
scorn her,
A thousand true hearts would be cold on the
ground.
Then up with the Banner, &c.

¹ The foot-ball match on which this song was written took place on December 6, 1815, and was also celebrated by the Ettrick Shepherd. See *Life of Scott*, vol. v. pp. 112, 116, 122.

We forget each contention of civil dissension,
And hail, like our brethren, Home, Douglas,
and Car:

And Elliot and Pringle in pastime shall
mingle,
As welcome in peace as their fathers in
war.

Then up with the Banner, &c.

Then strip, lads, and to it, though sharp be
the weather,
And if, by mischance, you should happen
to fall,
There are worse things in life than a tumble
on heather,
And life is itself but a game at foot-ball.
Then up with the Banner, &c.

And when it is over, we'll drink a blithe
measure
To each Laird and each Lady that witness'd
our fun,
And to every blithe heart that took part in our
pleasure,
To the lads that have lost and the lads that
have won.
Then up with the Banner, &c.

May the Forest still flourish, both Borough
and land-ward,
From the hall of the Peer to the herd's
ingle-nook;
And huzza! my brave hearts, for Buccleuch
and his standard,
For the King and the Country, the Clan,
and the Duke!

*Then up with the Banner, let forest winds fan
her,
She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and
more;
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
With heart and with hand, like our fathers
before.*

Lullaby of an Infant Chief.

Air—"Cadul gu lo."³

1815.

I.

O, hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a
knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the towers
which we see,
They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo,
O bu ro, i ri ri, &c.

II.

O, fear not the bogle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;

² The bearer of the standard was the Author's eldest son.

³ "Sleep on till day." These words, adapted to a melody somewhat different from the original, are sung in my friend Mr. Terry's drama of "Ooy Manoeing."

Their bows would be bended, their blades
would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy
bed.

O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

III.

O, hush thee, my babie, the time soon will
come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet
and drum:

Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while
you may.

For strife comes with manhood, and waking
with day.

O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

**Verses
from Guy Rannering.**

1815.

(1.) SONGS OF MEG MERRILIES.

NATIVITY OF HARRY BERTRAM.

Canny moment, lucky fit;
Is the lady lighter yet?
Be it lad, or be it lass,
Sign wi' cross, and sain wi' mass.

Trefoil, vervain, John's-wort, dill,
Hinders witches of their will;
Weel is them, that weel may
Fast upon St. Andrew's day.

Saint Bride and her brat,
Saint Colme and her cat,
Saint Michael and his spear,
Keep the house frae reif and wear.

Chap iii.

"TWIST YE, TWINE YE."

Twist ye, twine ye! even so,
Mingle shades of joy and woe,
Hope, and fear, and peace, and strife,
In the thread of human life.

While the mystic twist is spinning,
And the infant's life beginning,
Dimly seen through twilight bending,
Lo, what varied shapes attending!

Passions wild, and follies vain,
Pleasures soon exchanged for pain;
Doubt, and jealousy, and fear,
In the magic dance appear.

Now they wax, and now they dwindle,
Whirling with the whirling spindle,
'Twist ye, twine ye! even so,
Mingle human bliss and woe.

Ibid.

THE DYING GIPSY SMUGGLER.

Wasted, weary, wherefore stay,
Wrestling thus with earth and clay?
From the body pass away;—

Hark! the mass is singing.

From thee doff thy mortal weed,
Mary Mother be thy speed,
Saints to help thee at thy need;—

Hark! the knell is ringing.

Fear not snow-drift driving fast,
Sleet, or hail, or levin blast;
Soon the shroud shall lap thee fast,
And the sleep be on thee cast

That shall ne'er know waking.

Haste thee, haste thee, to be gone,
Earth flits fast, and time draws on,—
Gasp thy gasp, and groan thy groan,
Day is near the breaking.

"The songstress paused, and was answered
by one or two deep and hollow groans, that
seemed to proceed from the very agony of the
mortal strife. 'It will not be,' she muttered
to herself. 'He cannot pass away with that
on his mind; it tethers him here.

Heaven cannot abide it;
Earth refuses to hide it.

I must open the door.'

"——— She lifted the latch, saying,

'Open locks, end strife,
Come death, and pass life.'"

Chap. xxvii.

THE PROPHECY.

The dark shall be light,
And the wrong made right,
When Bertram's right and Bertram's might
Shall meet on Ellangowan's height.

Chap. xli.

(2.) SONGS OF DIRK HATTERAICK
AND GLOSSIN.

"And now I have brought you some break-
fast," said Glossin, producing some cold meat
and a flask of spirits. The latter Hatteraick
eagerly seized upon, and applied to his mouth:
and, after a hearty draught, he exclaimed with
great rapture, 'Das schmeckt!—That is good
—that warms the liver!'—Then broke into the
fragment of a High-Dutch song:—

Saufen bier, und brante-wein,
Schmeissen alle die fenstern ein;
Ich den liederlich,
Du bist liederlich,
Sind wir nicht liederlich leute a.

"Well said, my hearty Captain!" cried
Glossin, endeavouring to catch the tone of
revelry,"—

Gin by pailfuls, wine in rivers,
Dash the window-glass to shivers!
For three wild lads were we, brave boys,
And three wild lads were we;
Thou on the land, and I on the sand,
And Jack on the gallows-tree!

Chap. xxxiv.

The Return to Ulster.

1816.

Once again,—but how changed since my wand'rings began—

I have heard the deep voice of the Lagan and Bann,

And the pines of Clanbrassil resound to the roar

That wearies the echoes of fair Tullamore.

Alas! my poor bosom, and why shouldst thou burn!

With the scenes of my youth can its raptures return!

Can I live the dear life of delusion again.

That flow'd when these echoes first mix'd with my strain?

It was then that around me, though poor and unknown,

High spells of mysterious enchantment were thrown;

The streams were of silver, of diamond the dew,

The land was an Eden, for fancy was new.
I had heard of our bards, and my soul was on fire

At the rush of their verse, and the awweep of their lyre:

To me 'twas not legend, nor tale to the ear,
But a vision of noontide, distinguish'd and clear.

Ullonia's old heroes awoke at the call,

And renew'd the wild pomp of the chase and the ball;

And the standard of Fion flash'd fierce from on high,

Like a burst of the sun when the tempest is nigh.¹

It seem'd that the harp of green Erin once more

Could renew all the glories she boasted of yore.—

Yet why at remembrance, fond heart, shouldst thou burn?

They were days of delusion, and cannot return.

But was she, too, a phantom, the Maid who stood by,

And list'd my lay, while she turn'd from mine eye?

Was she, too, a vision, just glancing to view.

Then dispersed in the sunbeam, or melted to dew?

Oh! would it had been so,—Oh! would that that her eye

Had been but a star-glance that shot through the sky,

And her voice that was moulded to melody's thrill,

Had been but a zephyr, that sigh'd and was still!

¹ In ancient Irish poetry, the standard of Fion, or Fingal, is called the *Sun-burst*, an epithet feebly rendered by the *Sun-beam* of Macpherson.

Oh! would it had been so,—not then this poor heart

Had learn'd the sad lesson, to love and to part;

To bear, unassisted, its burthen of care,
While I toil'd for the wealth I had no ome to share.

Not then had I said, when life's summer was done,

And the hours of her autumn were fast speeding on,

“Take the fame and the riches ye brought in your train,

And restore me the dream of my spring-tide again.”

Jock of Hazeldean.

Air—A Border Melody.

1816.

The first stanza of this Ballad is ancient. The others were written for Mr. Campbell's *Albyn's Anthology*.

I.

“Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?

Why weep ye by the tide?

I'll wed ye to my youngest son,

And ye sall be his bride:

And ye sall be his bride, ladie,

Sae comely to be seen”—

But aye she loot the tears down fa'

For Jock of Hazeldean.

II.

“Now let this wilfu' grief be done,

And dry that cheek so pale:

Young Frank is chief of Errington,

And lord of Langley-dale;

His step is first in peaceful ha',

His sword in battle keen”—

But aye she loot the tears down fa'

For Jock of Hazeldean.

III.

“A chain of gold ye sall not lack,

Nor braid to bind your hair;

Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,

Nor palfrey fresh and fair;

And yoo, the foremost o' them a',

Shall ride our forest-queen”—

But aye she loot the tears down fa'

For Jock of Hazeldean.

IV.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,

The tapers glimmer'd fair;

The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,

And dame and knight are there.

They sought her bath by bower and ha';

The ladie was not seen!

She's o'er the Border, and awa'

Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

Pibroch of Donald Dhu.

Air—" *Probaire of Donald Dhu.*"¹

1816.

This is a very ancient pibroch belonging to Clan-MacDonald, and supposed to refer to the expedition of Donald Balloch, who, in 1431, launched from the Isles with a considerable force, invaded Lochabar, and at Inverlochay defeated and put to flight the Earls of Mar and Caithness, though at the head of an army superior to his own. The words of the set, theme, or melody, to which the pipe variations are applied, run thus in Gaelic:—

Piobaireachd Dhonuill Dhuidh, piobaireachd
Dhonnail;
Piobaireachd Dhonuill Dhuidh, piobaireachd
Dhonnail;
Piobaireachd Dhonuill Dhuidh, piobaireachd
Dhonnail;
Piob agus bratach air faiche Inverlochay.
The pipe-summons of Donald the Black,
The pipe-summons of Donald the Black,
The war-pipe and the pennon are on the
gathering-place at Inverlochay.²

Pibroch of Donuill Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuill,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuill.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochay.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel-blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadsword and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are roused;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and fuster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuill Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

Nora's Vow.

Air—" *Cha teid mis a chaoidh.*"³

WRITTEN FOR ALBYN'S ANTHOLOGY.

1816.

In the original Gaelic, the Lady makes protestations that she will not go with the Red Earl's son, until the swan should build in the cliff, and the eagle in the lake—until one mountain should change places with another, and so forth. It is but fair to add, that there is no authority for supposing that she altered her mind—except the velleitence of her protestation.

I.

Hear what Highland Nora said,—
"The Earlie's son I will not wed,
Should all the race of nature die,
And none be left but he and I.
For all the gold, for all the gear,
And all the lands both far and near,
That ever valour lost or won,
I would not wed the Earlie's son."[—]

II.

"A maiden's vows," old Callum spoke,
"Are lightly made and lightly broke;
The heather on the mountain's height
Begins to bloom in purple light;
The frost-wind soon aha! sweep away
That lustre deep from glen and brae;
Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
May blithely wed the Earlie's son."[—]

III.

"The swan," she said, "the lake's clear
breast
May barter for the eagle's nest;
The Awe's fierce-stream may backward turn,
Ben-Cruaichan fall, and crush Kitchurn;
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
Before their foes may turn and fly;
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the Earlie's son."[—]

IV.

Still in the water-lily's shade
Her wanted nest the wild-swain made;
Ben-Cruaichan stands as fast as ever.
Still downward foms the Awe's fierce river;
To shun the clash of foeman's steel,
No Highland brogue has turn'd the heel;
But Nora's heart is lost and won,
—She's wedded to the Earlie's son!

¹ "The pibroch of Donald the Black." This song was written for Campbell's *Albyn's Anthology*, 1816.

² Compare this with the gathering-song in the third canto of the *Lady of the Lake*, *ante*.

³ "I will never go with him."

Macgregor's Gathering.

Air—"Thain' a Grigalach." 1

WRITTEN FOR ALBYN'S ANTHOLOGY.

1816.

These verses are adapted to a very wild, yet lively gathering-tune, used by the MacGregors. The severe treatment of this Clan, their outlawry, and the proscription of their very name, are alluded to in the Ballad.²

The moon's on the lake, and the mist 'a on the brae,
And the Clan has a name that is nameless by day;

Then gather, gather, gather Grigalach!
Gather, gather, gather, &c.

Our signal for fight, that from monarchs we drew,
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo!

Then haloo, Grigalach! haloo, Grigalach!
Haloo, haloo, haloo, Grigalach, &c.

Glen Orchy's proud mountains, Coalhuirn and her towers,

Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours:
We're landless, landless, landless, Grigalach!
Landless, landless, landless, &c.

But doom'd and devoted by vassal and lord,
Macgregor has still both his heart and his sword!

Then courage, courage, courage, Grigalach!
Courage, courage, courage, &c.

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,

Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the eagles!

Then vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Grigalach!
Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, &c.

While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river,
Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever!

Come then, Grigalach, come then, Grigalach,
Come then, come then, come then, &c.

Through the depths of Loch Katrina the steed shall career,

O'er the peak of Ben-Lomond the galley shall steer,

1 "The Macgregor is come."

2 For the history of the clan, see Introduction to *Rob Roy, Waterley Novels*.

3 "Rob Roy Macgregor's own designation was of Inner-smill; but he appears to have acquired a right of some kind or other to the property or possession of Craig-Royston, a domain of rock and forest, lying on the east side of Loch Lomond, where that beautiful lake stretches to the dusky

And the rocks of Craig-Royston³ like icicles melt.

Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt!

Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!
Galber, gather, gather, &c.

Verses,

COMPOSED FOR THE OCCASION, ADAPTED TO HAYDN'S AIR,

"God save the Emperor Francis,"

AND SUNG BY A SELECT BAND AFTER THE DINNER GIVEN BY THE LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH TO THE

GRAND-DUKE NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA,
AND HIS SUITE, 19TH DECEMBER, 1816.

God protect brave Alexander,
Heaven defend the noble Czar,
Mighty Russia's high Commander,
First in Europe's banded war;
For the realms he did deliver
From the tyrant overthrown,
Thou, of every good the Giver,
Grant him long to bless his own!
Bless him, 'mid his land's disaster,
For her rights who battled brave,
Of the land of foemen master,
Bless him who their wrongs forgave.

O'er his just resentment victor,
Victor over Europe's foes,
Late and long supreme director,
Grant in peace his reign may close.
Hail! then, hail! illustrious stranger!
Welcome to our mountain strand;
Mutual interests, hopes, and danger,
Link us with thy native land.
Freemen's force, or false beguiling,
Shall that union ne'er divide,
Hand in hand white peace is smiling,
And in battle side by side.⁴

From the Antiquary.

1816.

(1.)—TIME

"The window of a turret, which projected at an angle with the wall, and thus came to be very near Lovel's apartment, was half open, and from that quarter he heard again the same music which had probably broken short his dream. With its visionary character it had lost much of its charms—it was now nothing more than an air on the harpsichord, tolerably well performed—such is the caprice

mountains of Glenalloch."—Introduction to *Rob Roy, Waterley Novels*.

4 Mr., afterwards Sir William Arbuthnot, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, who had the honour to entertain the Grand-Duke, now Emperor of Russia, was a personal friend of Sir Walter Scott's; and these Verses, with their heading, are now given from the newspapers of 1816.

of imagination as affecting the fine arts. A female voice sung, with some taste and great simplicity, something between a song and a hymn, in words to the following effect:—

“Why sit'st thou by that ruin'd hall,
Thou aged carle so stern and grey?
Dost thou its former pride recal,
Or ponder how it pass'd away?”—

“Know'st thou not me?” the Deep Voice
cried;
“So long enjoy'd, so oft misused—
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused!”

“Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away!
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

“Redeem mine hours—the space is brief—
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When Time and thou shalt part for ever!”
Chap. x.

(2.)—EPITAPH ON JON O' YE GIRNELL.

“Beneath an old oak-tree, upon a hillock,
lay a moss-grown stone, and, in memory of the departed worthy, it bore an inscription, of which, as Mr. Oldhuck affirmed, (though many doubted,) the departed characters could be distinctly traced to the following effect:—

Heir lyeth Jon o' ye Girnell,
Erth has ye nit and heuen ye kirmell.
In hys tyme ilk wyfe's heunis clokit,
Ilka gud mannis herth wi' bairnis was stokit,
He deled a boll o' bear in firloittis fyve,
Four for ye hale kirke and ane for pure
mennis wyvis.

Chap. xi.

(3.)—ELSPETH'S BALLAD.

“As the Antiquary lifted the latch of the hut, he was surprised to hear the shrill tremulous voice of Elspeth chanting forth an old ballad in a wild and doleful recitative:—

The herring loves the merry moon-light,
The naackerel loves the wind,
But the oyster loves the dredging sang,
For they come of a gentle kind.

Now haud your tongoe, baith wife and carle,
And listen great and sma',
And I will sing of Glenallan's Earl
That fought on the red Harlaw.

The cronach's cried on Bennachie,
And down the Dou and a',
And hieland and lawland may mournfu' be
For the sair field of Harlaw.—

They saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,
They hae bridled a hundred black,
With a chafron of steel on each horse's head,
And a good knight upon his back.

They hadna ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile but barely ten,
When Donald came branking down the brae
Wi' twenty thousand men.

Their tartans they were waving wide,
Their glaives were glancing clear,
The pibrochs rung frae side to side,
Would deafen ye to hear.

The great Earl in his stirrups stood,
That Highland host to see:
“Now here a knight that's stout and good
May prove a jeopardie:

“What would'st thou do, my squire so gay,
That rides beside my reyne,—
Were ye Glenallan's Earl the day,
And I were Roland Cheyne?”

“To turn the rein were sin and shame,
To fight were wond'rous peril,—
What would ye do now, Roland Cheyne,
Were ye Glenallan's Earl?”—

“Were I Glenallan's Earl this tide,
And ye were Roland Cheyne,
The spear should be in my horse's side,
And the bridle upon his mane.

“If they hae twenty thousand blades,
And we twice ten times ten,
Yet they hae but their tartan plaids,
And we are mail-clad men.

“My horse shall ride through ranks sae rude,
As through the moorland fern,—
Then ne'er let the gentle Norman blude
Grow cauld for Highland kerne.”

* * * * *
He turn'd him right and round again,
Said, Scorn na at my mither;
Light loves I may get mony a ane,
But minnie ne'er anither.

Chap. xl.

MOTTOES IN THE ANTIQUARY.

“The scraps of poetry which have been in most cases tacked to the beginning of chapters in these Novels, are sometimes quoted either from reading or from memory, but, in the general case, are pure invention. I found it too troublesome to turn to the collection of the British Poets to discover apposite mottoes, and, in the situation of the theatrical mechanist, who, when the white paper which represented his shower of snow was exhausted, continued the shower by snowing brown, I drew on my memory as long as I could, and when that failed, eked it out with invention. I believe that, in some cases, where actual names are affixed to the supposed quotations, it would be to little purpose to seek them in the works of the authors referred to. In some cases, I have been entertained when Dr. Watts and other graver authors have been ransacked in vain for stanzas for which the novelist alone was responsible.”—*Introduction to Chronicles of the Canongate.*

1.

I knew Anselmo. He was shrewd and prudent,
Wisdom and cunning had their shares of him ;
But he was shrewish as a wayward child,
And p'ased again by toys which childhood
please ;
As—book of fables graced with print of wood,
Or else the jingling of a rusty medal,
Or the rare melody of some old ditty,
That first was sung to please King Pepin's
cradle.

(2.)—CHAP. IX.

"Be brave," she cried, "you yet may be our
guest,
Our haunted room was ever held the best :
If, then, your valour can the fight sustain
Of rustling curtains, and the clinking chain ;
If your courageous tongue have powers to
talk,
When round your hed the horrid ghost shall
walk :
If you dare ask it why it leaves its tomb,
I'll see your sheets well air'd, and show the
room."

(3.)—CHAP. XL

Sometimes he thinks that Heaven this vision
sent,
And order'd all the pageants as they went ;
Sometimes that only 'twas wild Fancy's play.—
The loose and scatter'd relics of the day.

(4.)—CHAP. XII.

Beggar!—the only freeman of your Common-
wealth ;
Free above Scot-free, that observe no laws,
Obey no governor, use no religion
But what they draw from their own ancient
customs,
Or constitute themselves, yet they are no re-
bels.

(5.)—CHAP. XIX.

Here has been such a stormy encounter,
Betwix my cousin Captain, and this soldier,
About I know not what!—nothing, indeed ;
Competitions, degrees, and comparatives
Of soldiership!—

(6.)—CHAP. XX.

—— If you fail honour here,
Never presume to serve her any more ;
Bid farewell to the integrity of arms,
And the honourable name of soldier
Fall from you, like a shiver'd wreath of laurel
By thunder struck from a desertlesse fore-
head.

(7.)—CHAP. XXI.

—— The Lord Abbot had a soul
Subtle and quick, and searching as the fire :
By magic stairs he went as deep as hell,
And if in devils' possession gold be kept,
He brought some sure from thence—'tis hid in
caves,
Know, save to me, to none——

(8.)—CHAP. XXVII.

—— Many great ones
Would part with half their states, to have the
plan
And credit to beg in the first style.—

(9.)—CHAP. XXX.

Who is he?—One that for the lack of land
Shall fight upon the water—he hath challenged
Formerly the grand whale ; and by his titles
Of Leviathan, Behemoth, and so forth.
He tilted with a sword-fish—Marry, sir,
Th' aquatic had the best—the argument
Still galls our champion's breech.

(10.)—CHAP. XXXI.

Tell me not of it, friend—when the young
weep,
Their tears are lukewarm brine ;—from our
old eyes
Sorrow falls down like hail-drops of the
North.
Chilling the furrows of our wither'd cheeks,
Cold as our hopes, and hardened as our feel-
ing—
Theirs, as they fall, sink sightless—ours re-
coil,
Heap the fair plain, and bleaken all before us.

(11.)—CHAP. XXXIII.

Remorse—she ne'er forsakes us!—
A bloodhound staunch—she tracks our rapid
step
Through the wild labyrinth of youthful frenzy,
Unheard, perchance, until old age hath tamed
us ;
Then in our lair, when Time hath chill'd our
joints,
And maim'd our hope of combat, or of flight,
We hear her deep-mouth'd bay, announcing
all.
Of wrath and woe and punishment that hides
us.

(12.)—CHAP. XXXIV.

Still in his dead hand clenched remain the
strings
That thrill his father's heart—e'en as the
limb,
Lopp'd off and laid in grave, retains, they tell
us,
Strange commerce with the mutilated stump,
Whose nerves are twinging still in maim'd
existence.

(13.)—CHAP. XXXV.

—— Life, with you,
Glows in the brain and dances in the arteries ;
'Tis like the wine some joyous guest hath
quaff'd,
That glads the heart and elevates the fancy :—
Mine is the poor residuum of the cup.
Vapid, and dull, and tasteless, only soiling
With its base dregs the vessel that contains it.

(14.)—CHAP. XXXVII.

Yes! I love Justice well—as well as you do—
But, since the good dame's blind, she shall
excuse me.
If, time and reason fitting, I prove dumb ;—
The breath I utter now shall be no means
To take away from me my breath in future.

(15.)—CHAP. XXXVIII.

Well, well, at worst, 'tis neither theft nor
coinage,
Granting I knew all that you charge me with.
What, tho' the tomb hath born a second birth,
And given the wealth to one that knew not
on't

Yet fair exchange was never robbery,
Far less pure bounty— *Old Play.*

(16.)—CHAP. XL.

Life ebbs from such old age, unmark'd and silent,
As the slow neap-tide leaves you stranded galley.—

Late she rock'd merrily at the least impulse
That wind or wave could give; but now her keel

Is settling on the sand, her mast has ta'en
An angle with the sky, from which it shifts not.

Each wave receding shakes her less and less,
Till, bedded on the strand, she shall remain
Useless and motionless. *Old Play.*

(17.)—CHAP. XLI.

So, while the Goose, of whom the fable told,
Incumbent, brooded o'er her eggs of gold,
With hand outstretch'd impatient to destroy,
Stole on her secret nest the cruel Boy,
Whose gripe rapacious changed her splendid dream,

For wings vain fluttering, and for dying scream. *The Loves of the Sea-weeds.*

(18.)—CHAP. XLII.

Let those go see who will—I like it not—
For, say he was a slave to rank and pomp,
And all the nothings he is now divorced from
By the hard doom of stern necessity;

Yet is it sad to mark his alter'd brow,
Where Vanity adjusts her flimsy veil
O'er the deep wrinkles of repentant Anguish *Old Play.*

(19.)—CHAP. XLIII.

Fortune, you say, flies from us—She but circles,
Like the fleet sea-bird round the fowler's skiff,—

Lost in the mist one moment, and the next
Brushing the white sail with her whiter wing,
As if to court the aim.—Experience watches,
And has her on the weel.— *Old Play.*

(20.)—CHAP. XLIV.

Nay, if she love me not, I care not for her:
Shall I look pale because the maiden blooms?
Or sigh because she smiles—and smiles on others?

Not I, by Heaven!—I hold my peace too dear,
To let it, like the plume upon her cap,
Shake at each nod that her caprice shall dictate. *Old Play.*

["It may be worth noting, that it was in correcting the proof sheets of *The Antiquary* that Scott first took to equipping his chapters with mottoes of his own fabrication. On one occasion he happened to ask John Ballantyne, who was sitting by him, to hunt for a particular passage in Beaumont and Fletcher. John did as he was bid, but did not succeed in discovering the lines 'Hang it, Johannes,' cried Scott, 'I believe I can make a motto sooner than you will find one.' He did so accordingly; and from that hour, whenever memory failed to suggest an appropriate epigraph, he had recourse to the inexhaustible mines of 'old play' or 'old ballad,' to which we owe some of the most exquisite verses that ever flowed from his pen."—*Life*, vol. v., p. 145.

From the Black Dwarf.

1816.

MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. V.

The bleakest rock upon the loneliest heath
Feels, in its barrenness, some touch of spring;
And, in the April dew, or beam of May,
Its moss and lichen fresher and revive;
And thus the heart, most sear'd to human pleasure,
Melts at the tear, joys in the smile of woman. *Beaumont.*

(2.)—CHAP. XVI.

—"Twas time and griefs
That framed him thus: Time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him—Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may. *Old Play.*

From Old Mortality.

1816.

(1.)—MAJOR BELLENDEN'S SONG.

And what though winter will pinch severe
Through locks of grey and a cloak that's old.

Yet keep up thy heart, bold cavalier,
For a cup of sack shall fence the cold.

For time will rust the brightest blade,
And years will break the strongest bow;
Was never wight so starkly made,
But time and years would overthrow! *Chap. xix.*

(2.)—VERSES FOUND IN BOTHWELL'S
POCKET-BOOK.

"With these letters was a lock of hair wrapped in a copy of verses, written obviously with a feeling which atoned, in Morton's opinion, for the roughness of the poetry, and the conceits with which it abounded, according to the taste of the period:"—

Thy hue, dear pledge, is pure and bright,
As in that well-remember'd night,
When first that mystic braid was wove,
And first my Agnes whisper'd love.

Since then how often hast thou press'd
The torrid zone of this wild breast,
Whose wrath and hate have sworn to dwell
With the first sin that peopled hell,
A breast whose blood's a troubled ocean,
Each thro' the earthquake's wild commo-
tion!

O, if such clime thou canst endure,
Yet keep thy hue unstain'd and pure,

What conquest o'er each erring thought
Of that fierce realm had Agnea wrought!
I had not wander'd wild and wide,
With such an angel for my guide;
Nor heaven nor earth could then reprove me
If she had lived, and lived to love me.

Not then this world's wild joys had been
To me one savage hunting scene,
My sole delight the headlong race,
And frantic hurry of the chase;
To start, pursue, and bring to bay,
Rush in, drag down and rend my prey,
Then—from the carcass turn away!
Mine ireful mood had sweetness tamed,
And soothed each wound which pride
inflamed!

Yes, God and man might now approve me,
If thou hadst lived, and lived to love me.
Chap. xxiii.

(3.)—EPITAPH ON BALFOUR OF BURLEY.

"Gentle reader, I did request of mine
honest friend, Peter Proudfoot, travelling mer-
chant, known to many of this land for his
faithful and just dealings, as well in muslins
and cambries us in small wares, to procure
me, on his next peregrinations to that vicinage,
a copy of the Epitaphion alluded to. And,
according to his report, which I see no ground
to discredit, it runneth thus:—"

Here lyes ane saint to prelates aurlly,
Being John Balfour, sometime of Burley,
Who, stirred up to vengeance take,
For solemn League and Cov'nant's sake,
Upon the Magus-Moor, in Fife,
Did tak' James Sharpe the apostate's life;
By Dutchman's hands was hacked and shot,
Then drowned in Clyde near this saam spot.
Chap. xlii.

MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. V.

Arouse thee, youth!—it is no common call,—
God's church is leaguer'd—haste to man the
wall;
Haste where the Red-cross banners wave on
high,
Signals of honour'd death or victory.
James Duff.

(2.)—CHAP. XIV.

My hounds may a' rin masterless,
My hawks may fly frae tree to tree,
My lord may grip my vassal lands,
For there again maun I never be!
Old Ballad.

(3.)—CHAP. XXXIV.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

Anonymous.

The Search after Wapfulness;

OR,

THE QUEST OF SULTAUN SOLIMAUN.

1817.

I.

Oh for a glance of that gay Muse's eye,
That lighten'd on Banello's laughing tale,
And twinkled with a lustre shrewd and sly,
When Giam Battista had her vision hail!—¹
Yet fear not, ladies, the *name* detail
Given by the natives of that land canorous;
Italian license loves to leap the pale,
We Britons have the fear of shame before us,
And, if not wise in mirth, at least must be
decorous.

II.

In the far eastern clime, no great while
since,
Lived Sultaun Solimaun, a mighty prince,
Whose eyes, as oft as they perform'd their
round,
Beheld all others fix'd upon the ground;
Whose ears received the same unvaried
phrase,
"Sultaun! thy vassal hears, and he obeys!"
All have their tastes—this may the fancy
strike
Of such grave folks as pomp and grandeur
like;
For me, I love the honest heart and warm
Of Monarch who can amble round his farm,
Or, when the toil of state no more annoys,
In chimney corner seek domestic joys—
I love a prince will bid the bottle pass,
Exchanging with his subjects glance and
glass;
In fitting time, can, gayest of the gay,
Keep up the jest, and mingle in the lay—
Such Monarchs best our free-born humours
suit,
But Despots must be stately, stern, and mute.

III.

This Solimaun, Serendib had in sway—
And where's Serendib, may some critic say.—
Good lack, mine honest friend, consult the
chart,
Scare not my Pegasus before I start!
If Rennell has it not, you'll find, mayhap,
The isle laid down in Captain Sinbad's
map,—
Famed mariner! whose merciless narrations
Drove every friend and kinsman out of
patience,
Till, fain to find a guest who thought them
shorter,
He deign'd to tell them over to a porter—²
The last edition see, by Long, and Co.,
Rees, Hurst, and Orme, our fathers in the
Row.

IV.

Serendib found, deem not my tale a fiction—
This Sultaun, whether lacking contradic-
tion—

¹ The hint of the following tale is taken from *Le Camiscia Magica*, a novel of Giam Battista Casti.

² See the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*.

(A sort of stimulant which hath its uses,
To raise the spirits and reform the juices,
—Sovereign specific for all sorts of cures
In my wife's practice, and perhaps in yours.)
The Sultaun lacking this same wholesome
bitter,

Or cordial smooth for prince's palate fitter—
Or if some Mollah had hag-rid his dreams
With Dezial, Gunnistau, and such wild
themes

Belonging to the Mollah's subtle craft,
I wot not—but the Sultaun never laugh'd,
Scarce ate or drank, and took a melancholy
That scorn'd all remedy—profane or holy;
In his long list of melancholies, mad,
Or mazed, or dumb, hath Burton none so bad.¹

V.

Physicians soon arrived, sage, ware, and tried,
As e'er scrawl'd jargon in a darken'd room;
With heedful glance the Sultaun's tongue
they eyed,

Peep'd in his bath, and God knows where
beside,
And then in solemn accent spoke their
doom,

"His majesty is very far from well."
Then each to work with his specific fell:
The Hakim Ibrahim *instantier* brought
His unguent Mahazzim al Zerdukkaut,
Whie Roompot, a practitioner more wily,
Relied on his Munaskif al fillily.²

More and yet more in deep array appear,
And some the front assail, and some the rear;
Their remedies to reinforce and vary,
Came surgeon eke, and eke apothecary;
Till the tired Monarch, though of words
grown chary,

Yet dropt, to recompense their fruitless
labour,

Some hint about a bowstring or a sabre.
There lack'd, I promise you, no longer
speeches

To rid the palace of those learned leeches.

VI.

Then was the council call'd—by their advice,
(They deem'd the matter ticklish all, and
nice,

And sought to shift it off from their own
shoulders.)

Tartars and couriers in all speed were sent,
To call a sort of Eastern Parliament

Of feudatory chieftains and freeholders—
Such have the Persians at this very day,
My gallant Malcolm calls them *cowroultai*;—³
I'm not prepared to show in this slight song
That to Serendib the same forms belong,—
E'en let the learn'd go search, and tell me if
I'm wrong.

VII.

The Omrahs,⁴ each with hand on scymitar,
Gave, like Sempronius, still their voice for
war—

"The sabre of the Sultaun in its sheath
'Too long has slept, nor own'd the work of
death;

Let the Tambourgi bid his signal rattle,
Baug the loud gong, and raise the shout of
battle!

This dreary cloud that dims our sovereign's
day,

Shall from his kindled bosom flit away,
When the bold Lootie wheels his courser
round,

And the arm'd elephant shall shake the
ground.

Each noble pants to own the glorious sum-
mons—

And for the charges—Lo! your faithful Com-
mons!"

The Riots who attended in their places
(Serendib language calls a farmer Riot)
Look'd ruefully in one another's faces,

From this oration auguring much disquiet,
Double assessment, forage, and free quarters;
And fearing these as Chua-men the Tartars,
Or as the whisker'd vermin fear the mousers,
Each fumbled in the pocket of his trowsers.

VIII.

And next came forth the reverend Convoca-
tion,

Bald heads, white beards, and many a turban
green,

Imaum and Mollah there of every station,
Santoo, Fakir, and Calendar were seen.

Their votes were various—some advised a
Mosque

With fitting revenues should be erected,
With seemly gardens and with gay Kiosque,

To recreate a band of priests selected;
Others opined that through the realms a dole

Be made to holy men, whose prayers might
profit

The Sultaun's weal in body and in soul.
But their long-headed chief, the Shiek Ul-
Sofit,

More closely touch'd the point:—"Thy stau-
dious mood,"

Quoth he, "O Prince! hath thicken'd all thy
blood,

And dull'd thy brain with labour beyond
measure;

Wherefore relax a space and take thy plea-
sure,

And toy with beauty, or tell o'er thy treasure;
From all the cares of state, my Liege, enlarge
thine,

And leave the burden to thy faithful clergy."

IX.

These counsels sage availed not a whit,
And so the patient (as is not uncommon

Where grave physicians lose their time and
wit)

Resolved to take advice of an old woman:
His mother she, a dame who once was beau-
teous,

And still was called so by each subject
duteous.

Now whether Fatima was witch in earnest,
Or only made believe, I cannot say—

But she profess'd to cure disease the sternest,
By dint of magic amulet or lay;

And when all other skill in vain was shown,
She deem'd it fitting time to use her own.

X.

"*Sympothia magica* hath wonders done,"
(Thus did old Fatima bespeak her sou.)

¹ See Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.

² For these hard words see D'Herbelot, or the learned editor of the Recipes of Avicenna.

³ See Sir John Malcolm's admirable History of Persia.

⁴ Nobility.

"It works upon the fibres and the pores,
And thus, insensibly, our health restores,
And it must help us here—Thou must endure
The ill, my son, or travel for the cure.
Search land and sea, and get, where'er you
can,

The inmost vesture of a happy man,
I mean his shirt, my son; which, taken warm
And fresh from off his back, shall chase your
harm,

Bid every current of your veins rejoice,
And your dull heart leap light as shepherd-
boy's."

Such was the counsel from his mother
came;—

I know not if she had some under-game,
As Doctors have, who bid their patients roam
And live abroad, when sure to die at home;
Or if she thought, that, somehow or another,
Queen-Regent sounded better than Queen-
Mother;

But, says the Chronicle (who will go look it,)
That such was her advice—the Sultaun took it.

XI.

All are on board—the Sultaun and his train,
In gilded galley prompt to plough the main.
The old Rais¹ was the first who questioned,
"Whither?"

They paused—"Arabia," thought the pensive
Prince,

"Was call'd The Happy many ages since—
For Mokha, Rais."—And they came safely
thither.

But not in Araby, with all her balm,
Not where Judea weeps beneath her palm,
Not in rich Egypt, not in Nubian waste,
Could there the step of happiness be traced.
One Copt alone profess'd to have seen her
smile,

When Bruce his goblet fill'd at infant Nile:
She bless'd the dauntless traveller as he
quaff'd,

But vanish'd from him with the ended
draught.

XII.

"Enough of turbans," said the weary King,
"These dolmans of ours are not the thing;
Try we the Giaours, these men of coat and
cap, I

Incline to think some of them must be happy;
At least, they have as fair a cause as any can.
They drink good wine and keep no Ramazan.
Then northward, ho!"—The vessel cuts the
sea,

And fair Italia lies upon her lee.—
But fair Italia, she who once unforl'd
Her eagle banners o'er a conquer'd world,
Long from her throne of domination tumbled,
Lay, by her quondam vassals, sorely humbled:
The Pope himself look'd pensive, pale, and
lean,

And was not half the man he once had been.
"While these the priest and those the noble
fleeces,

Our poor old boot,"² they said, "is torn to
pieces.

Its tops³ the vengeful claws of Austria feel,
And the Great Devil is rending toe and heel.⁴

¹ Master of the vessel.

² The well-known resemblance of Italy in the map.

³ Florence, Venice, &c.

If happiness you seek, to tell you truly,
We think she dwells with one Giovanni Bolli;
A traiontane, a heretic,—the buck,
Poffaredio! still has all the luck;
By land or ocean never strikes his flag—
And then—a perfect walking money-bag."
Of set our Prince to seek John Bull's abode,
But first look France—it lay upon the road.

XIII.

Monsieur Baboon, after much late commotion,
Was agitated like a setting ocean,
Quite out of sorts, and could not tell what
aill'd him,

Only the glory of his house had fail'd him;
Besides, some tumours on his middle biding,
Gave indication of a recent hiding.⁵
Our Prince, though Sultauna of such things
are heedless,

Thought it a thing indelicate and needless
To ask, if at that moment he was happy.
And Monsieur, seeing that he was *comme il
faut*, a

Loud voice mustered up, for "Vive le Roi!"
Then whisper'd, "Ave you any newa of
Nappy?"

The Sultaun answer'd him with a cross ques-
tion,—

"Pray, can you tell me aught of one John
Bull,

That dwells somewhere beyond your her-
ring-pool?"

The query seem'd of difficult digestion,
The party strugg'd, and grinn'd, and took his
snuff,

And found his whole good-breeding scarce
enough.

XIV.

Twitching his visage into as many puckers
As damsels wont to put into their tuckers,
(Ere liberal Fashion damn'd both lace and
lawn,

And bade the veil of modesty be drawn,)
Replied the Frenchman, after a brief pause,
"Jean Bool!—I vas not know him—Yes, I
vas—

I vas remember dat, von year or two,
I saw him at von place call'd Vaterloo—
Ma foi! il s'est tres joliment battu,
Dat is for Englishman,—ni'entendez-vous?
But den he had wit him one damu son-gun,
Rogue I no like—dey call him Vellington."
Monsieur's politeness could not hide his fret,
So Solimaun took leave, and cross'd the strait.

XV.

John Bull was in his very worst of moods,
Raving of sterile farms and unsold goods;
His sugar-loaves and bales about he threw,
And on his counter beat the devil's tattoo.
His wars were ended, and the victory won,
But then, 'twas reckoning-day with honest
John;

And authors vouch, 'twas still this Worthy's
way,

"Never to grumble till he came to pay;
And then he always thinks, his temper's such,
The work too little, and the pay too much."⁶

⁴ The Calabria, infested by bands of assassins. One of the leaders was called Fra Diavolo, i. e. Brother Devil.

⁵ Or drubbing; so called in the slang Dictionary.

⁶ See the True Born Englishman, by Daniel De Foe.

Yet, grumbler as he is, so kind and hearty,
That when his mortal foe was on the floor,
And past the power to harm his quiet more,
Poor John had wellnigh wept for Bonaparte!
Such was the wight whom Solimaun salam'd,—
“And who are you,” John answer'd, “and be
d—d I”

XVI.

“A stranger, come to see the happiest man,—
So, signior, all avouch,—in Frangistan.”—
“Happy I my tenants breaking on my hand;
Unstook'd my pastures, and untill'd my land;
Sugar and rum a drug, and mice and moths
The sole consumers of my good broadcloths—
Happy I!—Why, cursed war and racking tax
Have left us scarcely raiment to our backs.”—
“In that case, signior, I may take my leave;
I came to ask a favour—but I grieve”——
“Favour!” said John, and eyed the Sultann
hard,
“It's my belief you come to break the yard!—
But, stay, you look like some poor foreign sin-
ner,—
Take that to buy yourself a shirt and din-
ner.”—
With that he chuck'd a guinea at his head;
But, with due dignity, the Sultann said,
“Permit me, sir, your bounty to decline;
A shirt indeed I seek, but none of thine.
Signior, I kiss your hands, so fare you well.”—
“Kiss and be d—d,” quoth John, “and go to
hell!”

XVII.

Next door to John there dwelt his sister Peg,
Once a wild lass as ever shook a leg
When the blithe bagpipe blew—but, soberer
now,
She *doucely* span her flax and milk'd her cow.
And whereas erst she was a needy slattern,
Nor now of wealth or cleanliness a pattern,
Yet once a-month her house was partly swept,
And once a-week a pteuteous board she kept.
And whereas, eke, the vixen used her claws
And teeth, of yore, on slender provocation,
She now was grown amenable to laws,
A quiet soul as any in the nation;
The sole remembrance of her warlike joys
Was in old songs she sang to please her boys.
John Bull, whom, in their years of early strife,
She went to lead a cat-and-doggish life,
Now found the woman, as he said, a neigh-
bour,
Who look'd to the main chance, declined no
labour,
Loved a long grace, and spoke a northern
jargon,
And was d—d close in making of a bargain.

XVIII.

The Sultann enter'd, and he made his leg,
And with decorum curtsy'd sister Peg;
(She loved a book, and knew a thing or two,
And gude'd at once with whom she had to do.)
She bade him “Sit into the fire,” and took
Her dram, her cake, her kebbuck from the
nook;
Ask'd him “about the news from Eastern
parts;
And of her absent bairns, pair Highland
hearts!

If peace brought down the price of tea and
pepper,
And if the *sutmugs* were grown *any* cheaper;—
Were there nae *speerings* of our Mungo Park—
Ye'll be the gentleman that wants the sark I
If ye wad huy a web o' auid wife's spinnin',
I'll warrant ye it's a weel-wearing linen.”

XIX.

Then up got Peg, and round the house 'gan
scuttle
In search of goods her customer to nail,
Uotil the Sultann strain'd his princely throttle,
And hullo'd,—“Ma'am that is not what I ail.
Pray, are you happy, ma'am, in this snug
glen?”—
“Happy!” said Peg; “What for d'ye want to
ken?
Besides, just think upon this by-gane year,
Grain wadoa pay the yoking of the
plough.”—
“What say you to the present?”—“Meal's sae
dear,
To mak' their *brase* my bairns have scarce
aneugh.”—
“The devil take the shirt,” said Solimaun,
“I think ivery quest will end as it began.—
Farewell, ma'am: nay, no ceremony, I beg”—
“Ye'll no be for the linen then!” said Peg.

XX.

Now, for the land of verdant Erin,
The Sultann's royal bark is steering,
The Emerald Isle, where bonest Paddy dwells,
The cousin of John Bull, as story tells.
For a long space had John, with words of
thunder,
Hard looks, and harder knocks, kept Paddy
under,
Till the poor lad, like boy that's flogg'd un-
duly,
Had gotten somewhat restive and unruly.
Hard was his lot and lodging, you'll allow,
A wigwam that would hardly serve a sow;
His landlord, and of middle-men two brace,
Had screw'd his rent up to the starving place;
His garment was a top-coat, and an old one,
His meal was a potato, and a cold one;
But still for fun or frolic, and all that,
In the round world was not the match of Pat.

XXI.

The Sultann saw him on a holiday,
Which is with Paddy atill a jolly day:
When mass is ended, and his load of sins
Confess'd, and Mother Church hath from her
bjous
Dealt forth a bonus of imputed merit,
Then is Pat's time for faocy, whim, and spirit!
To jest, to sing, to caper fair and free,
And dance as light as leaf upon the tree.
“By Mahomet,” said Sultann Solimaun,
“That ragged fellow is our very man!
Rush in and seize him—do not do him hurt,
But, will he nil he, let me have his *shirt*.”—

XXII.

Shilela their plan waa wellnigh after hank-
ing,
(Much less provocation will set it a-walkin'.)
But the odds that foil'd Hercules foil'd Paddy
Whack;
They seized, and they floor'd, and they stripp'd
him—Alack!

Up-buhboo! Paddy had not—a shirt to his
back!!!
And the King, disappointed, with sorrow and
shame,
Went back to Serendib as sad as he came.

Mr. Kemble's Farewell Address;

ON TAKING LEAVE OF THE EDINBURGH STAGE.

1817.

As the worn war-horse, at the trumpet's
sound,
Erects his mane, and neighs, and paws the
ground—

Disdains the ease his generous lord assigns,
And longs to rush on the embattled lines,
So I, your plaudits ringing on mine ear,
Can scarce sustain to think our parting near;
To think my scenic hour for ever past,
And that these valued plaudits are my last.
Why should we part, while still some powers
remain.

That in your service strive not yet in vain?
Cannot high zeal the strength of youth
supply.

And cease of duty fire the fading eye;
And all the wrongs of age remain subdued
Beneath the burning glow of gratitude?
Ah, no! the taper, wearing to its close,
Oft for a space in fitful lustre glows;
But all too soon the transient gleam is past,
It cannot be renew'd, and will not last;
Even duty, zeal, and gratitude, can wage
But short-lived conflict with the frost of age.
Yes! it were poor, remembering what I was,
To live a pensioner on your applause,
To drain the dregs of your endurance dry,
And take, as alms, the praise I once could
buy;

Till every sneering youth around enquires,
"Is this the man who once could please our
sires?"

And scorn assumes compassion's doubtful
mien,

To warn me off from the encumber'd scene.
This must not be;—and higher duties crave
Some space between the theatre and the
grave,

That, like the Roman in the Capitol,
I may adjust my mantle ere I fall:
My life's brief act in public service floun,
The last, the closing scene, must be my own.

Here, then, adieu! while yet some well-
graced parts

May fix an ancient favourite in your hearts,
Not quite to be forgotten, even when
You look on better actors, younger men:
And if your bosoms own this kindly debt
Of old remembrance, how shall mine forget—
O, how forget!—how oft I hither came
In anxious hope, how oft return'd with fame!
How oft around your circle this weak hand
Has waved immortal Shakspeare's magic
wand,

Till the full burst of inspiration came,
And I have felt, and you have fann'd the
flame!

By men's treasured, while her reign en-
dures,

Those hours must live—and all their charms
are yours.

O favour'd Land! renown'd for arts and
arms,

For manly talent, and for female charms,
Could this full bosom prompt the sinking line,
What fervent benedictions now were thine!
But my last part is play'd, my knell is rung,
When e'en your praise falls faltering from my
tongue;

And all that you can hear, or I can tell,
Is— Friends and Patrons, hail, and *fare you
well.*

Lines.²

WRITTEN FOR MISS SMITH.

1817.

When the lone pilgrim views afar
The shrine that is his guiding star,
With awe his footsteps print the road
Which the loved saint of yore has trod.
As near he draws, and yet more near,
His dim eye sparkles with a tear;
The Gothic fane's unwonted show,
The choral hymn, the tapers' glow,
Oppress his soul; while they delight
And chasten rapture with affright.

receive him,) to deliver his farewell." "Mr. Kemble delivered these lines with exquisite beauty, and with an effect that was evinced by the tears and sobs of many of the audience. His own emotions were very conspicuous. When his farewell was closed, he lingered long on the stage, as if unable to retire. The house again stood up, and cheered him with the waving of hats and long shouts of applause. At length he finally retired, and, in so far as regards Scotland, the curtain dropped upon his professional life for ever."

I These lines were first printed in "The Forget-Me-Not, for 1834." They were written for recitation by the distinguished actress, Miss Smith, now Mrs Bartley, on the night of her benefit at the Edinburgh Theatre, in 1817; but reached her too late for her purpose. In a letter which enclosed them, the poet intimated that they were written on the morning of the day on which they were sent—that he thought the idea better than the execution, and forwarded them with the hope of their adding "a little salt to the bill."

I These lines first appeared, April 5, 1817, in a weekly sheet, called the "Sale Room," conducted and published by Messrs. Ballantyne and Co., at Edinburgh. In a note prefixed, Mr. James Ballantyne says, "The character fixed upon, with happy propriety, for Kemble's closing scene, was Macbeth, in which he took his final leave of Scotland on the evening of Saturday, the 29th March, 1817. He had laboured under a severe cold for a few days before, but on this memorable night the physical annoyance yielded to the energy of his mind.—'He was,' he said, in the green-room, immediately before the curtain rose, determined to leave behind him the most perfect specimen of his art which he had ever shown, and his success was complete. At the moment of the tyrant's death the curtain fell by the universal acclamation of the audience. The applauses were vehement and prolonged; they ceased—were resumed—rose again—were reiterated—and again were hushed. In a few minutes the curtain ascended, and Mr. Kemble came forward in the dress of Macbeth, (the audience by a simultaneous movement rising to

No longer dare he think his toil
Can merit aught his patron's smile;
Too light appears the distant way,
The chilly eve, the sultry day—
All these endared no favour claim,
But murmuring forth the sainted name,
He lays his little offering down,
And only deprecates a frown.

We too, who ply the Thespian art,
Oft feel such bodings of the heart,
And, when our utmost powers are strain'd,
Dare hardly hope your favour gain'd.
She, who from sister climes has sought
The ancient land where Wallace fought;—
Land long renown'd for arms and arts,
And conquering eyes and dauntless hearts;—
She, as the flutterings here avow,
Feels all the pilgrim's terrors now;
Yet sure on Caledonian plain
The stranger never sued in vain.
'Tis yours the hospitable task
To give the applause she dare not ask;
And they who bid the pilgrim speed,
The pilgrim's blessing be their need.

The Sun upon the Weirdlaw
Wm.

1817.

["Scott's enjoyment of his new territories was, however, interrupted by various returns of his cramp, and the depression of spirit which always attended, in his case, the use of opium, the only medicine that seemed to have power over the disease. It was while struggling with such languor, on one lovely evening of this autumn, that he composed the following beautiful verses. They mark the very spot of their birth,—namely, the then naked height overhanging the northern side of the Cauldshiels Loch, from which Melrose Abbey to the eastward, and the hills of Ettrick and Yarrow to the west, are now visible over a wide range of rich woodland,—all the work of the poet's hand."—*Life*, vol. v., p. 237.]

Air—"Rimhin aluin 'stu mo run."

The air, composed by the Editor of *Albyn's Anthology*.
The words written for Mr. George Thomson's *Scottish Melodies*, [1822.]

The sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill,
In Ettrick's vale is sinking sweet;
The westland wind is hush and still,
The lake lies sleeping at my feet,
Yet not the landscape to mine eye
Bears those bright hues that once it bore;
Though evening, with her richest dye,
Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

With listless look along the plain,
I see Tweed's silver current glide,

1 "O favour'd land! renown'd for arts and arms,
For manly talent, and for female charms."
Lines written for Mr. J. Kemble.

And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruin'd pride.
The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree,—
Are they still such as once they were?
Or is the dreary change in me?

Alas, the warp'd and broken board,
How can it bear the painter's dye?
The harp of strain'd and tuneless chord,
How to the minstrel's skill reply!
To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill;
And Araby's or Eden's bowers
Were barren as this moorland hill.

The Monks of Bangor's March.

Air—"Ymdaith Mionyc."

WRITTEN FOR MR. GEORGE THOMSON'S WELSH
MELODIES

1817.

Ethelfrid, or Olfrid, King of Northumberland, having besieged Chester in 613, and Brockmael, a British Prince, advancing to relieve it, the religious of the neighbouring Monastery of Bangor marched in procession, to pray for the success of their countrymen. But the British being totally defeated, the heathen victor put the monks to the sword, and destroyed their monastery. The tune to which these verses are adapted is called the Monks' March, and is supposed to have been played at their ill-omened procession.

When the heathen trumpet's clang,
Round beleagu'rd Chester rang,
Veiled nun and friar grey
March'd from Bangor's fair Abbaye;
High their holy anthem sounds,
Cestria's vale the hymn rebounds,
Floating down the silvan Dee,
O miserere, Domine!

On the long procession goes,
Glory round their crossea glows,
And the Virgin-mother mild
In their peaceful banner smiled;
Who could think such saintly band
Doom'd to feel unhallow'd hand?
Such waa the Diviae decree,
O miserere, Domine!

Bands that masses only sung,
Hands that censurs only swung,
Met the northern bow and bill,
Heard the war-cry wild and shrill:
Woe to Brockmael's feeble hand,
Woe to Olfrid's bloody brand,
Woe to Saxon cruelty,
O miserere, Domine!

2 "Nathaniel Cow told me that he got the air from an old gentleman, Mr. Dalrymple of Orangefield, (he thinks,) who had it from a friend in the Western Isles, as an old Highland air."—*George Thomson.*

Weltering amid warriors slain,
Spurn'd by steeds with bloody mane,
Slaughter'd down by heathen blade,
Bangor's peaceful monks are laid :
Word of parting rest unspoke,
Mass unsung, and bread unbroke;
For their souls for charity,
Sing, O miserere, Domine !

Bangor ! o'er the murder wail !
Long thy ruins told the tale.
Shatter'd towers and broken arch
Long recall'd the woeful march :
On thy shrine no tapers burn,
Never shall thy priests return ;
The pilgrim sighs and sings for thee,
O miserere, Domine !

Letter

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH,
DRUMLANRIG CASTLE.

Sanguhar, 2 o'clock, July 29, 1817.

From Ross, where the clouds on Benlomond
are sleeping—
From Greenock, where Clyde to the Ocean is
sweeping—
From Largs, where the Scotch gave the
Northmen a drilling—
From Ardrossan, whose harbour cost many a
shilling—
From Old Cumnock, where beda are as hard
as a plank, sir—
From a chop and green pease, and a chicken
in Sanguhar,
This eve, please the fates, at Drumlarnig we
anchor. W. S.

[Sir Walter's companion on this excursion
was Captain, now Sir Adam Ferguson. — See
Life, vol. v., p. 234.]

From Rob Roy.

1817.

(1.)—TO THE MEMORY OF EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE.

"A blotted piece of paper dropped out of the
book, and being taken up by my father, he in-
terrupted a hint from Owen, on the propriety
of securing loose memoranda with a little
paste, by exclaiming, 'To the memory of Ed-
ward the Black Prince—What's all this!—
verses!—By Heaven, Frank, you are a greater
blockhead than I supposed you!'"

O for the voice of that wild horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
The dying hero's call,
That told imperial Chariemagne,
How Paynim sons of swarthy Spain,
Had wrought his champion's fall.

[William of Malmesbury says, that in his time the
extent of the ruins of the monastery bore ample witness
to the desolation occasioned by the massacre—"tot semi-

"*Fontarabian echoes!*" continued my father,
interrupting himself; 'the Fontarabian Fair
would have been more to the purpose. — *Pay-
nim?*—What's Paynim?—Could you not say
Pagan as well, and write English, at least, if
you must needs write nonsense.'"

Sad over earth and ocean sounding,
And England's distant cliffs astounding,
Such are the notes should say
How Britain's hope, and France's fear,
Victor of Cressy and Poitier,
In Bourdeaux dying lay.

"Poitiers, by the way, is always spelled
with an s, and I know no reason why ortho-
graphy should give place to rhyme."

"Raise my faint head, my squires," he said,
"And let the casement be display'd,
That I may see once more
The splendor of the setting sun
Gleam on thy mirror'd wave, Garonne,
And Blaye's empurpled shore."

"*Garonne* and *sun* is a bad rhyme. Why,
Frank, you do not even understand the beg-
garly trade you have chosen."

"Like me, he sinks to Glory's sleep,
His fall the dews of evening steep,
As if in sorrow shed,
So soft shall fall the trickling tear,
When England's maids and matrons hear
Of their Black Edward dead.

"And though my son of glory set,
Nor France nor England shall forget
The terror of my name ;
And oft shall Britain's heroes rise,
New planets in these southern skies,
Through clouds of blood and flame."

"A cloud of flame is something new—
Good-morrow, my masters all, and a merry
Christmas to you!—Why, the bellman writes
better lines." Chap. ii.

(2.)—TRANSLATION FROM ARIOSTO.

1817.

"Miss Vernon proceeded to read the first
stanza, which was nearly to the following
purpose:—"

Ladies, and knights, and arms, and love's fair
flame,
Deeds of emprise and courtesy, I sing ;
What time the Moors from sultry Africk
came,
Led on by Agramant, their youthful king—
He whom revenge and hasty ire did bring
O'er the broad wave, in France to waste and
war:
Such ills from old Trojano's death did spring,
Which to avenge he came from realms afar,
And menaced Christian Charles, the Roman
Emperor.

rali parietes ecclesiarum, tot anfractus porticum, tanta
turba rudierum quantum vix alibi cerass."

Of dauntless Roland, too, my strain shall sound,

In import never known in prose and rhyme,
How He, the chief of judgment deem'd profound,

For luckless love was crazed upon a time—

“There is a great deal of it,” said she, glancing along the paper, and interrupting the sweetest sounds which mortal ears can drink in; those of a youthful poet's verses, namely, read by the lips which are dearest to them.”

Chap. xvi.

(3.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. X.

In the wide pile, by others heeded not,
Hers was one sacred solitary spot,
Whose gloomy aisles and bending shelves contain,

For moral hunger food, and cures for moral pain. *Anonymous.*

“The library at Osbaldistone Hall was a gloomy room,” &c.

(2.)—CHAP. XIII.

Dire was his thought, who first in poison steep'd

The weapon form'd for slaughter—direr his,
And worthier of damnation, who instil'd
The mortal venom in the social cup,
To fill the veins with death instead of life.

Anonymous.

(3.)—CHAP. XXII.

Look round thee, young Astolpho: Here's a the place

Which men (for being poor) are sent to starve in,—

Rude remedy, I trow, for sore disease.

Within these walls, stifed by damp and stench,

Doth Hope's fair torch expire; and at the snuff,

Ere yet 'tis quite extinct, rude, wild, and wayward,

The desperate revelries of wild despair,
Kindling their hell-bore cressets, light to deeda

That the poor captive would have died ere practised,

Till boudage sunk his soul to his condition.

The Prison, Scene iii. Act i.

(4.)—CHAP. XXVII.

Far as the eye could reach no tree was seen,
Earth, clad in russet, scorn'd the lively green;
No birds, except as birds of passage, flew;
No bee was heard to hum, no dove to coo;
No streams, as amber smooth, as amber clear,
Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here.

Prophecy of Famine.

¹ “The Appeal,” a Tragedy, by John Galt, Esq., was played for four nights at this time in Edinburgh.

² It is necessary to mention, that the allusions in this piece are all local, and addressed only to the Edinburgh audience. The new prisons of the city, on the Calton Hill, are not far from the theatre.

(5.)—CHAP. XXXI.

“Woe to the vanquish'd I” was stern Brenno's word,

When sunk proud Rome beneath the Gallic sword—

“Woe to the vanquish'd I” when his massive blade

Bore down the scale against her ransom weigh'd,

And on the field of foughten battle still,

Who knows no limits save the victor's will.

The Gaulliad.

(6.)—CHAP. XXXII.

And be he safe restored ere evening set,
Or, if there's vengeance in an injured heart,

And power to wreak it in an armed band,

Your land shall ache for't. *Old Play.*

(7.)—CHAP. XXXVI.

Farewell to the land where the clouds love to rest,

Like the shroud of the dead on the mountain's cold breast:

To the cataract's roar where the eagles reply,
And the lake her lone bosom expands to the sky.

*Epilogue to The Appeal.*¹

SPOKEN BY MRS. HENRY SIDDONS,

Feb. 16, 1818.

A cat of yore (or else old Æsop lied)
Was changed into a fair and blooming bride,
But spied a mouse upon her marriage-day,
Forgot her spouse, and seized upon her prey;
Even thus my bridegroom lawyer, as you saw,
Threw off poor me, and pounced upon papa.
His neck from Hymen's mystic knot made loose,

He twisted round my sire's the literal noose.
Such are the fruits of our dramatic labour,
Since the New Jail became our next-door neighbour.²

Yes, times are changed; for, in your fathers' age,

The lawyers were the patrons of the stage;
However high advanced by future fate,
There stands the bench (*points to the Pit*) that first received their weight.

The future legal sage, 'twas ours to see,
Doom though unwigg'd, and plead without a fee.

But now, astounding each poor mimic elf,
Instead of lawyers comes the law herself;
Tremendous neighbour, on our right she dwells,

Builds high her towers and excavates her cells;

While on the left she agitates the town,
With the tempestuous question, Up or down?³
’Twi’x Scylla and Charybdis thus stand we,
Law's final end, and law's uncertainty.

³ At this time the poblin of Edinburgh was much agitated by a lawsuit betwixt the Magistrates and many of the inhabitants of the City, concerning a range of new buildings on the western side of the North Bridge; which the latter insisted should be removed as a deformity.

But, soft! who lives at Rome the Pope must flatter,
 And jails and lawspits are no jesting matter.
 Then—just farewell! We wait with serious awe
 Till your applause or censure gives the law.
 Trusting our humbla efforts may assure ye,
 We hold you Court and Counsel, Judge and Jury.

Mackrimmon's Lament.

1818.

Air—"Cha till mi tuille."¹

Mackrimmon, hereditary piper to the Laird of Macleod, is said to have composed this Lament when the Clan was about to depart upon a distant and dangerous expedition. The Minstrel was impressed with a belief, which the event verified, that he was to be slain in the approaching feud; and hence the Gaelic words, "*Cha till mi tuille; ged thillis Macleod, cha till Mackrimmon.*" "I shall never return; although Macleod returns, yet Mackrimmon shall never return!" The piece is but too well known, from its being the strain with which the emigrants from the West Highlands and Isles usually take leave of their native shore.

Macleod's wizard flag from the grey castle sallies,
 The rovers are seated, unmoor'd are the galleys;
 Gleam war-axe and broadsword, clang target and quiver,
 As Mackrimmon sings, "Farewell to Dunvegan for ever!
 Farewell to each cliff, on which breakers are foaming;
 Farewell, each dark glen, in which red-deer are roaming;
 Farewell, lonely Skye, to lake, mountain, and river;
 Macleod may return, hut Mackrimmon shall never!

"Farewell the bright clouds that on Quillan are sleeping;
 Farewell the bright eyes in the Dun that are weeping;
 To each minstrel delusion, farewell!—and for ever—
 Mackrimmon departs, to return to you never!
 The *Banshee's* wild voice sings the death-dirge before me,²
 The pall of the dead for a mantle hangs o'er me;
 But my heart shall not flag, and my nerves shall not shiver,
 Though devoted I go—to return again never!
 "Too oft shall the notes of Mackrimmon's bewailing,
 Be heard when the Gael on their exile are sailing;

¹ "We return no more."

Dear land! to the shores, whence unwilling we sever,
 Return—return—return shall we never!
 Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille!
 Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille,
 Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille,
 Gea thillis Macleod, cha till Mackrimmon!"

Donald Caird's Come Again.

Air—"Malcolm Caird's come again."³

1818.

CHORUS.

Donald Caird's come again!
 Donald Caird's come again!
 Tell the news in brugh and glen,
 Donald Caird's come again!

Donald Caird can lilt and sing,
 Blithely dance the Hieland fling,
 Drink till the gudeman be blind,
 Fleech till the gudewife be kind;
 Hoop a leggin, clout a pan,
 Or crack a pow w' ony man;
 Tell the news in brugh and glen,
 Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird's come again!
 Donald Caird's come again!
 T'ell the news in brugh and glen,
 Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can wire a maukin,
 Kens the wiles o' dun-deer staukin',
 Leisters kipper, makes a shift
 To shoot a muir-fowl in the drift;
 Water-hailiffs, rangers, keepers,
 He can wauk when they are sleepers;
 Not for bountith or reward
 Dare ye mell w' Donald Caird.

Donald Caird's come again!
 Donald Caird's come again!
 Gar the bagpipes hum a main,
 Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can drink a gill
 Fast as hostler-wife can fill;
 Ilka one that sells gude liquor
 Kens how Donald bends a hicker;
 When he's fou he's stout and saucy,
 Keeps the cattle o' the cawsey;
 Hieland chief and Lawland laird
 Maun gie room to Donald Caird!

Donald Caird's come again!
 Donald Caird's come again!
 Tell the news in brugh and glen,
 Donald Caird's come again.

Steek the amrie, lock the kist,
 Else some gear may weel be mist;
 Donald Caird finds orra things
 Where Allan Gregor fand the tings;
 Dunts of kebbuck, tait's o' woo,
 Whiles a hen and whiles a sow,
 Webs or duds frae hedga or yard—
 Ware the wuddle, Donald Caird!

² See a note on *Banshee, Lady of the Lake*, ante, p. 211.
³ Caird signifies Tinker.

Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Dinna let the Shirra ken
Donald Caird's come again.

On Donald Caird the doom was stern,
Craig to tether, legs to airn;
But Donald Caird, wi' nickle study,
Caught the gift to cheat the waddie;
Rings of airn, and bolts of steel,
Fell like ice frae hand and heel!
Watch the sheep in fauld and glen,
Donald Caird's come again!

Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Dinna let the Justice ken,
Donald Caird's come again.¹

From the Heart of Auld-Lothian.

1818.

(1.)—MADGE WILDFIRE'S SONGS.

When the gledd's in the blue cloud,
The lavrock lies still;
When the hound's in the green-wood,
The hind keeps the hill.

O sleep ye sound, Sir James, she said,
When ye suld rise and ride?
There's twenty men, wi' how and blade,
Are seeking where ye hide.

Hey for cavaliers, ho for cavaliers,
Dub a dab, dub a dab;
Have at old Beelzebub,—
Oliver's running for fear.—

I glance like the wildfire through country and town;
I'm seen on the causeway—I'm seen on the down;
The lightning that flashes so bright and so free,
Is scarcely so blithe or so bonny as me.

What did ye wi' the bridal ring—bridal ring—
bridal ring?
What did ye wi' your wedding ring, ye little
cutty quean, O?
I gied it till a sodger, a sodger, a sodger,
I gied it till a sodger, an auld true love o'
mine, O.

Good even, good fair moon, good even to thee;
I prithee, dear moon, now show to me
The form and the features, the speech and
degree,
Of the man that true lover of mine shall be.

¹ Mr D. Thomson, of Galaahels, produced a parody on this song at an annual dinner of the manufacturers there, which Sir Walter Scott actually attended; and the Poet was highly amused with a sly allusion to his two-fold

It is the bonny butcher lad,
That wears the sleeves of blue;
He sells the flesh on Saturday,
On Friday that he slew.

There's a bloodhound ranging Tinwald
Wood,
There's a harness glancing sheen;
There's a maiden sits on Tinwald brae,
And she sings loud between.

Up in the air,
On my bonnie grey mare,
And I see, and I see, and I see her yet.

In the bonnie cells of Bedlam,
Ere I was aye and twenty,
I had hempen bracelets astrong,
And merry whips, ding-dong,
And prayer and fasting plenty.

My banes are buried in yon kirk-yard
Sae far ayont the sea,
And it is but my blithesome ghaist
That's speaking now to thee.

I'm Madge of the country, and Madge of the town,
And I'm Madge of the lad I am blithest to
own.—

The Lady of Beever in diamonds may shine,
But has not a heart half so lightsome as
mine.

I am Queen of the Wake, and I'm Lady of
May,
And I lead the blithe ring round the May-pole
to-day;

The wild-fire that flashes so fair and so free
Was never so bright, or so bonnie as me.

He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

Fulness to such a burden is
That go on pilgrimage;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is hest from age to age.

"As Jeanie entered, she heard first the air,
and then a part of the chorus and words of
what had been, perhaps, the song of a jolly
harvest-home."

Our work is over—over now,
The goodman wipes his weary brow,
The last long wain wends slow away,
And we are free to sport and play.

The night comes on when sets the sun,
And labour ends when day is done.
When Autumn's gone, and Winter 'a come,
We hold our jovial harvest-home.

character of Sheriff of Selkirkshire, and author-suspect
of "Rob Roy," in the chorus,—

"Think ye, does the Shirra ken
Rob M'Gregor's come again?"

"The attendant on the hospital arranged her in her bed as she desired, with her face to the wall, and her back to the light. So soon as she was quiet in this new position, she began again to sing in the same low and modulated strains, as if she was recovering the state of abstraction which the interruption of her visitants had disturbed. The strain, however, was different, and rather resembled the music of the methodist hymns, though the measure of the song was similar to that of the former:"—

When the fight of grace is fought,—
When the marriage vest is wrought,—
When Faith has chased cold Doubt away,—
And Hope hut sickens at delay,—
When Charity, imprisoned here,
Lungs for a more expauded sphere;
Doff thy robes of sin and clay;
Christian, rise, and come away.

"Her next seemed to be the fragment of some old ballad:"—

Cauld is my bed, Lord Archibald,
And sad my sleep of sorrow;
But thine sall be as sad and cauld,
My fause true-lovel to-morrow.

And weep ye not, my maidens free,
Though death your mistress borrow;
For he for whom I die to-day,
Shall die for me to-morrow.

"Again she changed the tune to one wilder, less monotonous, and less regular. But of the words only a fragment or two could be collected by those who listened to this singular scene:"—

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?"—

"When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?"—

"The grey-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady.

The owl from the steepie sing,
'Welcome, proud lady.'"

"Her voice died away with the last notes, and she fell into a slumber, from which the experienced attendant assured them, that she would never awake at all, or only in the death-agony.

"Her first prophecy was true. The poor maniac parted with existence, without again uttering a sound of any kind."

Chaps. xv.—xxxviii. passim.

(2.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. XIX.

To man, in this his trial state,
The privilege is given,
When lost by tides of human fate,
To anchor fast to Heaven

Watts' Hymns

(2.)—CHAP. XXIII.

Law, take thy victim!—May she find the mercy
In you mild heaven which this hard world
denies her!

(3.)—CHAP. XXVII.

And Need and Misery, Vice and Danger, bind
In sad alliance, each degraded mind.

(4.)—CHAP. XXXV.

— I beseech you—
These tears beseech you, and these chaste
hands woo you,
That never yet were heaved but to things
holy—

Things like yourself—You are a God above
us;

Be as a God, then, full of saving mercy!

The Bloody Brother.

(11.)—CHAP. XLVI.

Happy thou art! then happy be,
Nor envy me my lot:
Thy happy state I envy thee,
And peaceful cot.

Lady C—C—L.

From the *Bride of Lammermoor.*

1819.

(1.)—LUCY ASHTON'S SONG.

"The silver tones of Lucy Ashton's voice mingled with the accompaniment in an ancient air, to which some one had adapted the following words:"—

Look not thou on beauty's charming,—
Sit thou still when kings are arming,—
Taste not when the wine-cup glistens,—
Speak not when the people listens,—
Stop thine ear against the singer,—
From the red gold keep thy finger,—
Vacant heart, and hand, and eye,
Easy live and quiet die.

Chap. iii.

(2.)—NORMAN THE FORESTER'S SONG.

"And humming his rustic roundelay, the yeoman went on his road, the sound of his rough voice gradually dying away as the distance betwixt them increased."

The monk must arise when the matins ring,
The abbot may sleep to their chime;
But the yeoman must start when the bugles
sing,

'Tis time, my hearts, 'tis time.

There's bucks and raes on Billhope braes,
There's a herd on Shortwood Shaw;
But a lily-white doe in the garden goes,
She's fairly worth them a'.

Chap. iii.

(3.)—THE PROPHECY.

"With a quivering voice, and a cheek pale with apprehension, Caleb faltered out the following lines:"

When the last Laird of Ravenswood to Ravenswood shall ride,
And woo a dead maiden to be his bride,
He shall stable his steed in the Kelpie's flow,
And his name shall be lost for evermore!
Chap. xviii.

(4.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. VIII.

The hearth in hall was black and dead,
No board was dight in bower within,
Nor merry bowl nor welcome bed;
"Here's sorry cheer," quoth the Heir of Linne.

*Old Ballad,
[Altered from "The Heir of Linne."]*

(2.)—CHAP. XIV.

As, to the Autumn breeze's bugle-sound,
Various and vague the dry leaves dance their round,
Or, from the garner-door, on æther borne,
The chaff flies devious from the winnow'd corn;
So vague, so devious, at the breath of heav'n,
From their fix'd aim are mortal counsels driven.
Anonymous.

(3.)—CHAP. XVII.

—Here is a father now,
Will truck his daughter for a foreign venture,
Make her the stop-gap to some canker'd feud,
Or fling her o'er, like Jonah, to the fishes,
To appease the sea at highest.
Anonymous.

(4.)—CHAP. XVIII.

Sir, stay at home and take an old man's counsel:
Seek not to bask you by a stranger's hearth;
Our own blue smoke is warmer than their fire.
Domestic food is wholesome, though 'tis homely,
And foreign dainties poisonous, though tasteful.
The French Courtesan.

(5.)—CHAP. XXV.

True-love, an' thou be true,
Thou has ane kittle part to play,
For fortune, fashion, fancy, and thou,
Maun strive for many a day.

I've kend by mony friend's tale,
Far better hy this heart of mine,
What time and change of fancy avail,
A true-love knote to untwine.
Handersoun.

(6.)—CHAP. XXVII.

Why, now I have Dame Fortune by the forelock,
And if she 'scapes my grasp, the fault is mine;
He that hath buffeted with stern adversity,
Best knows to shape his course to favouring breezes.
Old Play.

From the Legend of Montrose.

(1.)—ANCIENT GAELIC MELODY.

"So saying, Annot Lyle sat down at a little distance upon the bench on which Allan M'Aulay was placed, and tuning her clairsach, a small harp, about thirty inches in height, she accompanied it with her voice. The air was an ancient Gaelic melody, and the words, which were supposed to be very old, were in the same language; but we subjoin a translation of them, by Secundus M'Pherson, Esq., of Glenforgen; which, although submitted to the fetters of English rhythm, we trust will be found nearly as genuine as the version of Ossian by his celebrated namesake."

1.

Birds of omen dark and foul,
Night-crow, raven, bat, and owl,
Leave the sick man to his dream—
All night long he heard you scream.
Haste to cave and ruin'd tower,
Ivy-tod, or dinged-bower,
There to wink and mop, for, hark!
In the mid air sings the lark.

2.

Hie to moorish gills and rocks,
Prowling wolf and wily fox,—
Hie ye fast, nor turn your view,
Though the lamb bleats to the ewe.
Couch your trains, and speed your flight,
Safety parts with parting night;
And on distant echo borne,
Comes the hunter's early horn.

3.

The moon's wan crescent scarcely gleams,
Ghost-like she fades in morning beams;
Hie hence, each peevish imp, and fay
That scare the pilgrim on his way.—
Quench, kelpy! quench, in bog and fen,
Thy torch, that cheats benighted men;
Thy dance is o'er, thy reign is done,
For Benyieglu hath seen the sun.

4.

Wild thoughts, that, sinful, dark, and deep,
O'erpower the passive mind in sleep,
Pass from the slumberer's soul away,
Like night-nists from the brow of day:
Foul hag, whose blasted visage grim,
Smothers the pulse, unmurders the limb,
Spur thy dark palfrey, and begone!
Thou, darrest not face the gudlike sun.
Chap. vi.

(2.)—THE ORPHAN MAID.

"Tuning her instrument, and receiving an assenting look from Lord Monteith and Allan, Annot Lyle executed the following ballad, which our friend, Mr. Secundus M'Pherson, whose goodness we had before to acknowledge, has thus translated into the English tongue:"

November's hail-cloud drifts away,
November's sun-beam wan
Looks coldly on the castle grey.
When forth comes Lady Anne.

The orphan by the oak was set,
Her arms, her feet, were bare;
The hail-drops had not melted yet,
Amid her raven hair.

"And, dame," she said, "by all the ties
That child and mother know,
Aid me who never knew these joys,—
Relieve an orphan's woe."

The lady said, "An orphan's state
Is hard and sad to bear;
Yet worse the widow'd mother's fate,
Who mourns both lord and heir.

"Twelve times the rolling year has sped,
Since, from the vengeance wild
Of fierce Strathallan's chief I fled,
Forth's eddies whelm'd my child."—

"Twelve times the year its course has
borne,"

The wandering maid replied;
"Since fishers on St. Bridget's morn,
Drew nets on Campsie side.

"St. Bridget sent no scaly spoil,
An infant, well nigh dead,
They saved, and rear'd in want and toil,
To beg from you her bread."

The orphan maid the lady kiss'd,—
"My husband's looks you bear;
Saint Bridget and her morn be bless'd!
You are his widow's heir."

They've robed that maid, so poor and pale,
In silk and sandals rare;
And pearls, for drops of frozen hail,
Are glistening in her hair. *Chap. ix.*

(3.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. X.

Dark on their journey lur'd the gloomy day,
Wild were the hills, and doubtful grew the
way;
More dark, more gloomy, and more doubtful,
show'd

The mansion which received them from the
road.

The Travellers, a Romance.

(2.)—CHAP. XI.

Is this thy castle, Baldwin? Melancholy
Displays her sable banner from the donjon,
Dark'ning the foam of the whole surge
beneath.

Were I a habitant, to see this gloom
Pollute the face of nature, and to hear
The ceaseless sound of wave and sea-bird's
scream,

I'd wish me in the hut that poorest peasant
Ere framed to give him temporary shelter.
Browne.

(3.)—CHAP. XIV.

This was the entry, then, these stairs— but
whither after?

Yet he that's sure to perish on the land
May quit the nicety of card and compass,
And trust the open sea without a pilot.

Tragedy of Brennoval.

From Ivanhoe.

(1.)—THE CRUSADER'S RETURN.

1.

High deeds achieved of knightly fame,
From Palestine the champion came;
The cross upon his shoulders borne,
Battle and blast had dimm'd and torn.
Each dint upon his batter'd shield
Was token of a foughten field;
And thus, beneath his lady's bower,
He sung, as fell the twilight hour:

2.

"Joy to the fair!—thy knight behold,
Return'd from yonder land of gold;
No wealth he brings, nor wealth can need,
Save his good arms and battle-steed;
His spurs to dash against a foe,
His lance and sword to lay him low;
Such all the trophies of his toil,
Such—and the hope of Tekla's smile!

3.

"Joy to the fair! whose constant knight
Her favour fired to feats of might!
Unnoted shall she not remain
Where meet the bright and noble train;
Minstrel shall sing, and herald tell—
'Mark yonder maid of beauty well,
'Tis she for whose bright eyes was won
The listed field of Ascalon!

4.

"Note well her smile!—it edged the blade
Which fifty wives to widows made,
When, vain his strength and Mahound's spell,
Iconium's turban'd Soldan fell.
See'st thou her locks, whose sunny glow
Half shows, half shades, her neck of snow?
'Twinies not of them one golden thread,
But for its sake a Paynim bled."

5.

"Joy to the fair!—my name unknown,
Each deed, and all its praise, thine own;
Then, oh! unbar this churlish gate.
The night-dew falls, the hour is late.
Inured to Syria's glowing breath,
I feel the north breeze chill as death;
Let grateful love quell maiden shame,
And graut him bliss who brings thee fame."
Chap. xviii.

(2.)—THE BAREFOOTED FRIAR.

1.

I'll give thee, good fellow, a twelvemonth or
twain,
To search Europe through from Byzantium to
Spain;

But ne'er shall you find, should you search till
you tire,
So happy a man as the Barefooted Friar.

2.

Your knight for his lady pricks forth in career,
And is brought home at even-song prick'd
through with a spear;
I confess him in haste—for his lady desires
No comfort on earth save the Barefooted
Friar's.

3.

Your monarch!—Pshaw! many a prince has
been known
To barter his robes for our cowl and our
gown:
But which of us e'er felt the idle desire
To exchange for a crown the grey hood of a
Friar!

4.

The Friar has walk'd out, and where'er he has
gone,
The land and its fatness is mark'd for his own;
He can roam where he lists, he can stop where
he tires,
For every man's house is the Barefooted
Friar's.

5.

He's expected at noon, and no wight, till he
comes,
May profane the great chair, or the porridge
of plums;
For the best of the cheer, and the seat by the
fire,
Is the undenied right of the Barefooted Friar.

6.

He's expected at night, and the pasty's made
hot,
They brach the brown ale, and they fill the
black pot;
And the good-wife would wish the good-man
in the mire,
Ere he lack'd a soft pillow, the Barefooted
Friar.

7.

Long flourish the sandal, the cord, and the
cope,
The dread of the devil and trust of the Pope!
For to gather life's roses, unscathed by the
briar,
Is granted alone to the Barefooted Friar.

Chap. xviii.

(3.)—THE SAXON WAR-SONG.

"The fire was spreading rapidly through all parts of the castle, when Ulrica, who had first kindled it, appeared on a turret, in the guise of one of the ancient furies, yelling forth a war-song, such as was of yore chanted on the field of battle by the yet heathen Saxons. Her long dishevelled grey hair flew back from her uncovered head; the inebriating delight of gratified vengeance contended in her eyes with the fire of insanity; and she brandished the distaff which she held in her hand, as if she had been one of the Fatal Sisters, who spin and abridge the thread of human life. Tradition has preserved some wild strophes

of the barbarous hymn which she chanted wildly amid that scene of fire and slaughter:—

1.

Whet the bright steel,
Sons of the White Dragon!
Kindle the torch,
Daughter of Hengist!
'The steel glimmers not for the carving of the
banquet,
It is hard, broad, and sharply pointed;
The torch goeth not to the bridal chamber,
It steams and glitters blue with sulphur.
Whet the steel, the raven croaks!
Light the torch, Zernebeck is yelling!
Whet the steel, sons of the Dragon!
Kindle the torch, daughter of Hengist!

2.

The black clouds are low over the thane's
castle:
The eagle screams—he rides on their bosom,
Scream not, grey rider of the sable cloud
'Thy banquet is prepared!
'The maidens of Valhalla look forth,
The race of Hengist will send them guests.
Shake your black tresses, maidens of Val-
halla!
And strike your loud timbrels for joy!
Many a haughty step bends to your halla,
Many a helmed head.

3.

Dark sits the evening upon the thane's castle,
The black clouds gather round;
Soon shall they be red as the blood of the va-
liant!
The destroyer of forests shall shake his red
crest against them;
He, the bright consumer of palaces,
Broud waves he his blazing banner,
Red, wide, and dusky,
Over the strife of the valiant;
His joy is in the clashing swords and broken
bucklers:
He loves to lick the hissing blood as it bursts
warm from the wound!

4.

All must perish!
The sword cleaveth the helmet;
The strong armour is pierced by the lance:
Fire devoureth the dwelling of princes,
Engines break down the fences of the battle.
All must perish!
The race of Hengist is gone—
The name of Horsa is no more!
Shrink not then from your doom, sons of the
sword!
[et your blades drink blood like wine;
Fest ye in the banquet of slaughter,
By the light of the blazing halls!
Strong be your swords while your blood is
warm,
And spare neither for pity nor fear,
For vengeance hath but an hour;
Strong hate itself shall expire!
I also must perish.

Note.—"It will readily occur to the anti-
quary, that these verses are intended to imi-
tate the antique poetry of the Scalds—the

minstrels of the old Scandinavians — the race, as the Laureate so happily terms them,

"Stern to inflict, and stubborn to endure,
Who smiled in death."

The poetry of the Anglo-Saxons, after their civilisation and conversion, was of a different and softer character; but, in the circumstances of Ulrica, she may be not unnaturally supposed to return to the wild strains which animated her forefathers during the times of Paganism and untamed ferocity."

Chap. xxxii.

(4.)—REBECCA'S HYMN.

"It was in the twilight of the day when her trial, if it could be called such, had taken place, that a low knock was heard at the door of Rebecca's prison chamber. It disturbed not the inmate, who was then engaged in the evening prayer recommended by her religion, and which concluded with a hymn, which we have ventured thus to translate into English:"

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonish'd lands,
'The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen,
And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone:
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen I
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
'To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
'The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censor round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.
But Thou hast said, 'The blood of goat,
'The flesh of rams I will not prize;
A coutrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.'

Chap. xi.

(5.)—THE BLACK KNIGHT'S SONG.

"At the point of their journey at which we take them up, this joyous pair were engaged in singing a virelai, as it was called, in which the clown bore a stiff and mellow burthen to the better instructed Knight of the Fetterlock. And thus ran the ditty:"

Anna-Marie, love, up is the sun,
Anna-Marie, love, morn is begun,
Mists are dispersing, love, birds singing free,
Up in the morning, love, Anna-Marie.
Anna-Marie, love, up in the morn.
The hunter is winding blithe sounds on his horn,
'The echo rings merry from rock and from tree,
'Tis time to arouse thee, love, Anna-Marie.

WAMBA.

O Tybalt, love, Tybalt, awake me not yet,
Around my soft pillow while softer dreams
flit;
For what are the joys that in waking we
prove,
Compared with these visions, O Tybalt! my
love?
Let the birds to the rise of the mist carol
shrill,
Let the hunter blow out his loud horn on the
hill,
Softer sounds, softer pleasures, in slumber I
prove,
But think not I dream'd of thee, Tybalt, my
love.

Chap. xii.

(6.)—SONG.

THE BLACK KNIGHT AND WAMBA.

"The Jester next struck into another carol, a sort of comic ditty, to which the Knight, catching up the tune, replied in the like manner.

KNIGHT AND WAMBA.

There came three merry men from south,
west, and north,
Ever more sing the roundelay;
To win the Widow of Wycombe forth,
And where was the widow might say them
nay?

The first was a knight; and from Tynedale he
came,
Ever more sing the roundelay;
And his fathers, God save us, were men of
great fame,
And where was the widow might say him
nay?

Of his father the laird, of his uncle the squire,
He boasted in rhyme and in roundelay;
She had him go back by his sea-coal fire,
For she was the widow would say him nay.

WAMBA.

The next that came forth, swore by blood and
by nails,
Merrily sing the roundelay;
Hir's a gentleman, God wot, and hir's lineage
was of Wales,
And where was the widow might say him
nay?

Sir David ap Morgan ap Griffith ap Hugh
Ap Tudor Ap Rhuce, quoth his roundelay;
She said that one widow for so many was too
few,
And she had the Welshman wend his way.

But then next came a yeoman, a yeoman of Kent,
 Jolily singing his roundelsay;
 He spoke to the widow of living and rent,
 And where was the widow could say him nay!

BOTH.

So the knight and the squire were both left in the mire,

There for to sing the roundelsay;
 For a yeoman of Kent, with his yearly rent,
 There ue'er was a widow could say him nav.
Chap. xli.

(7.)—FUNERAL HYMN.

"Four maidens, Rowena leading the choir,
 raised a hymn for the soul of the deceased, of which we have only been able to decipher two or three stanzas:"

Dust unto dust,
 To this all must;
 The tenant hath resign'd
 The faded form
 To waste and worm—
 Corruption claims her kind.

Through paths unknown
 Thy soul hath flown,
 To seek the realms of woe,
 Where fiery pain
 Shall purge and stain
 Of actions done below.

In that sad place,
 By Mary's grace,
 Brief may thy dwelling be!
 Till prayers and alms,
 And holy psalms,
 Shall set the captive free.

Chap. xliii.

MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. XIX.

Away! our journey lies through dell and dingle,
 Where the blithe fawn trips by its timid mother,
 Where the broad oak, with intercepting boughs,
 Chequers the sun-beam in the green sward alley—
 Up and away!—for lovely paths are these
 To tread, when the glad sun is on his throne;
 Less pleasant, and less safe, when Cynthia's lamp,
 With doubtful glimmer, lights the dreary forest.
Eltrick Forest.

(2.)—CHAP. XXI.

When autumn nights were long and drear,
 And forest walks were dark and dim,
 How sweetly on the pilgrim's ear
 Was wont to steal the hermit's hymn!

Devotion borrows Music's tone,
 And Music took Devotion's wing,
 And, like the bird that hails the sun,
 They soar to heaven, and soaring sing.
The Hermit of St. Clement's Well.

(3.)—CHAP. XXVII.

The hottest horse will oft be cool,
 The dullest will show fire.
 The frar will often play the fool,
 The fool will play the frar.

Old Song.

(4.)—CHAP. XXIX.

This wandering race, sever'd from other men,
 Boast yet their intercourse with human arts;
 The seas, the woods, the deserts which they haunt,
 Find them acquainted with their secret treasures;
 And unregarded herbs, and flowers and blossoms,
 Display undream'd-of powers when gather'd by them.
The Jew.

(5.)—CHAP. XXXI.

Approach the chamber, look upon his bed,
 His is the passing of no peaceful ghost,
 Which, as the lark arises to the sky,
 'Mid morning's sweetest breeze and softest dew,
 Is wing'd to heaven by good men's sighs and tears!
 Anselm parts otherwise.
Old Play.

(6.)—CHAP. XXXIII.

Trust me, each state must have its policies;
 Kingdoms have edicts, cities have their charters;
 Even the wild outlaw, in his forest-walk,
 Keeps yet some touch of civil discipline.
 For not since Adam wore his verdant apron,
 Hath man with man in social union dwelt,
 But laws were made to draw that union closer.
Old Play.

(7.)—CHAP. XXXV.

Arouse the tiger of Hyrcanian deserts,
 Strive with the half-starved lion for his prey;
 Lesser the risk, than rouse the slumbering fire
 Of wild Fanaticism.
Anonymous.

(8.)—CHAP. XXXVII.

Say not my art is fraud—all live by seeming.
 The beggar begs with it, and the gay courtier
 Gains land and title, rank and rule, by seem-
 ing:
 The clergy scorn it not, and the bold soldier
 Will eke with it his service.—All admit it,
 All practise it; and he who is content
 With showing what he is, shall have small credit
 In church, or camp, or state.—So wags the world.
Old Play.

(9.)—CHAP. XXXVIII.

Stern was the law which bade its vot'ries leave
 At human woes with human hearts to grieve;
 Stern was the law, which at the winning wile
 Of frank and harmless mirth forbade to smile;
 But sterner still, when high the iron-rod
 Of tyrant power she shook, and call'd that power of God.
Middle Ages.

Epitaph on Mrs. Erskine.¹

1819.

Plain, as her native dignity of mind,
Arise the tomb of her we have resign'd;
Unflaw'd and stainless be the marble scroll,
Emblem of lovely form and candid soul.—
But, oh! what symbol may avail, to tell
The kindness, wit, and sense, we loved so
well!

What sculpture show the broken ties of life,
Here buried with the parent, friend, and wife!
Or on the tablet stamp each title dear,
By which thine urn, Euphemia, claims the
tear!

Yet taught, by thy meek sufferance, to assume
Patience in anguish, hope beyond the tomb,
Resign'd, though sad, this votive verse shall
flow,
And brief, alas! as thy brief span below.

From the Monastery.

1820.

(1.)—SONGS OF THE WHITE LADY
OF AVENEL.

NO TWEED RIVER.

I.

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,
Both current and ripple are dancing in light.
We have roused the night raven, I heard him
croak,

As we plashed along beneath the oak
That flings its broad branches so far and so
wide.

Their shadows are dancing in midst of the
tide.

"Who wakens my nestlings!" the raven he
said,

"My beak shall ere morn in his blood be red!
For a blue swollen corpse is a dainty meal.
And I'll have my share with the pike and the
eel."

2.

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,
There's a golden gleam on the distant height:
There's a silver shower on the alders dank,
And the drooping willows that wave on the
bank.

I see the Abbey, both turret and tower,
It is all astir for the vesper hour;
The Monks for the chapel are leaving each
cell,

But where's Father Philip should toll the
bell?

3.

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,
Downward we drift through shadow and light.
Under yon rock the eddies sleep,
Calm and silent, dark and deep.

The Kelpy has risen from the fathomless pool.
He has lighted his candle of death and of
dool:

Look, Father, look, and you'll laugh to see
How he gapes and glares with his eyes on
thee!

4.

Good luck to your fishing, whom watch ye to-
night?

A man of mean or a man of might?
Is it layman or priest that must float in your
cove,

Or lover who crosses to visit his love?

Hark! heard ye the Kelpy reply as we
pass'd,—

"God's blessing on the warder, he lock'd the
bridge fast!

All that come to my cove are sunk,
Priest or layman, lover or monk."

Landed—landed! the black book hath won.
Else had you seen Berwick with morning sun!
Sain ye, and save ye, and blithe mot ye be,
For seldom they land that go swimming with
me. *Chap. v.*

TO THE SUB-PRIOR.

Good evening, Sir Priest, and so late as you
ride,

With your mule so fair, and your mantle so
wide;

But ride you through valley, or ride you o'er
hill,

There is one that has warrant to wait on you
still.

Back, back,

The volume black!

I have a warrant to carry it back.

What, ho! Sub-Prior, and came you hither
To conjure a book from a dead woman's
hier?

Sain you, and save you, be wary and wise,
Ride back with the book, or you'll pay for
your prize.

Back, back,

There's death in the track!

In the name of my master, I bid thee bear
back.

"In the name of my Master," said the
astonished Monk, "that name before which
all things created tremble, I conjure thee to
say what thou art that hauntest me thus!"

The same voice replied,—

"That which is neither ill nor well,
That which belongs not to heaven nor to hell,
A wreath of the mist, a bubble of the stream,
'Twill a waking thought and a sleeping
dream;

A form that men spy

With the half-shut eye

In the beams of the setting sun, am I.

Vainly, Sir Prior, wouldst thou bar me my
right!

Like the star when it shoots, I can dart
through the night;

¹ Mrs. Euphemia Robison, wife of William Erskine, Esq. (afterwards Lord Kioedder), died September, 1819, and was

buried at Salton, in the county of Fife, where these lines are inscribed on the tombstone.

I can dance on the torrent, and ride on the
air.
And travel the world with the bonny night-
mare.

Again, again,
At the crook of the glen,
Where bickers the burnie, I'll meet thee
again.

Men of good are bold as sackless,¹
Men of rude are wild and reckless.

Lie thou still
In the nook of the hill,
For those he before thee that wish thee ill.
Chap. ix.

HALBERT'S INCANTATION.

Thrice to the holly brake—
Thrice to the well:—

I bid thee awake,
White Maid of Avenel!

Noon gleams on the Lake—
Noon glows on the Fell—
Wake thee, O wake,
White Maid of Avenel.

TO HALBERT.

Youth of the dark eye, wherefore didst thou
call me?

Wherefore art thou here, if terrors can appal
thee?

He that seeks to deal with us must know nor
fear, nor falling;

To coward and churl our speech is dark, our
gifts are unavailing.

The breeze that brought me hither now must
sweep Egyptian ground.

The fleecy cloud on which I ride for Araby is
bound;

The fleecy cloud is drifting by, the breeze
sighs for my stay,

For I must sail a thousand miles before the
close of day.

What I am I must not show—
What I am thou couldst not know—
Something betwixt heaven and hell—
Something that neither stood nor fell—
Something that through thy wit or will
May work thee good—may work thee ill.
Neither substance quite, nor shadow,
Haunting lonely moor and meadow,
Dancing by the haunted spring.
Riding on the whirlwind's wing;
Aping in fantastic fashion
Every change of human passion,
While o'er our frozen minds they pass,
Like shadows from the mirror'd glass.
Wayward, fickle, is our mood.
Hovering betwixt bad and good,
Happier than brief-dated man,
Living ten times o'er his span;
Far less happy, for we have
Help nor hope beyond the grave!
Man awakes to joy or sorrow;
Ours the sleep that knows no morrow.
This is all that I can show—
This is all that thou may'st know.

¹ Sackless — Innocent.

Ay! and I taught thee the word and the spell,
To waken me here by the Fairies' Well.
But thou hast loved the heron and hawk,
More than to seek my haunted walk;
And thou hast loved the lance and the sword,
More than good text and holy word;
And thou hast loved the deer to track,
More than the lines and the letters black;
And thou art a ranger of moss and wood,
And scornest the nurture of gentle blood.

Thy craven fear my truth accused,
Thine idleness my trust abused;
He that draws to harbour late,
Must sleep without, or burst the gate.
There is a star for thee which burn'd,
Its influence wanes, its course is turn'd;
Valour and constancy alone
Can bring thee back the chance that's flown.

Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries!
Happiest they of human race,
'To whom God has granted grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
'To lift the latch, and force the way;
And better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

Many a fathom dark and deep
I have laid the book to sleep;
Ethereal fires around it glowing—
Ethereal music ever flowing—
The sacred pledge of Heav'n
All things revere,
Each in his sphere,
Save man for whom 'twas giv'n
Lend thy hand, and thou shalt spy
Things ne'er seen by mortal eye.

Farest thou to go with me?
Still it is free to thee
A peasant to dwell;
Thou may'st drive the dull steer,
And chase the king's deer,
But never more come near
This haunted well.

Here lies the volume thou hast boldly sought;
Touch it, and take it, 'twill dearly be bought.

Rash thy deed,
Mortal weed
To immortal flames applying:
Rasher trust
Has thing of dust,
On his own weak worth relying:
Strip thee of such fences vain,
Strip, and prove thy luck again.

Mortal warp and mortal woof
Cannot brook this charmed roof;
All that mortal art hath wrought
In our cell returns to nought.
The molten gold returns to clay,
The polish'd diamond melts away;

All is alter'd, all is flown,
Nought stands fast but truth alone.
Not for that thy quest give o'er:
Courage! prove thy chance once more.

Alas! alas!
Not ours the grace
These holy characters to trace:
Idle forms of painted air,
Not to us is given to share
The boon bestow'd on Adam's race.
With patience bide,
Heaven will provide
The fitting time, the fitting guide.

Chap. xii.

HALBERT'S SECOND INTERVIEW WITH THE WHITE LADY OF AVENEL.

"She spoke, and her speech was still ang,
or rather measured chant; but if, as now,
more familiar, it flowed occasionally in modu-
lated blank verse, and, at other times, in the
lyrical measure which she had used at their
former meeting."

This is the day when the fairy kind
Sit weeping alone for their hopeless lot,
And the wood-maiden sighs to the sighing
wind,
And the mermaid weeps in her crystal
grot;
For this is a day that the deed was wrought,
In which we have neither part nor share.
For the children of clay was salvation bought,
But not for the forms of sea or air!
And ever the mortal is most forlorn,
Who meeteth our race on the Friday morn.

Daring youth! for thee it is well,
Here calling me in haunted dell,
That thy heart has not quail'd,
Nor thy courage fail'd,
And that thou couldst brook
The angry look
Of Her of Avenel.
Did one limb shiver,
Or an eyelid quiver,
Thou wert lost for ever.
Though I am form'd from the ether blue,
And my blood is of the unfallen dew,
And thou art framed of mud and dust,
'Tis thine to speak, reply I must.

A mightier wizard far than I
Wields o'er the universe his power;
Him owns the eagle in the sky,
The turtle in the bower.
Changeful in shape, yet mightiest still,
He wields the heart of man at will,
From ill to good, from good to ill,
In cot and castle-tower.

Ask thy heart, whose secret cell
Is fill'd with Mary Avenel!
Ask thy pride, why scornful look
In Mary's view it will not brook!

Ask it, why thou seek'st to rise
Among the mighty and the wise,—
Why thou spur'st thy lowly lot,—
Why thy pastimes are forgot,—
Why thou wouldst in bloody strife
Mend thy luck or lose thy life?
Ask thy heart, and it shall tell,
Sighing from its secret cell,
'Tis for Mary Avenel.

Do not ask me;
On doubts like these thou canst not task me.
We only see the passing show
Of human passions' ebb and flow;
And view the pageant's idle glance
As mortals eye the northern dance,
When thousand streamers, flashing bright,
Career it o'er the brow of night,
And gazers mark their changeful gleams,
But feel no influence from their beams.

By ties mysterious link'd, our fated race
Holds strange connection with the sons of
men.
The star that rose upon the House of Avenel,
When Norman Ulric first assumed the name,
That star, when culminating in its orbit,
Shot from its sphere a drop of diamond dew,
And this bright font received it—and a Spirit
Rose from the fountain, and her date of life
Hath co-existence with the House of Avenel
And with the star that rules it.

Look on my girdle—on this thread of gold—
'Tis fine as web of lightest gossummer,
And, but there is a spell on't, would not bind,
Lieht as they are, the folds of my thin robe.
But when 'twas donn'd, it was a massive chain,
Such as might bind the champion of the Jews,
Even when his locks were longest—it hath
dwindled,
Hath 'minish'd in its substance and its
strength,
As sunk the greatness of the House of Avenel.
When this frail thread gives way, I to the ele-
ments
Resign the principles of life they lent me.
Ask me no more of this!—the stars forbid it.

Dim burns the once bright star of Avenel,
Dim as the beacon when the morn is nigh,
And the o'er-wearied warder leaves the light-
house;
There is an influence sorrowful and fearful,
That dogs its downward course. Disastrous
passion,
Fierce hate and rivalry, are in the aspect
That lowers upon its fortunes.

Complain not on me, child of clay,
If to thy harm I yield the way.
We, who soar thy sphere above,
Know not aught of hate or love;
As will or wisdom rules thy mood,
My gifts to evil turn or good.

When Piercie Shafton boasteth high,
Let this token meet his eye.
The sun is westering from the dell,
Thy wish is granted—fare thee well!

Chap. xvii.

THE WHITE LADY TO MARY AVENEL.

Maiden, whose sorrows wail the Living Dead,
Whose eyes shall commune with the Dead Alive.

Maiden, attend! Beneath my foot lies hid
The Word, the Law, the Path which thou
dost strive

To find, and canst not find.—Could Spirits
shed

Tears for their lot, it were my lot to weep,
Showing the road which I shall never tread,
Though my foot points it.—Sleep, eternal
sleep,

Dark, long, and cold forgetfulness my lot!—
But do not thou at human ills repine;
Secure there lies full guerdon in this spot

For all the woes that wait frail Adam's
line—

Stoop then and make it your's,—I may not
make it mine!

Chap. xxx.

THE WHITE LADY TO EDWARD GLENDINNING.

Thou who seek'st my fountain lone,
With thoughts and hopes thou dar'st not own;
Whose heart within leap'd wildly glad.

When most his brow seem'd dark and sad;

Hie thee back, thou find'st not here

Corpse or coffin, grave or bier;

The Dead Alive is gone and fled—

Go thou, and join the Living Dead!

The Living Dead, whose sober brow
Of shrouds such thoughts as thou hast now,
Whose hearts within are seldom cured

Of passions by their vows abjured;

Where, under sad and solemn show,

Vain hopes are nursed, wild wishes glow.

Seek the convent's vaulted room,

Prayer and vigil be thy doom;

Doff the green, and don the grey,

To the cloister hence away!

Chap. xxxii.

THE WHITE LADY'S FAREWELL.

Fare thee well, thou Holly green!

Thou shalt seldom now be seen,

With all thy glittering garlands bending,

As to greet my slow descending,

Startling the bewilder'd hind,

Who sees thee wave without a wind.

Farewell, Fountain! now not long

Shalt thou murmur to my song.

While thy crystal bubbles glancing,

Keep the time in mystic dancing,

Rise and swell, are burst and lost,

Like mortal schemes by fortune cross'd.

The knot of fate at length is tied,

The Churl is Lord, the Maid is Bride!

Vainly did my magic sleight

Send the lover from her sight;

Wither bush, and perish well,

Fall'n is lofty Avenel!

Chap. xxxvii.

(2.)—BORDER BALLAD.

1.

March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
Why the deil dinna ye march forward in
order?

March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the
Border.

Many a banner spread,

Flutters above your head,

Many a crest that is famous in story.

Mount and make ready then,

Sons of the mountain glen,

Fight for the Queen and our old Scottish
glory.

2.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are
grazing,

Come from the glen of the buck and the
roe;

Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the
bow.

Trumpets are sounding,

War-steeds are bounding,

Stand to your arms, and march in good
order,

England shall many a day

Tell of the bloody fray,

When the Blue Bonnets came over the
Border.

Chap. xxv.

MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. I.

O ay! the Monks, the Monks, they did the
mischief!

Theirs all the grossness, all the superstition

Of a most gross and superstitious age.—

May He be praised that sent the healthful
tempest,

And scatter'd all these pestilential vapours;

But that we owed them *all* to yonder Harlot

Throned on the seven hills with her cop of
gold,

I will as soon believe, with kind Sir Roger,

That old Moll White took wing with cat and
broomstick,

And raised the last night's thunder.

Old Play.

(2.)—CHAP. II.

In yon lone vale his early youth was bred.

Not solitary then—the bugle-horn

Of fell Alecto often waked its windings,

From where the brook joins the majestic river,

To the wild northern bog, the curlew's haunt,

Where cooea forth its first and feeble stream-
let.

Old Play.

(3.)—CHAP. V.

A priest, ye cry, a priest!—lame shepherds
they,

How shall they gather in the straggling flock?

Dumb dogs which bark not—how shall they
compel

The loitering vagrants to the Master's fold!

Fitter to bask before the blazing fire,

And snuff the mess neat-handed Phillis
dresses,

Than on the snow-wreath battle with the
wolf.

Reformation.

(4.)—CHAP. VI.

Now let us sit in conclave. That these weeds
Be rooted from the vineyard of the Church,
That these foul tares be sever'd from the
wheat,

We are, I trust, agreed.—Yet how to do this,
Nor hurt the wholesome crop and tender vine-
plants,
Craves good advisement.

The Reformation.

(5.)—CHAP. VIII.

Nay, dally not with time, the wise man's trea-
sure,

Though fools are lavish on't—the fatal Fisher
Hooks souls, while we waste moments.

Old Play.

(6.)—CHAP. XL

You call this education, do you not?
Why, 'tis the forced march of a herd of bul-
locks

Before a shouting drover. The glad van
Move on at ease, and pause a while to snatch
A passing morsel from the dewy green-sward,
While all the blows, the oaths, the indignation,
Fall on the croupe of the ill-fated laggard
That cripples in the rear. *Old Play.*

(7.)—CHAP. XII.

There's something in that ancient supersti-
tion,

Which, erring as it is, our fancy loves.
The spring that, with its thousand crystal
bubbles,

Bursts from the bosom of some desert rock
In secret solitude, may well be deem'd
The haunt of something purer, more refined,
And mightier than ourselves. *Old Play.*

(8.)—CHAP. XIV.

Nay, let me have the friends who eat my
victuals,

As various as my dishes. The feast's
bought,
Where one huge plate predominates.—John
Plaintext,

He shall be mighty beef, our English staple;
The worthy Alderman, a butter'd dumpling;
You pair of whisker'd Cornets, ruffs and
rees;

Their friend the Dandy, a green goose in
sippets.

And so the board is spread at once and fill'd
On the same principle—Variety. *New Play.*

(9.)—CHAP. XV.

He strikes no coin, 'tis true, but coins new
phrases,

And vends them forth as knaves vend gilded
counters,

Which wise men scorn, and fools accept in
payment. *Old Play.*

(10.)—CHAP. XVI.

A courtier extraordinary, who by diet
Of meats and drinks, his temperate exercise,
Choice music, frequent bath, his horary shifts
Of shirts and waistcoats, means to immor-
talize

Mortality itself, and makes the essence
Of his whole happiness the trim of court.

Magnetic Lady.

(11.)—CHAP. XIX.

Now choose thee, gallant, betwixt wealth and
honour;

There lies the pelf, in sum to bear thee
through

The dance of youth, and the turmoil of man-
hood.

Yet leave enough for age's chimney-corner;
But an thou grasp to it, farewell Ambition!
Farewell each hope of bettering thy condition,
And raising thy low rank above the charls
That till the earth for bread! *Old Play.*

(12.)—CHAP. XXI.

Indifferent, but indifferent—pshaw! he doth it
not

Like one who is his craft's master—ne'erthe-
less

I have seen a clown confer a bloody coxcomb
On one who was a master of defence. *Old Play.*

(13.)—CHAP. XXII.

Yes, life hath left him—every busy thought,
Each fiery passion, every strong affection.

The sense of outward ill and inward sorrow,
Are fled at once from the pale trunk before
me;

And I have given that which spoke and
moved,

Thought, acted, suffer'd, as a living man,
To be a ghastly form of bloody clay.

Soon the fool food for reptiles. *Old Play.*

(14.)—CHAP. XXIII.

'Tis when the wound is stiffening with the
cold,

The warrior first feels pain—'tis when the
heat

And fiery fever of his soul is past,
The sinner feels remorse. *Old Play.*

(15.)—CHAP. XXIV.

I'll walk on tiptoe; arm my eye with caution,
My heart with courage, and my hand with
weapon,

Like him who ventures on a lion's den. *Old Play.*

(16.)—CHAP. XXVII.

Now, by Our Lady Sheriff, 'tis hard
reckoning,

That I, with every odds of birth and barony,
Should be detain'd here for the casual death

Of a wild forester, whose utmost having
Is but the brazen buckle of the belt

In which he sticks his hedge-knife. *Old Play.*

(17.)—CHAP. XXX.

You call it an ill anzel—it may be so;
But sure I am, among the ranks which fell,

'Tis the first fiend ere counsell'd man to rise,
And win the bliss the sprite himself had
forfeited. *Old Play.*

(18.)—CHAP. XXXI.

At school I knew him—a sharp-witted youth,
Grave, thoughtful, and reserved among his
mates,

Turning the hours of sport and food to
labour,

Starving his body to inform his mind. *Old Play.*

(19.)—CHAP. XXXIII.

Now on my faith this gear is all entangled,
Like to the yarn-clew of the drowsy knitter,
Dragg'd by the frolic kitten through the
cabin,
While the good dame sits nodding o'er the
fire—
Masters, attend; 'twill crave some skill to
clear it. *Old Play.*

(20.)—CHAP. XXXIV.

It is not texts will do it—Church artillery
Are silenced soon by real ordnance,
And canons are but vain opposed to cannon.
Go, coin your crosier, melt your church plate
down,
Bid the starved soldier banquet in your halls,
And quaff the long-saved hogsheads—Turn
them out
Thus primed with your good cheer, to guard
your wall,
And they will venture for't. — *Old Play.*

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**From the Abbot.**

1820.

(1.)—THE PARDONER'S ADVERTISE-  
MENT.

"At length the pardoner pulled from his  
scrip a small phial of clear water, of which  
he vaunted the quality in the following  
verses:—"

Listneth, gode people, everiche one,  
For in the londe of Babyloone,  
Far eastward I wot it lyeth,  
And is the first londe the sonne espieth,  
Ther, as he cometh fro out the se;  
In this ilk londe, as thinketh me,  
Right as holie legendes tell,  
Suttretreth from a roke a well,  
And falleth into ane bath of ston,  
Wher chast Susanne in times long gon,  
Was wont to wash her bodie and lim—  
Mickle vertue hath that streme,  
As ye shall se er that ye pas,  
Ensample by this little glas—  
Through nightes cold and dayes hote,  
Hiderward I have it brought;  
Hath a wife made slip or slide,  
Or a maiden stepp'd aside;  
Putteth this water under her nese,  
Wold she nold she, she shall snease.

*Chap. xxvii.*

(2.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. V.

— In the wild storm,  
The seaman hews his mast down, and the  
merchant  
Heaves to the billows wares he once deem'd  
precious;  
So prince and peer, 'mid popular contentions,  
Cast off their favourites. *Old Play.*

(2.)—CHAP. VI.

Thou hast each secret of the household,  
Francis,  
I dare be sworn thou hast been in the buttery  
Steeping thy curious humour in fat ale,  
And in the butler's tattle—ay, or chutting  
With the glib waiting-woman o'er her  
countis—  
These bear the key to each domestic  
mystery. *Old Play.*

(3.)—CHAP. VIII.

The sacred tapers' lights are gone,  
Grey moss has clad the altar stone  
The holy image is o'erthrown,  
The bell has ceased to toll.  
The long-ribb'd aisles are burst and shrunk,  
The holy shrines to ruin sunk,  
Departed is the pious monk,  
God's blessing on his soul! *Rediviva.*

(4.)—CHAP. XI.

Life hath its May, and all is mirthful then;  
The woods are vocal, and the flowers all  
odour;  
Its very blast has mirth in't,—and the  
maidens,  
The while they don their cloaks to skreen  
their kirtles,  
Laugh at the rain that wets them. *Old Play.*

(5.)—CHAP. XII.

Nay, hear me, brother—I am elder, wiser,  
And holier than thou; and age, and wisdom,  
And holiness, have peremptory claims,  
And will be listen'd to. *Old Play.*

(6.)—CHAP. XIV.

Not the wild billow, when it breaks its  
barrier—  
Not the wild wind, escaping from its  
cavern—  
Not the wild fiend, that mingles both toge-  
ther,  
And pours their rage upon the ripening  
harvest,  
Can match the wild freaks of this mirthful  
meeting—  
Comic, yet fearful—droll, and yet destructive.  
*The Conspiracy.*

(7.)—CHAP. XVI.

Youth! thou wear'st to manhood now,  
Darker lip and darker brow,  
Statelier step, more pensive mien,  
In thy face and gait are seen:  
Thou must now brook midnight watches,  
Take thy food and sport by snatch and  
For the gambol and the jest,  
Thou wert wont to love the best,  
Graver follies must thou follow,  
But as senseless, false, and hollow.  
*Life, a Poem.*

(8.)—CHAP. XIX.

It is and is not—'tis the thing I sought for,  
Have kneel'd for, pray'd for, risk'd my fame  
and life for,  
And yet it is not—no more than the shadow  
Upon the hard, cold, flat, and polish'd mirror,  
Is the warm, graceful, rounded, living sub-  
stance  
Which it presents in form and lineament.  
*Old Play.*



(9.)—CHAP. XXIII.

Give me a morsel on the greensward rather,  
Coarse as you will the cooking—Let the fresh  
spring

Bubble beside my napkin—and the free birds,  
Twittering and chirping, hop from bough to  
bough,

To claim the crumbs I leave for perquisites—  
Your prison-feasts I like not.

*The Woodman, a Drama.*

(10.)—CHAP. XXIV.

'Tis a weary life this—  
Vaults overhead, and grates and bars around  
me,

And my sad hours spent with as sad compan-  
ions,

Whose thoughts are brooding o'er their own  
mischances,

Far, far too deeply to take part in mine.

*The Woodman.*

(11.)—CHAP. XXV.

And when Love's torch hath set the heart in  
flame,

Comes Seigneur Reason, with his saws and cau-  
tions,

Giving such aid as the old grey-beard Sexton,  
Who from the church-vault drags his crazy  
engine,

To ply its dribbling ineffectual streamlet  
Against a conflagration. *Old Play.*

(12.)—CHAP. XXVIII.

Yes, it is she whose eyes look'd on thy child-  
hood,

And watch'd with trembling hope thy dawn  
of youth,

That now, with these same eye-balls, dimm'd  
with age,

And dimmer yet with tears, sees thy dis-  
honour. *Old Play.*

(13.)—CHAP. XXX.

In some breasts passion lies conceal'd and  
silent,

Like war's swart powder in a castle vault,  
Until occasion, like the linstock, lights it;

Then comes at once the lightning and the  
thunder,

And distant echoes tell that all is rent asunder.  
*Old Play.*

(14.)—CHAP. XXXIII.

Death distant!—No, alas! he's ever with us,  
And shakes the dart at us in all our actings;

He lurks within our cup, while we're in  
health;

Sits by our sick-bed, mocks our medicines;  
We cannot walk, or sit, or ride, or travel,

But Death is by to seize us when he lists.  
*The Spanish Father.*

(15.)—CHAP. XXXIV.

Ay, Pedro,—Come you here with mask and  
lantern,

Ladder of ropes, and other moonshine tools—  
Why, youngster, thou may'st cheat the old  
Duenna,

Flatter the waiting-woman, bribe the valet:  
But know, that I her father play the Gryphon.

Tameless and sleepless, proof to fraud or  
bribe,

And guard the hidden treasure of her beauty.  
*The Spanish Father.*

(16.)—CHAP. XXXV.

It is a time of danger, not of revel,  
When churchmen turn to masquers.

*The Spanish Father.*

(17.)—CHAP. XXXVII.

Ay, sir—our ancient crown, in these wild  
times,

Of stood upon a cast—the gamester's ducat,  
So often staked, and lost, and then regain'd,  
Scarce knew so many hazards.

*The Spanish Father.*

## From Kenilworth.

1821.

(1.)—GOLDTHRED'S SONG.

"After some brief interval, Master Gold-  
thred, at the earnest instigation of mine host,  
and the joyous concurrence of his guests, in-  
dulged the company with the following morsel  
of melody:—"

Of all the birds on bush or tree,

Commend me to the owl,

Since he may best ensamble be

To those the cup that trowl.

For when the sun hath left the west,

He chooses the tree that he loves the best,

And he whoops out his song, and he laughs at  
his jest.

Then, though hours be late, and weather foul,  
We'll drink to the health of the bonny, bonny  
owl.

The lark is but a humpkin fowl,

He sleeps in his nest till morn;

But my blessings upon the jolly owl,

That all night blows his horn.

Then up with your cup till you stagger in  
speech,

And natch me this catch till you swagger and  
screech,

And drink till you wink, my merry men each;  
For, though hours be late, and weather be  
foul,

We'll drink to the health of the bonny, bonny  
owl. *Chap. ii.*

(2.)—SPEECH OF THE PORTER AT KENILWORTH.

"At the approach of the Queen, upon sight of  
whom, as struck by some heavenly vision, the  
gigantic warder dropped his club, resigned his  
keys, and gave open way to the Goddess of the  
night, and all her magnificent train."

What stir, what turmoil, have we for the  
nones?

Stand back, my masters, or beware your  
bones!

Sirs, I'm a warder, and no man of straw;  
My voice keeps order, and my club gives law.

Yet soft—nay stay—what vision have we here?  
What dainty darling's this—what peerless  
peer?

What loveliest face, that loving ranks unfold,  
Like brightest diamond chased in purest gold?  
Dazzled and blind, mine office I forsake,  
My clob, my key, my knee, my homage take.  
Bright paragon, pass on in joy and bliss;—  
Beshrew the gate that opes not wide at such  
a sight as this! *Chap. XIX.*

(3.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. IV.

Not serve two masters!—Here 's a youth will  
try it—  
Would fan serve God, yet give the devil his  
due;  
Says grace before he doth a deed of villany,  
And returns his thanks devoutly when 'tis  
acted. *Old Play.*

(2.)—CHAP. V.

—He was a man  
Versed in the world as pilot in his compass.  
The needle pointed ever to that interest  
Which was his loadstar, and he spread his  
sails  
With vantage to the gale of others' passion.  
*The Deceiver—a Tragedy.*

(3.)—CHAP. VII.

—This is He  
Who rides on the court-gale; controls its  
tides;  
Knows all their secret shoals and fatal eddies;  
Whose frown abases, and whose smile exalts  
He shines like any rainbow—and, perchance,  
His colours are as transient. *Old Play.*

(4.)—CHAP. XIV.

This is rare news thou tell'st me, my good  
fellow;  
There are two bulls fierce battling on the  
green  
For one fair heifer— if the one goes down,  
The dale will be more peaceful, and the herd,  
Which have small interest in their bruizement,  
May pasture there in peace. *Old Play.*

(5.)—CHAP. XVII.

Well, then, our course is chosen; spread the  
sail,—  
Heave off the lead, and mark the soundings  
well;  
Look to the helm, good master; many a shoal  
Marks this stern coast, and rocks where sits  
the siren.  
Who, like ambition, lures men to their ruin.  
*The Shipwreck.*

(6.)—CHAP. XXIII.

Now God he good to me in this wild pilgrim-  
mage!  
All hope in human aid I cast behind me.  
O, who would be a woman? who that fool,  
A weeping, pining, faithful, loving woman?  
She has hard measure still where she hopes  
kindest,  
And all her bounties only make ingrates.  
*Love's Pilgrimage.*

(7.)—CHAP. XXV.

Hark! the bells summon, and the bugle calls,  
But she the fairest answers not; the tide  
Of nobles and of ladies throngs the halls,  
But she the loveliest must in secret hide.  
What eyes were thine, proud Prince, which in  
the gleam  
Of yon gay meteors lost that better sense,  
That o'er the glow-worm doth the star esteem,  
And merit's modest blush o'er courtly insu-  
lence? *The Glass Stupper.*

(8.)—CHAP. XXVIII.

What, man, ne'er lack a draught, when the  
full can  
Stands at thine elbow, and craves emptying!—  
Nay, fear not me, for I have no delight  
To watch men's vices, since I have myself  
Of virtue nought to boast of.—I'm a striker.  
Would have the world strike with me, pell-  
niell, all. *Pandemonium.*

(9.)—CHAP. XXIX.

Now fare thee well, my master! if true ser-  
vice  
Be guerdon'd with hard looks, e'en cut the  
low-line,  
And let our barks across the pathless flood  
Hold different courses. *Shipwreck.*

(10.)—CHAP. XXX.

Now bid the steeple rock—she comes, she  
comes!  
Speak for us, bells! speak for us, shrill-  
tongued tuckets!  
Stand to the linstock, gonner; let thy cannon  
Play such a peal, as if a Paynim foe  
Came stretch'd in turban'd ranks to storm the  
ramparts.  
We will have pageants too; but that craves  
wit,  
And I'm a rough-hewn soldier.  
*The Virgin-Queen, a Tragi-Comedy.*

(11.)—CHAP. XXXII.

The wisest sovereigns err like private men,  
And royal hand has sometimes laid the sword  
Of chivalry upon a worthless shoulder,  
Which better had been branded by the hang-  
man.  
What then? Kings do their best,—and they  
and we  
Must answer for the intent, and not the event.  
*Old Play.*

(12.)—CHAP. XXXIII.

Here stands the victim—there the proud be-  
trayer,  
E'en as the hind pull'd down by atrangling  
dogs  
Lies at the hunter's feet, who courteous prof-  
fers  
To some high dame, the Dian of the chase,  
To whom he looks for guerdon, his sharp  
blade,  
To gash the sobbing throat. *The Woodsman.*

This is an imitation of Maseigne's verses, spoken by the Hercules porter, as mentioned in the text [of the Novel]. The original may be found in the republication

of the Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth, by the same author, in the History of Kenilworth. Chiswick, 1821.

(15.)—CHAP. XL.

High o'er the eastera steep the sun is beam-  
ing,  
And darkness flies with her deceitful sha-  
dows;  
So truth prevails o'er falsehood.

*Old Play.*

## From the Pirate.

1821.

### (1.)—THE SONG OF THE TEMPEST.

"A Norwegian invocation, still preserved in the island of Unst, under the name of the Song of the Reim-kennar, though some call it the Song of the Tempest. The following is a free translation, it being impossible to render literally many of the elliptical and metaphorical terms of expression peculiar to the ancient Northern poetry:"—

1.

Stern eagle of the far north-west,  
Thou that bearest in thy grasp the thunder-  
bolt,  
Thou whose rushing pinions stir ocean to  
madness,  
Thou the destroyer of herds, thou the scat-  
terer of navies,  
Amidst the scream of thy rage,  
Amidst the rushing of thy onward wings,  
Though thy scream be loud as the cry of a  
perishing nation,  
Though the rushing of thy wings be like the  
roar of ten thousand waves,  
Yet hear, in thine ire and thy haste,  
Hear thou the voice of the Reim-kennar.

2.

Thou hast met the pine-trees of Drontheim,  
Their dark-green heads lie prostrate beside  
their uprooted stems;  
Thou hast met the rider of the ocean,  
The tall, the strong bark of the fearless rover,  
And she has struck to thee the topsail  
That she had not veil'd to a royal armada:  
Thou hast met the tower that bears its crest  
among the clouds,  
The battled massive tower of the Jarl of for-  
mer days,  
And the cope-stone of the turret  
Is lying upon its hospitable hearth;  
But thou too shalt stoop, proud compeller of  
clouds,  
When thou hearest the voice of the Reim-  
kennar.

3.

There are verses that can atop the stag in the  
forest,  
Ay, and when the dark-colour'd dog is opening  
on his track;  
There are verses can make the wild hawk  
pause on the wing,  
Like the falcon that wears the hood and the  
jesses,  
And who knows the shrill whistle of the  
fowler.

Thou who canst mock at the scream of the  
drowning mariner,  
And the crash of the ravaged forest,  
And the groan of the overwhelmed crowds,  
When the church hath fallen in the moment  
of prayer;  
There are sounds which thou also must list,  
When they are chanted by the voice of the  
Reim-kennar.

4.

Enough of woe hast thou wrought on the  
ocean,  
The widows wring their hands on the beach;  
Enough of woe hast thou wrought on the  
land,  
The husbandman folds his arms in despair;  
Cease thou the waving of thy pinions,  
Let the ocean repose in her dark strength;  
Cease thou the flashing of thine eye,  
Let the thunderbolt sleep in the armoury of  
Odin;  
Be thou still at my bidding, viewless racer of  
the north-western heaven,—  
Sleep thou at the voice of Noroa the Reim-  
kennar.

5.

Eagle of the far north-western waters,  
Thou hast heard the voice of the Reim-ken-  
nar,  
Thou hast closed thy wide sails at her bid-  
ding,  
And folded them in peace by thy side.  
My blessing be on thy retiring path;  
When thou stoopest from thy place on high,  
Soft be thy slumbers in the caverns of the un-  
known ocean,  
Rest till destiny shall again awaken thee;  
Eagle of the north-west, thou hast heard the  
voice of the Reim-kennar.

*Chap. vi.*

### (2.)—CLAUD HALCRO'S SONG.

MARY.

Farewell to Northmaven,  
Grey Hillswicke, farewell!  
To the calms of thy haven,  
The storms on thy fell—  
To each breeze that can vary  
The mood of thy main,  
And to thee, bonny Mary!  
We meet not again!

Farewell the wild ferry,  
Which Hacon could brave,  
When the peaks of the Skerry  
Were white in the wave.  
There's a maid may look over  
These wild waves in vain,—  
For the skiff of her lover—  
He comes not again!

The vows thou hast broke,  
On the wild currents fling them;  
On the quicksand and rock  
Let the mermaids sing them.  
New sweetness they'll give her  
Bewildering strain;  
But there's one who will never  
Believe them again.



O were there an island,  
 Though ever so wild,  
 Where woman could smile, and  
 No man be beguiled—  
 Too tempting a snare  
 To poor mortals were given;  
 And the hope would fix there,  
 That should anchor in heaven.  
*Chap. xii.*

(3.)—THE SONG OF HAROLD HARFAGER.

The sun is rising dimly red,  
 The wind is wailing low and dread;  
 From his cliff the eagle sallies,  
 Leaves the wolf his darksome valleys;  
 In the mist the ravens lover,  
 Peep the wild dogs from the cover,  
 Screaming, croaking, baying, yelling,  
 Each in his wild accents telling,  
 "Soon we feast on dead and dying,  
 Fair-hair'd Harold's flag is flying."

Many a crest on air is streaming,  
 Many a helmet darkly gleaming,  
 Many an arm the axe uprears,  
 Doom'd to hew the wood of spears.  
 All along the crowded ranks  
 Horses neigh and armour clanks;  
 Chiefs are shouting, clarions ringing,  
 Louder still the bard is singing,  
 "Gather footmen, gather horsemen,  
 To the field, ye valiant Norsemen!"

"Halt ye not for food or slumber,  
 View not vantage, count not number;  
 Jolly reapers, forward still,  
 Grow the crop on vale or hill,  
 Thick or scatter'd, stiff or lithe,  
 It shall down before the scythe,  
 Forward with your sickles bright,  
 Reap the harvest of the fight—  
 Onward footmen, onward horsemen,  
 To the charge ye gallant Norsemen!"

"Fatal Choosers of the Slaughter,  
 O'er you hovers Odin's daughter;  
 Hear the choice she spreads before ye,—  
 Victory, and wealth, and glory;  
 Or old Valhalla's roaring hail,  
 Her ever-circling mead and ale,  
 Where for eternity unite  
 The joys of wassail and of fight.  
 Headlong forward, foot and horsemen,  
 Charge and fight, and die like Norsemen!"—  
*Chap. xv.*

(4.)—SONG OF THE MERMAIDS AND MERMEN.

MERMAID.

Fathoms deep beneath the wave,  
 Stringing beads of glistening pearl,  
 Singing the achievements brave  
 Of many an old Norwegian earl;  
 Dwelling where the tempest's raving,  
 Falls as light upon our ear,  
 As the sigh of lover, craving  
 Pity from his lady dear,

Children of wild Thule, we,  
 From the deep caves of the sea,  
 As the lark springs from the lea,  
 Hither come, to share your glee.

MERMAN.

From reining of the water-horse,  
 That bounded till the waves were foaming,  
 Watching the infant tempest's course,  
 Chasing the sea-snake in his roaring;  
 From winding charge-notes on the shell,  
 When the huge whale and sword-fish duel,  
 Or tolling shroudless seamen's knell,  
 When the winds and waves are cruel;  
 Children of wild Thule, we  
 Have plough'd such furrows on the sea,  
 As the steer draws on the lea,  
 And hither we come to share your glee.

MERMAIDS AND MERMEN.

We heard you in our twilight caves,  
 A hundred fathom deep below,  
 For notes of joy can pierce the waves,  
 That drown each sound of war and woe.  
 Those who dwell beneath the sea,  
 Love the sons of Thule well;  
 Thus, to aid your mirth, bring we  
 Dance, and song, and sounding shell.  
 Children of dark Thule, know,  
 Those who dwell by haaf and vœ,  
 Where your daring shallops row,  
 Come to share the festal show.  
*Chap. xvi.*

(5.)—NORNA'S SONG.

For leagues along the watery way,  
 Through gulf and stream my course has  
 been;  
 The billows know my Runic lay,  
 And smooth their crests to silent green.

The billows know my Runic lay,—  
 The gulf grows smooth, the stream is still;  
 But human hearts, more wild than they,  
 Know but the rule of wayward will.

One hour is mine, in all the year,  
 To tell my woes, and one alone;  
 When gleams this magic lamp, 'tis here,—  
 When dies the mystic light, 'tis gone.

Daughters of northern Magnus, hail!  
 The lamp is lit, the flame is clear,—  
 To you I come to tell my tale,  
 Awake, arise, my tale to hear!

*Chap. xix.*

(6.)—CLAUD HALCRO' AND NORNA.

CLAUD HALCRO.

Mother darksome, Mother dread,  
 Dweller on the Fitful-head,  
 Thou canst see what deeds are done  
 Under the never-setting sun.  
 Look through sleet, and look through frost,  
 Look to Greenland's caves and coast,—  
 By the ice-berg is a sail  
 Chasing of the swarthy whale;  
 Mother doubtful, Mother dread,  
 Tell us, has the good ship sped?

## NORNA.

The thought of the need is ever on gear,—  
On his fishing, his furrow, his flock, and his  
steer;

But thrive may his fishing, flock, furrow, and  
herd,

While the aged for anguish shall tear his grey  
beard.

The ship, well-laden as bark need be,  
Lies deep in the furrow of the Iceland sea;—  
The breeze for Zetland blows fair and soft,  
And gaily the garland is fluttering aloft:  
Seven good fishes have spouted their last,  
And their jaw-bones are hanging to yard and  
mast:

Two are for Lerwick, and two for Kirkwall,—  
Three for Burgh Westra, the choicest of all.

## CLAUD HALCRO.

Mother doubtful, Mother dread,  
Dweller of the Fitful-head,  
Thou hast conn'd full many a rhyme,  
That lives upon the surge of time:  
Tell me, shall my lays be sung,  
Like Hacon's of the golden tongue,  
Long after Halcro's dead and gone I  
Or shall Hialtland's minstrel own  
One note to rival glorious John I

## NORNA.

The infant loves the rattle's noise:  
Age, double childhood, hath its toys;  
But different far the descendant rimes.  
As strikes a different hand the strings—  
The eagle mounts the polar sky—  
The Imber-geese, unskill'd to fly,  
Must be content to glide along.  
Where seal and sea-dog list his song.

## CLAUD HALCRO.

Be mine the Imber-geese to play,  
And haunt lone cave and silent bay;  
The archer's aim so shall I shun—  
So shall I 'scape the levell'd gun—  
Content my verses' tuneless jingle,  
With Thule's sounding tides to mingle,  
While, to the ear of wondering wight,  
Upon the distant headland's height,  
Soft'ned by marmor of the sea,  
The rude sounds seem like harmony I

\* \* \* \* \*  
Mother doubtful, Mother dread,  
Dweller of the Fitful-head,  
A gallant bark from far abroad,  
Saint Magnus hath her in his road,  
With guns and firelocks not a few—  
A silken and a scarlet crew,  
Deep stored with precious merchandize,  
Of gold, and goods of rare device—  
What interest hath our comrade bold  
In bark and crew, and goods and gold?

## NORNA.

Gold is ruddy, fair, and free,  
Blood is crimson, and dark to see;—  
I look'd out on Saint Magnus bay,  
And I saw a falcon that struck her prey,—  
A gobbet of flesh in her beak she bore,  
And talons and singles are dripping with  
gore;—  
Let he that asks after them look on his hand,  
And if there is blood on't, he's one of their  
band.

## CLAUD HALCRO.

Mother doubtful, Mother dread,  
Dweller of the Fitful-head,  
Well thou know'st it is thy task  
To tell what Beauty will not ask;—  
Then steep thy words in wine and milk,  
And weave a doom of gold and silk,—  
For we would know, shall Brenda prove  
In love, and bappy in her love!

## NORNA.

Untouch'd by love, the maiden's breast  
Is like the snow on Rona's crest,  
High seated in the middle sky,  
In bright and barren purity;  
But by the sunbeam gently kiss'd,  
Scarce by the gazing eye 'tis miss'd,  
Ere, down the lonely valley stealing,  
Fresh grass and growth its course revealing,  
It cheers the flock, revives the flower,  
And decks some happy shepherd's bower.

## MAGNUS TROIL.

Mother speak, and do not tarry,  
Here's a maiden fain would marry.  
Shall she marry, ay or not?  
If she marry, what's her lot?

## NORNA.

Untouch'd by love, the maiden's breast  
Is like the snow on Rona's crest;  
So pure, so free from earthy dye,  
It seems, whilst leaning on the sky,  
Part of the heaven to which 'tis nigh;  
But passion, like the wild March rain,  
May soil the wreath with many a stain.  
We gaze—the lovely vision's gone—  
A torrent fills the bed of stone,  
That hurrying to destruction's shock,  
Leaps headlong from the lofty rock.

Chap. xxi.

(7.)—SONG OF THE ZETLAND  
FISHERMAN.

“While they were yet within hearing of the  
shore, they chanted an ancient Norse ditty,  
appropriate to the occasion, of which Claud  
Halcro had executed the following literal  
translation:”—

Farewell, merry maidens, to song and to  
laugh,  
For the brave lads of Westra are bound to  
the Haaf;  
And we must have labour, and hunger, and  
pain,  
Ere we dance with the maids of Dunrossness  
again.

For now, in our trim boats of Norway deal,  
We must dance on the waves, with the por-  
poise and seal;  
The breeze it shall pipe, so it pipe not too  
high,  
And the gull be our songstress when'er she  
flits by.

Sing on, my brave bird, while we follow, like  
thee,  
By bank, shoal, and quicksand, the swarms of  
the sea;

And when twenty-score fishes are straining  
our line,  
Sing louder, brave bird, for their spoils shall  
be thine.

We'll sing while we bait, and we'll sing while  
we haul,  
For the deeps of the Haaf have enough for us  
all:  
There is torsk for the gentle, and skate for the  
carle,  
And there's wealth for bold Magnus, the son  
of the earl.

Huzza! my brave comrades, give way for the  
Haaf,  
We shall sooner come back to the dance and  
the laugh;  
For light without mirth is a lamp without oil;  
Then, mirth and long life to the bold Magnus  
Troil!

*Chap. xxii.*

(8.)—CLEVELAND'S SONGS.

I.

Love wakes and weeps  
While Beauty sleeps!  
O for Music's softest numbers,  
To prompt a theme,  
For Beauty's dream.  
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers!

2.

Through groves of palm  
Sigh gales of balm,  
Fire-flies on the air are wheeling;  
While through the gloom  
Comes soft perfume,  
The distant beds of flowers revealing.

3.

O wake and live!  
No dream can give  
A shadow'd bliss, the real excelling;  
No longer sleep,  
From lattice peep,  
And list the tale that Love is telling.

Farewell! farewell! the voice you hear,  
Hast left its last soft tone with you,—  
Its next must join the seaward cheer,  
And shout among the shouting crew.

The accents which I scarce could form  
Beneath your frown's controlling check,  
Must give the word, above the storm,  
To cut the mast, and clear the wreck.

The timid eye I dared not raise,—  
The hand, that shook when press'd to thine,  
Must point the guns upon the chase—  
Must bid the deadly cutlass shine.

To all I love, or hope, or fear,—  
Honour, or own, a long adieu!  
To all that life has soft and dear,  
Farewell! save memory of you!

*Chop. xxiii.*

(9.)—CLAUD HALLCRO'S VERSES.

And you shall deal the funeral dole;  
Ay, deal it, mother mine,  
To weary body, and to heavy soul,  
The white bread and the wine.

And you shall deal my horses of pride;  
Ay, deal them, mother mine;  
And you shall deal my lands so wide,  
And deal my castles nine;

But deal not vengeance for the deed,  
And deal not for the crime;  
The body to its place, and the soul to Heaven's  
grace,  
And the rest in God's own time.

Saint Magnus control thee, that martyr of  
treason;

Saint Roman rebuke thee, with rhyme and  
with reason;

By the mass of Saint Martin, the might of  
Saint Mary,  
Be thou gone, or thy weird shall be worse if  
thou tarry!

If of good, go hence and hallow thee;—  
If of ill, let the earth swallow thee;—  
If thou'rt of air, let the grey mist fold thee;—  
If of earth, let the swart mine hold thee;—  
If a Pixie, seek thy ring;—  
If a Nixie, seek thy spring;—

If on middle earth thou'st been  
Slave of sorrow, shame, and sin,  
Hast eat the bread of toil and strife,  
And drce'd the lot which men call life;  
Begone to thy stone! for thy coffin is scant of  
thee.

The worm, thy play-fellow, waits for the want  
of thee:

Hence, houseless ghost! let the earth hide thee,  
Till Michael shall blow the blast, see that  
there thou bide thee!—

Phantom, fly hence! take the Cross for a  
token,  
Hence pass till Hallowmass!—my spell is  
spoken.

Where corpse-light  
Dances bright,  
Be it by day or night,  
Be it by light or dark,  
There shall corpse lie stiff and stark.

Menseful maiden ne'er should rise,  
Till the first beau tinge the skies;  
Silk-fringed eyelids still should close,  
Till the sun has kiss'd the rose;  
Maideo's foot we should not view,  
Mark'd with tiny print on dew,  
Till the opening flowerets spread  
Carpet meet for beauty's tread.

*Chap. xxiii.*

(10.)—NORNA'S INCANTATIONS.

Champion, famed for warlike toil,  
Art thou silent, Ribolt Troil?  
Sand, and dust, and pebbly stones,  
Are leaving bare thy giant bones.



Who dared touch the wild bear's skin  
Ye slumber'd on, while life was in!—  
A woman now, or babe, may come  
And cast the covering from thy tomb.

Yet he not wrathful, Chief, nor blight  
Mine eyes or ears with sound or sight!  
I come not with unhallow'd tread,  
To wake the slumbers of the dead,  
Or lay thy giant reliques bare;  
But what I seek thou well canst spare.  
Be it to my hand allow'd  
To ahear a merk's weight from thy  
shroud;  
Yet leave thee sheeted lead enough  
To shield thy bones from weather rough.

See, I draw my magic knife —  
Never, while thou wert in life,  
Laidst thou still for sloth or fear,  
When point and edge were glittering near;  
See, the ceremonies now I sever—  
Waken now, or sleep for ever!  
Thou wilt not wake—the deed is done!—  
The prize I sought is fairly won.

Thanks, Ribolt, thanks,—for this the sea  
Shall smooth its ruffled crest for thee —  
And while afar its billows foam,  
Subside to peace near Ribolt's tomb.  
Thanks, Ribolt, thanks—for this the might  
Of wild winds raging at their height,  
When to thy place of slumber nigh,  
Shall soften to a lullaby.

She, the dame of doubt and dread,  
Norma of the Fitful-head,  
Mighty in her own despite,—  
Miserable in her might:  
In despair and frenzy great,  
In her greatness desolate;  
Wisest, wickedest who lives,—  
Well can keep the word she gives.

*Chap. XXV.*

[AT INTERVIEW WITH MINNA.]

Thou, so needful, yet so dread,  
With cloudy crest, and wing of red;  
Thou, without whose genial breath  
The North would sleep the sleep of death;  
Who deign'st to warm the cottage hearth,  
Yet hurls proud palaces to earth,—  
Brightest, keenest of the Powers,  
Which form and rule this world of ours,  
With thy rhyme of Ronic, I  
Thank thee for thy agency.

Old Reimkennar, to thy art  
Mother Hertha sends her part;  
She, whose gracious bounty gives  
Needful food for all that lives.  
From the deep mine of the North  
Came the mystic metal forth,  
Doom'd amidst disjointed stones,  
Long to cere a champion's bones,  
Disinured my charms to aid—  
Mother Earth, my thanks are paid.

Girdle of our islands dear,  
Element of Water, hear!  
Thou whose power can overwhelm  
Broken mounds and ruin'd realm

On the lowly Belgian strand;  
All thy fiercest rage can never  
Of our soil a furlong sever  
From our rock-defended land;  
Play then gently thou thy part,  
To assist old Norna's art.

Elements, each other greeting,  
Gifts and power attend your meeting!

Thou, that over billows dark  
Safely send'st the fisher's bark,—  
Giving him a path and motion  
Through the wilderness of ocean:  
Thou, that when the billows brave ye,  
O'er the shelves caust drive the navy,—  
Did'st thou chafe as one neglected,  
While thy brethren were respected?  
To appease thee, see, I tear  
This full grasp of grizzled hair;  
Oft thy breath bath through it sung,  
Softening to my magic tongue,—  
Now, 'tis thine to bid it fly  
Through the wild expanse of sky,  
'Mid the countless swarms to sail  
Of wild-fowl wheeling on thy gale;  
Take thy portion and rejoice.—  
Spirit, thou hast heard my voice!

She who sits by haunted well,  
Is subject to the Nixies' spell;  
She who walks on lonely beach,  
To the Mermaid's charmed speech;  
She who walks round ring of green,  
Offends the peevish Fairy Queen;  
And she who takes rest in the Dwarfie's  
cave,  
A weary weird of woe shall have.

By ring, by spring, by cave, by shore,  
Minna Troil has braved all this and more;  
And yet hath the root of her sorrow and ill  
A source that's more deep and more mys-  
tical still.—

Thou art within a demon's hold,  
More wise than Heims, more atrong than  
Troll;

No siren sings so sweet as he,—  
No fay springs lighter on the lea;  
No elfin power hath half the art  
To soothe, to move, to wring the heart,—  
Life-blood from the cheek to drain,  
Drench the eye, and dry the vein.  
Maiden, ere we farther go,  
Dost thou note me, ay or no?

MINNA.

I mark thee, my mother, both word, look,  
and sign;  
Speak on with thy riddle—to read it be  
mine.

NORNA.

Mark me! for the word I speak  
Shall bring the colour to thy cheek.  
This leaden heart, so light of cost,  
The symbol of a treasure lost,  
Thou shalt wear in hope and in peace,  
That the cause of your sickness and sorrow  
may cease,  
When crimson foot meets crimson hand  
In the Martyr's Aisle, and in Orkney land.—

Be patient, be patient; for Patience hath power

To ward us in danger, like mantle in shower;  
A fairy gift you best may hold  
In a chain of fairy gold;—

The chain and the gift are each a true token,  
That not without warrant old Norna has spoken;

But thy nearest and dearest must never behold them,

Till time shall accomplish the truths I have told them. *Chap. xxviii.*

(11.)—BRYCE SNAILSFOOT'S ADVERTISEMENT.

Poor sinners whom the snake deceives,  
Are fain to cover them with leaves.  
Zetland hath no leaves, 'tis true,  
Because that trees are none, or few,  
But we have flax and taits of woo',  
For linen cloth and wadmaal blue;  
And we have many of foreign knacks  
Of finer waft than woo' or flax.  
Ye gallant Lambmas lads appear,  
And bring your Lambmas sisters here  
Bryce Snailsfoot spares not cost or care,  
To pleasure every gentle pair.

*Chap. xxxii.*

(12.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. II.

'Tis not alone the scene—the man, Anselmo,  
The man finds sympathies in these wild wastes,  
And roughly tumbling seas, which fairer views  
And smoother waves deny him.

*Ancient Drama.*

(2.)—CHAP. VII.

She does no work by halves, yon raving ocean;  
Engulfing those she strangles, her wild womb  
Affords the mariners whom she hath dealt on,  
Their death at once, and sepulchre.

*Old Play.*

(3.)—CHAP. IX.

This is a gentle trader, and a prudent—  
He's no Autolycus, to blear your eye,  
With quips of worldly gauds and gamesomeness;

But seasons all his glittering merchandize  
With wholesome doctrine suited to the use,  
As men sauce goose with sage and rosemary.

*Old Play.*

(4.)—CHAP. XI.

—All your ancient customs,  
And long-descended usages, I'll change.  
Ye shall not eat, nor drink, nor speak, nor move,

Think, look, or walk, as ye were wont to do;  
Even your marriage-beds shall know mutation;

The bride shall have the stock, the groom the wall;

For all old practice will I turn and change,  
And call it reformation—marry, will I!

*'Tis Even that we're at Odds.*

(5.)—CHAP. XIV.

We'll keep our customs—what is law itself,  
But old establish'd custom? What religion,  
(I mean, with one-half of the men that use it.)  
Save the good use and wont that carries them  
To worship how and where their fathers worshipp'd?

All things resolve in custom—we'll keep ours.

*Old Play.*

(6.)—CHAP. XXV.

—I do love these ancient ruins!  
We never tread upon them but we set  
Our foot upon some reverend history,  
And questionless, here in this open court,  
(Which now lies naked to the injuries  
Of stormy weather,) some men lie interr'd,  
Loved the Church so well, and gave so largely

to it,  
They thought it should have canopied their bones

Till doomsday;—but all things have their end—

Churches and cities, which have diseases like to men,

Must have like death which we have.

*Duchess of Malfy.*

(7.)—CHAP. XXIX.

See yonder woman, whom our swains revere,  
And dread in secret, while they take her counsel

When sweetheart shall be kind, or when cross dame shall die;

Where lurks the thief who stole the silver tankard,

And how the pestilent murrain may be cored;—

This sage adviser's mad, stark mad, my friend;

Yet, in her madness, hath the art and cunning

To wring fools' secrets from their inmost bosoms.

And pay inquirers with the coin they gave her.

*Old Play.*

(8.)—CHAP. XXX.

What ho, my jovial mates! come on! we'll frolic it

Like fairies frisking in the merry moonshine,  
Seen by the curial friar, who, from some christening,

Or some blithe bridal, hies belated cell-ward—  
He starts, and changes his bold bottle

swagger

To churchman's pace professional,—and, ransacking

His treacherous memory for some holy hymn,  
Finds but the roundel of the midnight catch.

*Old Play.*

(9.)—CHAP. XXXII.

I strive like to the vessel in the tide-way,  
Which, lacking favouring breeze, hath not the power

To stem the powerful current.—Even so,  
Resolving daily to forsake my vices,

Habit, strong circumstance, renew'd temptation,

Sweep me to sea again.—O heavenly breath,  
Fill thou my sails, and aid the feeble vessel,

Which ne'er can reach the blessed port without thee!

*'Tis Odds when Evens meet.*

## (10.)—CHAP. XXXIII.

Parental love, my friend, has power o'er wisdom,  
And is the charm, which, like the falconer's lure,  
Can bring from heaven the highest soaring spirits.—

So when famed Prosper doff'd his magic robe,  
It was Miranda pluck'd it from his shoulders.  
*Old Play.*

## (11.)—CHAP. XXXIV.

Hark to the insult loud, the bitter sneer,  
The fierce threat answering to the brutal jeer;

Oaths fly like pistol-shots, and vengeful words  
Clash with each other like conflicting swords.—

The robber's quarrel by such sounds is shown,

And true men have some chance to gain their own.  
*Captivity, a Poem.*

## (12.)—CHAP. XXXVIL.

Over the mountains and under the waves,  
Over the fountains and under the graves,  
Over floods that are deepest,  
Which Neptune obey,  
O'er rocks that are steepest,  
Love will find out the way.

*Old Song.*

### On Ettrick Forest's Mountains Dun.<sup>1</sup>

1822.

On Ettrick Forest's mountains dun,  
'Tis blithe to hear the sportsman's gun,  
And seek the heath-frequenting brood  
Far through the noonday solitude;  
By many a cairn and trenched mound,  
Where chiefs of yore sleep lone and sound,  
And springs, where grey-hair'd shapberds tell,  
That still the fairies love to dwell.

Along the silver streams of Tweed,  
'Tis blithe the mimic fly to lead,  
When to the hook the salmon springs,  
And the line whistles through the rings;  
The boiling eddy see him try,  
Then dashing from the current high,  
Till watchful eye and cautious hand  
Have led his wasted strength to land.

'Tis blithe along the midnight tide,  
With atalwart arm the boat to guide;  
On high the dazzling blaze to rear,  
And heedful pluoga the barbed spear;  
Rock, wood, and scaur, emerging bright,  
Flung on the stream their ruddy light,  
And from the bank our hand appears  
Like Genii, arm'd with fiery spears.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Written after a week's shooting and fishing, in which the poet had been engaged with some friends.

<sup>2</sup> See the famous salmon-spearing scene in *Guy Mannering*.

<sup>3</sup> *Alwyn*, the seat of Lord Somerville; now, alas! untenanted, by the lamented death of that kind and hos-

'Tis blithe at eve to tell the tale,  
How we succeed, and how we fail,  
Whether at Alwyn's<sup>3</sup> lordly meal,  
Or lowlier board of Ashestiel;<sup>4</sup>  
While the gay tapers cheerly shine,  
Bickers the fire, and flows the wine—  
Days free from thought, and nights from care,  
My blessing on the Forest fair!

### Farewell to the Muse.<sup>5</sup>

1822.

Enchantress, farewell, who so oft has decoy'd me,  
At the close of the evening through woodlands to roam,  
Where the forester, lated, with number espied me  
Explore the wild scenes he was quitting for home.  
Farewell, and take with thee thy numbers wild speaking.  
The language alternate of rapture and woe:  
Oh! none but some lover, whose heart-strings are breaking,  
The pang that I feel at our parting can know.

Each joy thou couldst double, and when there came sorrow,  
Or pale disappointment to darken my way,  
What voice was like thine, that could sing of to-morrow,  
Till forgot in the strain was the grief of to-day!  
But when friends drop around us in life's weary waning,  
The grief, Queen of Numbers, thou canst not assuage;  
Nor the gradual estrangement of those yet remaining,  
The languor of pain, and the chillness of age.

'Twas thou that once taught me, in accents bewailing,  
To sing how a warrior lay stretch'd on the plain,  
And a maiden hung o'er him with aid un-availing,  
And held to his lips the cold goblet in vain;  
As vain thy enchantments, O Queen of wild Numbers,  
To a bard when the reign of his fancy is o'er,  
And the quick pulse of feeling in apathy slumbers—  
Farewell, then, Enchantress! I meet thee no more!

pitiable nobleman, the author's nearest neighbour and intimate friend. Lord S. died February 1819.

<sup>4</sup> *Ashestiel*, the poet's residence at that time.

<sup>5</sup> Written, during illness, for Mr. Thomson's Scottish Collection, and first published in 1822, united to an air composed by George Kinloch, Esq., of Kinloch.



**The Maid of Isla.**

Air—"The Maid of Isla."

WRITTEN FOR MR. GEORGE THOMSON'S  
SCOTTISH MELODIES.

1822.

Oh, Maid of Isla, from the cliff  
That looks on troubled wave and sky,  
Dost thou not see yon little skiff  
Contented with ocean gallantly?  
Now beating 'gainst the breeze and surge,  
And steep'd her leeward deck in foam,  
Why does she war unequal urge?  
Oh, Isla's maid, she seeks her home.

Oh, Isla's maid, yon sea-bird mark,  
Her white wing gleams through mist and spray,  
Against the storm-cloud, lowering dark,  
As to the rock she wheels away:—  
Where clouds are dark and billows rave,  
Why to the shelter should she come  
Of cliff, exposed to wind and wave?  
Oh, maid of Isla, 'tis her home!

As breeze and tide to yonder skiff,  
Thou'rt adverse to the suit I bring,  
And cold as is yon wintry cliff,  
Where sea-birds close their wearied wing.  
Yet cold as rock, unkind as wave,  
Still, Isla's maid, to thee I come;  
For in thy love, or in his grave,  
Must Allan Vourich find his home.

**Carle, now the King's come.<sup>1</sup>**

BEING NEW WORDS TO AN AULD SPRING.

1822.

The news has flown frae mooth to mooth,  
The North for ance has bang'd the South;  
The deil a Scotsman's die o' drouth,  
Carle, now the King's come!

CHORUS.

Carle, now the King's come!  
Carle, now the King's come!  
Thou shalt dance, and I will sing,  
Carle, now the King's come!

Auld England held him lang and fast;  
And Ireland had a joyfu' cast;  
But Scotland's turn is come at last—  
Carle, now the King's come!

Auld Reekie, in her rokelay grey,  
'Thought never to have seen the day;  
He's been a weary time away—  
But, Carle, now the King's come!

She's skirling frae the Castle-hill;  
The Carlone's voice is grown sae shrill,  
Ye'll hear her at the Canon-mill—  
Carle, now the King's come!

"Up, bairns!" she cries, "baith grit and sma',  
And busk ye for the weapon-shaw!  
Stand by me, and we'll bang them a'—  
Carle, now the King's come!

"Come from Newbattle's ancient spires,  
Bauld Lothian, with your knights and squires,  
And match the mettle of your sires—  
Carle, now the King's come!

"You're welcome hame, my Montagu!  
Bring in your hand the young Buccleuch;  
I'm missing some that I may rue—  
Carle, now the King's come!"

"Come, Haddington, the kind and gay,  
You've graced my causeway mony a day;  
I'll weep the cause if you should stay—  
Carle, now the King's come!"

"Come, premier Duke,<sup>4</sup> and carry doun  
Frae yonder craig<sup>5</sup> his ancient croun;  
It's had a lang sleep and a soun—  
But, Carle, now the King's come!

"Come, Athole, from the hill and wood,  
Bring doun your clansmen like a clud;  
Come, Morton, show the Douglas' blood,—  
Carle, now the King's come!

"Come, Tweeddale, true as sword to sheath;  
Come, Hopetoun, fear'd on fields of death;  
Come, Clerk,<sup>6</sup> and give your buzle breath;  
Carle, now the King's come!

"Come, Wemyss, who modest merit aids;  
Come, Rosebery, from Dalmeny shades;  
Breadalbane, bring your belted plaids;  
Carle, now the King's come!

"Come, stately Niddrie, auld and true,  
Girt with the sword that Minden knew;  
We have o'er few such lairds as you—  
Carle, now the King's come!

"King Arthur's grown a common crier,  
He's heard in Fife and far Cantire.—  
'Fie, lads, behold my crest of fire!'  
Carle, now the King's come.

"Saint Abb roars out, 'I see him pass,  
Between Tantallon and the Bass!  
Caltou, get out your keeking-glass—  
Carle, now the King's come!"

<sup>1</sup> This imitation of an old Jacobite ditty was written on the appearance, in the Frith of Forth, of the fleet which conveyed his Majesty King George the Fourth to Scotland, in August 1822; and was published as a broadside.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Montagu, uncle and guardian to the young Duke of Buccleuch, placed his Grace's residence of Dalkeith at his Majesty's disposal during his visit to Scotland.

<sup>3</sup> Charles, the tenth Earl of Haddington, died in 1828.

<sup>4</sup> The Duke of Hamilton, as Earl of Angus, carried the

ancient royal crown of Scotland on horseback in King George's procession, from Holyrood to the Castle.

<sup>5</sup> The Castle.

<sup>6</sup> Sir George Clerk of Pennycook, Bart. The Baron of Pennycook is bound by his tenure, whenever the King comes to Edinburgh, to receive him at the Harestone (in which the standard of James IV. was erected when his army encamped on the Boroughmuir, before his fatal expedition to England), now built into the park-wall at the end of Tipperin Lane, near the Boroughmuir-head; and, standing thereon, to give three blasts on a horn.

The Carline stopp'd; and, sure I am,  
For very glee had ta'en a dram,  
But Oman<sup>1</sup> help'd her to a dram.—  
Cogie, now the King's come!  
Cogie, now the King's come!  
Cogie, now the King's come!  
I'se be fou' and ye's be toom,<sup>2</sup>  
Cogie, now the King's come!

### CARLE, NOW THE KING'S COME.

#### PART SECOND.

A Hawick gill of mountain dew,  
Heised up Auld Reekie's heart, I trow,  
It minded her of Waterloo—  
Carle, now the King's come!

Again I heard her summons swell,  
For, sic a dirdum and a yell,  
It drown'd Saint Giles's jowing bell—  
Carle, now the King's come!

"My trusty Provost, tried and tight,  
Stand forward for the Good Town's right,  
There's wair than you been made a knight—<sup>3</sup>  
Carle, now the King's come!

"My reverend Clergy, look ye say  
The best of thanksgivings ye hae,  
And warstle for a sunny day—  
Carle, now the King's come!

"My Doctors, look that you agree,  
Cure a' the town without a fee;  
My Lawyers; dinna pike a plea—  
Carle, now the King's come!

"Come forth each sturdy Burgher's hairn,  
That dints on wood or clanks on airn,  
That fires the o'en, or winds the pirn—  
Carle, now the King's come!

"Come forward with the Blanket Blue,<sup>4</sup>  
Your sires were loyal men and true,  
As Scotland's foemen oft might rue—  
Carle, now the King's come!

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Oman, landlord of the Waterloo Hotel.

<sup>2</sup> Empty.

<sup>3</sup> The Lord Provost had the agreeable surprise to hear his health proposed, at the civic banquet given to George IV. in the Parliament-House, as "Sir William Arbuthnot, Bart."

<sup>4</sup> The Blue Blanket is the standard of the incorporated trades of Edinburgh, and is kept by their conveoner, "at whose appearance therewith," observes Maitland, "tis said, that not only the artificers of Edinburgh are obliged to repair to it, but all the artificers or craftsmen within Scotland are bound to follow it, and fight under the conveoner of Edinburgh as aforesaid." According to an old tradition, this standard was used in the Holy Wars by a body of crusading citizens of Edinburgh, and was the first that was planted on the walls of Jerusalem, when that city was stormed by the Christian army under the famous Godfrey. But the real history of it seems to be this:—James III., a prince who had virtues which the rude age in which he lived could not appreciate, having been detained for nine months in the Castle of Edinburgh by his factious nobles, was relieved by the citizens of Edinburgh, who assailed the castle and took it by surprise; on which occasion James presented the citizens with this banner, "with a power to display the same in defence of their king, country, and their own rights."—*Notes to this stanza in the "Account of the King's Visit,"* &c. 8vo. 1822.

<sup>5</sup> Sir Thomas Bradford, then commander of the forces in Scotland.

<sup>6</sup> Edinburgh Castle.

<sup>7</sup> Lord Melville was colonel of the Mid-Lothian Yeomanry Cavalry; Sir John Hope of Pinkie, Bart., Major; and Robert Cockburn, Esq., and Lord Elcho, were captains

"Scots downa loup, and rin, and rave,  
We're steady folks and something grave,  
We'll keep the causeway firm and brave—  
Carle, now the King's come!

"Sir Thomas,<sup>5</sup> thunder from your rock,<sup>6</sup>  
Till Pentland donles wi' the shock,  
And lace wi' fire my snood o' smoke—  
Carle, now the King's come!

"Melville, bring out your bands of blue,  
A' Loudon lads, baith stout and true,  
With Elcho, Hope, and Cockburn, too—<sup>7</sup>  
Carle, now the King's come!

"And you, who on yon bluidy braes  
Compell'd the vanquish'd Despot's praise,  
Rank out—rank out—my gallant Greys—<sup>8</sup>  
Carle, now the King's come!

"Cock o' the North, my Huntly bra',  
Where are you with the Forty-twa?<sup>9</sup>  
Ah! wae's my heart that ye're awa!<sup>10</sup>  
Carle, now the King's come!

"But yonder come my canty Celts,  
With durk and pistols at their belts,  
Thank God, we've still some plaids and  
kilts—  
Carle, now the King's come!

"Lord, how the pibrochs groan and yell!  
Macdonnell's<sup>10</sup> ta'en the field himself,  
Macleod comes branking o'er the fell—  
Carle, now the King's come!

"Bend up your bow each Archer spark,  
For you're to guard him light and dark;  
Faith, lads, for ance you've hit the mark—  
Carle, now the King's come!

"Young Errol,<sup>11</sup> take the sword of state,  
The sceptre, Panie-Morarchate;<sup>12</sup>  
Knight Mareschal,<sup>13</sup> see ye clear the gate—  
Carle, now the King's come!

"Kind cummer, Leith, ye've been mis-set,  
But dinna be upon the fret—  
Ye'se hae the handsel of him yet,  
Carle, now the King's come!

in the same corps, to which Sir Walter Scott had formerly belonged.

<sup>8</sup> The Scots Greys, headed by their gallant colonel, General Sir James Stewart of Coltness, Bart., were on duty at Edinburgh during the King's visit. Bonaparte's exclamation at Waterloo is well known: "Ces beaux chevaux gris, comme ils travaillent!"

<sup>9</sup> Marquis of Heully, who since became the last Duke of Gordon, was colonel of the 43d Regiment, and died in 1836.

<sup>10</sup> Colonel Ronaldson Macdonell of Glengarry—who died in January, 1828.

<sup>11</sup> The Earl of Errol is hereditary Lord High-Constable of Scotland.

<sup>12</sup> In more correct Gaelic orthography, *Banamhorar-Chat*, or the Great Lady, (literally *Female Lord of the Chats*); the Celtic title of the Countess of Sutherland. "Evin into this day, the couterie of Sutherland is yet called Catter, the inhabitants Cateigh, and the Earl of Sutherland Morwar Catter, in old Scottish or Irish; which language the inhabitants of this country doe still use."—*Gordon's Genealogical History of the Earls of Sutherland*, p. 18. It was determined by his Majesty, that the right of carrying the sceptre lay with this noble family; and Lord Francis Leveson Gower, (now Egerton), second son of the Countess (afterwards Duchess) of Sutherland, was permitted to act as deputy for his mother in that honourable office. After obtaining his Majesty's permission to depart for Dunrobin Castle, his place was supplied by the Honourable John M. Stuart, second son of the Earl of Moray.—Ed.

<sup>13</sup> The Author's friend and relation, the late Sir Alexander Keith, of Dunnottar and Ravelston.

" My daughters, come with een sae blue,  
Your garlands weave, your blossoms strew;  
He ne'er saw fairer flowers than you—  
Carle, now the King's come!

" What shall we do for the propine—  
We used to offer something fine,  
But ne'er a groat's in pouch of mine—  
Carle, now the King's come!

" Deil care—for that I've never start,  
We'll welcome him with Highland heart;  
Whate'er we have he's get a part—  
Carle, now the King's come!

" I'll show him mason-work this day—  
Name of your bricks of Bahel clay,  
But towers shall stand till Time's away—  
Carle, now the King's come!

" I'll show him wit, I'll show him lair,  
And galian' lads and lassies fair,  
And what wad kind heart wish for mair?  
Carle, now the King's come!

" Step out, Sir John,<sup>1</sup> of projects rife,  
Come win the thanks of an auld wife,  
And bring him health and length of life—  
Carle, now the King's come!"

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From The Fortunes of Nigel.

1822.

MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. I.

Now Scot and English are agreed,
And Saunders hastes to cross the Tweed,
Where, such the splendours that attend
him,

His very mother scarce had ken'd him.
His metamorphosis behold,
From Glasgow frieze to cloth of gold;
His back-sword, with the iron-hilt,
To rapier, fairly hatch'd and gilt;
Was ever seen a gallant braver!
His very bonnet's grown a heaver.

The Reformation.

(2.)—CHAP. II.

This, sir, is one among the Seignory,
Has wealth at will, and will to use his
wealth,

And wit to increase it. Marry, his worst folly
Lies in a thrifless sort of charity,
That goes a-gadding sometimes after objects
Which wise men will not see when thrust
upon them.

The Old Couple.

(3.)—CHAP. IV.

Ay, sir, the clouted shoe hath oftimes craft
in't.

As says the rustic proverb, and your citizen,
In's program suit, gold chain, and well-black'd
shoes,

Bears under his flat cap oftimes a brain
Wiser than burns beneath the cap and
feather,

Or seethes within the statesman's velvet
nightcap.

Read me my Riddle.

(4.)—CHAP. V.

Wherefore come ye not to court?

Certain 'tis the rarest sport;

There are silks and jewels glistening,

Prattling fools and wise men listening,

Bullies among brave men justling,

Beggars amongst nobles bustling;

Low-breathed talkers, minion hispers,

Cutting honest throats by whispers;

Wherefore come ye not to court?

Skelton awears 'tis glorious sport.

Skelton Skeltonizeth.

(5.)—CHAP. VI.

O, I do know him—'tis the mouldy lemon
Which our court wits will wet their lips
withal,

When they would sauce their honied conver-
sation

With somewhat sharper flavour.—Marry, sir,

That virtue's wellnigh left him—all the juice

That was so sharp and poignant, is squeezed
out,

While the poor rind, although as sour as ever,

Must season soon the draff we give our
grunTERS,

For two-legged things are weary on't.

The Chamberlain—A Comedy.

(6.)—CHAP. VII.

Things needful we have thought on; but the
thing

Of all most needful—that which Scripture
terms,

As if alone it merited regard,

The one thing needful—that's yet uncon-
sider'd.

The Chamberlain.

(7.)—CHAP. VIII.

Ah! mark the matron well—and laugh not,
Harry,

At her old steeple-hat and velvet guard—

I've called her like the ear of Dionysius;

I mean that ear-form'd vault, built o'er the
dungeon,

To catch the groans and discontented mur-
murs

Of his poor bondsmen.—Even so doth Martha
Drink up, for her own purpose, all that passes,

Or is supposed to pass, in this wide city—

She can retail it, too, if that her profit

Shall call on her to do so; and retail it

For your advantage, so that you can make

Your profit jump with hers.

The Conspiracy.

¹ The Right Honourable Sir John Sinclair, Bart., author of "The Code of Health and Longevity," &c. &c.,—the well-known patron and projector of national and patriotic

plans and improvements innumerable, died 21st December 1800, in his eighty-second year.—Ed.

(8.)—CHAP. X.

Bid not thy fortune troll upon the wheels
Of yonder dancing cubs of mottled bone;
And draw it out, like Egypt's royal harlot,
Dissolving her rich pearl in the brimm'd wine-
cup.

These are the arts, Lothario, which shrink
acres
Into brief yards—bring sterling ponds to
farthings,

Credit to infamy; and the poor gull,
Who might have lived an honour'd, easy life,
To ruin, and an unregarded grave.

The Changes.

(9.)—CHAP. XII.

—This is the very barn-yard,
Where muster daily the prime cocks o' the
game,

Ruffle their pliaions, crow till they are hoarse,
And spar about a barleycorn. Here, too,
chickens,

The callow, unfledged brood of forward folly,
Learn first to rear the crest, and aim the spur,
And tune their note like full-plumed Chaotic-
cleer.

The Bear Garden.

(10.)—CHAP. XIII.

Let the proud salmon gorge the feather'd
hook.

Then strike, and then you have him.—He will
wince;

Spia out your line that it shall whistle from
you

Some twenty yards or so, yet you shall have
him—

Marry! you must have patience—the stout
rock

Which is his trust, hath edges something
sharp;

And the deep pool hath ooze and sludge
enough

To mar your fishing—'less you are more
careful.

Albion, or the Double Kings.

(11.)—CHAP. XVI.

Give way—give way—l must and will have
justice.

And tell me not of privilege and place;
Where I am injured, there I'll sue redress.

Look to it, every one who bars my access;
I have a heart to feel the injury,

A hand to right myself, and, by my honour,
That hand shall grasp what grey-beard Law
denies me.

The Chamberlain.

(12.)—CHAP. XVII.

Come hither, young one—Mark me! Thou
art now

'Mongst men o' the sword, that live by reputa-
tion

More than by constant income—Single-suited
They are, I grant you; yet each single suit

Maintains, on the rough guess, a thousand
followers—

And they be men, who, hazarding their all,
Needful apparel, necessary income,
And human body, and immortal soul,

Do in the very deed but hazard nothing—
So strictly is that all bound in reversion;

Clothes to the hroker, income to the usurer,—
And body to disease, and soul to the foul
fiend;

Who laughs to see Soldadoes and fooladoes,
Play better than himself his game on earth.

The Mohocks.

(13.)—CHAP. XVIII.

Mother. What! dazzled by a flash of Cupid's
mirror,

With which the boy, as mortal archins went,
Flings back the sunbeam in the eye of passen-
gers—

Then laughs to see them stumble!

Daughter. Mother! no—
It was a lightning-flash which dazzled me,
And never shall these eyes see true again.

Beef and Pudding—An Old English Comedy.

(14.)—CHAP. XIX.

By this good light, a wench of matchless
mettla!

This were a leagner-lass to love a soldier,
To bind his wounds, and kiss his bloody brow,
And sing a rondel as she help'd to arm him,
'Though the rough foeman's drums were beat
so nigh,

They seem'd to bear the burden.

Old Play.

(15.)—CHAP. XX.

Credit me, friend, it hath been ever thus,

Since the ark rested on Mount Ararat.

False man hath awora, and woman hath
believed—

Repented and reproach'd, and then believed
oace more.

The New World.

(16.)—CHAP. XXI.

Rave not from pole to pole—the man lives
here

Whose razor's only equal'd by his beer;
And where, in either sense, the cockney-put
May, if he pleases, get confounded cut.

On the Sign of an Alehouse kept by a Barber.

(17.)—CHAP. XXII.

Chance will not do the work—Chance sends
the breeze;

But if the pilot slumber at the helm,
The very wind that wafts us towards the port
May dash us on the shelves.—The steersman's
part is vigilance,

Blow it or rough or smooth. *Old Play.*

(18.)—CHAP. XXIV.

This is the time—Heaven's maiden-sentinel
Hath quitted her high watch—the lesser
spangles

Are paling one by one; give me the ladder

And the abort lever—bid Anthony

Keep with his carabine the wicket-gate;

And do thou bare thy knife and follow me,

For we will in and do it—darksoes like this
Is dawning of our fortunes. *Old Play.*

(19.)—CHAP. XXV.

Death finds us 'mid our playthings—snatches
us,

As a cross nurse might do a wayward child,
From all our toys and baubles. His rough call

Unlooses all our favourite ties on earth;

And well if they are such as may be answer'd
In yonder world, where all is judged of truly.

Old Play.

(20.)—CHAP. XXVI.

Give us good voyage, gentle stream—we stun
not

Thy sober ear with sounds of revelry;

Wake not the slumbering echoes of thy banks
With voice of flute and horn—we do but seek
On the broad pathway of thy swelling bosom
To glide in silent safety.

The Double Bridal.

(21.)—CHAP. XXVII.

This way lie safety and a sure retreat;
Yonder lie danger, shame, and punishment.
Most welcome danger then—Nay, let me say,
Though spoke with swelling heart—welcome
e'en shame;
And welcome punishment—for, call me guilty,
I do but pay the tax that 's due to justice;
And call me guiltless, then that punishment
Is shame to those alone who do inflict it.

The Tribunal.

(22.)—CHAP. XXIX.

How fares the man on whom good men would
look
With eyes where scorn and censure combated,
But that kind Christian love hath taught the
lesson—
That they who merit most contempt and hate,
Do most deserve our pity—

Old Play.

(23.)—CHAP. XXXI.

Marry, come up, sir, with your gentle blood!
Here's a red stream beneath this coarse blue
doublet,
That warms the heart as kindly as if drawn
From the far source of old Assyrian kings,
Who first made mankind subject to their sway.

Old Play.

(24.)—CHAP. XXXIV.

We are not worse at once—the course of evil
Begins so slowly, and from such slight source,
An infant's hand might stem its breach with
clay;
But let the stream get deeper, and philoso-
phy—
Ay, and religion too,—shall strive in vain
To turn the headlong torrent.

Old Play.

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## From Beveril of the Peak.

1823.

### MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. II.

Why then, we will have bellowing of beeves,  
Broaching of harrels, brandishing of apigots;  
Blind shall flow freely, but it shall be gore  
Of herds and flocks, and venison and poultry,  
Join'd to the brave heart's-blood of John-a-  
Barleycorn!

*Old Play.*

(2.)—CHAP. IV.

No, sir,—I will not pledge—I'm one of those  
Who thinks good wine needs neither bush  
nor preface  
To make it welcome. If you doubt my word,  
Fill the quart-cup, and see if I will chnke on't.

*Old Play.*

(3.)—CHAP. VI.

You shall have no worse prison than my  
chamber,  
Nor jailer than myself.

*The Captain.*

(4.)—CHAP. XVI.

*Ascasto.* Can she not speak?  
*Oswald.* If speech be only in accented  
sounds,  
Framed by the tongue and lips, the maiden's  
dumb;  
But if by quick and apprehensive look,  
By motion, sign, and glance, to give each  
meaning,  
Express as clothed in language, be term'd  
speech,  
She hath that wondrous faculty; for her eyes,  
Like the bright stars of heaven, can hold dis-  
course,  
Though it be mute and soundless.

*Old Play.*

(5.)—CHAP. XVII.

'This is a love meeting? See the maiden  
mourns,  
And the sad suitor bends his looks on earth.  
There's more hath pass'd between them than  
belongs  
To Loves sweet sorrows.

*Old Play.*

(7.)—CHAP. XIX.

Now, hoist the anchor, mates—and let the  
sails  
Give their broad bosom to the buxom wind,  
Like lass that woos a lover.

*Anonymous.*

(7.)—CHAP. XXII.

He was a fellow in a peasant's garb;  
Yet one could censure you a woodcock's  
carving,  
Like any courtier at the ordinary.

*The Ordinary.*

(8.)—CHAP. XXIV.

We meet, as men see phantoms in a dream,  
Which glide and sigh, and sign, and move  
their lips,  
But make no sound; or, if they utter voice,  
'Tis but a low and undistinguish'd moaning,  
Which has nor word nor sense of utter'd  
sound.

*The Chieftain.*

(9.)—CHAP. XXV.

The course of human life is changeful still,  
As is the fickle wind and wandering rill;  
Or, like the light dance which the wild-breeze  
weaves  
Amidst the faded race of fallen leaves;  
Which now its breath bears down, now tosses  
high,  
Beats to the earth, or wafts to middle sky.  
Such, and so varied, the precarious play  
Of fate with man, frail tenant of a day!

*Anonymous.*

(10.)—CHAP. XXVI.

Necessity—thou best of peacemakers,  
As well as surest prompter of invention—  
Help us to composition!

*Anonymous.*

(11.)—CHAP. XXVII.

—This is some creature of the elements  
Most like your sea-gull. He can wheel and  
whistle

His screaming song, e'en when the storm is  
 loudest—  
 Take for his sheeted couch the restless foam  
 Of the wild wave-crest—slumber in the  
 calm,  
 And dally with the storm. Yet 'tis a gull,  
 An arrant gull, with all this.

*The Chieftain.*

(12.)—CHAP. XXXI.

I fear the devil most when gown and cassock,  
 Or, in the lack of them, old Calvin's cloak,  
 Conceals his cloven hoof.

*Anonymous.*

(13.)—CHAP. XXXIII.

'Tis the black ban-dog of our jail—Pray look  
 ou him,  
 But at a wary distance—rouse him not—  
 He hays not till he worries.

*The Black Dog of Newgate.*

(14.)—CHAP. XXXVIII.

"Speak not of niceness, when there's chance  
 of wreck."  
 The captain said, as ladies writhed their neck  
 To see the dying dolphin flap the deck;  
 "If we go down, on us these gentry sup;  
 We dine upon them, if we haul them up.  
 Wise men applaud us when we eat the  
 eaters,  
 As the devil laughs when keen folks cheat the  
 cheaters."

*The Sea Voyage.*

(15.)—CHAP. XL.

—Contentions fierce,  
 Ardent, and dire, spring from no petty cause.

*Albion.*

(16.)—CHAP. XLIII.

He came amongst them like a new-raised  
 spirit,  
 To speak of dreadful judgments that impend,  
 And of the wrath to come.

*The Reformer.*

(17.)—CHAP. XLIV.

And some for safety took the dreadful leap;  
 Some for the voice of Heaven seem'd calling  
 on them;  
 Some for advancement, or for lucre's sake—  
 I leap'd in frolic.

*The Dream.*

(18.)—CHAP. XLV.

High feasting was there there—the gilded  
 roofs  
 Rung to the wassail-health—the dancer's  
 step  
 Sprung to the chord responsive—the gay game-  
 ster  
 To fate's disposal flung his heap of gold,  
 And laugh'd alike when it increased or less-  
 en'd:  
 Such virtue hath court-air to teach us pa-  
 tience  
 Which schoolmen preach in vain.

*Why come ye not to Court?*

(19.)—CHAP. XLVI.

Here stand I tight and trim,  
 Quick of eye, though little of limb;  
 He who denieth the word I have spoken,  
 Betwixt him and me shall lances be broken.  
*Lay of the Little John de Saintre.*

## From Quentin Durward.

1823.

(1.)—SONG—COUNTY GUY.

Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,  
 The sun has left the sea,  
 The orange-flower perfumes the bower,  
 The breeze is on the sea.  
 The lark, his lay who thrill'd all day,  
 Sits hush'd his partner nigh;  
 Breeze, bird, and flower, confess the hour,  
 But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade,  
 Her shepherd's suit to hear;  
 To beauty shy, by lattice high,  
 Sings high-born Cavalier.  
 The star of Love, all stars above,  
 Now reigns o'er earth and sky;  
 And high and low the influence know—  
 But where is County Guy?

*Chap. iv.*

(2.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. XL.

Painters show Cupid blind—Hath Hymen  
 eyes?  
 Or is his sight warp'd by those spectacles  
 Which parents, guardians, and advisers, lend  
 him,  
 That he may look through them on lands and  
 mansions,  
 On jewels, gold, and all such rich donations,  
 And see their value ten times magnified?—  
 Methinks 'twill brook a question  
*The Miseries of Enforced Marriage.*

(2.)—CHAP. XII.

This is a lecturer so skill'd in policy,  
 That (no disparagement to Satan's cunning)  
 He well might read a lesson to the devil,  
 And teach the old seducer new temptations.  
*Old Play.*

(3.)—CHAP. XIV.

I see thee yet, fair France—thou favour'd land  
 Of art and nature—thou art still before me;  
 Thy sons, to whom their labour is a sport,  
 So well thy grateful soil returns its tribute;  
 Thy sun-burnt daughters, with their laughing  
 eyes  
 And glossy raven-locks. But, favour'd France,  
 Thou hast had many a tale of woe to tell,  
 In ancient times as now.  
*Anonymous.*

(4.)—CHAP. XV.

He was a son of Egypt, as he told me,  
 And one descended from those dread magi-  
 cians,  
 Who waged rash war, when Israel dwelt in  
 Goshen,  
 With Israel and her Prophet—matching rod  
 With his the sons of Levi's—and encountering  
 Jehovah's miracles with incantations,  
 T'ld upon Egypt came the avenging Angel,



And those proud sages wept for their first-  
burn,  
As wept the unletter'd peasant.

*Anonymous.*

(5) — CHAP. XXIV.

Rescue or none, Sir Knight, I am your captive ;  
Deal with me what your nobleness suggests—  
Thinking the chance of war may one day place  
you

Where I must now be reckon'd—i' the roll  
Of melancholy prisoners.

*Anonymous.*

(6) — CHAP. XXV.

No human quality is so well wove  
In warp and woof, but there's some flaw in it ;  
I've known a brave man fly a shepherd's cur,  
A wise man so demean him, drivelling idiocy  
Had well nigh been ashamed on't. For your  
crafty,

Your worldly-wise man, he, above the rest,  
Weaves his own snares so fine, he's often  
caught in them.

*Old Play.*

(7) — CHAP. XXVI.

When Princes meet, astrologers may mark it  
An ominous conjunction, full of boding,  
Like that of Mars with Saturn.

*Old Play.*

(8) — CHAP. XXIX.

Thy time is not yet out—the devil thou servest  
Has not as yet deserted thee. He ails  
The friends who drudge for him, as the blind  
man

Was aided by the guide, who lent his shoulder  
O'er rough and smooth, until he reach'd the  
brink

Of the fell precipice—then hurl'd him down-  
wards.

*Old Play.*

(9) — CHAP. XXX.

Our counsels waver like the unsteady bark,  
That reels amid the strife of meeting currents.

*Old Play.*

(10) — CHAP. XXXI.

Hold fast thy truth, young soldier.—Gentle  
maiden,  
Keep you your promise plight—leave age its  
subtleties,

And grey-hair'd policy its maze of falsehood ;  
But be you candid as the morning sky,  
Ere the high sun sucks vapours up to stain it.

*The Trial.*



## From St. Ronan's Well.

1823.

### MOTTOES.

(1.) — CHAP. II. — THE GUEST.

Quis novus hic hospes ?

*Dido apud Virgilium.*

Ch'm-maid! — The Gemman in the front par-  
lour!

*Boots's free Translation of the Æneid.*

(2.) — CHAP. III.

There must be government in all society—  
Bees have their Queen, and stag herds have  
their leader ;  
Rome had her Consuls, Athens had her Ar-  
chons,

And we, sir, have our Managing Committee.  
*The Album of St. Ronans.*

(3.) — CHAP. X.

Come, let me have thy counsel, for I need it ;  
Thou art of those, who better help their  
friends

With sage advice, than usurers with gold,  
Or brawlers with their swords—I'll trust to  
thee,

For I ask only from thee words, not deeds.  
*The Devil hath met his Match.*

(4.) — CHAP. XI.

Nearest of blood should still be next in love ;  
And when I see these happy children playing,  
While William gathers flowers for Ellen's  
ringlets,

And Ellen dresses flies for William's angle,  
I scarce can think, that in advancing life,  
Coldness, unkindness, interest, or suspicion,  
Will e'er divide that unity so sacred,  
Which Nature bound at birth.

*Anonymous.*

(5.) — CHAP. XXIII.

Oh ! you would be a vestal maid, I warrant,  
The bride of Heaven—Come—we may shake  
your purpose :

For here I bring in hand a jolly suitor  
Hath ta'en degrees in the seven sciences  
That ladies love best—He is young and noble,  
Handsome and valiant, gay and rich, and  
liberal.

*The Nun.*

(6.) — CHAP. XXXII.

It comes—it wrings me in my parting hour,  
The long-hid crime—the well-disguised guilt.  
Bring me some holy priest to lay the spectre !

*Old Play.*

(7.) — CHAP. XXXV.

*Sedet post equitem atra cura——*

Still though the headlong cavalier,  
O'er rough and smooth, in wild career,  
Seems racing with the wind ;  
His sad companion—ghastly pale,  
And darksome as a widow's veil,  
Care—keeps her seat behind.

*Horace.*

(8.) — CHAP. XXXVIII.

What sheeted ghost is wandering through the  
storm ?

For never did a maid of middle earth  
Choose such a time or spot to vent her sor-  
rows.

*Old Play.*

(9.) — CHAP. XXXIX.

Here come we to our close—for that which  
follows

Is but the tale of dull, unvaried misery.  
Steep crags and headlong lions may court the  
pencil

Like sudden haps, dark plots, and strange ad-  
ventures ;  
But who would paint the dull and fog-wrapt  
moor,

In its long tract of sterile desolation ?

*Old Play.*

The Bannatyne Club.<sup>1</sup>

1823.

## I.

Assist me, ye friends of Old Books and Old Wine,

To sing in the praises of sage Bannatyne,  
Who left such a treasure of old Scottish lore  
As enables each age to print one volume more.

One volume more, my friends, one volume more,

We'll ransack old Banny for one volume more.

## II.

And first, Allan Ramsay was eager to glean  
From Bannatyne's *Hortus* his bright Evergreen;

Two light little volumes (intended for four)  
Still leave us the task to print one volume more.

One volume more, &c.

## III.

His ways were not ours, for he cared not a pin  
How much he left out, or how much he put in;

The truth of the reading he thought was a bore,  
So this accurate age calls for one volume more.

One volume more, &c.

## IV.

Correct and sagacious, then came my Lord Hailes,

And weigh'd every letter in critical scales,  
But left out some brief words, which the prudish abhor,

And castrated Banny in one volume more.

One volume more, my friends, one volume more;

We'll restore Banny's manhood in one volume more.

## V.

John Pinkerton next, and I'm truly concern'd  
I can't call that worthy so candid as learn'd;  
He rail'd at the plaid and blasphem'd the claymore,

And set Scots by the ears in his one volume more.

One volume more, my friends, one volume more,

Celt and Goth shall be pleased with one volume more.

## VI.

As bitter as gall, and as sharp as a razor,  
And feeding on herbs as a Nebuchadnezzar,  
His diet too acid, his temper too sour,  
Little Ritson came out with his two volumes more.<sup>2</sup>

But one volume, my friends, one volume more,  
We'll dine on roast-beef and print one volume more.<sup>3</sup>

## VII.

The stout Gothic yeditur, next on the roll,<sup>4</sup>  
With his beard like a brush and as black as a coal;

And honest Greysteel<sup>5</sup> that was true to the core,

Lent their hearts and their hands each to one volume more.

One volume more, &c.

## VIII.

Since by these single champions what wonders were done,

What may not be achieved by our Thirty and One?

Law, Gospel, and Commerce, we count in our corps,

And the Trade and the Press join for one volume more.

One volume more, &c.

## IX.

Ancient libels and contraband books, I assure ye,

We'll print as secure from Exchequer or Jury;  
Then hear your Committee, and let them count o'er

The Chiefti they intend in their three volumes more.

Three volumes more, &c.

## X.

They'll produce you King Jamie, the sapient and Sext,

And the Rob of Dumblane and her Bishops come next;

One tome miscellaneous they'll add to your store,

Resolving next year to print four volumes more.

Four volumes more, my friends, four volumes more;

Pay down your subscriptions for four volumes more.

This club was instituted in the year 1822, for the publication or reprint of rare and curious works connected with the history and antiquities of Scotland. It consisted, at first, of a very few members, — gradually extended to one hundred, at which number it has now made a final pause. They assume the name of the Bannatyne Club from George Bannatyne, of whom little is known beyond that prodigious effort which produced his present honours, and is, perhaps, one of the most singular instances of its kind which the literature of any country exhibits. His labours as an amanuensis were undertaken during the time of pestilence, in 1563. The dread

<sup>1</sup> Sir Walter Scott was the first President of the Club, and wrote these verses for the anniversary dinner of March, 1825.

<sup>2</sup> In accordance with his own regimen, Mr. Ritson published a volume entitled "An Essay on Abstinence from Animal Food as a Moral Duty. 1802."

<sup>3</sup> See an account of the Metrical Antiquarian Researches of Pinkerton, Ritson, and Herd, &c., in the Introductory Remarks on Popular Poetry, *ante*, p. 446, *et seq.*

<sup>4</sup> James Sibbald, editor of *Scottish Poetry, &c.* "The Yeditur," was the name given him by the late Lord Eldon, then Mr. John Clerk, advocate. The description of him here is very accurate.

<sup>5</sup> David Herd, editor of *Songs and Historical Ballads, 2 vols.* He was called Greysteel by his intimates, from having been long in unsuccessful quest of the romance of that name.

of infection had induced him to retire into solitude, and under such circumstances he had the energy to form and execute the plan of saving the literature of the whole nation; and, undisturbed by the general mourning for the dead, and general fears of the living, to devote himself to the task of collecting and recording the triumphs of human genius in the poetry of his age and country;—thus, amid the wreck of all that was mortal, employing himself in preserving the lays by which immortality is at once given to others, and obtained for the writer himself. He informs us of some of the numerous difficulties he had to contend with in this self-imposed task. The volume containing his labours, deposited in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh, is no less than eight hundred pages in length, and very neatly and closely written, containing nearly all the ancient poetry of Scotland now known to exist.

This Caledonian association, which boasts several names of distinction, both from rank and talent, has assumed rather a broader foundation than the parent society, the Roxburgh Club in London, which, in its plan, being restricted to the reprinting of single tracts, each executed at the expense of an individual member, it follows as almost a necessary consequence, that no volume of considerable size has emanated from it, and its range has been thus far limited in point of utility. The Bannatyne, holding the same system with respect to the ordinary species of club reprints, levies, moreover, a fund among its members of about £500 a-year, expressly to be applied for the editing and printing of works of acknowledged importance, and likely to be attended with expense beyond the reasonable bounds of an individual's contribution. In this way either a member of the Club, or a competent person under its patronage, superintends a particular volume, or set of volumes. Upon these occasions, a very moderate number of copies are thrown off for general sale; and those belonging to the Club are only distinguished from the others by being printed on the paper, and ornamented with the decorations, peculiar to the Society. In this way several useful and eminently valuable works have recently been given to the public for the first time, or at least with a degree of accuracy and authenticity which they had never before attained.—*Abridged from the Quarterly Review—Art. Pitcairn's Ancient Criminal Trials. February, 1831.*

To J. E. Lockhart, Esq.

ON THE COMPOSITION OF MAIDA'S EPITAPH.

1824.

"Maidae Marmorae dormis sub imagine Maida t  
Ad januam domiel sit tibi terra levis."  
See *Life of Scott*, vol. vii., pp. 275-281.

"Dear John,—I some time ago wrote to inform his  
Fat worship of *jaces*, misprinted for *dormis* ;

But that several Southrons assured me the  
*januam*  
Was a twitch to both ears of Ass Priscian's  
cranium.  
You, perhaps, may observe that one Lionel  
Berguer,  
In defence of our blunder appears a stout  
arguer ;  
But at length I have settled, I hope, all these  
clatters,  
By a *roté* in the papers, fine place for such  
matters.  
I have, therefore, to make it for once my  
command, sir,  
That my gudson shall leave the whole thing  
in my hand, sir,  
And by no means accomplish what James  
says you threaten,  
Some banter in Blackwood to claim your dog-  
Latin  
I have various reasons of weight, on my word,  
sir,  
For pronouncing a step of this sort were  
absurd, sir.—  
Firstly, erudite sir, 'twas against your ad-  
vising  
I adopted the lines this monstrosity lies in ;  
For you modestly hinted my English transla-  
tion  
Would become better far such a dignified  
station.  
Second—how, in God's name, would my bacon  
be saved,  
By not having writ what I clearly engraved ?  
On the contrary, I, on the whole, think it  
better  
To be whipped as a thief, than his lousy  
resetter.  
Thirdly—don't you perceive I don't care a  
boddle  
Although fifty false metres were flung at my  
noddle,  
For my back is as broad and as hard as Ben-  
lomon's,  
And I treat as I please both the Greeks and  
the Romans ;  
Whereas the said heathens might rather look  
serious,  
At a kick on their drum from the scribe of  
Valerius.  
And, fourthly and lastly—it is my good  
pleasure  
To remain the sole source of that murderous  
measure.  
So *set pro ratione voluntas*—be tractile,  
Invade not, I say, my own dear little  
dactyl ;  
If you do, you'll occasion a breach in our  
intercourse ;  
To-morrow you will see me in town for the  
winter-coorse,  
But not at your door, at the usual hour,  
sir,  
My own pye-house daughter's good prog to  
devour, sir.  
Ergo—peace!—on your duty, your squeamish-  
ness throttle,  
And we'll soothe Priscian's spleen with a  
cauny third bottle.  
A fig for all dactyls, a fig for all spon-  
dees,  
A fig for all dances and dominie Grundys ;  
A fig for dry thrapples, south, north, east, and  
west, sir,



Speals and raxes<sup>1</sup> ere five for a fanishing  
 guest, sir;  
 And as Fatsman<sup>2</sup> and I have some topics for  
 haver, he'll  
 Be invited, I hope, to meet me and Dame  
 Peveril,  
 Upon whom, to say nothing of Oury and  
 Anne, you a  
 Dog shall be deemed if you fasten your  
 Janua.

### Lines,<sup>3</sup>

ADDRESSED TO MONSIEUR ALEXANDRE, THE  
 CELEBRATED VENTRILOQUIST.

1824.

Of yore, in old England, it was not thought  
 good  
 To carry two visages under one hood:  
 What should folk say to you? who have faces  
 such plenty,  
 That from under one hood, you last night  
 show'd us twenty!  
 Stand forth, arch deceiver, and tell us in truth,  
 Are you handsome or ugly, in age or in youth?  
 Man, woman, or child—a dog or a mouse?  
 Or are you, at once, each live thing in the  
 house?  
 Each live thing, did I ask?—each dead imple-  
 ment, too,  
 A work-shop in your person,—saw, chisel, and  
 screw!  
 Above all, are you one individual? I know  
 You must be at least Alexandre and Co.  
 But I think you're a troop—an assemblage—a  
 moh,  
 And that I, as Sheriff, should take up the job;  
 And instead of rehearsing your wondrous in  
 verse,  
 Must read you the Riot-Act, and bid you dis-  
 perse.

Abbotsford, 23d April.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> There is an excellent story (but too long for quota-  
 tion) in the *Memoirs of the Somersilles* (vol. 1., p. 240)  
 about an old Lord of that family, who, when he wished  
 preparations to be made for high feasting at his Castle of  
 Cowthully, used to send on a billet inscribed with this  
 laconic phrase, "Speals and raxes." i. e. *spis and raves*.  
 Upon one occasion, Lady Somerville (being newly married,  
 and not yet skilled in her husband's hieroglyphics) read  
 the mandate as *spears and jacks*, and sent forth 200 armed  
 horsemen, whose appearance on the moors greatly alarmed  
 Lord Somerville and his guests, who happened to be no less  
 a person than King James III.—See *Scott's Miscellaneous  
 Prose*, vol. xxii., p. 312.

<sup>2</sup> Fatsman was one of Mr. James Ballantyne's many  
 aliases. Another (to which confusion mostly adhered)  
 was Mr. "Basketfill"—an allusion to the celebrated  
 printer Basketville.

<sup>3</sup> "When Monsieur Alexandre, the celebrated ventri-  
 loquist, was in Scotland, in 1824, he paid a visit to Abbot-  
 sford, where he entertained his distinguished host, and the  
 other visitors, with his unrivalled imitations. Next morn-  
 ing, when he was about to depart, Sir Walter felt a good  
 deal embarrassed as to the sort of acknowledgment he  
 should offer; but at length, resolving that it would pro-  
 bably be most agreeable to the young foreigner to be paid in  
 professional coin, if in any, he stepped aside for a few  
 minutes, and, on returning, presented him with this epi-  
 gram. The reader need hardly be reminded that Sir  
 Walter Scott held the office of Sheriff of the county of  
 Selkirk."—*Scottish newspaper*, 1830.

### Epilogue

TO THE DRAMA FOUNDED ON "ST. RONAN'S  
 WELL."

1824.

"After the play, the following humorous  
 address, (ascribed to an eminent literary char-  
 acter,) was spoken with infinite effect by Mr.  
 Mackay in the character of Meg Dodds."—  
*Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, 9th June, 1824.

*Enter Megg Dodds, encircled by a crowd of  
 unruly boys, whom a town's-officer is driving off.*

That's right, friend—drive the gaitlings  
 back,

And lend yon muckle ane a whack;  
 Your Embro' bairns are grown a pack,  
 Sae proud and saucy,  
 They scarce will let an auld wife walk  
 Upon your causey.

I've seen the day they would have been  
 scaur'd,  
 Wi' the 'Tulbooth, or wi' the Guard,  
 Or maybe wud hae some regard  
 For Jamie Laing—<sup>5</sup>  
 The Water-hole<sup>6</sup> was right weel wared  
 On sic a gang.

But whar's the gude Tolbooth<sup>7</sup> gane now?  
 Whar's the old Claught,<sup>8</sup> wi' red and blue?  
 Whar's Jamie Laing? and whar's John  
 Doo?<sup>9</sup>

And whar's the Weigh-house?<sup>10</sup>  
 Deil hae't I see but what is new,  
 Except the Playhouse!

Yoursells are changed frae head to heel,  
 There's some that gar the causeway heel  
 What clashing hufe and rattling wheel,  
 And horses canterin',  
 Wha's fathers daunder'd hame as weel  
 Wi' lass and lantern.

Myself being in the public line,  
 I look for howfs I kenn'd lang syne,  
 Whar gentles used to drink gude wine,  
 And eat cheap dinners;  
 But deil a soul gangs there to dine,  
 Of saints or sinners!

<sup>4</sup> The lines, with this date, appeared in the *Edinburgh  
 Annual Register* of 1824.

<sup>5</sup> James Laing was one of the Deputy-Clerks of the city  
 of Edinburgh, and in his official connexion with the Police  
 and Council-Chamber, his name was a constant terror to  
 evil-doers. He died in February, 1806.

<sup>6</sup> The Watch-hole.

<sup>7</sup> The Tolbooth of Edinburgh, The Heart of Mid-  
 Lothian, was pulled down in 1817.

<sup>8</sup> The ancient Town Guard. The reduced remnant of  
 this body of police was finally disbanded in 1817.

<sup>9</sup> John Doo, or Dhu—a terrific-looking and high-spirited  
 member of the Town-Guard, and of whom there is a print  
 by Kay, etched in 1724.

<sup>10</sup> The Weigh-house, situated at the head of the West  
 Bow, Lawmarket, and which had long been looked upon as  
 an encumbrance to the street, was demolished in order to  
 make way for the royal procession in the Castle, which  
 took place on the 22d of August, 1824.

Fortune's<sup>1</sup> and Hunter's<sup>2</sup> gane, alas !  
And Bayle's<sup>3</sup> is lost in empty space ;  
And now if folk would splice a brace,  
Or crack a bottle,  
They gang to a new-fangled place  
They ca' a Hottle.

The deevil hottle them for Meg !  
They are sae greedy and sae gleg,  
That if ye're served but wi' an egg,  
(And that's puir pickin'.)  
In comes a chiel and makes a leg,  
And charges chicken !

"And wha may ye be," gin ye apeer,  
"That brings your auld-wuld clavers here?"  
Troth, if there's onybody near  
That kens the roads,  
I'll haud ye Burgundy to beer,  
He kens Meg Dodds.

I came a piece frae west o' Currie ;  
And, since I see you're in a hurry,  
Your patience I'll nae langer worry,  
But be sae crouse  
As speak a word for aye Will Murray,<sup>4</sup>  
That keeps this house.

Plays are auld-fashion'd things, in truth,  
And ye've seen wondrous mair uncouth ;  
Yet actors shou'dna suffer drouth,  
Or want of dramuck,  
Although they speak but wi' their mouth,  
Not with their stomack.

But ye tak care of a' folk's pantry ;  
And surely to hae stooden sentry  
Ower this big house, (that's far frae rent-free,)  
For a lone sister,  
Is claims as gude's to be a ventri—  
How'st ca'd—loquister.

Weel, sirs, gude'en, and have a care  
The bairns mak fun o' Meg nae mair ;  
For gin they do, she tells you fair,  
And without falzie,  
As sure as ever ye sit there,  
She'll tell the Bailie.

### Epilogue.<sup>5</sup>

1824.

The sages — for authority, pray look  
Seneca's morals, or the copy-book —  
The sages, to disparage woman's power,  
Say, beauty is a fair, but fading flower ;—  
I cannot tell — I've small philosophy —  
Yet, if it fades, it does not surely die,

1 Fortnoe's Tavern—a house on the west side of the Old Stamp Office Close, High Street, and which was, in the early part of the last century, the mansion of the Earl of Eglington.—The Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the day held his levees and dinners in this tavern.

2 Hunter's—another once much-frequented tavern, in Writer's Court, Royal Exchange.

3 Bayle's Tavern and Coffee-house, originally on the North Bridge, east side, afterwards in Shakespeare Square, but removed to admit of the opening of Waterloo Place.

But, like the violet, when decay'd in bloom,  
Survives through many a year in rich perfume.  
Witness our theme to-night, two ages gone,  
A third wanes fast, since Mary fill'd the throne.

Brief was her bloom, with scarce one sunny day,

\*Twixt Pinkie's field and fatal Fotheringay :  
But when, while Scottish hearts and blood  
you boast,

Shall sympathy with Mary's woes be lost ?  
O'er Mary's mem'ry the learn'd quarrel,  
By Mary's grave the poet plants his laurel,  
Time's echo, old tradition, makes her name  
The constant burden of his fall'ring theme ;  
In each old hall his grey-hair'd heralds tell  
Of Mary's picture, and of Mary's cell,  
And show—my fingers tingle at the thought—  
The loads of tapestry which that poor Queen  
wrought.

In vain did fate bestow a double dower  
Of ev'ry ill that waits on rank and pow'r,  
Of ev'ry ill on beauty that attends —  
False ministers, false lovers, and false friends.  
Spite of three wedlocks so completely curst,  
They rose in ill from bad to worse, and worst,  
In spite of errors—I dare not say more,  
For Duncan Targe lays hand on his claymore.  
In spite of all, however, humours vary,  
There is a talisman in that word Mary,  
That unto Scottish bosoms all and some  
Is found the genuine *open sesamum* !  
In history, ballad, poetry, or uovel,  
It charis alike the castle and the hovel,  
Even you—forgive me—who, demure and shy,  
Gorge not each bait, nor stir at every fly,  
Must rise to this, else in her ancient reign  
The Rose of Scotland has survived in vain.

### From Redgauntlet.

1824.

—"It was but three nights ago, that, worn out by the uniformity of my confinement, I had manifested more symptoms of despondence than I had before exhibited, which I conceive may have attracted the attention of the domestics, through whom the circumstance might transpire. On the next morning, the following lines lay on my table ; but how conveyed there, I cannot tell. The hand in which they are written is a beautiful Italian manuscript."—*Darrie Latimer's Journal, Chap. x.*

As lords their labourers' hire delay,  
Fate quits our toil with hopes to come,  
Which, if far short of present pay,  
Still owns a debt and names a sum.

Such was the dignified character of this house, that the writer always appeared in full dress, and nobody was admitted who had not a white neckcloth—theo considered an indispensable insignium of a gentleman.

4 Mr. William Murray became manager of the Edinburgh Theatre in 1815.

5 "I recovered the above with some difficulty. I believe it was never spoken, but written for some play, afterwards withdrawn, in which Mrs H. Siddons was to have spoken it in the character of Queen Mary."—*Extract from a Letter of Sir Walter Scott to Mr. Constable, 2d October, 1824.*

Quit not the pledge, frail sufferer, then,  
 Although a distant date he given;  
 Despair is treason towards man,  
 And blasphemy to Heaven.

## From The Betrothed.

1825.

### (1.)—SONG—SOLDIER WAKE.

I.

Soldier, wake—the day is peeping,  
 Honour ne'er was won in sleeping,  
 Never when the sunbeams still  
 Lay unreflected on the hill:  
 'Tis when they are glinted back  
 From axe and armour, spear and jack,  
 That they promise future story  
 Many a page of deathless glory.  
 Shields that are the foeman's terror,  
 Ever are the morning's mirror.

II.

Arm and up, the morning beam  
 Hath call'd the rustic to his team,  
 Hath call'd the falconer to the lake,  
 Hath call'd the huntsman to the brake;  
 The early student ponders o'er  
 His dusty tomes of ancient lore.  
 Soldier, wake—thy harvest, fame;  
 Thy study, conquest; war, thy game.  
 Shield, that would be foeman's terror,  
 Still should gleam the morning's mirror.

III.

Poor hire repays the rustic pain;  
 More paltry still the sportsman's gain:  
 Vainest of all the student's theme  
 Ends in some metaphysic dream:  
 Yet each is up, and each has toil'd  
 Since first the peep of dawn has smil'd;  
 And each is eagerer in his aim  
 Than he who harters life for fame.  
 Up, up, and arm thee, son of terror!  
 Be thy bright shield the morning's mirror.

*Chap. xix.*

### (2.)—SONG—THE TRUTH OF WOMAN.

I.

Woman's faith, and woman's trust—  
 Write the characters in dust;  
 Stamp them on the running stream,  
 Print them on the moon's pale beam,  
 And each evanescent letter  
 Shall be clearer, firmer, better,  
 And more permanent, I ween,  
 Than the things those letters mean.

II.

I have strain'd the spider's thread  
 'Gainst the promise of a maid;  
 I have weigh'd a grain of sand  
 'Gainst her plight of heart and hand;  
 I told my true love of the token,  
 How her faith proved light, and her word  
 was broken:

Azain her word and truth she plight,  
 And I believed them again ere night.  
*Chap. xx.*

### (3.)—SONG—I ASKED OF MY HARP.

—“The minstrel took from his side a *rote*, and striking, from time to time, a Welsh descant, sung at others a lay, of which we can offer only a few fragments, literally translated from the ancient language in which they were chanted, premising that they are in that excursive symbolical style of poetry, which Taliessin, Ilewarch, Hen, and other bards, had derived perhaps from the time of the Druids.”

I ask'd of my harp, “Who hath injured thy chords?”  
 And she replied, “The crooked finger, which I mocked in my tune.”  
 A blade of silver may be bended—a blade of steel abideth—  
 Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

The sweet taste of mead passeth from the lips,  
 But they are long corroded by the juice of wormwood;  
 The lamb is brought to the shambles, but the wolf rangeth the mountain;  
 Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

I ask'd the red-hot iron, when it glimmer'd on the anvil,  
 “Wherefore glowest thou longer than the firebrand?”  
 “I was born in the dark mine, and the brand in the pleasant greenwood.”  
 Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

I ask'd the green oak of the assembly, wherefore its boughs were dry and seared like the horns of the stag;  
 And it show'd me that a small worm had gnaw'd its roots.  
 The boy who remembered the scourge, undid the wicket of the castle at midnight.  
 Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

Lightning destroyeth temples, though their spires pierce the clouds;  
 Storms destroy armadas, though their sails intercept the gale.  
 He that is in his glory falleth, and that by a contemptible enemy.  
 Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.  
*Chap. xxxi.*

### (4.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. II.

In Madoc's tent the clarion sounds,  
 With rapid clangour hurried far;  
 Each hill and dale the note rebounds,  
 But when return the sons of war!  
 Thou, born of stern Necessity,  
 Dull Peace! the valley yields to thee,  
 And owns thy melaucholy sway.

*Welsh Poem.*



(2.)—CHAP. VII.

O, sadly shines the morning sun  
On leaguer'd castle wall,  
When bastion: tower, and battlement,  
Seem nodding to their fall.

*Old Ballad.*

(3.)—CHAP. XII.

Now all ye ladies of fair Scotland,  
And ladies of England that happy would  
prove,  
Marry never for houses, nor marry for land,  
Nor marry for nothing but only love.

*Family Quarrels.*

(4.)—CHAP. XIII.

Too much rest is rust,  
There's ever cheer in changing ;  
We tyne by too much trust,  
So we'll be up and ranging.

*Old Song.*

(5.)—CHAP. XVII.

Ring out the merry bells, the bride ap-  
proaches.  
The blush upon her cheek has shamed the  
morning,  
For that is dawning palely. Grant, good  
saints,  
These clouds betoken nought of evil omen !

*Old Play.*

(6.)—CHAP. XXVII.

*Julia.* — Gentle sir,  
You are our captive—but we'll use you so,  
That you shall think your prison joys may  
match  
Whate'er your liberty hath known of  
pleasure.

*Roderick.* No, fairest, we have trifled here  
too long ;

And, lingering to see your roses blossom.

I've let my laurels wither.

*Old Play.*

~~~~~  
From The Talkman.

1825.

(1.)—AHRIMAN.

—"So saying, the Saracen proceeded to
chant verses, very ancient in the language and
structure, which some have thought derive
their source from the worship of Arimanes,
the Evil Principle."

Dark Ahriman, whom Irak still
Holds origin of woe and ill !
When, bending at thy shrine,
We view the world with troubled eye,
Where see we, 'neath the extended sky,
An empire matching thine !

If the Benigner Power can yield
A fountain in the desert field,
Where weary pilgrims drink ;
Thine are the waves that lash the rock,
'Thine the tornado's deadly shock,
Where countless navies sink !

Or if He bid the soil dispense
Balsams to cheer the sinking sense,
How few can they deliver
From lingering pains, or pang intense,
Red Fever, spotted Pestilence,
The arrows of thy quiver !

Chief in Man's bosom sits thy sway,
And frequent, while in words we pray
Before another throne,
Whate'er of specious form be there,
The secret meaning of the prayer
Is, Ahriman, thine own.

Say, hast thou feeling, sense, and form,
Thunder thy voice, thy garments storm,
As Eastern Magi say ;
With sentient soul of hate and wrath,
And wings to sweep thy deadly path,
And fangs to tear thy prey ?

Or art thou mix'd in Nature's source,
An ever-operating force,
Converting good to ill ;
An evil principle innate,
Contending with our better fate,
And oh ! victorious still ?

Howe'er it be, dispute is vain.
On all without thou hold'st thy reign,
Nor less on all within ;
Each mortal passion's fierce career,
Love, hate, ambition, joy, and fear,
Thou goadest into sin.

Whene'er a sunny gleam appears,
To brighten up our vale of tears,
Thou art not distant far ;
'Mid such brief solace of our lives,
Thou whett'st our very hanquet-knives
To tools of death and war.

Thus, from the moment of our birth,
Long as we linger on the earth,
Thou rul'st the fate of men ;
Thine are the pangs of life's last hour,
And — who dare answer ? — is thy power,
Dark Spirit ! ended Then ?

Chap. iii.

(2.)—SONG OF BLONDEL.—THE
BLOODY VEST.

"The song of Blondel was, of course, in the
Norman language ; but the verses which fol-
low express its meaning and its manner."

'Twas near the fair city of Benevent,
When the sun was setting on bough and bent,
And knights were preparing in bower and
tent,

On the eve of the Baptist's tournament ;
When in Lincoln green a striping gent,
Well seeming a page by a princess sent,
Wander'd the camp, and, still as he went,
Enquired for the Englishman, Thomas a Kent.

Far hath he fared, and farther must fare,
Till he finds his pavilion nor stately nor rare,—
Little save iron and steel was there ;
And, as lacking the coin to pay armourer's
care,

With his sinewy arms to the shoulders bare,

The good knight with hammer and file did
repair
The mail that to-morrow must see him wear,
For the honour of Saint John and his lady
fair.

"Thus speaks my lady," the page said he,
And the knight bent lowly both head and
knee,

"She is Benevent's Princess so high in degree,
And thou art as lowly as knight may well be—
He that would climb so lofty a tree,
Or spring such a gulf as divides her from thee,
Must dare some high deed, by which all men
may see

His ambition is back'd by his high chivalrie.

"Therefore thus speaks my lady," the fair
page he said,
And the knight lowly louted with hand and
with head,

"Fling aside the good armour in which thou
art clad,
And don thou this weed of her night-gear
instead,

For a hauberk of steel, a kirtle of thread ;
And charge, thus attired, in the tournament
dread,

And fight, as thou wont, where most blood is
shed,
And bring honour away, or remain with the
dead."

Untroubled in his look, and untroubled in his
breast,

The knight the weed hath taken, and rever-
ently hath kiss'd :

"Now bless'd be the moment, the messenger
be blest !

Much honour'd do I hold me in my lady's
high behest ;
And say unto my lady, in this dear night-weed
dress'd,

To the best arm'd champion I will not veil my
crest ;

But if I live and bear me well, 'tis her turn to
take the test."

Here, gentles, ends the foremost fyfte of the
Lay of the Bloody Vest.

THE BLOODY VEST.

FYFTE SECOND.

The Baptist's fair morrow beheld gallant
feats—

There was winning of honour, and losing of
seats—

There was hewing with falchions, and splinter-
ing of staves,

The victors won glory, the vanquish'd won
graves.

O, many a knight there fought bravely and
well,

Yet one was accounted his peers to excel,
And 'twas he whose sole armour on body and
breast,

Seem'd the weed of a damsel when bonne for
her rest.

There were some dealt him wounds that were
bloody and sore,

But others respected his plight and forebore.

"It is some oath of honour," they said, "and
I trow,

'Twere unknighly to slay him achieving his
vow."

Then the Prince, for his sake, bade the tourna-
ment cease,

He flung down his warder, the trumpets sung
peace ;

And the judges declare, and competitors yield,
That the Knight of the Night-gear was first
in the field.

The feast it was nigh, and the mass it was
nigher,

When before the fair Princess low louted a
squire,

And deliver'd a garment unseemly to view,
With sword-cut and spear-thrust, all hack'd
and pierced through ;

All rent and all tatter'd, all clotted with
blood,

With foam of the horses, with dust, and with
mud,

Not the point of that lady's small finger, I
ween,

Could have rested on spot was unsullied and
clean.

"This token my master, Sir Thomas a Kent,
Restores to the Princess of fair Benevent ;

He that climbs the tall tree has won right to
the fruit,

He that leaps the wide gulf should prevail in
his suit :

Through life's utmost peril the prize I have
won,

And now must the faith of my mistress be
shown ;

For she who prompts knights on such danger
to run,

Must avouch his true service in front of the
sun.

"I restore," says my master, "the garment I've
won,

And I claim of the Princess to don it in turn ;
For its stains and its rents she should prize it
the more,

Since byshame 'tis unsullied, though crimson'd
with gore."

Then deep blush'd the Princess—yet kiss'd
she and press'd

The blood-spotted robes to her lips and her
breast.

"Go tell my true knight, church and chamber
shall show,

If I value the blood on this garment or no."

And when it was time for the nobles to pass,
In solemn procession to minster and mass,

The first walk'd the Princess in purple and
pall,

But the blood-besmeas'd night-robe she wore
over all ;

And eke, in the hall, where they all sat at
dine,

When she knelt to her father and proffer'd the
wine,

Over all her rich robes and state jewels, she
wore

That wimple unseemly bedabbled with gore.

Then lords whisper'd ladies, as well you may
think,

And ladies replied, with nod, titter, and
wink ;

And the Prince, who in anger and shame had
look'd down,
Turn'd at length to his daughter, and spoke
with a frown:
"Now since thou hast publish'd thy folly and
guilt,
E'en atone with thy hand for the blood thou
hast spilt;
Yet sore for your boldness you both will re-
pent,
When you wander as exiles from fair Bene-
vent."

Then out spoke stout Thomas, in hall where
he stood,
Exhausted and feeble, but dauntless of mood;
"The blood that I lost for this daughter of
thine,
I pour'd forth as freely as flask gives its wine:
And if for my sake she brooks penance and
blame,
Do not doubt I will save her from suffering
and shame;
And light will she reckon of thy princedom and
rent,
When I hail her, in England, the Countess of
Kent." *Chap. xxvi.*

(3.) — MOTTOES.

(1.) — CHAP. IX.

This is the Prince of Leeches; fever, plague,
Cold rheum, and hot podagra, do but look
on him,
And quit their grasp upon the tortured sinews.
Anonymous.

(2.) — CHAP. XI.

One thing is certain in our Northern land,
Allow that birth, or valour, wealth, or wit,
Give each precedence to their possessor,
Envy, that follows on such eminence,
As comes the lyme-hound on the roebuck's
trace,
Shall poll them down each one.
Sir David Lindsay.

(3.) — CHAP. XIII.

You talk of Gaiety and Innocence!
The moment when the fatal fruit was eaten,
They parted ne'er to meet again; and Malice
Has ever since been playmate to light Gaiety,
From the first moment when the smiling
infant

Destroys the flower or butterfly he toys with,
To the last chuckle of the dying miser,
Who on his deathbed laughs his last to hear
His wealthy neighbour has become a bankrupt.
Old Play.

(4.) — CHAP. XVI.

'Tis not her sense — for sure, in that
There's nothing more than common;
And all her wit is only chat,
Like any other woman. *Song.*

(5.) — CHAP. XVII.

Were every hair upon his head a life,
And every life were to be supplicated
By numbers equal to those hairs quadrupled,
Life after life should out like waning stars
Before the daybreak — or as festive lamps,
Which have lent lustre to the midnight revel,
Each after each are quenched when guests
depart! *Old Play.*

(6.) — CHAP. XIX.

Must we then sheath our still victorious
sword;
Turn back our forward step, which ever trode
O'er foemen's necks the onward path of glory;
Unclass the mail, which, with a solemn vow,
In God's own house we hung upon our
shoulders;
That vow, as unaccomplish'd as the promise
Which village nurses make to still their chil-
dren,
And after think no more of? —
The Crusade, a Tragedy.

(7.) — CHAP. XX.

When beauty leads the lion in her toils,
Such are her charms he dare not raise his
mane,
Far less expand the terror of his fangs.
So great Alcides made his club a distaff,
And spun to please fair Omphale. *Anonymous.*

(8.) — CHAP. XXIII.

'Mid these wild scenes Enchantment waves
her hand,
To change the face of the mysterious land;
Till the bewildering scenes around us seem
The vain productions of a feverish dream.
Astolpho, a Romance.

(9.) — CHAP. XXIV.

————— A grain of dust
Soiling our cup, will make our sense reject
Fastidiously the draught which we did thirst
for;
A rusted nail, placed near the faithful com-
pass,
Will sway it from the truth, and wreck the
argosy.
Even this small cause of anger and disgust
Will break the bonds of amity 'mongst princes,
And wreck their noblest purposes.
The Crusade.

(10.) — CHAP. XXVI.

The tears I shed must ever fall!
I weep not for an absent awain,
For time may happier hours recall,
And parted lovers meet again.
I weep not for the silent dead,
Their pains are past, their sorrows o'er,
And those that loved their steps must tread,
When death shall join to part no more.
But worse than absence, worse than death,
She wept her lover's sullied fame,
And, fired with all the pride of birth,
She wept a soldier's injured name. *Ballad.*

Life of Napoleon.

JUNE, 1825.

While Scott was engaged in writing the Life
of Napoleon, Mr. Lockhart says,—"The rapid
accumulation of books and MSS. was at once
flattering and alarming; and one of his notes
to me, about the middle of June, had these
rhymes by way of postscript:—

When with Poetry dealing,
Room enough in a shieling:
Neither cabin nor hovel
Too small for a novel:
Though my back I should rub
On Diogenes' tub,
How my fancy could prance
In a dance of romance!
But my house I must swap
With some Brobdignag chap,
Ere I grapple, God bless me! with Em-
peror Nap."

Life, vol. vii. p. 391.

From Woodstock.

1826.

(1.)—AN HOUR WITH THEE.

An hour with thee!—When earliest day
Dapples with gold the eastern grey,
Oh, what can frame my mind to bear
The toil and turmoil, care and care,
New griefs, which coming hours unfold,
And sad remembrance of the old?
One hour with thee.

One hour with thee!—When burning June
Waves his red flag at pitch of noon;
What shall repay the faithful swain,
His labour on the sultry plain;
And more than cave or sheltering bough,
Cool feverish blood, and throbbing brow!—
One hour with thee.

One hour with thee!—When sun is set,
O, what can teach me to forget
The thankless labours of the day;
The hopes, the wishes flung away;
The increasing wants, and lessening gains,
The master's pride, who scorns my pains!—
One hour with thee.
Chap. xxvi.

(2.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. II.

Come forth, old man—Thy daughter's side
Is now the fitting place for thee:
When Time hath quell'd the oak's bold pride,
The youthful tendril yet may hide
The ruins of the parent tree.

(2.)—CHAP. III.

Now, ye wild blades, that make loose inns
Your stage,
To vapour forth the acts of this sad age,
Stout Edgehill fight, the Newberries and the
West,
And northern clashes, where you still fought
best;
Your strange escapes, your dangers void of
fear,
When bullets flew between the head and ear,
Whether you fought by Damme or the Spirit,
Of you I speak.

Legend of Captain Jones.

(3.)—CHAP. IV.

Yon path of greensward
Winds round by sparry grot and gay pavilion;
There is no flint to gail thy tender foot,
There's ready shelter from each breeze, or
shower.—
But Duty guides not that way—see her stand,
With wand entwined with amaranth, near yon
cliffs.
Oft where she leads thy blood must mark thy
footsteps,
Oft where she leads thy head must bear the
storm,
And thy shrunk form endure heat, cold, and
hunger;
But she will guide thee up to noble heights,
Which he who gains seems native of the sky,
While earthly things lie stretch'd beneath his
feet,
Diminish'd, shrunk, and valueless—
Anonymous.

(4.)—CHAP. V.

My tongue pads slowly under this new lan-
guage,
And starts and stumbles at these uncouth
phrases.
They may be great in worth and weight, but
hang
Upon the native glibness of my language
Like Saul's plate-armour on the shepherd
boy,
Encumbering and not arming him.

J. B.

(5.)—CHAP. X.

Here we have one head
Upon two bodies—your two-headed bullock
Is but an ass to such a prodigy.
These two have but one meaning, thought,
and counsel;
And when the single noddle has spoke out,
The four legs scrape assent to it.

Old Play.

(6.)—CHAP. XIV.

Deeds are done on earth,
Which have their punishment ere the earth
closes
Upon the perpetrators. Be it the working
Of the remorse-stir'd fancy, or the vision,
Distinct and real, of unearthly being,
All ages witness, that beside the couch
Of the fell homicide oft stalks the ghost
Of him he slew, and shows the shadowy
wound.

Old Play.

(7.)—CHAP. XVII.

We do that in our zeal,
Our calmer moments are afraid to answer.

Anonymous.

(8.)—CHAP. XXIV.

The deadliest snakes are those which, twined
'mongst flowers,
Blend their bright colouring with the varied
blossoms,
Their fierce eyes glittering like the spangled
dew-drop;
In all so like what nature has most harmless,
That sportive innocence, which dreads no
danger,
Is poison'd unawares.

Old Play.

Lines to Sir Cuthbert Sharp.

1827.

"Sir Cuthbert Sharp, who had been particularly kind and attentive to Scott when at Sunderland, happened, in writing to him on some matter of business, to say he hoped he had not forgotten his friends in that quarter. Sir Walter's answer to Sir Cuthbert (who had been introduced to him by his old and dear friend, Mr. Surtees of Mainsforth) begins thus:—

Forget thee! No! my worthy fera!
Forget blithe mirth and gallant cheer!
Death sooner stretch me on my hier!
Forget thee! No.

Forget the universal shout!
When "canny Sunderland" spoke out—
A truth which knaves affect to doubt—
Forget thee! No.

Forget you? No—though now-a-day
I've heard your knowing people say,
Disown the debt you cannot pay,
You'll find it far the thriftiest way—
But I?—O no.

Forget your kindness found for all room,
In what, though large, seem'd still a small
room,
Forget my *Surtees* in a ball-room—
Forget you! No.

Forget your sprightly dumpty-fiddles,
And beauty tripping to the fiddles,
Forget my lovely friends the *Liddells*—
Forget you! No.

"So much for oblivion, my dear Sir C.; and now, having dismounted from my Pegasus, who is rather spavined, I charge a-foot, like an old dragoon as I am," &c. &c.—*Life of Scott*, vol. ix., p. 165.

From Chronicles of the Canongate.

1827.

MOTTOES.

(1.)—THE TWO DROVERS.

CHAP. II.

Were ever such two loving friends!—
How could they disagree?
O thus it was he loved him dear,
And thought how to requite him,
And having no friend left but he,
He did resolve to fight him.

Duke upon Duke.

(2.)—MY AUNT MARGARET'S MIRROR.

There are times
When Fancy plays her gambols, in despite
Even of our watchful senses, when in sooth
Substance seems shadow, shadow substance
seems,
When the broad, palpable, and marked parti-
tion,
'Twixt that which is and is not, seems dis-
solved.
As if the mental eye gained power to gaze
Beyond the limits of the existing world.
Such hours of shadowy dreams I better love
Than all the gross realities of life.

Anonymous.

From The Fair Maid of Perth.

1828.

(1.)—THE LAY OF POOR LOUISE.¹

Ah, poor Louise! the livelong day
She roams from cot to castle gay;
And still her voice and viol say,
Ah, maids, beware the woodland way.
Think on Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! The sun was high,
It smurch'd her cheek, it dimm'd her eye,
The woodland walk was cool and nigh,
Where birds with chiming streamlets vie
To cheer Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! The savage bear
Made ne'er that lovely grove his lair;
The wolves molest not paths so fair—
But better far had such been there
For poor Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! In woody wold
She met a huntsman fair and bold;
His baldrick was of silk and gold,
And many a witching tale he told
To poor Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! Small cause to pine
Hadst thou for treasures of the mine;
For peace of mind, that gift divine,
And spotless innocence, were/thine,
Ah, poor Louise!

Ah, poor Louise! Thy treasure's rest!
I know not if by force or theft,
Or part by violence, part by gift;
But misery is all that's left
To poor Louise.

Let poor Louise some succour have!
She will not long your bounty crave,
Or tire the gay with warning stave—
For Heaven has grace, and earth a grave.—
Poor poor Louise.

Chap. x.

¹ An allusion to the enthusiastic reception of the Duke of Wellington at Sunderland.—*Ed.*

² This lay has been set to beautiful music by a lady

whose composition, to say nothing of her singing, might make any poet proud of his verses, Mrs. Robert Arkwright, born Miss Kemble.

(2.)—DEATH CHANT.

—“Ere he guessed where he was going, the leech was hurried into the house of the late Oliver Proudfeet, from which he heard the chant of the women, as they swathed and dressed the corpse of the umquihle Bonnet-maker, for the ceremony of next morning; of which chant, the following verses may be received as a modern imitation:”—

1.

Viewless Essence, thin and bare,
Well nigh melted into air;
Still with fondness hovering hear
The earthly form thou once did wear;

2.

Pause upon thy pinion's flight,
Be thy course to left or right;
Be thou doom'd to soar or sink,
Pause upon the awful brink.

3.

To avenge the deed expelling
Thee untimely from thy dwelling,
Mystic force thou shalt retain
O'er the hood and o'er the brain.

4.

When the form thou shalt espy
That darken'd on thy closing eye;
When the footstep thou shalt hear,
That thrill'd upon thy dying ear;

5.

Then strange sympathies shall wake,
The flesh shall thrill, the nerves shall
quake;
The wounds renew their clotted flood,
And every drop cry blood for blood.
Chap. xxii.

(3.)—SONG OF THE GLEE-MAIDEN.

“She sung a melancholy dirge in Norman French; the words, of which the following is an imitation, were united to a tune as doleful as they are themselves.”

1.

Yes, thou mayst sigh,
And look once more at all around,
At stream and bank, and sky and ground.
Thy life its final course has found,
And thou must die.

2.

Yes, lay thee down,
And while thy struggling pulses flutter,
Bid the grey monk his soul-mass mutter,
And the deep bell its death-tone utter—
Thy life is gone.

1 These stanzas, accompanying an engraving from Mc. Cooper's subject, “The Death of Keeldar,” appeared in *The Gem* of 1829, a literary journal edited by Thomas Hood, Esq. In the acknowledgment to his contributors, Mr. Hood says, “To Sir Walter Scott — not merely a literary feather in my cap, but a whole plume of them — I owe, and

3.

Be not afraid.
’Tis but a pang, and then a thrill,
A fever fit, and then a chill;
And then an end of human ill,
For thou art dead. *Chap. xxx.*

(4.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—INTRODUCTORY.

The ashes here of murder'd Kings
Beneath my footsteps sleep;
And yonder lies the scene of death,
Where Mary learn'd to weep.
Captain Marjoribanks.

(2.)—CHAP. I.

“Behold the Tiber!” the vain Roman cried,
Viewing the ample Tay from Baiglie's side;
But where's the Scot that would the vaunt
repay,
And hail the puny Tiber for the Tay?
Anonymous.

(3.)—CHAP. XI.

Fair is the damsel, passing fair—
Sunny at distance gleams her smile!
Approach—the cloud of woeful care
Hangs trembling in her eye the while.
Lucinda, a Ballad.

(4.)—CHAP. XV.

O for a draught of power to steep
The soul of agony in sleep! *Bertha.*

(5.)—CHAP. XXIII.

Lo! where he lies embalm'd in gore,
His wound to Heaven cries;
The floodgates of his blood implore
For vengeance from the skies.
Uranus and Psyche.

The Death of Keeldar.

1828.

Percy or Percival Rede of Trochend, in Redesdale, Northumberland, is celebrated in tradition as a huntsman and a soldier. He was, upon two occasions, singularly unfortunate; once, when an arrow, which he had discharged at a deer, killed his celebrated dog Keeldar; and again, when, being on a hunting party, he was betrayed into the hands of a clan called Crossar, by whom he was murdered. Mr. Cooper's painting of the first of these incidents, suggested the following stanzas.¹

Up rose the sun, o'er moor and mead;
Up with the sun rose Percy Rede;
Brave Keeldar, from his couples freed,
Career'd along the lea;

with the hand of my heart acknowledge, a deep obligation. A poem from his pen is likely to confer on the book that contains it, if not perpetuity, at least a very Old Mortality.” — *Preface*, p. 4. The original painting by Cooper, remains at Abbotsford.—*Ed.*

The Palfrey sprung with sprightly bound,
As if to match the gamesome hound ;
His horn the gallant huntsman wound :
They were a jovial three !

Man, hound, or horse, of higher fame,
To wake the wild deer never came,
Since Al-wick's Earl pursued the game,
On Guevot's rueful day ;
Keeldar was matchless in his speed,
Than Tarras, ne'er was stauncher steed,
A peerless archer, Percy Rede :
And right dear friends were they.

The chase engross'd their joys and woes,
Together at the dawn they rose,
Together shared the noon's repose,
By fountain or by stream ;
And oft, when evening skies were red,
The heather was their common bed,
Where each, as wildering fancy led,
Still hunted in his dream.

Now is the thrilling moment near,
Of sylvan hope and sylvan fear,
Yon thicket holds the harbour'd deer,
The signs the hunters know ;—
With eyes of flame, and quivering ears,
The brake sagacious Keeldar nears ;
The restless palfrey paws and neighs ;
The archer strings his bow.

The game's afoot !—Halloo ! Halloo !
Hunter, and horse, and hound pursue ;—
But woe the shaft that erring flew—
That e'er it left the string !
And ill betide the faithless yew !
The stag bounds scatheless o'er the dew,
And gallant Keeldar's life-blood true
Has drench'd the grey-goose wing.

The noble hound—he dies, he dies,
Death, death has glazed his fixed eyes,
Stiff on the bloody heath he lies,
Without a groan or quiver.
Now day may break and bogle sound,
And whoop and hollow ring around,
And o'er his couch the stag may bound,
But Keeldar sleeps for ever.

Dilated nostrils, staring eyes,
Mark the poor palfrey's mute surprise,
He knows not that his comrade dies,
Nor what is death—but still
His aspect hath expression drear
Of grief and wonder, mix'd with fear,
Like startled children when they hear
Some mystic tale of ill.

But he that bent the fatal bow,
Can well the sum of evil know,
And o'er his favourite, bending low,
In speechless grief recline ;
Can think he hears the senseless clay,
In unapproachful accents say,
"The hand that took my life away,
Dear master, was it thine ?

"And if it be, the shaft be bless'd,
Which sure some erring aim address'd,
Since in your service prized, caress'd
I in your service die ;
And you may have a fletcher hound,
To match the dun-deer's merry bound,
But by your couch will ne'er be found
So true a guard as I."

And to his last stout Percy rued
The fatal chance, for when he stood
'Gainst fearful odds in deadly feud,
And fell amid the fray,
E'en with his dying voice he cried,
"Had Keeldar but been at my side,
Your treacherous ambush had been spied—
I had not died to-day !"

Remembrance of the erring bow
Long since had join'd the tides which flow,
Conveying human bliss and woe
Down dark oblivion's river ;
But Art can Time's stern doom arrest,
And snatch his spoil from Lethe's breast,
And, in her Cooper's colours drest,
The scene shall live for ever.

From
Anne of Geierstein.

1829.

(1.)—THE SECRET TRIBUNAL.

— "Philipson could perceive that the lights proceeded from many torches, borne by men muffled in black cloaks, like mourners at a funeral, or the Black Friars of Saint Francis's Order, wearing their cowls drawn over their heads, so as to conceal their features. They appeared anxiously engaged in measuring off a portion of the apartment; and, while occupied in that employment, they sung, in the ancient German language, rhymes more rude than Philipson could well understand, but which may be imitated thus:—

Measurers of good and evil,
Bring the square, the line, the level,—
Rear the altar, dig the trench,
Blood both stone and ditch shall drench.
Cubits six, from end to end,
Must the fatal bench extend,—
Cubits six, from side to side,
Judge and culprit must divide.
On the east the Court assembles,
On the west the Accused trembles—
Answer, brethren, all and one,
Is the ritual rightly done ?

On life and soul, on blood and bone,
One for all, and all for one,
We warrant this is rightly done.

How wears the night ?—Doth morning shine
In early radiance on the Rhine ?
What music floats upon his tide ?
Do birds the lardy morning chide ?
Brethren, look out from hill and height,
And answer true, how wears the night ?

The night is old : on Rhine's broad breast
Glance drowsy stars which long to rest.
No beams are twinkling in the east.
There is a voice upon the flood,
The stern still call of blood for blood ;
'Tis time we listen the behest.

Up, then, up! When day's at rest,
 'Tis time that such as we are watchers;
 Rise to judgment, brethren, rise!
 Vengeance knows not sleepy eyes,
 He and night are matchers.

Chap. xx.

MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. III.

Cursed be the gold and silver, which persuade
 Weak man to follow far fatiguing trade.
 The tily, peace, outshines the silver store,
 And life is dearer than the golden ore.
 Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
 To every distant mart and wealthy town.

Hasson, or the Camel-driver.

(2.)—CHAP. V.

I was one
 Who loved the greenwood bank and lowing
 herd,
 The russet prize, the lowly peasant's life,
 Season'd with sweet content, more than the
 halls
 Where revellers feast to fever-height. Be-
 lieve me,
 There ne'er was poison mix'd in maple bowl.

Anonymous.

(3.)—CHAP. VI.

When we two meet, we meet like rushing
 torrents;
 Like warring winds, like flames from various
 points,
 That mate each other's fury—there is nought
 Of elemental strife, were fiends to guide it,
 Can match the wrath of man.

Frenaud.

(4.)—CHAP. X.

We know not when we sleep nor when we
 wake.
 Visions distinct and perfect cross our eye,
 Which to the slumberer seem realities;
 And while they waked, some men have seen
 such sights
 As set at nought the evidence of sense,
 And left them well persuaded they were
 dreaming.

Anonymous.

(5.)—CHAP. XI.

These be the adept's doctrines—every element
 is peopled with its separate race of spirits.
 The airy Sylphs on the blue ether float;
 Deep in the earthy cavern skulks the Gnome;
 The sea-green Naiad skims the ocean-billow,
 And the fierce fire is yet a friendly home
 To its peculiar sprite—the Salamander.

Anonymous.

(6.)—CHAP. XVIII.

Upon the Rhine, upon the Rhine they cluster,
 The grapes of juice divine,
 Which make the soldier's jovial courage mus-
 ter,
 O, blessed be the Rhine!

Drinking Song. 1

(7.)—CHAP. XXII.

Tell me not of it—I could ne'er abide
 The nummery of all that forced civility.

"Pray, seat yourself, my lord." With cringing
 hams
 The speech is spoken, and with bended knee,
 Heard by the smiling courtier.—"Before you,
 sir?

It must be on the earth then." Hang it all!
 The pride which cloaks itself in such poor
 fashion
 Is scarcely fit to swell a beggar's bosom.

Old Play.

(8.)—CHAP. XXVIII.

A mirthful man he was—the snows of age
 Fell, but they did not chill him. Gaiety,
 Even in life's closing, touch'd his teeming
 brain

With such wild visions as the setting sun
 Raises in front of some hoar glacier,
 Painting the bleak ice with a thousand hues.

Old Play.

(9.)—CHAP. XXX.

Ay, this is he who wears the wreath of bays
 Wove by Apollo and the Sisters Nine,
 Which Jove's dread lightning scathens not. He
 hath doft

The combrous helm of steel, and flung aside
 The yet more galling diadem of gold;
 While, with a leafy circlet round his brows,
 He reigns the King of Lovers and of Poets.

(10.)—CHAP. XXXI.

Want you a man
 Experienced in the world and its affairs?
 Here he is for your purpose.—He's a monk.
 He hath forsworn the world and all its work—
 The rather that he knows it passing well,
 'Special the worst of it, for he's a monk.

Old Play.

(11.)—CHAP. XXXIII.

Toll, toll the bell!
 Greatness is o'er,
 The heart has broke,
 To ache no more;
 An unsubstantial pageant all—
 Drop o'er the scene the funeral pall.

Old Poem.

(12.)—CHAP. XXXV.

Here's a weapon now,
 Shall shake a conquering general in his tent,
 A monarch on his throne, or reach a prelate,
 However holy be his offices,
 E'en while he serves the altar.

Old Play.

The Foray.

SET TO MUSIC BY JOHN WHITEFIELD, MUS.
 DOC. CAM.

1830.

The last of our steers on the board has been
 spread,
 And the last flask of wine in our goblet is red;
 Upl up, my brave kinsmen! belt swords and
 begone,
 There are dangers to dare, and there's spoil to
 be won.

1 This is one of the best and most popular of the German ditties:—

"Am Rhein, am Rhein, da wachsen unsere Reben,
 Gesegnet sei der Rhein," &c.

The eyes, that so lately mix'd glances with
ours,
For a space must be dim, as they gaze from
the towers,
And strive to distinguish through tempest and
gloom,
The prance of the steed and the toss of the
plume.

The rain is descending; the wind rises loud;
And the moon her red beacon has veil'd with
a cloud;
'Tis the better, my mates! for the warder's
dull eye
Shall in confidence slumber, nor dream we are
nigh.

Our steeds are impatient! I hear my blithe
Grey!
There is life in his hoof-clang, and hope in his
neigh;
Like the flash of a meteor, the glance of his
mane
Shall marshal your march through the dark-
ness and rain.

The drawbridge has dropp'd, the bugle has
blown;
Oue pledge is to quaff yet—then mount and
begone!
To their honour and peace, that shall rest
with the slain;
To their health and their glee, that see Teviot
again!

Inscription

FOR THE MONUMENT OF THE REV. GEORGE
SCOTT. I

1830.

To youth, to age, alike, this tablet pale
Tells the brief moral of its tragic tale.
Art thou a parent? Reverence this bier,
The parents' fondest hopes lie buried here.
Art thou a youth, prepared on life to start,
With opening talents and a generous heart,
Fair hopes and flattering prospects all thine
own?
Lo! here their end—a monumental stone.
But let submission tame each sorrowing
thought,
Heaven crown'd its champion ere the fight
was fought.

Lines on Fortune.

1831.

"By the advice of Dr. Ebenezer Clarkson,
Sir Walter consulted a skilful mechanist, by
name *Fortune*, about a contrivance for the
support of the lame limb, which had of late

given him much pain, as well as inconvenience.
Mr. Fortune produced a clever piece of handi-
work, and Sir Walter felt at first great relief
from the use of it: inasmuch that his spirits
rose to quite the old pitch, and his letter to
me upon the occasion overflows with merry
applications of sundry maxims and verses
about *Fortune*. "*Fortes Fortuna adjuvat*"—
he says—"never more sing I!"

Fortune, my Foe, why dost thou frown on
me?
And will my Fortune never better be?
Wilt thou, I say, for ever breed my pain?
And wilt thou ne'er return my joys again?²

No—let my ditty be henceforth—

Fortune, my friend, how well thou favourest
me!
A kinder Fortune man did never see!
Thou propp'st my thigh, thou ridd'st my knee
of pain,
I'll walk, I'll mount—I'll be a man again.—
Life, vol. x., p. 38.

From Count Robert of Paris.

1831.

MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. II.

Othus. — This superb successor
Of the earth's mistress, as thou vainly
speakest,
Stands 'midst these ages as, on the wide
ocean,
The last spared fragment of a spacious land,
That in some grand and awful ministration
Of mighty nature had engulfed been,
Doth lift aloft its dark and rocky cliffs
O'er the wild waste around, and sadly frowns
in lonely majesty.

Constantine Paleologus, Scene I.

(2.)—CHAP. III.

Here, youth, thy foot unbrace,
Here, youth, thy brow unbraid,
Each triote that may grace
The threshold here be paid.
Walk with the stealthy pace
Which Nature teaches deer,
When, echoing in the chase,
The hunter's horn they hear.

The Court.

(3.)—CHAP. V.

The storm increases—'tis no sunny shower,
Foster'd in the moist breast of March or
April,
Or such as parched Summer cools his lip
with;

¹ This young gentleman, a son of the author's friend and
relation, Hugh Scott, Esq., of Harden, (now Lord Pol-
warth), became Rector of Kentisbeare, in Devonshire, in
1828, and died there the 9th June, 1830. This epitaph
appears on his tomb in the chancel there.

² "I believe this is the only verse of the old song (often
alluded to by Shakespeare and his contemporaries) that has
as yet been recovered."—*Lockhart, Life*, vol. x., p. 38.

Heaven's windows are flung wide; the inmost
deeps

Call in hoarse greeting one upon another;
On comes the flood in all its foaming horrors,
And where's the dike a-hall stop it!

*The Deluge, a Poem.
See Life, vol. x., p. 37.*

(4.)—CHAP. VI.

Vain man! thou mayst esteem thy love as
fair

As fond hyperboles suffice to raise.
She may be all that's matchless in her
person,

And all-divine in soul to match her body;
But take thia from me—thou shalt never call
her

Superior to her sex, while *one* survives,
And I am her true votary. *Old Play.*

(5.)—CHAP. VIII.

Through the vain webs which puzzle sophists'
skill,

Plau sense and honest meaning work their
way;

So sink the varying clouds upon the hill,
When the clear dawning brightens into day. *Dr. Watts.*

(6.)—CHAP. IX.

Between the foaming jaws of the white
torrent,

The skilful artist draws a sudden mound;
By level long he subdivides their strength,
Stealing the waters from their rocky hed,
First to diminish what he means to conquer;
Then, for the residue he forms a road,
Easy to keep, and painful to desert,
And guiding to the end the planner aim'd at. *The Engineer.*

(7.)—CHAP. X.

These were wild times.—the antipodes of
ours:

Ladies were there, who oftener saw them-
selves

In the broad lustre of a foeman's shield
Than in a mirror, and who rather sought
To match themselves in battle, than in
dalliance

To meet a lover's onset.—But though Nature
Was outraged thus, she was not overcome. *Feudal Times.*

(8.)—CHAP. XI.

Without a ruin, broken, tangled, cumbrous,
Within it was a little paradise.
Where Taste had made her dwelling.—
Statnary,

First-born of human art, moulded her images,
And bade men mark and worship. *Anonymous.*

(9.)—CHAP. XII.

The parties met. The wily, wordy Greek,
Weighing each word, and canvassing each
syllable;

Evading, arguing, equivocating.
And the stern Frank came with his two-hand
award,

Watching to see which way the balance
sways,

That he may throw it in, and turn the scales. *Palestine.*

(10.)—CHAP. XVI.

Strange ape of man, who loathes thee while
he scorns thee;

Half a reproach to us and half a jest.
What fancies can be ours ere we have
pleasure

In viewing our own form, our pride and
passions,
Reflected in a shape grotesque as thine! *Anonymous.*

(11.)—CHAP. XVII.

'Tis strange that, in the dark sulphureous
mine,

Where wild ambition piles its ripening stores
Of slumbering thunder, Love will interpose
His tiny torch, and cause the stern explosion
To burst, when the deviser's least aware. *Anonymous.*

(12.)—CHAP. XXIV.

All is prepared—the chambers of the mine
Are cramm'd with the combustible, which,
harmless

While yet unkindled, as the sable sand,
Needs but a spark to change its nature so.
That he who wakes it from its slumberous
mood,

Dreads scarce the explosion less than he who
knows
That 'tis his towers which meet its fury. *Anonymous.*

(13.)—CHAP. XXV.

Heaven knows its time; the bullet has its
billet,

Arrow and javelin each its destined purpose;
The fated beasts of Nature's lower strain
Have each their separate task. *Old Play.*

From Castle Dangerous.

1831.

MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. V.

A tale of sorrow, for your eyes may weep;
A tale of horror, for your flesh may tingle;
A tale of wonder, for the eyebrows arch.
And the flesh curdles if you read it rightly. *Old Play.*

(2.)—CHAP. XI.

Where is he? Has the deep earth swallow'd
him?

Or hath he melted like some airy phantom
That shuns the approach of morn and the
young sun?

Or hath he wrapt him in Cimmerian darkness,
And pass'd beyond the circuit of the sight
With things of the night's shadows? *Anonymous.*

(3.)—CHAP. XIV.

The way is long, my children, long and rough—
The moors are dreary, and the woods are dark;

But he that creeps from cradle on to grave,
Unskill'd save in the velvet course of fortune,
Hath miss'd the discipline of noble hearts.

Old Play.

(4) — CHAP. XVIII.

His talk was of another world—his bodements
Strange, doubtful, and mysterious; those who
heard him

Listen'd as to a man in feverish dreams,
Who speaks of other objects than the present,
And mutters like to him who sees a vision.

Old Play.

(5) — CHAP. XX.

Cry the wild war-note, let the champions pass,
Do bravely each, and God defend the right;
Upon Saint Andrew thrice can they thus cry,
And thrice they shout on height,
And then marked them on the Englishmen,
As I have told you right.
Saint George the bright, our ladies' knight,
To name they were full fain;
Our Englishmen they cried on height,
And thrice they shout again.

Old Ballad.

DRAMATIC PIECES.

Halidon Hill;

A DRAMATIC SKETCH FROM SCOTTISH HISTORY.

PREFACE.

Though the Public seldom feel much interest in such communications, (nor is there any reason why they should,) the Author takes the liberty of stating, that these scenes were commenced with the purpose of contributing to a miscellany projected by a much-esteemed friend.¹ But instead of being confined to a scene or two, as intended, the work gradually swelled to the size of an independent publication. It is designed to illustrate military antiquities, and the manners of chivalry. The drama (if it can be termed one) is, in no particular, either designed or calculated for the stage.²

The subject is to be found in Scottish history; but not to overload so slight a publication with antiquarian research, or quotations from obscure chronicles, may be sufficiently illustrated by the following passage from *Pitkiner's History of Scotland*, vol. 1., p. 72.

"The Governor (anno 1402) dispatched a considerable force under Murdac, his eldest son: the Earls of Angus and Moray also joined Douglas, who entered England with an army of ten thousand men, carrying terror and devastation to the walls of Newcastle.

"Henry IV. was now engaged in the Welsh war against Owen Glendour; but the Earl of

Northumberland, and his son, the Hotspur Percy, with the Earl of March, collected a numerous array, and awaited the return of the Scots, impeded with spoil, near Milfield, in the north part of Northumberland. Douglas had reached Wooler, in his return; and, perceiving the enemy, seized a strong post between the two armies, called Homildon-hill. In this method he rivalled his predecessor at the battle of Otterburn, but not with like success. The English advanced to the assault, and Henry Percy was about to lead them up the hill, when March caught his bridle, and advised him to advance no farther, but to pour the dreadful shower of English arrows into the enemy. This advice was followed by the usual fortune; for in all ages the bow was the English instrument of victory; and though the Scots, and perhaps the French, were superior in the use of the spear, yet this weapon was useless after the distant bow had decided the combat. Robert the Great, sensible of this at the battle of Bannockburn, ordered a prepared detachment of cavalry to rush among the English archers at the commencement, totally to disperse them, and stop the deadly effusion. But Douglas now used no such precaution; and the consequence was, that his people, drawn up on the face of the hill, presented one general mark to the enemy, none of whose arrows descended in vain. The

¹ The author alludes to a collection of small pieces in verse, edited, for a charitable purpose, by Mrs. Joanna Baillie.—See *Life of Scott*, vol. vii., pp. 7, 18, 169-70.

² In the first edition, the text added, "In case any attempt shall be made to produce it in action, (as has happened in similar cases,) the author takes the present opportunity to intimate, that it shall be at the peril of those who make such an experiment." Adverting to this passage, the *New Edinburgh Review* (July, 1822) said,—"We,

nevertheless, do not believe that any thing more essentially dramatic, in so far as it goes, more capable of stage effect, has appeared in England since the days of her greatest genius: and giving Sir Walter, therefore, full credit for his coyness on the present occasion, we ardently hope that he is not trying his strength in the most arduous of all literary enterprises, and that, ere long, he will demonstrate his right in the highest honours of the tragic muse."

Scots fell without fight, and unrevenged, till a spirited knight, Swinton, exclaimed aloud, 'O my brave countrymen! what fascination has seized you to-day, that you stand like deer to be shot, instead of indulging your ancient courage, and meeting your enemies hand to hand? Let those who will, descend with me, that we may gain victory, or life, or fall like men.' This being heard by Adam Gordon, between whom and Swinton there remained an ancient deadly feud, attended with the mutual slaughter of many followers, he instantly fell on his knees before Swinton, begged his pardon, and desired to be dubbed a knight by him whom he must now regard as the wisest and the boldest of that order in Britain. The ceremony performed, Swinton and Gordon descended the hill, accompanied only by one hundred men; and a desperate valour led the whole body to death. Had a similar spirit been shown by the Scottish army, it is probable that the event of the day would have been different. Douglas, who was certainly deficient in the most important qualities of a general, seeing his army begin to disperse, at length attempted to descend the hill; but the English archers, retiring a little, sent a flight of arrows so sharp and strong, that no armour could withstand; and the Scottish leader himself, whose panoply was of remarkable temper, fell under five wounds, though not mortal. The English men-of-arms, knights, or squires, did not strike one blow, but remained spectators of the rout, which was now complete. Great numbers of the Scots were slain, and near five hundred perished in the river Tweed upon their flight. Among the illustrious captives was Douglas, whose chief wound deprived him of an eye; Murdac, son of Albany; the Earls of Moray and Angus; and about twenty-four gentlemen of eminent rank and power. The chief slain were, Swinton, Gordon, Livingston of Calendar, Ramsay of Dalhousie, Walter Sinclair, Roger Gordon, Walter Scott, and others. Such was the issue of the unfortunate battle of Homildon."

It may be proper to observe, that the scene of action has, in the following pages, been transferred from Homildon to Halidon Hill. For this there was an obvious reason;—for who would again venture to introduce upon the scene the celebrated Hotspur, who commanded the English at the former battle? There are, however, several coincidences which may reconcile even the severer antiquary to the substitution of Halidon Hill for Homildon. A Scottish army was defeated by the English on both occasions, and under nearly the same circumstances of address on the part of the victors, and mismanagement on that of the vanquished; for the English long-bow decided the day in both cases. In both cases, also, a Gordon was left on the field of battle; and at Halidon, as at Homildon, the Scots were commanded by an ill-fated representative of the great house of Douglas. He of Homildon was surnamed *Tineman*, i. e. *Roseman*, from his repeated defeats and misadventures; and, with all the personal valour of his race, seems to have enjoyed so small a portion of their sagacity, as to be unable to learn military experience from reiterated calamity. I am far, however, from intimating, that the traits of imbecility and envy attri-

buted to the Regent in the following sketch, are to be historically ascribed either to the elder Douglas of Halidon Hill, or to him called *Tineman*, who seems to have enjoyed the respect of his countrymen, notwithstanding that, like the celebrated Anne de Moutmorancy, he was either defeated, or wounded, or made prisoner, in every battle which he fought. The Regent of the sketch is a character purely imaginary.

The tradition of the Swinton family, which still survives in a lineal descent, and to which the author has the honour to be related, avers, that the Swinton who fell at Homildon in the manner related in the preceding extract, had slain Gordon's father; which seems sufficient ground for adopting that circumstance into the following dramatic sketch, though it is rendered improbable by other authorities.

If any reader will take the trouble of looking at Froissart, Fordun, or other historians of the period, he will find, that the character of the Lord of Swinton, for strength, courage, and conduct, is by no means exaggerated.

W. S.

Abbotsford, 1822.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SCOTTISH.

The Regent of Scotland.

Gordon,	} <i>Scottish Chiefs and Nobles.</i>
Swinton,	
Lennox,	
Sutherland,	
Ross,	
Maxwell,	
Johnstone,	
Lindesay,	} <i>English and Norman Nobles.</i>
Adam de Vipont, a Knight Templar.	
The Prior of Maison-Dieu.	
Reynald, Swinton's Squire.	
Hob Hattely, a Border Moss-Trooper.	
Heralds.	

ENGLISH.

King Edward III.

Chandos,	} <i>English and Norman Nobles.</i>
Percy,	
Ribamont,	
The Abbot of Walthamstow.	

Halidon Hill.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

The northern side of the eminence of Halidon. The back Scene represents the summit of the ascent, occupied by the Rear-guard of the Scottish army. Bodies of armed men appear as advancing from different points, to join the main body.

Enter De Vipont and the Prior of Maison-Dieu.

Vip. No farther, Father—here I need no guidance—
I have already brought your peaceful step
Too near the verge of battle.

Pri. Fain would I see you join some Baron's banner.

Before I say farewell. The honour'd sword That fought so well in Syria, should not wave Amid the ignoble crowd.

Vip. Each spot is noble in a pitched field, So that a man has room to fight and fall on't. But I shall find out friends. 'Tis scarce twelve years

Since I left Scotland for the wars of Palestine, And then the flower of all the Scottish nobles Were known to me; and I, in my degree, Not all unknown to them.

Pri. Alas! there have been changes since that time!

The Royal Bruce, with Randolph, Douglas, Grahame,

Then shook in field the banners which now mouler

Over their graves i' the chancel.

Vip. And thence comes it, That while I look'd on many a well-known crest

And blazon'd shield, as hitherward we came, The faces of the Barons who display'd them Were all unknown to me. Brave youths they seem'd;

Yet, surely, fitter to adorn the tilt-yard, Than to be leaders of a war. Their followers, Young like themselves, seem like themselves unpractis'd—

Look at their battle-rauk.

Pri. I cannot gaze on't with undazzled eye, So thick the rays dart back from shield and helmet,

And sword and battle-axe, and spear and pennon

Sure 'tis a gallant show! The Bruce himself Hath often conquer'd at the head of fewer And worse appointed followers.

Vip. Ay, but 'twas Bruce that led them. Reverend Father,

'Tis not the falchion's weight decides a combat; It is the strong and skilful hand that wields it. Ill fate, that we should lack the noble King, And all his champions now! Time call'd them not,

For when I parted hence for Palestine, The brows of most were free from grizzled hair.

Pri. Too true, alas! But well you know, in Scotland

Few hairs are silver'd underneath the helmet; 'Tis cows like mine which hide them.

'Mongst the lally, War's the rash reaper, who thrusts in his sickle

Before the grain is white. In threescore years

And ten, which I have seen, I have outlived Wellnigh two generations of our nobles.

The race which holds your summit is the third.

Vip. Thou mayst outlive them also.

Pri. Heaven forfend! My prayer shall be, that Heaven will close my eyes.

Before they look upon the wrath to come.

Vip. Retire, retire, good Father!—Pray for Scotland—

Think not on me. Here comes an ancient friend,

Brother in arms, with whom to-day I'll join me.

Back to your choir, assemble all your brotherhood.

And weary Heaven with prayers for victory.

Pri. Heaven's blessing rest with thee, Champion of Heaven, and of thy suffering country!

[*Exit Prior. Vipont draws a little aside and lets down the beaver of his helmet.*]

Enter Swinton, followed by Reynald and others, to whom he speaks as he enters.

Swi. Halt here, and plant my pennon, till the Regent

Assign our band its station in the host.

Rey. That must be by the Standard. We have had

That right since good Saint David's reign at least

Fain would I see the Marcher would dispute it.

Swi. Peace, Reynald! Where the general plants the soldier,

There is his place of honour, and there only His valour can win worship. Thou'rt of those, Who would have war's deep art bear the wild semblance

Of some disorder'd hunting, where, pell-mell, Each trusting to the swiftness of his horse, Gallants press on to see the quarry fall.

You steel-clad Southrons, Reynald, are no deer;

And England's Edward is no stag at bay.

Vip. (advancing.) There needed not, to blazon forth the Swinton,

His ancient burgoet, the sable Boar Chain'd to the guar'd oak,¹—nor his proud step,

Nor giant stature, nor the ponderous mace, Which only he, of Scotland's realm, can wield:

His discipline and wisdom mark the leader, As doth his frame the champion. Hail, brave Swinton!

Swi. Brave Templar, thanks! Such your cross'd shoulder speaks you:

But the clos'd visor, which conceals your features,

Forbids more knowledge. Umfraville, perhaps—

Vip. (unclosing his helmet.) No; one less worthy of our sacred Order.

Yet, unless Syrian suns have scorch'd my features

Swart as my sable visor, Alan Swinton

Will welcome Symon Vipont.

Swi. (embracing him.) As the blithe reaper Welcomes a practis'd mate, when the ripe harvest

Lies deep before him, and the sun is high!

Thou'lt follow yon old pennon, wilt thou not? 'Tis tatter'd since thou saw'st it, and the

Boar-heads

Look as if brought from off some Christmas board,

Where knives had notch'd them deeply.

Vip. Have with them, ne'ertheless. The Stuart's Chequer,

¹ The armorial bearings of the ancient family of Swinton are *sable*, a chevron, or, between three boars' heads erased, argent. Crest—a boar chained to a tree, and

above, on an escroll, *J'espere. Supporters*—two boars standing on a compartment, whereon are the words, *Je Pense.*—*Douglas's Baronage*, p. 152.

The Bloody Heart of Douglas, Ross's
lymphads,
Sutherland's Wild-cats, nor the royal Lion,
Rampant in golden treasure, wins me from
them.

We'll back the Boar-heads bravely. I see
round them

A chosen band of lances—some well known
to me.

Where's the main body of thy followers?

Swi. Symon de Vipont, thou dost see them
all

That Swinton's bugle-horn can call to battle,
However loud it rings. There's not a boy
Left in my halls, whose arm has strength
enough

To bear a sword—there's not a man behind,
However old, who moves without a staff.

Striplings and greybeards, every one is here,
And here all should be—Scotland needs
them all;

And more and better men, were each a
Hercules,

And yonder handfoul centuplied.

Vip. A thousand followers—such, with
friends and kinsmen,

Allies and vassals, thou wert wont to lead—
A thousand followers shrunk to sixty lances
In twelve years' space!—And thy brave sons,
Sir Alan?

Alas! I fear to ask.

Swi. All slain, De Vipont. In my empty
home

A puny babe lips to a widow'd mother,
"Where is my grandsire! wherefore do you
weep?"

But for that prattler, Lyulph's house is heir-
less.

I'm an old oak, from which the foresters
Have hew'd four goodly boughs, and left
beside me

Only a sapling, which the fawu may crush
As he springs over it.

Vip. All slain!—alas!

Swi. Ay, all, De Vipont. And their attri-
butes,

John with the Long Spear—Archibald with the
Axe—

Richard the Ready—and my youngest darling,
My Fair-hair'd William—do but now survive
In measures which the grey-hair'd minstrels
sing.

When they make maidens weep.

Vip. These wars with England, they have
rooted out

The flowers of Christendom. Knights, who
might win

The sepulchra of Christ from the rude hea-
then,

Fall in unholy warfare!

Swi. Unholy warfare! ay, well hast thou
named it;

But not with England—would her cloth-yard
shafts

Had bored their cuirasses! Their lives had
been

Lost like their grandsire's, in the bold defence
Of their dear country—but in private feud
With the proud Gordon, fell my Long-spear'd
John,

He with the Axe, and he men call'd the Ready,
Ay, and my Fair-hair'd Will—the Gordon's
wrath

Devour'd my gallant issue.

Vip. Since thou dost weep, their death is
unavenged?

Swi. Templar, what think'st thou me?—See
yonder rock,

From which the fountain gushes—is it less
Compact of adamant, though waters flow
from it?

Firm hearts have moister eyes.—They are
avenged;

I wept not till they were—till the proud
Gordon

Had with his life-blood dyed my father's
sword,

In guerdon that he thinu'd my father's
hneage,

And then I wept my sons; and, as the Gordon
Lay at my feet, there was a tear for him,

Which mingled with the rest. We had been
friends,

Had shared the banquet and the chase toge-
ther,

Fought side by side,—and our first cause of
strife,

Woe to the pride of both, was but a light one!

Vip. You are at feud, then, with the mighty
Gordon?

Swi. At deadly feud. Here in this Border-
land,

Where the sire's quarrels descend upon the
son,

As due a part of his inheritance,

As the strong castle and the ancient blazon,
Where private Vengeance holds the scales of
justice,

Weighing each drop of blood as scrupulously
As Jews or Lombards balance silver pence,

Not in this land, 'twixt Solway and Saint
Abb's,

Rages a bitterer feud than mine and theirs,
The Swinton and the Gordon.

Vip. You, with some threescore lances—
and the Gordon

Leading a thousand followers.

Swi. You rate him far too low. Since you
sought Palestine.

He hath had grants of baronies and lordships
In the far-distant North. A thousand horse

His southern friends and vassals always
number'd

Add Badenoch kerne, and horse from Dey and
Spey.

He'll count a thousand more.—And now, De
Vipont,

If the Boar-heads seem in your eyes less
worthy

For lack of followers—seek yonder standard—
The bounding Stag, with a brave host around
it;

There the young Gordon makes his earliest
field,

And pants to wiu his spurs. His father's
friend.

As well as mine, thou wert—go, join his
pennon,

And grace him with thy presence.

Vip. When you were friends, I was the
friend of both.

And now I can be enemy to neither;
But my poor person, though but slight the aid,

Joins on this field the banner of the two
Which hath the smallest following

Swi. Spoke like the generous Knight, who
gave up all,

Leading and lordship, in a heathen laud

To fight, a Christian soldier! Yet, in earnest,
I pray, De Vipont, you would join the Gordon
In this high battle. 'Tis a noble youth,—
So fame doth vouch him,—amorous, quick,
and valiant;

Takes knighthood, too, this day, and well may
use

His spurs too rashly in the wish to win them.
A friend like thee beside him in the fight,
Were worth a hundred spears, to rein his
valour

And temper it with prudence:—'tis the aged
eagle

Teaches his brood to gaze upon the sun,
With eye undazzled.

Vip. Alas! brave Swinton! Would'st thou
train the hunter

That soon must bring thee to the bay? Your
custom,

Your most unchristian, savage, fiend-like
custom,

Binds Gordon to avenge his father's death.

Swi. Why, be it so! I look for nothing else:
My part was acted when I slew his father,
Avenge my four sons—Young Gordon's
sword,

If it should find my heart, can ne'er inflict
there

A pang so poignant as his father's did,
But I would perish by a noble hand,

And such will his be if he bear him nobly,
Nobly and wisely on this field of Halidon.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Pur. Sir Knights, to council!—'tis the
Regent's order,

That knights and men of leading meet him
instantly

Before the royal standard. Edward's army
is seen from the hill summit.

Swi. Say to the Regent, we obey his orders.
[Exit Pursuivant.]

[To Reynald.] Hold thou my casque, and
furl my pennon up

Close to the staff. I will not show my crest,
Nor standard, till the common foe shall chal-
lenge them.

I'll wake no civil strife, nor tempt the Gordon
With aught that 's like defiance.

Vip. Will he not know your features?

Swi. He never saw me. In the distant
North,

Against his will, 'tis said, his friends detain'd
him

During his nurture—caring not, belike,
To trust a pledge so precious near the Boar-
tusks.

It was a natural but needless caution:
I wage no war with children, for I think

'Too deeply on my own.

Vip. I have thought on it, and will see the
Gordon

As we go hence to council. I do bear
A cross, which binds me to be a Christian

priest,
As well as Christian champion. God may

grant,
That I, at once his father's friend and yours,
May make some peace between you.

Swi. When that your priestly zeal, and
knightly valour,

Shall force the grave to render up the dead.
[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE II.

*The summit of Halidon Hill, before the Roent's
Tent. The Royal Standard of Scotland is
seen in the background, with the Pennons and
Banners of the principal Nobles around it.*

*Council of Scottish Nobles and Chiefs. Suther-
land, Ross, Lennox, Maxwell, and other
Nobles of the highest rank, are close to the
Regent's person, and in the act of keen debate.
Vipont with Gordon and others, remain grouped
at some distance on the right-hand of the Stage.
On the left, standing also apart, is Swinton,
alone and bare-headed. The Nobles are dressed
in Highland or Lowland habits, as historical
costume requires. Trumpets, Heralds, &c.,
are in attendance.*

Len. Nay, Lordings, put no shame upon my
counsels,

I did but say, if we retired a little,

We should have fairer field and better
vantage.

I've seen King Robert—ay, The Bruce him-
self—

Retreat six leagues in length, and think no
shame on't.

Reg. Ay, but King Edward sent a haughty
message,

Defying us to battle on this field.

This very hill of Halidon: if we leave it
Unfought withal, it squares not with our
honour,

Swi. (apart.) A perilous honour, that allows
the enemy,

And such an enemy as this same Edward,
To choose our field of battle! He knows how
To make our Scottish pride betray its master
into the pitfall.

[During this speech the debate among the
Nobles is continued.]

Suth. (aloud.) We will not back one furlong
—not one yard,

No, nor one inch: where'er we find the foe,
Or where the foe finds us, there will we fight
him.

Retreat will dull the spirit of our followers,
Who now stand prompt to battle.

Ross. My Lords, methinks great Morarchat¹
has doubts,

That, if his Northern clans once turn the seam
Of their check'd hose behind, it will be hard
To halt and rally them.

Suth. Say'st thou, MacDonnell?—Add
another falsehood,
And name when Morarchat was coward or
traitor!

This island race, as chronicles can tell,
Were oft affianced to the Southron cause;
Loving the weight and temper of their gold,
More than the weight and temper of their
steel.

Reg. Peace, my Lords, ho!

Ross (throwing down his Glove). MacDonnell
will not peace! There lies my pledge.

Proud Morarchat, to witness thee a liar.

Max Brought I all Nithsdale from the
Western Border;

Left I my towers exposed to foraying Eng-
land,

And thieving Annandale, to see such mischief!

¹ Morarchate is the ancient Gaelic designation of the
Earls of Sutherland. See ante, page 608, note.

John. Who speaks of Annandale? Dare
Maxwell slander
The gentle House of Lochwood? ¹
Reg. Peace, Lordings, once again. We re-
present
The Majesty of Scotland — in our presence
Brawling is treason.
Suth. Were it in the presence of the King
himself,
What should prevent my saying —

Enter Lindesay.

Lin. You must determine quickly. Scarce
a mile
Parts our vanguard from Edward's. On the
plain
Bright gleams of armour flash through clouds
of dust,
Like stars through frost-mist — steeds neigh,
and weapons clash —
And arrows soon will whistle — the worst
sound
That waits on English war. — You must de-
termine.

Reg. We are determined. We will spare
proud Edward
Half of the ground that parts us. — Onward,
Lords:
Saint Andrew strike for Scotland! We will
lead
The middle ward ourselves, the Royal Stand-
ard
Display'd beside us: and beneath its shadow
Shall the young gallants, whom we knight
this day,
Fight for their golden spurs. — Lennox, thou'rt
wise,
And wilt obey command — lead thou the rear.

Len. The rear! — why I the rear! The van
were fitter
For him who fought abreast with Robert
Bruce.

Swi. (apart.) Discretion hath forsaken Len-
nox too!
The wisdom he was forty years in gathering
Has left him in an instant. 'Tis contagious
Even to witness frenzy.

Suth. The Regent hath determined well.
The rear

Soits him the best who council'd our retreat.
Len. Proud Northern Thane, the van were
soon the rear.
Were thy disorder'd followers planted there.

Suth. Then, for that very word, I make a
vow,
By my broad Earldom, and my father's soul,
That, if I have not leading of the van,
I will not fight to-day!

Ross. Morarchat! thou the leading of the
van!
Not whilst MacDonnell lives.

Swi. (apart.) Nay, then a stone would speak.
[*Addresses the Regent.*] May't please your
Grace,

And you, great Lords, to hear an old man's
counsel,
That hath seen fights enow. These open
bickerings

Dishearten all our host. If that your Grace,
With these great Earls and Lords, must needs
debate,

Let the closed tent conceal your disagree-
ment:

Else 'twill be said, ill fares it with the flock,
If shepherds wrangle, when the wolf is nigh.
Reg. The old Knight counsels well. Let
every Lord

Or Chief, who leads five hundred men or
more,

Follow to council — others are excluded —
We'll have no vulgar censurers of our con-
duct — [Looking at Swinton]

Young Gordon, your high rank and numerous
following

Give you a seat with us, though yet un-
knighted.

Gor. I pray you, pardon me. My youth's
unfit

To sit in council, when that Knight's grey
hairs

And wisdom wait without.

Reg. Do as you will; we deign not bid you
twice.

[*The Regent, Ross, Sutherland, Lennox,
Maxwell, &c. enter the Tent. The rest
remain grouped about the Stage.*]

Gor. (observing Swi.) That helmetless old
Knight, his giant stature,

His awful accents of rebuke and wisdom,
Have caught my fancy strangely. He doth
seem

Like to some vision'd form which I have
dream'd of,

But never saw with waking eyes till now.
I will accost him.

Vip. Pray you, do not so;
Anon I'll give you reason why you should not.
There's other work in hand —

Gor. I will not ask his name. There's in
his presence

Something that works upon me like a spell,
Or like the feeling made my childish ear
Dote upon tales of superstitious dread.
Attracting while they chill'd my heart with
fear.

Naw, horn the Gordon, I do feel right well
I'm bound to fear nought earthly — and I fear
nought.

I'll know who this man is —

[*Accosts Swinton.*]
Sir Knight, I pray you, of your gentle courtesy,
To tell your honour'd name. I am ashamed,
Being unknown to arms, to say that mine
Is Adam Gordon.

Swi. (shows emotion, but instantly subdues it.)
It is a name that soundeth in my ear
Like to a death-knell — ay, and like the call
Of the shrill trumpet to the mortal lists;
Yet, 'tis a name which ne'er hath been dis-
honour'd,

And never will, I trust — most surely never
By such a youth as thou.

Gor. There's a mysterious courtesy in this,
And yet it yields no answer to my question.
I trust you hold the Gordon not unworthy
To know the name he asks?

Swi. Worthy of all that openness and
honour
May show to friend or foe — but, for my name,
Vipont will show it you; and, if it sound
Harsh in your ear, remember that it knells
there

But at your own request. This day, at least,
Though seldom wont to keep it in conceal-
ment,

¹ Lochwood Castle was the ancient seat of the John-
stones, Lords of Annandale.

As there's no cause I should, you had not heard it.

Gor. This strange—

Vip. The mystery is needful. Follow me.

[They retire behind the side scene.]

Swi. (looking after them.) 'Tis a brave youth.

How blush'd his noble cheek,

While youthful modesty, and the embarrassment

Of curiosity, combined with wonder,

And half suspicion of some slight intended,
All mingled in the flush; but soon 'twill deepen

Into revenge's glow. How slow is Vipont!—
I wait the issue, as I've seen spectators

Suspend the motion even of the eyelids.
When the slow gunner, with his lighted match,

Approach'd the charged cannon, in the act
To waken its dread slumbers.—Now 'tis out;
He draws his sword, and rushes towards me,
Who will not seek nor shun him.

Enter Gordon, withheld by Vipont.

Vip. Hold, for the sake of Heaven! O, for the sake

Of your dear country, hold!—Has Swinton slain your father,

And most you, therefore, be yourself a parricide,

And stand recorded as the selfish traitor,
Who, in her hour of need, his country's cause
Deserts, that he may wreak a private wrong?
Look to yon banner—that is Scotland's standard;

Look to the Regent—he is Scotland's general;
Look to the English—they are Scotland's foemen!

Bethink thee, then, thou art a son of Scotland,
And think on nought beside.

Gor. He hath come here to brave me!—Off! unhand me!

Thou canst not be my father's ancient friend,
That stand'st 'twixt me and him who slew my father.

Vip. You know not Swinton. Scarce one passing thought

Of his high mind was with you; now, his soul
Is fix'd on this day's battle. You might slay him

At unawares before he saw your blade drawn—

Stand still, and watch him close.

Enter Maxwell from the tent.

Swi. How go our councils, Maxwell, may I ask?

Max. As wild, as if the very wind and sea
With every breeze and billow battled
For their precedence.

Swi. Must sure they are possess'd! Some evil spirit,

To mock their valour, robs them of discretion.
Fie, fie upon't!—O that Dunfermline's tomb
Could render up The Bruce! that Spain's red shire

Could give us back the good Lord James of Douglas!

Or that fierce Randolph, with his voice of terror,

Were here, to awe these brawlers to submission!

Vip. to Gor. Thou hast perused him at more leisure now.

Gor. I see the gist form which all men speak of,

The stately port—but not the sullen eye,
Not the bloodthirsty look, that should belong
To him that made me orphan. I shall need
To name my father twice ere I can strike
At such grey hairs, and face of such command;

Yet my hand clenches on my falchion hilt,
In token he shall die.

Vip. Need I again remind you, that the place

Permits not private quarrel?

Gor. I'm calm. I will not seek—nay, I will shun it—

And yet methinks that such debate's the fashion.

You've heard how taunts, reproaches, and the lie,

The lie itself, have flown from mouth to mouth;

As if a band of peasants were disputing
About a foot-ball match, rather than Chiefs
Were ordering a battle. I am young.

And lack experience; tell me, brave De Vipont,

Is such the fashion of your wars in Palestine?

Vip. Such it at times hath been; and then the Cross

Hath sunk before the Crescent. Heaven's cause

Won us not victory where wisdom was not.—

Behold yon English host come slowly on,
With equal front, rank marshall'd upon rank,
As if one spirit ruled one moving body;

The leaders, in their places, each prepared
To charge, support, and rally, as the fortune
Of changeful battle needs: then look on ours,
Broken, disjointed, as the tumbling surges

Which the winds wake at random. Look on both.

And dread the issue; yet there might be succour.

Gor. We're fearfully o'ermatch'd in discipline;

So even my inexperienced eye can judge.
What succour save in Heaven?

Vip. Heaven acts by human means. The artist's skill

Supplies in war, as in mechanic crafts,
Deficiency of tools. There's courage, wisdom,

And skill enough, live in one leader here,
As, flung into the balance, might avail

To counterpoise the odds 'twixt that ruled host

And our wild multitude.—I must not name him.

Gor. I guess, but dare not ask.—What band is yonder,

Arranged so closely as the English discipline
Hath marshall'd their best files?

Vip. Know'st thou not the pennon?

One day, perhaps, thou'lt see it all too closely;—

It is Sir Alan Swinton's.

Gor. These, then, are his,—the relics of his power;

Yet worth an host of ordinary men.—
And I must slay my country's sagest leader,

And crush by numbers that determined hand-ful,

When most my country needs their practised
aid,

Or men will say, "There goes degenerate
Gordon:

His father's blood is on the Swinton's sword,
And his is in his scabbard!"

[*Muses*
Vip. (*apart.*) High blood and mettle, mix'd
with early wisdom,

Sparkle in this brave youth. If he survive
This evil-omen'd day, I pawn my word,
That in the ruin which I now forbode,
Scotland has treasure left.—How close he
eyes

Each look and step of Swinton! Is it hate,
Or is it admiration, or are both
Commingled strangely in that steady gaze?

[*Swinton and Maxwell return from the
bottom of the stage.*

Moz. The storm is laid at length amongst
these counsellors;

See, they come forth.

Swi. And it is more than time,
For I can mark the vanguard archery
Handling their quivers—bending up their
bows.

Enter the Regent and Scottish Lords.

Reg. Thus shall it be, then, since we may
no better,

And, since no Lord will yield one jot of way
To this high urgency, or give the vanguard
Up to another's guidance, we will abide them
Even on this bent; and as our troops are
rank'd,

So shall they meet the foe. Chief, nor Thane,
Nor Noble, can complain of the precedence
Which chance has thus assign'd him.

Swi. (*apart.*) O, sage discipline,
That leaves to chance the marshalling of a
battle!

Gor. Move him to speech, De Vipont.

Vip. Move him!—Move whom?

Gor. Even him, whom, but brief space
since,

My hand did burn to put to utter silence.

Vip. I'll move it to him.—Swinton, speak to
them.

They lack thy counsel sorely.

Swi. Had I the thousand spears which once
I led,

I had not thus been silent. But men's wisdom
Is rated by their means. From the poor
leader

Of sixty lances, who seeks words of weight?
Gor. (*steps forward.*) Swinton, there's that
of wisdom on thy brow,

And valour in thine eye, and that of peril
Bids me, thy mortal foe, say.—Swinton, speak,
For King and Country's sake!

Swi. Nay, if that voice commands me,
speak I will;

It sounds as if the dead lays charge on me.

Reg. (*To Lennox, with whom he has been
consulting.*

'Tis better than you think. This broad hill-
side

Affords fair compass for our power's display,
Rank above rank rising in seemly tiers;

So that the rearward stands as fair and
open—

Swi. As e'er stood mark before an English
archer.

Reg. Who dares to say so?—Who isn't dare
impeach

Our rule of discipline?

Swi. A poor Knight of these Marches, good
my Lord;

Alan of Swinton, who hath kept a house
here,

He and his ancestry, since the old days
Of Malcolm, called the Maiden.

Reg. You have brought here, even to this
pitched field,

In which the Royal Banner is display'd,
I think some sixty spears, Sir Knight of
Swinton;

Our musters name no more.

Swi. I brought each man I had; and Chief,
or Earl,

Thane, Duke, or dignitary, brings no more:
And with them brought I what may here be
useful—

An aged eye; which, what in England, Scot-
land,

Spain, France, and Flanders, hath seen fifty
battles,

And ta'en some judgment of them; a stark
hand too,

Which plays as with a straw with this same
mace,—

Which if a young arm here can wield more
lightly,

I never more will offer word of counsel.

Len. Hear him, my Lord; it is the noble
Swinton—

He hath had high experience.

Moz. He is noted
The wisest warrior 'twixt the Tweed and
Solway—

I do beseech you, hear him.

John. Ay, hear the Swinton—hear stout old
Sir Alan;

Maxwell and Johnstone both agree for once.

Reg. Where's your impatience now?

Late you were all for battle, would not hear
Ourselves pronounce a word—and now you gaze

On yon old warrior, in his antique armour

As if he were arisen from the dead,

To bring us Bruce's counsel for the battle.

Swi. 'Tis a proud word to speak; but he
who fought

Long under Robert Bruce, may something
guess,

Without communication with the dead,

At what he would have counsell'd.—Bruce
had bidden ye

Review your battle-order, marshall'd broadly
Here on the bare hill-side, and bidden you
mark

Yon clouds of Southron archers, bearing down
To the green meadow-lands which stretch be-
neath—

The Bruce had warn'd you, not a shaft to-day
But shall find mark within a Scottish bosom,

If thus our field be order'd. The callow boys,
Who draw but four-foot bows, shall gall our
front.

While on our mainward, and upon the rear,
The cloth-yard shafts shall fall like death's

own darts,

And, though blind men discharge them, find a
mark.

Thus shall we die the death of slaughter'd
deer.

Which, driven into the toils, are shot at ease
By boys and women, while they toss aloft

All idly and in vain their branchy horns,
As we shall shake our unavailing spears.

Reg. Tush, tell not me! If their shot fall
like hail.

Our men have Milan coats to hear it out.
Swi. Never did armourer temper steel on
stithy

That made sure fence against an English ar-
row;

A cobweb gossamer were guard as good
Against a wasp-sting.

Reg. Who fears a wasp-sting?

Swi. I, my Lord, fear none;
Yet should a wise man brush the insect off,
Or he may smart for it.

Reg. We'll keep the hill; it is the vantage-
ground

When the main battle joins.

Swi. It ne'er will join, while their light ar-
chery

Can foil our spearmen and our barbed horse.

To hope Plantagenet would seek close combat
When he can conquer riskless, is to deem

Sagacious Edward simpler than a babe
In battle-knowledge. Keep the hill, my Lord,

With the main body, if it is your pleasure;
But let a body of your chosen horse

Make execution on yon waspish archers.
I've done such work before, and love it well;

If 'tis your pleasure to give me the leading,
The dames of Sherwood, Inglewood, and

Weardale,
Shall sit in widowhood and long for venison,
And long in vain. Whoe'er remembers Ban-

nockburn,—
And when shall Scotsman, till the last loud

trumpet,
Forget that stirring word!—knows *that* great

battle
Even thus was fought and won.

Lea. This is the shortest road to bandy
blows;

For when the bills step forth and hews go
back,

Then is the moment that our hardy spearmen,
With their strong bodies, and their stubborn

hearts,
And limbs well knit by mountain exercise,
At the close tug shall foil the short-breath'd

Southron.
Swi. I do not say the field will thus be won;

The English host is numerous, brave, and
loyal;

Their Monarch most accomplish'd in war's
art,

Skill'd, resolute, and wary—

Reg. And if your scheme secure not victory,
What does it promise us?

Swi. This much at least,—
Darkling we shall not die: the peasant's shaft,
Loosen'd perchance without an aim or pur-

pose,
Shall not drink up the life-blood we derive
From those famed ancestors, who made their

breasts
This frontier's barrier for a thousand years.
We'll meet these Southron bravely hand to

hand,
And eye to eye, and weapon against weapon;

Each man who falls shall see the foe who
strikes him.

While our good blades are faithful to the hilts,
And our good hands to these good blades are

faithful,

Blow shall meet blow, and none fall una-
venged—

We shall not bleed alone.

Reg. And this is all
Your wisdom hath devised?

Swi. Not all; for I would pray you, noble
Lords,

(If one, among the guilty guiltiest, might,)
For this one day to charm to ten hours' rest
The never-dying worm of deadly feud,

That gnaws our vexed hearts—think no one
foe

Save Edward and his host:—days will re-
main,

Ay, days by far too many will remain,
To avenge old feuds or struggles for prece-

dence:—
Let this one day be Scotland's.—For myself,
If there is any here may claim from me

(As well may chance) a debt of blood and
hatred,

My life is his to-morrow unresisting,
So he to-day will let me do the best

That my old arm may achieve for the dear
country

That's mother to us both.
[Gordon shows much emotion during this
and the preceding speech of Swinton.

Reg. It is a dream—a vision!—if one troop
Rush down upon the archers, all will follow,
And order is destroy'd—we'll keep the battle-

rank
Our fathers wont to do. No more on't.—Ho!
Where be those youths seek knighthood from
our sword?

Her. Here are the Gordon, Somerville, and
Hay,

And Hephurn, with a score of gallants more.
Reg. Gordon, stand forth.

Gor. I pray your Grace, forgive me.
Reg. How! seek you not for knighthood?

Gor. I do thirst for't.
But, pardon me—'tis from another sword.

Reg. It is your Sovereign's—seek you for a
worthier?

Gor. Who would drink purely, seeks the
secret fountain.

How small soever—not the general stream,
Though it be deep and wide. My Lord, I

seek
The boon of knighthood from the honour'd
weapon

Of the best knight, and of the sagest leader,
That ever graced a ring of chivalry.

—Therefore, I beg the boon on bended knee,
Even from Sir Alan Swinton. [Kneels.

Reg. Degenerate boy! Abject at once and
insolent!—

See, Lords, he kneels to him that slew his
father!

Gor. (starting up.) Shame be on him, who
speaks such shameful word!

Shame be on him, whose tongue would sow
dissension,

When most the time demands that native
Scotsmen

Forget each private wrong!
Swi. (interrupting him.) Youth, since you
crave me

To be your sire in chivalry, I remind you
War has its duties, Office has its reverence;

Who governs in the Sovereign's name is Sove-
reign;—

Crave the Lord Regent's pardon.

Gor. You task me justly, and I crave his pardon,
[*Bows to the Regent.*]
His and these noble Lords'; and pray them all
Bear witness to my words.—Ye noble presence.

Here I reit unto the Knight of Swinton
All bitter memory of my father's slaughter,
All thoughts of malice, hatred, and revenge;
By no base fear or composition moved,
But by the thought, that in our country's
battle

All hearts should be as one. I do forgive him
As freely as I pray to be forgiven,
And once more kneel to him to sue for knight-
hood.

Sui. (*affected, and drawing his sword.*)
Alas! brave youth, 'tis I should kneel to you,
And, tendering thee the hit of the fell award
'That made thee fatherless, bid thee use the
point

After thine own discretion. For thy boon—
Trumpets be ready—in the Holiest name,
And in Our lady's and Saint Andrew's name,
[*Touching his shoulder with his sword.*]
I dub thee Knight!—Arise, Sir Adam Gordon!
Be faithful, brave, and O, be fortunate,
Should this ill hour permit!

[*The trumpets sound; the Heralds cry
"Largesse," and the Attendants shout
"A Gordon! A Gordon!"*]

Reg. Beggars and flatterers! Peace, peace,
I say!
We'll to the Standard; knights shall there be
made
Who will with better reason crave your cla-
mour.

Len. What of Swinton's counsel I
Here's Maxwell and myself think it worth
noting.

Reg. (*with concentrated indignation.*)
Let the best knight, and let the sgest leader,—
So Gordon quotes the man who slew his fa-
ther,—

With his old pedigree and heavy mace,
Essay the adventure if it pleases him,
With his fair threescore horse. As for our-
selves,

We will not peril aught upon the measure.
Gor. Lord Regent, you mistake; for if Sir
Alaa

Shall venture such attack, each man who calls
The Gordon chief, and hopes or fears from him
Or good or evil, follows Swinton's hanner
to this achievement.

Reg. Why, God ha' mercy! This is of a
piece.

Let young and old e'eu follow their own coun-
sel,
Since none will list to mine.

Ross. The Border cockerel fair would be
on horseback;

'Tis safe to be prepared for fight or flight;
And this comes of it to give Northern lands
To the false Norman blood.

Gor. Hearken, proud Chief of Isles! With-
in my stalls

I have two hundred horse; two hundred riders
Munnt guard upon my castle, who would tread
Into the dust a thousand of your Redshanks,
Nor count it a day's service.

Sui. Hear I this
From thee, young man, and on the day of
battle!

And to the brave MacDonnell!

Gor. 'Twas he that urged me; but I am re-
buked.

Reg. He crouches like a leash-hound to his
master!

Sui. Each hound must do so that would
head the deer—

'Tis mongrel curs that snatch at mate or
master.

Reg. Too much of this. Sirs, to the Royal
Standard!

I bid you, in the name of good King David.
Sound trumpets—sound for Scotland and King
David!

[*The Regent and the rest go off, and the
Scene closes. Marcell Gordon Swin-
ton, and Vipont, with Reynald and
followers. Lennox follows the Re-
gent; but returns, and addresses
Swinton.*]

Len. O, were my western horsemen but
come up,

I would take part with you!
Sui. Better that you remain.

They lack discretion; such grey head as
yours

May best supply that want.
Lennox, mine ancient friend, and honour'd
lord,

Farewell, I think, for ever!

Len. Farewell, brave friend!—and farewell,
noble Gordon,
Whose sun will be eclipsed even as it rises!—
The Regent will not aid you.

Sui. We will so bear us, that as soon the
bloodhound
Shall halt, and take no part, what time his
comrade

Is grappling with the deer, as he stand still,
And see us overmatch'd.

Len. Alas! thou dost not know how mean
his pride is,

How strong his envy.

Sui. Then we will die, and leave the shame
with him. [*Exit Lennox.*]

Vip. (*to Gor.*) What ails thee, noble youth!
What means this pause!

Thou dost not rue thy generosity?
Gor. I have been hurried on by strong
impulse,

Like to a bark that scuds before the storm,
Till driven upon some strange and distant
coast,

Which never pilot dream'd of.—Have I not
forgiven!

And am I not still fatherless!

Sui. Gordon, no;
For while we live I am a father to thee.

Gor. Thou, Swinton!—no!—that cannot,
cannot be.

Sui. Then change the phrase, and say, that
while we live,

Gordon shall be my son. If thou art father-
less,

Am I not childless too? Bethink thee,
Gordon,

Our death-feud was not like the household
fire,

Which the poor peasant hides among its
embers,

To smoulder on, and wait a time for waking.
Ours was the conflagration of the forest,

Which, in its fury, spares nor sprout nor
stem,

Hoar oak, nor sapling—not to be extinguish'd,

Till Heaven, in mercy, sends down all her waters;
But, once subdued, its flame is quench'd for ever;

And spring shall hide the tract of devastation,
With foliage and with flowers.—Give me thy hand.

Gor. My hand and heart!—And freely now I—to fight!

Vp. How will you act? [*To Swinton.*] The Gordon's hand and thine

Are in the rearward left, I think, in scorn—
Ill post for them who wish to charge the foremost!

Swi. We'll turn that scorn to vantage, and descend

Sidelong the hill—some winding path there must be—

O, for a well-skill'd guide!

[*Hob Hattely starts up from a Thicket.*]

Hob. So here he stands—An ancient friend,
Sir Alan.

Hob Hattely. or, if you like it better,
Hob of the Heron Plume, here stands your guide.

Swi. An ancient friend?—A most notorious knave,

Whose throat I've destined to the dodder'd oak

Before my castle, these ten months and more.
Was it not you who drove from Simprimnans,

And Swinton-quarter, sixty head of cattle?
Hob. What then, if now I lead your sixty lances

Upon the English flank, where they'll find spoil

Is worth six hundred heeves!

Swi. Why, thou canst do it, knave. I would not trust thee

With one poor bullock; yet would risk my life,

And all my followers, on thine honest guidance.

Hob. There is a dingle, and a most discreet one,

(I've trod each step by starlight,) that sweeps round

The rearward of this hill, and opens secretly
Upon the archers' flank—Will not that serve
Your present turn, Sir Alan?

Swi. Bravely, bravely!

Gor. Mount, sirs, and cry my slogan.

Let all who love the Gordon follow me!

Swi. Ay, let all follow—but in silence follow.

Scare not the hare that's couchant on her form—

The cushat from her nest—brush not, if possible,

The dew-drop from the spray—
Let no one whisper, until I cry, "Havoc!"

Then shout as loud's ye will.—On, on, brave
Hob;

On, thou false thief, but yet most faithful
Scotsman! [*Exeunt.*]

Per. The Scots still keep the hill—the sun grows high.

Would that the charge would sound.

Cha. Thou scent'st the slaughter, Percy.—
Who comes here?

[*Enter the Abbot of Walthamstow.*]

Now, by my life, the holy priest of Walthamstow,

Like to a lamb among a herd of wolves!

See, he's about to bleat.

Ab. The King, methinks, delays the onset long.

Cha. Your general, Father, like your rat-catcher,

Pauses to bait his traps, and set his snares.

Ab. The metaphor is decent.

Cha. Reverend sir, I will uphold it just. Our good King Edward

Will presently come to this battle-field,
And speak to you of the last tilting match,

Or of some feat he did a twenty year since;
But not a word of the day's work before him.

Even as the artist, sir, whose name offends you,

Sits prouing o'er his can, until the trap fall,

Announcing that the vermin are secured,
And then 'tis up, and on them.

Per. Chandos, you give your tongue too bold a license.

Cha. Percy, I am a necessary evil.
King Edward would not want me, if he could,

And could not, if he would. I know my value.

My heavy hand excuses my light tongue.
So men wear weighty awards in their defence,

Although they may offend the tender shin,
When the steel-boot is off'd.

Ab. My Lord of Chandos, This is but idle speech on brink of battle,
When Christian men should think upon their sins;

For as the tree falls, so the trunk must lie.
Be it for good or evil. Lord, bethink thee,

Thou hast withheld from our most reverend house,

The tithes of Everingham and Settleton:
Wilt thou make satisfaction to the Church

Before her thunders strike thee? I do warn thee

In most paternal sort.

Cha. I thank you, father, filially,
Though but a true son of Holy Church,

I would not choose to undergo her censures,
When Scottish blades are waving at my throat

I'll make fair composition.

Ab. No composition; I'll have all, or none.

Cha. None, then—'tis soonest spoke. I'll take my chance,

And trust my sinful soul to Heaven's mercy,
Rather than risk my worldly goods with thee—
My hour may not be come.

Ab. Impious—impudent—
Per. Hush! the King—the King!

Enter King Edward, attended by Baliol and others.

King (apart to Cha.) Hark hither, Chandos!

Have the Yorkshire archers
Yet join'd the vanguard!

Cha. They are marching thither.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

A rising ground immediately in front of the Position of the English Main Body. Percy, Chandos, Ribbaumot, and other English and Norman Nobles, are grouped on the Stage.

K. Ed. Bid them make haste, for shame—
send a quick rider.

The loitering knaves! were it to steal my
venison,

Their steps were light enough.—How now, Sir
Abbot?

Say, is your Reverence come to study with us
The princely art of war?

Ab. I've had a lecture from my Lord of
Chandos,

In which he term'd your Grace a rat-catcher.

K. Ed. Chandos, how's this?

Cha. O, I will prove it, sir!—These skipping
Scots

Have changed a dozen times 'twixt Bruce and
Baliol,

Quitting each House as it began to totter;
They're fierce and cunning, treacherous, too,

as rats,
And we, as such, will smoke them in their
fastnesses.

K. Ed. These rats have seen your back, my
Lord of Chandos,

And noble Percy's too.

Per. Ay; but the mass which now lies
weltering

On yon side hill, like a Leviathan
That's stranded on the shallows, then had

soul in't,
Order and discipline, and power of action.

Now 'tis a headless corpse, which only shows
By wild convulsions, that some life remains

in't.

K. Ed. True, they had once a head; and
'twas a wise,

Although a rebel head.

Ab. (*bowing to the King.*) Would he were
here! we should find one to match

him.

K. Ed. There's something in that wish
which wakes an echo

Within my bosom. Yet it is as well,
Or better, that The Bruce is in his grave.

We have enough of powerful foes on earth.—
No need to summon them from other worlds.

Per. Your Grace ne'er met The Bruce?

K. Ed. Never himself; but in my earliest
field,

I did encounter with his famous captains,
Douglas and Randolph. Faith! they press'd

me hard.

Ab. My Liege, if I might urge you with a
question,

Will the Scots fight to-day?

K. Ed. (*sharply*) Go look your breviary.

Cha. (*apart*) The Abbot has it—Edward
will not answer

On that nice point. We must observe his
humour.— [*Addresss the King.*]

Your first campaign, my Liege!—That was in
Weardale,

When Douglas gave our camp yon midnight
ruffle,

And turn'd men's beds to biers?

K. Ed. Ay, by Saint Edward!—I escaped
right nearly.

I was a soldier then for holidays,
And slept not in mine armour; my safe rest

Was startled by the cry of "Douglas! Doug-
las!"

And by my couch, a grisly chamberlain,
Stood Alan Swinton, with his bloody mace.

It was a churchman saved me—my stout
chaplain,

Heaven quit his spirit! caught a weapon up,
And grappled with the giant.—How now,
Louis!

Enter an Officer, who whispers the King.

K. Ed. Say to him,—thus—and thus—
[*Whispers.*]

Ab. That Swinton's Dead. A monk of ours
reported,

Bound homeward from St. Ninian's pilgrim-
mage.

The Lord of Gordon slew him.

Per. Father, and if your house stood on our
borders,

You might have cause to know that Swinton
lives,

And is on horseback yet.

Cha. He slew the Gordon,
That's all the difference—a very trifle.

Ab. Trifling to those who wage a war more
noble

Than with the arm of flesh.

Cha. (*apart.*) The Abbot's vex'd, I'll rub the
sore for him.—

(*Aloud.*) I have seen priests that used the arm
of flesh,

And used it sturdily.—Most reverend Father,
What say you to the chaplain's deed of arms

in the King's tent at Weardale?

Ab. It was most sinful, being against the
canon

Prohibiting all churchmen to bear weapons;
And as he fell in that unseemly guise,

Perchance his soul may rue it.

K. Ed. (*overhearing the last words.*) Who
may rue it?

And what is to be rued?

Cha. (*apart.*) I'll match his Reverence for
the tithes of Everingham.

—The Abbot says, my Liege, the deed was
sinful,

By which your chaplain, wielding secular
weapons,

Secured your Grace's life and liberty,
And that he suffers for't in purgatory.

K. Ed. (*to the Abbot.*) Say'st thou my chap-
lain is in purgatory?

Ab. It is the canon speaks it, good my
Liege.

K. Ed. In purgatory! thou shalt pray him
out on't,

Or I will make thee wish thyself beside him.

Ab. My Lord, perchance his soul is past the
aid

Of all the Church may do—there is a place
From which there's no redemption.

K. Ed. And if I thought my faithful chap-
lain there,

Thou shouldst there join him, priest!—Go,
watch, fast, pray,

And let me have such prayers as will storm
Heaven—

None of your maim'd and murther'd hunting
masses.

Ab. (*apart to Cha.*) For God's sake take him
off.

Cha. Wilt thou compound, then,
The tithes of Everingham?

K. Ed. I tell thee, if thou bear'st the keys
of Heaven,

Abbot, thou shalt not turn a bolt with them
'Gainst any well-deserving English subject.

Ab. (*to Cha.*) We will compound, and grant
thee, too, a share

I' the next indulgence. Thou dost need it
nuch,

And greatly 'twill avail thee.

Cha. Enough—we're friends, and when
occasion serves,

I will strike in —

[*Looks as if towards the Scottish Army.*

K. Ed. Answer, proud Abbot; is my chap-
lain's soul,

If thou knowest aught on 't, in the evil
place?

Cha. My Liege, the Yorkshire men have
gain'd the meadow,

I see the pennon green of merry Sherwood.

K. Ed. Then give the signal instant! We
have lost

But too much time already.

Ab. My Liege, your holy chaplain's blessed
soul —

K. Ed. To hell with it and thee! Is this a
time

To speak of monks and chaplains?

[*Flourish of Trumpets, answered by a
distant sound of Bugles.*

See, Chandos. Percy—Ha, Saint George! Saint
Edward!

See it descending now, the fatal hail-shower.
The storm of England's wrath—sure, swift,
resistless,

Which no mail-coat can brook.—Brave English
hearts!

How close they shoot together!—as one eye
Had aim'd five thousand shafts—as if one
hand

Had loosed five thousand bow-strings!

Per. The thick volley

Darkens the air, and hides the sun from us.

K. Ed. It falls on those shall see the sun no
more.

The winged, the resistless plague is with
them.

How their vex'd host is reeling to and fro.
Like the chafed whale with fifty lances in
him,

'They do not see, and cannot shun the wound.
The storm is viewless, as death's sable wing,
Unerring as his scythe.

Per. Horses and riders are going down
together.

'Tis almost pity to see nobles fall,

And by a peasant's arrow.

Bal. I could weep them,
Although they are my rebels.

Cha. (*aside to Per.*) His conquerors, he
means, who cast him out

From his usurped kingdom.—(*Aloud.*) 'Tis the
worst of it,

That knights can claim small honour in the
field

Which archers win, unaided by our lances.

K. Ed. The battle is not ended. [*Looks
towards the field.*

Not ended!—scarce begun! What horse are
these,

Rush from the thicket underneath the hill?

Per. They're Hainaulters, the followers of
Queen Isabel.

K. Ed. (*hastily.*) Hainaulters!—thou art
blind—wear Hainaulters

Saint Andrew's silver cross?—or would they
charge

Full on our archers, and make havoc of
them!—

Bruce is alive again—ho, rescue! rescue!—
Who was't survey'd the ground?

Riba. Most royal Liege—

K. Ed. A rose hath fallen from thy chap-
let, Ribamont.

Riba. I'll win it back or lay my head beside it.
[*Exit.*

K. Ed. Saint George! Saint Edward!
Gentlemen, to horse,

And to the rescue!—Percy, lead the bill-men;
Chandos, do thou bring up the men-at-arms.—

If yonder numerous host should now bear
down

Bold as their vanguard, (*to the Abbot,*) thou
mayst pray for us,

We may need good men's prayers.—To the
rescue,

Lords, to the rescue! ha, Saint George! Saint
Edward!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*A part of the Field of Battle between the two
Main Armies. Tumults behind the scenes;
alarms, and cries of "Gordon, a Gordon,"
"Swinton," &c.*

*Enter, as victorious over the English vanguard,
Vipont, and Reynald, and others.*

Vip. 'Tis sweet to hear these war-cries
sound together,—
Gordon and Swinton.

Rey. 'Tis passing pleasant, yet 'tis strange
withal.

Faith, when at first I heard the Gordon's
slogan

Sounded so near me, I had nigh struck down
The knave who cried it.

Enter Swinton and Gordon.

Swi. Pitch down my pennon in yon holly
bush.

Gor. Mine in the thorn beside it; let them
wave,

As fought this morn their masters, aide by
side.

Swi. Let the men rally, and restore their
ranks

Here in this vantage-ground—disorder'd chase
Leads to disorder'd flight; we have done our
part,

And if we're succour'd now, Plantagenet
Must turn his bridle southward.—

Reynald, spur to the Regent with the basnet
Of atout De Grey, the leader of their vanguard;

Say, that in battle front the Gordon slew him,
And by that token bid him send us succour.

Gor. And tell him that when Selby's head-
long charge

Had wellnigh borne me down, Sir Alan smote
him.

I cannot send his helmet, never nutshell
Went to so many shivers.—Harkye, rooms!

[*To those behind the scenes.*

Why do you let my noble steed stand stiffening
After so hot a course?

1 The well-known expression by which Robert Bruce
censured the negligence of Randolph for permitting an

English body of cavalry to pass his flanks on the day pre-
ceding the battle of Bannockburn.

Swi. Ay, breathe your horses, they'll have work anon.

For Edward's men-at-arms will be on us,
The flower of England, Gascony and Flanders;
But with swift succour we will bide them bravely.—

De Vipont, thou look'st sad?

Vip. It is because I hold a Templar's sword
Wet to the crossed hilt with Christian blood.

Swi. The blood of English archers—what can gild

A Scottish blade more bravely?

Vip. Even therefore grieve I for those gallant yeomen,

England's peculiar and appropriate sons,
Known in no other land. Each boasts his hearth

And field as free as the best lord his barony,
Owing subjection to no human vassalage,
Save to their King and law. Hence are they resolute,

Leading the van on every day of battle,
As men who know the blessings they defend,
Hence are they frank and generous in peace,
As men who have their portion in its plenty.

No other kingdom shows such worth and happiness

Veil'd in such low estate—therefore I mourn them.

Swi. I'll keep my sorrow for our native Scots,

Who, spite of hardship, poverty, oppression,
Still follow to the field their Chieftain's banner,

And die in the defence on't.

Gor. And if I live and see my halls again,
They shall have portion in the good they fight for.

Each hardy follower shall have his field,
His household hearth and sod-built home, as free

As ever Southron had. They shall be happy!—
And my Elizabeth shall smile to see it!—
I have betray'd myself.

Swi. Do not believe it.—
Vipont, do thou look out from yonder height,
And see what motion in the Scottish host,
And in King Edward's.— [*Exit Vipont.*]

Now will I counsel thee;
The Templar's ear is for no tale of love,
Being wedded to his Order. But I tell thee,
The brave young knight that hath no lady-love

Is like a lamp unlighted; his brave deeds,
And its rich painting, do seem then most glorious,

When the pure ray gleams through them.—
Hath thy Elizabeth no other name?

Gor. Must I then speak of her to you, Sir Alan?

The thought of thee, and of thy matchless strength,

Hath conjured phantoms up amongst her dreams.

The name of Swinton hath been spell sufficient

To chase the rich blood from her lovely cheek,
And wouldst thou now know hers?

Swi. I would, nay must.
Thy father in the paths of chivalry,

Should know the load-star thou dost rule thy course by.

Gor. Nay, then, her name is—hark—
[*Whispers.*]

Swi. I know it well, that ancient northern house.

Gor. O, thou shalt see its fairest grace and honour

In my Elizabeth. And if music touch thee—
Swi. It did, before disasters had untuned me

Gor. O, her notes

Shall hush each sad remembrance to oblivion,
Or melt them to such gentleness of feeling,
That grief shall have its sweetness. Who, but she,

Knows the wild harpings of our native land?
Whether they lull the shepherd on his hill,

Or wake the knight to battle; rouse to merriment,

Or soothe to sadness; she can touch each mood.

Princes and statesmen, chiefs renown'd in arms,

And grey-hair'd bards, contend which shall the first

And choicest homage render to the enchantress.

Swi. You speak her talent bravely.

Gor. Though you smile,
I do not speak it half. Her gift creative,

New measures adds to every air she wakes;
Varying and gracing it with liquid sweetness,

Like the wild modulation of the lark;
Now leaving, now returning to the strain!

To listen to her, is to seem to wander
In some enchanted labyrinth of romance,

Whence nothing but the lovely fairy's will,
Who wove the spell, can extricate the wanderer.

Methinks I hear her now!—

Swi. Bless'd privilege
Of youth! There's scarce three minutes to decide

'Twixt death and life, 'twixt triumph and defeat,

Yet all his thoughts are in his lady's bower,
List'ning her harping!—

[*Enter Vipont.*]

Where are thine, De Vipont?
Vip. On death—on judgment—on eternity!

For time is over with us
Swi. There moves not, then, one pennon to our aid.

Of all that flutter yonder!

Vip. From the main English host come rushing forward

Pennons enow—ay, and their Royal Standard.
But ours stand rooted, as for crows to roost on.

Swi. (to himself.) I'll rescue him at least.—
Young lord of Gordon,

Spur to the Regent—show the instant need—
Gor. I penetrate thy purpose; but I go not.

Swi. Not at my hiding? I, thy sire in chivalry—

Thy leader in the battle?—I command thee.
Gor. No, thou wilt not command me seek my safety.—

For such is thy kind meaning—at the expense
Of the last hope which Heaven reserves for Scotland.

While I abide, no follower of mine
Will turn his rein for life; but were I gone,

What power can stay them? and, our band dispersed,

What swords shall for an instant stem you host,

And save the latest chance for victory?

Vip. The noble youth speaks truth; and were he gone,
There will not twenty spears be left with us.
Gor. No, bravely as we have begun the field,

So let us fight it out. The Regent's eyes,
More certain than a thousand messages,
Shall see us stand, the barrier of his host
Against yon bursting storm. If not for honour,

If not for warlike rule, for shame at least
He must bear down to aid us.

Swi. Must it be so?
And am I forced to yield the sad consent,
Devoting thy young life! O, Gordon, Gordon!
I do it as the patriarch doom'd his issue:
I at my country's, he at Heaven's command;
But I seek vainly some atoning sacrifice,
Rather than such a victim!—(Trumpets.)—
Hark, they come!

That music sounds not like thy lady's lute.
Gor. Yet shall my lady's name mix with it
gaily.—

Mount, vassals, couch your lances, and cry,
"Gordon!"

Gordon for Scotland and Elizabeth!"
[*Exeunt. Loud Alarums.*]

SCENE III.

Another part of the Field of Battle, adjacent to
the former Scene.

Alarums. Enter Swinton, followed by
Hob Hattely.

Swi. Stand to it yet! The man who flies to-day,
May bastards warm them at his household
hearth!

Hob. That ne'er shall be my curse. My
Magdalen
Is trusty as my broadsword.

Swi. Ha, thou knave,
Art thou dismounted too?

Hob. I know, Sir Alan,
You want no homeward guide; so threw my
reina

Upon my palfrey's neck, and let him loose.
Within an hour he stands before my gate;
And Magdalen will need no other token
To bid the Melrose Monks say masses for me.

Swi. Thou art resolved to cheat the halter,
then!

Hob. It is my purpose,
Having lived a thief, to die a brave man's
death;

And never had I a more glorious chance for't.

Swi. Here lies the way to it, knave.—Make
in, make in,
And aid young Gordon!

[*Exeunt. Loud and long Alarums. After
which the back Scene rises, and dis-
covers Swinton on the ground, Gordon
supporting him; both much wounded.*]

Swi. All are cut down—the reapers have
pass'd o'er us,
And hie to distant harvest.—My toil's over;
There lies my sickle. [*Dropping his sword.*]

Hand of mine again
Shall never, never wield it!

Gor. O valiant leader, is thy light extin-
guish'd!

That only beacon-flame which promised safety
In this day's deadly wrack!

Swi. My lamp hath long been dim! But
thine, young Gordon,

Just kindled, to be quench'd so suddenly,
Ere Scotland saw its splendour!—

Gor. Five thousand horse hung idly on you
hill,
Saw us o'erpower'd, and no one stirr'd to aid
us!

Swi. It was the Regent's envy.—Out!—alas!
Why blame I him!—It was our civil discord,
Our selfish vanity, our jealous hatred,
Which framed this day of dole for our poor
country.—

Had thy brave father held yon leading staff,
As well his rank and valour might have
claim'd it.

We had not full'n unaided—How, O how
Is he to answer it, whose deed prevented—

Gor. Alas! alas! the author of the death-
feud,

He has his reckoning too! for had your sons
And numerous vassals lived, we had lack'd no
aid.

Swi. May God assoil the dead, and him who
follows!

We've drank the poison'd beverage which we
brew'd:

Have sown the wind, and reap'd the tenfold
whirlwind!—

But thou, brave youth, whose nobleness of
heart

Pour'd oil upon the wounds our hate in-
flicted;

Thou, who hast done no wrong, need'st no
forgiveness.—

Why should'st thou share our punishment!
Gor. All need forgiveness—[*distant alarum.*]

—Hark, in yonder shout
Did the man battles counter!

Swi. Look on the field, brave Gordon, if
thou canst,

And tell me how the day goes.—But I guess,
Too surely do I guess—

Gor. All'a lost! all'a lost!—Of the main
Scottish host.

Some wildly fly, and some rush wildly for-
ward;

And some there are who seem to turn their
spears

Against their countrymen.
Swi. Rashness, and cowardice, and secret
treason,

Combine to ruin us; and our bot valour,
Devoid of discipline, is madmen's strength,

More fatal unto friends than enemies!
I'm glad that these dim eyes shall see no more
on't—

Let thy hands close them, Gordon—I will
dream

My fair-hair'd William renders me that office!
[*Dies.*]

Gor. And, Swinton, I will think I do that
duty

To my dead father.

Enter De Vipont.

Vip. Fly, fly, brave youth!—A handful of
thy followers,

The scatter'd gleaming of this desperate day,
Still hover yonder to essay thy rescue.—

O linger not!—I'll be your guide to them.

Gor. Look there, and bid me fly!—The oak
has fall'n;
And the young ivy bush, which learn'd to
climb

By its support, must needs partake its fall.

Vip. Swinton! Alas! the best, the bravest,
strongest,

And sagest of our Scottish chivalry!
Forgive one moment, if, to save the living,
My tongue should wrong the dead.—Gordon,
bethink thee,

Thou dost but stay to perish with the corpse
Of him who slew thy father.

Gor. Ay, but he was my sire in chivalry.
He taught my youth to soar above the prompt-
ings

Of mean and selfish vengeance; gave my
youth

A name that shall not die even on this death-
spot.

Records shall tell this field had not been lost,
Had all men fought like Swinton and like
Gordon. [*Trumpets.*]

Save thee, De Vipont.—Hark! the Southron
trumpets.

Vip. Nay, without thee I stir not.

Enter Edward, Chandos, Percy, Baliol, &c.

Gor. Ay, they come on—The Tyrant and
the Traitor,

Workman and tool, Plantagenet and Baliol.—
O for a moment's strength in this poor arm,
To do one glorious deed!

[*He rushes on the English, but is made
prisoner with Vipont.*]

K. Ed. Disarm them—harm them not;
though it was they

Made havoc on the archers of our vanguard,
They and that bulky champion. Where is he?

Chan. Here lies the giant! Say his name,
young Knight?

Gor. Let it suffice, he was a man this
morning!

Cha. I question'd thee in sport. I do not
need

Thy information, youth. Who that has fought
Through all these Scottish wars, but knows
his crest,

The sable boar chain'd to the leafy oak,
And that huge mace still seen where war was
widest!

I In his narrative of events on the day after the battle of Sheriffmuir, Sir Walter Scott says, "Amongst the gentlemen who fell on this occasion, were several on both sides, alike eminent for birth and character. The body of the gallant young Earl of Strathmore was found on the field, watched by a faithful old domestic, who, being asked the name of the person whose body he waited upon with so

K. Ed. 'Tis Alan Swinton!
Grim chamberlain, who in my tent at Wear-
dale,
Stood by my startled couch with torch and
mace,

When the Black Douglas' war-cry waked my
camp.

Gor. (*sinking down.*) If thus thou know'st
him,

Thou wilt respect his corpse.

K. Ed. As belted Knight and crowned King,
I will.

Gor. And let mine
Sleep at his side, in token that our death
Ended the feud of Swinton and of Gordon.

K. Ed. It is the Gordon!—Is there aught
beside

Edward can do to honour bravery

Even in an enemy?

Gor. Nothing but this:

Let not base Baliol, with his touch or look,
Profane my corpse or Swinton's. I've some
breath still,

Enough to say—Scotland—Elizabeth! [*Dies.*]
Cha. Baliol, I would not brook such dying
looks,

To buy the crown you aim at.

K. Ed. (*to Vip.*) Vipont, thy crossed shield
shows ill in warfare

Against a Christian king.

Vip. That Christian King is warring upon
Scotland.

I was a Scotsman ere I was a Templar,²
Sworn to my country ere I knew my Order.

K. Ed. I will but know thee as a Christian
champion,

And set thee free unransom'd.

Enter Abbot of Walthamstow.

Ab. Heaven grant your Majesty
Many such glorious days as this hath been!

K. Ed. It is a day of much and high ad-
vantage;

Glorious it might have been, had all our foes
Fought like these two brave champions.—

Strike the drums,
Sound trumpets, and pursue the fugitives.

Till the Tweed's eddies whelm them. Ber-
wick's reader'd—

These wars, I trust, will soon find lasting
close.

much care, made this striking reply, "He was a man
yesterday."—*Tales of a Grandfather.*

2 A Vaesitan General, observing his soldiers testified
some unwillingness to fight against those of the Pope,
whom they regarded as father of the Church, addressed
them in terms of similar encouragement,—“Fight on! we
were Vanetians before we were Christians.”

Macduff's Cross.

INTRODUCTION.

These few scenes had the honour to be included in a Miscellany, published in the year 1823, by Mrs Joanna Baillie, and are here reprinted, to unite them with the trifles of the same kind which owe their birth to the author. The singular history of the Cross and Law of Clan MacDuff is given, at length enough to satisfy the keenest antiquary, in *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. It is here only necessary to state, that the Cross was a place of refuge to any person related to MacDuff, within the ninth degree, who, having committed homicide in sudden quarrel, should reach this place, prove his descent from the Thane of Fife, and pay a certain penalty.

The shaft of the Cross was destroyed at the Reformation. The huge block of stone which served for its pedestal is still in existence near the town of Newburgh, on a kind of pass which commands the county of Fife to the southward, and to the north, the windings of the magnificent Tay and fertile country of Angus-shire. The Cross bore an inscription, which is transmitted to us in an unintelligible form by Sir Robert Sibbald.

Abbotsford, January 1830.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Ninian, } *Monks of Lindores.*
 Waldhave, }
 Lindsay, } *Scottish Barons.*
 Maurice Berkeley, }

TO

MRS. JOANNA BAILLIE,

AUTHORRESS OF

"THE PLAYS ON THE PASSIONS."

PRELUDE.

Nay, smile not, lady, when I speak of witchcraft,
 And say, that there still lurks amongst our glens
 Some touch of strange enchantment. — Mark that fragment,
 I mean that rough-hewn block of massive stone,
 Placed on the summit of this mountain-pass,
 Commanding prospect wide o'er field and fell,
 And peopled village and extended moorland,
 And the wide ocean and majestic Tay,
 To the far distant Grampians. — Do not deem it
 A loosen'd portion of the neighbouring rock,
 Detach'd by storm and thunder, — 'twas the pedestal

On which, in ancient times, a Cross was rear'd.

Carved o'er with words which foil'd philologists;

And the events it did commemorate
 Were dark, remote, and undistinguishable,
 As were the mystic characters it bore.

But, mark, — a wizard, born on Avon's bank,
 Tuned but his harp to this wild northern theme,

And, lo! the scene is hallow'd. None shall pass,

Now, or in after days, beside that stone,
 But he shall have strange visions; thoughts
 and words,

That shake, or rouse, or thrill the human heart,

Shall rush upon his memory when he hears
 The spirit-stirring name of this rude symbol; —

Oblivious ages, at that simple spell,
 Shall render back their terrors with their woes,

Alas! and with their crimes — and the proud phantom

Shall move with step familiar to his eye,
 And accents which, once heard, the ear forgets
 not,

Though ne'er again to list them. Siddons,
 thine,

Thou matchless Siddons! thrill upon our ear;
 And on our eye thy lofty Brother's form
 Rises as Scotland's monarch. — But, to thee,
 Joanna, why to thee speak of such visions?
 Thine own wild wand can raise them.

Yet since thou wilt an idle tale of mine,
 Take one which scarcely is of worth enough
 To give or to withhold. — Our time creeps on,
 Fancy grows colder as the silvery hair
 Tells the advancing winter of our life.
 But if it be of worth enough to please,
 That worth it owes to her who set the task;
 If otherwise, the fault rests with the author.

MacDuff's Cross.

SCENE I.

The summit of a Rocky Pass near to Newburgh, about two miles from the ancient Abbey of Lindores, in Fife. In the centre is MacDuff's Cross, an antique Monument; and, at a small distance, on one side, a Chapel, with a Lamp burning.

Enter, as having ascended the Pass, Ninian and Waldhave, Monks of Lindores. Ninian crosses himself, and seems to recite his devotions. Waldhave stands gazing on the prospect, as if in deep contemplation.

Nin. Here stands the Cross, good brother, consecrated
 By the bold Thane unto his patron saint
 Magrius, once a brother of our house.

Canst thou not spare an ave or a creed ?
Or hath the steep ascent exhausted you ?
You trode it stoutly, though 't was rough and
toilsome.

Wal. I have trode a rougher.

Nin. On the Highland hills —
Scarcely within our sea-girt province here,
Unless upon the Lomonds or Bennarty.

Wal. I spoke not of the literal path, good
father,
But of the road of life which I have travell'd,
Ere I assumed this habit; it was bounded,
Hedged in, and limited by earthly prospects.
As ours beneath was closed by dell and
thicket.

Here we see wide and far, and the broad sky,
With wide horizon, opens full around.
While earthly objects dwindle. Brother
Ninian,

Fain would I hope that mental elevation
Could raise me equally o'er worldly thoughts,
And place me nearer heaven.

Nin. 'Tis good morality. — But yet forget not.
That though we look on heaven from this high
eminence,

Yet doth the Prince of all the airy space,
Arch foe of man, possess the realms between.

Wal. Most true, good brother; and men
may be farther
From the bright heaven they aim at, even
because

They deem themselves secure on 't.

Nin. (after a pause.) You do gaze —
Strangers are wont to do so — on the prospect.
Yon is the Tay, roll'd down from Highland
hills,

That rests his waves, after so rude a race,
In the fair plains of Gowrie — further west-
ward,

Proud Sterling rises — vonder to the east,
Dundee, the gift of God, and fair Montrose,
And still more northward lie the ancient
towers —

Wal. Of Edzell.

Nin. How I know you the towers of Edzell ?

Wal. I've heard of them.

Nin. Then you have heard a tale,
Which when he tells, the peasant shakes his
head.

And shuns the mouldering and deserted walls.
Wal. Why, and by whom, deserted ?

Nin. Long the tale —
Enough to say that the last Lord of Edzell,
Bold Louis Lindsay, had a wife, and found —

Wal. Enough is said, indeed — since a weak
woman,

Av, and a tempting fiend, lost Paradise,
When man was innocent.

Nin. They fell at strife,
Men say, on slight occasion; that fierce
Lindsay
Did bend his sword against De Berkeley's
breast,

And that the lady threw herself between;
That then De Berkeley dealt the Baron's
death-wound.

Enough, that from that time De Berkeley bore
A spear in foreign wars. But, it is said,
He hath return'd of late; and, therefore,
brother,

The Prior hath ordain'd our vigil here,
To watch the privilege of the sanctuary,
And rights of Clan MacDuff.

Wal. What rights are these ?

Nin. Most true! you are but newly come
from Rome,
And do not know our ancient usages.
Know then, when fell Macbeth beneath the
arm

Of the predestined knight, unborn of woman,
Three hoons the victor ask'd, and thrice did
Malcolm,

Stooping the sceptre by the Thane restored,
Assent to his request. And hence the rule,
The first when Scotland's King assumes the
crown,

MacDuff's descendant rings his brow with it:
And hence, when Scotland's King calls forth
his host,

MacDuff's descendant leads the van in battle:
And last, in guerdon of the crown restored,
Red with the blood of the usurping tyrant,
The right was granted in succeeding time,
That if a kinsman of the Thane of Fife
Comoit a slaughter on a sudden impulse,
And fly for refuge to this Cross MacDuff,

For the Thane's sake he shall find sanctuary;
For here must the avenger's step be staid,
And here the panting homicide find safety.

Wal. And here a brother of your order
watches,

To see the custom of the place observed ?

Nin. Even so; — such is our convent's holy
right,
Since Saint Magridins — blessed be his
memory! —

Did by a vision warn the Abbot Eadmir —
And chief we watch, when there is bickering
Among the neighbouring nobles, now most
likely

From this return of Berkeley from abroad,
Having the Lindsay's blood upon his hand.

Wal. The Lindsay, then, was loved among
his friends ?

Nin. Honour'd and fear'd he was — but little
loved;

For even his bounty bore a show of sternness:
And when his passions waked, he was a
Sathan

Of wrath and injury.

Wal. How now, Sir Priest! (fiercely.) — For-
give me (recollecting himself.) — I was
dreaming

Of an old baron, who did bear about him
Some touch of your Lord Reynold.

Nin. Lindsay's name, my brother,
Indeed was Reynold; — and methinks, more-
over,

That, as you spoke even now, he would have
spoken.

I brought him a petition from our convent:
He granted straight, but in such tone and
manner,

By my good saint! I thought myself scarce safe
Till Tay roll'd broad between us. I must now
Unto the chapel — meanwhile the watch is
thine;

And, at thy word, the hurrying fugitive,
Should such arrive, must here find sanctuary;
And, at thy word, the fiery-paced avenger
Must stop his bloody course — e'en as swoln

Jordan
Controll'd his waves, soon as they touch'd the
feet

Of those who bore the ark.

Wal. Is this my charge ?
Nin. Even so; and I am near, should chance
require me.

At midnight I relieve you on your watch.
When we may taste together some refreshment:

I have cared for it; and for a flask of wine —
There is no sin, so that we drink it not
Until the midnight hour, when lauds have
toll'd.

Farewell a while, and peaceful watch be with
you! *[Exit towards the Chapel.]*

Wal. It is not with me, and alas! alas!
I know not where to seek it. This monk's
mind

Is with his cloister match'd, nor lacks more
room.

Its petty duties, formal ritual,
Its humble pleasures and its paltry troubles,
Fill up his round of life; even as some
reptiles,

They say, are moulded to the very shape,
And all the angles of the rocky crevice,
In which they live and die. But for myself,
Retired in passion to the narrow cell,
Couching my tired limbs in its recesses,
So ill-adapted am I to its limits,
That every attitude is agony. —
How now! what brings him back?

Re-enter Ninian.

Nin. Look to your watch, my brother;
horsemen come:
I heard their tread when kneeling in the
chapel.

Wal. *(looking to a distance.)* My thoughts
have rapt me more than thy devotion,
Else had I heard the tread of distant horses
Farther than thou couldst hear the sacring
hell;

But now in truth they come:—flight and
pursuit

Are sights I've been long strange to.

Nin. See how they gallop down the opposing
hill!

Yon grey steed bounding down the headlong
path,

As on the level meadow; while the black,
Urged by the rider with his naked sword,
Stoops on his prey, as I have seen the falcon
Dashing upon the heron.—'T'hou dost frown
And crouch thy hand as if it grasp'd a
weapon?

Wal. 'Tis but for a shame to see a man fly
thus

While only one pursues him. Coward, turn!—
Turn thee, I say! thou art as stout as he,
And well may'st match thy single sword with
his—

Shame, that a man should rein a steed like
thee,

Yet fear to turn his front against a foe!—
I am ashamed to look on them.

Nin. Yet look again; they quit their horses
now,

Unfit for the rough path: the fugitive
Keeps the advantage still.—They strain
towards us.

Wal. I'll not believe that ever the bold
Thane

Rear'd up his Cross to be a sanctuary
To the base coward, who shunn'd an equal
combat.—

How's this?—that look—that mien—mine eyes
grow dizzy!—

Nin. He comes!—thou art a novice on this
watch,—

Brother, I'll take the word and speak to him.
Pluck down thy cowl; know, that we spiritual
champions

Have honour to maintain, and must not seem
To quail before the laity.

*[Waldehave lets down his cowl, and
steps back.]*

Enter Maurice Berkeley.

Nin. Who art thou, stranger? speak thy
name and purpose.

Ber. I claim the privilege of Clan Macduff.
My name is Maurice Berkeley, and my lineage
Althes me nearly with the Thane of Fife.

Nin. Give us to know the cause of sanctu-
ary!

Ber. Let him show it,
Against whose violence I claim the privilege.

*Enter Lindsay, with his sword drawn. He
rushes at Berkeley; Ninian interposes.*

Nin. Peace, in the name of Saint Magruidus!
Peace, in our Prior's name, and in the name
Of that dear symbol, which did purchase peace
And good-will towards man! I do command
thee

To sheath thy sword, and stir no contest here.

Lin. One charm I'll try first,
To lure the craven from the enchanted circle
Which he hath harbour'd in.—Hear you, De
Berkeley,

This is my brother's sword—the hand it arms
Is weapon'd to avenge a brother's death:—

If thou hast heart to step a furlong off,
And change three blows,—even for so short a
space

As these good men may say an ave-marie,—
So, Heaven be good to me! I will forgive thee
Thy deed and all its consequences.

Ber. Were not my right hand fetter'd by
the thought

That slaying thee were but a double guilt
In which to steep my soul, no bridegroom
ever

Stepp'd forth to trip a measure with his bride
More joyfully than I, young man, would rush
To meet thy challenge.

Lin. He quails, and shuns to look upon my
weapon.

Yet boasts himself a Berkeley!

Ber. Lindsay, and if there were no deeper
cause

For shunning thee than terror of thy weapon,
That rock-hewn Cross as soon should start
and stir,

Because a shepherd-boy blew horn beneath it,
As I for brag of thine.

Nin. I charge you both, and in the name of
Heaven,

Breathe no defiance on this sacred spot,
Where Christian men must bear them peace-
fully,

On pain of the Church thunders. Calmly tell
Your cause of difference; and, Lord Lindsay,
thou

Be first to speak them.

Lin. Ask the blue welkin—ask the silver
Tay,

The northern Grampians—all things know my
wrongs;

But ask not me to tell them, while the villain,
Who wrought them, stands and listens with a
smile.

Nin. It is said—
Since you refer us thus to general fame—
That Berkeley slew thy brother, the Lord
Louis,

In his own halls at Edzell—

Lin. Ay, in his halls—

In his own halls, good father, that's the word.
In his own halls he slew him, while the wine
Pass'd on the board between! The gallant
Thane,

Who wreak'd Macbeth's inhospitable murder,
Rear'd not yon Cross to sanction deeds like
these.

Ber. Thou say'st I came a guest!—I came
a victim,

A destined victim, train'd on to the doom
His frantic jealousy prepared for me.
He fix'd a quarrel on me, and we fought.
Can I forget the form that came between us,
And perish'd by his sword! 'Twas then I
fought

For vengeance,—until then I guarded life,
But then I sought to take it, and prevail'd.

Lin. Wretch! thou didst first dishonour to
thy victim,

And thou didst slay him!

Ber. There is a busy fiend tugs at my heart,
But I will struggle with it!—Youthful knight,
My heart is sick of war, my hand of slaugh-
ter;

I come not to my lordships, or my land,
But just to seek a spot in some cold cloister,
Which I may kneel on living, and, when dead,
Which may suffice to cover me.

Forgive me that I caused your brother's death;
And I forgive thee the injurious terms
With which thou taxest me.

Lin. Take worse and blacker.—Murderer,
adulterer!—

Art thou not moved yet?

Ber. Do not press me further.
The hunted stag, even when he seeks the
thicket,

Compell'd to stand at bay, grows dangerous!
Most true thy brother perish'd by my hand,
And if you term it murder—I must bear it.
Thus far my patience can; but if thou brand
The purity of yonder martyr'd saint,
Whom then my sword but poorly did avenge,
With one injurious word, come to the valley.
And I will show thee how it shall be answer'd!

Nin. This heat, Lord Berkeley, doth but ill
accord

With thy late pious patience.

Ber. Father, forgive, and let me stand ex-
cused
To Heaven and thee, if patience brooks no
more.

I loved this lady fondly—truly loved—
Loved her, and was beloved, ere yet her father
Couferr'd her on another. While she lived,
Each thought of her was to my soul as hal-
low'd

As those I send to Heaven; and on her grave,
Her bloody, early grave, while this poor haud
Can hold a sword, shall no one cast a scorn.

Lin. Follow me. Thou shalt hear me call
the adulteress

By her right name.—I'm glad there's yet a
spur

Can rouse thy sluggish mettle.

Ber. Make then obeisance to the blessed
Cross,

For it shall be on earth thy last devotion.

Wal. (*rushing forward.*) Madmen, stand!—
Stay but one second—answer but one ques-
tion.—

There, Maurice Berkeley, can'st thou look
upon

That blessed sign, and swear thou'st spoken
truth?

Ber. I swear by Heaven,
And by the memory of that murder'd inno-
cent,

Each seeming charge against her was as false
As our bless'd Lady's spotless. Hear, each
saint!

Hear me, thou holy rood! hear me from hea-
ven.

Thou martyr'd excellence!—Hear me from
penal fire,

(For sure not yet thy guilt is expiated!)

Stern ghost of her destroyer!—

Wal. (*throws back his cowl.*) He hears! he
hears! Thy spell hath rais'd the dead!

Lin. My brother! and alive!

Wal. Alive,—but yet, my Richard, dead to
thee.

No tie of kindred binds me to the world;
All were renounced, when, with reviving life,
Came the desire to seek the sacred cloister.

Alas, in vain! for to that last retreat,
Like to a pack of bloodhounds in full chase,

My passion and my wrongs have follow'd me,
Wrath and remorse—and, to fill up the cry,
Thou hast brought vengeance hither.

Lin. I but sought
To do the act and duty of a brother.

Wal. I ceased to be so when I left the
world;

But if he can forgive as I forgive,
God sends me here a brother in mine enemy,
To pray for me and with me. If thou canst,
De Berkeley, give thine hand.—

Ber. (*gives his hand.*) It is the will
Of Heaven, made manifest in thy preserva-
tion,

To inhibit farther bloodshed; for De Berke-
ley,

The votary Maurice lays the title down.

Go to his halls, Lord Richard, where a maiden,
Kin to his blood, and daughter in affection,
Heirs his broad lands;—If thou canst love her,

Lindesay,

Woo her, and be successful.

The Doom of Devorgoil.

PREFACE.

The first of these dramatic pieces was long since written, for the purpose of obliging the late Mr Terry, then Manager of the Adelphi Theatre, for whom the Author had a particular regard. The manner in which the mimic goblins of Devorgoil are intermixed with the supernatural machinery, was found to be objectionable, and the production had other faults, which rendered it unfit for representation.¹ I have called the piece a Melo-drama, for want of a better name; but, as I learn from the unquestionable authority of Mr Colman's Random Records, that one species of the drama is termed an *extravaganza*, I am sorry I was not sooner aware of a more appropriate name than that which I had selected for Devorgoil.

The Author's Publishers thought it desirable, that the scenes, long condemned to oblivion, should be united to similar attempts of the same kind; and as he felt indifferent on the subject, they are printed to the same volume with Halidon Hill and MacDuff's Cross, and thrown off in a separate form, for the convenience of those who possess former editions of the Author's Poetical Works.

The general story of the Doom of Devorgoil is founded on an old Scottish tradition, the scene of which lies in Galloway. The crime supposed to have occasioned the misfortunes of this devoted house, is similar to that of a Lord Herries of Hoddam Castle, who is the principal personage of Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe's interesting ballad, in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. iv. p. 307. In remorse for his crime, he built the singular monument called the Tower of Repentance. In many cases the Scottish superstitious allude to the fairies, or those who, for sins of a milder description, are permitted to wander with the "rout that never rest," as they were termed by Dr. Leyden. They imitate human labour and human amusements, but their toil is useless, and without any advantageous result; and their gaiety is unsubstantial and hollow. The phantom of Lord Erick is supposed to be a spectre of this character.

The story of the Ghostly Barber is told in many countries: but the best narrative founded on the passage, is the tale called *Stumme Liebe*, among the legends of *Musæus*. I think it has been introduced upon the English stage in some pantomime, which was one objection to bringing it upon the scene a second time.

Abbotsford, April, 1830

¹ Mr. Daniel Terry, the comedian, distinguished for a very peculiar style of humour on the stage, and, moreover, by personal accomplishments of various sorts not generally shared by members of his profession, was, during many years, on terms of intimacy with Sir Walter Scott. He died 22d June 1829.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Oswald of Devorgoil, *a decayed Scottish Baron.*
Leonard, *a Ranger.*
Durward, *a Palmer.*
Lancelot Blackthorn, *a Companion of Leonard, in love with Katleen.*
Gullcrammer, *a concealed Student.*
Owlspeigle and } *Masks, represented by Black-*
Cockledemoy, } *thorn and Katleen.*
Spirit of Lord Erick of Devorgoil.
Peasants, Shepherds, and Vassals of inferior rank.

Eleanor, *Wife of Oswald, descended of obscure Parentage.*

Flora, *Daughter of Oswald.*

Katleen, *Niece of Eleanor.*

The Doom of Devorgoil.

ACT I—SCENE I.

The Scene represents a wild and hilly, but not a mountainous Country, in a frontier District of Scotland. The flat Scene exhibits the Castle of Devorgoil, decayed, and partly ruinous, situated upon a Lake, and connected with the Land by a Drawbridge, which is lowered. Time—Sunset.

Flora enters from the Castle, looks timidly around, then comes forward and speaks.

He is not here—those pleasures are not ours
Which placid evening brings to all things else.

SONG.²

The sun upon the lake is low,
The wild birds hush their song,
The hills have evening's deepest glow,
Yet Leonard tarries long.
Now all whom varied toil and care
From home and love divide,
In the calm sunset may repair
Each to the loved one's side.

The noble dame, on turret high,
Who waits her gallant knight,
Looks to the western beam to spy
The flash of armour bright.

² The author thought of omitting this song, which was, in fact, bridged into one in "Quentin Durward," termed County Guy. [See ante, p. 592.] It seemed, however, necessary to the sense, that the original stanza should be retained here.

The village maid, with hand on brow,
The level ray to shade.
Upon the footpath watches now
For Colin's darkening plaid.

Now to their mates the wild swans row,
By day they swam apart,
And to the thicket wanders slow
The hind beside the hart.
The woodlark, at his partner's side,
T'witters his closing song—
All meet whom day and care divide,
But Leonard tarries long.

[*Katleen has come out of the Castle while Flora was singing, and speaks when the Song is ended.*

Kat. Ah, my dear coz!—if that your
mother's niece
May so presume to call your father's
daughter—

All these good things have got some home of
comfort

To tempt their rovers back—the lady's
bower,
The shepherdess's hut, the wild swan's
couch

Among the rushes, even the lark's low nest,
Has that of promise which lures home a
lover.—

But we have nought of this.

Flo. How call you, then, this castle of my
sire,

The towers of Devorgoil?

Kat. Dungeons for men, and palaces for
owls;

Yet no wise owl would change a farmer's
barn

For yonder hungry hall—our latest mouse,
Our last of mice, I tell you, has been found
Starved in the pantry; and the reverend
spider,

Sole living tenant of the Baron's halls,
Who, train'd to abstinence, lived a whole
summer

Upon a single fly, he's famish'd too;
The cat is in the kitchen-chimney seated
Upon our last of fagots, destined soon
To dress our last of suppers, and, poor soul,
Is starved with cold, and mewling mad with
hunger.

Flo. D'ye mock our misery, Katleen?

Kat. No, but I am hysteric on the subject,
So I must laugh or cry, and laughing's
lightest.

Flo. Why stay you with us, then, my merry
cousin?

From you my sire can ask no filial duty.

Kat. No, thanks to Heaven!

No noble in wide Scotland, rich or poor,
Can claim an interest in the vulgar blood
That dances in my veins; and I might wed
A forester to-morrow, nothing fearing
The wrath of high-born kindred, and far
less

That the dry bones of lead-lapp'd ancestors
Would clatter in their cerements at the
tidings.

Flo. My mother, too, would gladly see you
placed

Beyond the verge of our unhappiness,
Which, like a witch's circle, blights and
taints

Whatever comes within it.

Kat. Ah! my good aunt!
She is a careful kinswoman and prudent,
To all but marrying a ruin'd baron,
When she could take her choice of honest
yeomen;

And now, to balance this ambitious error,
She presses on her daughter's love the suit
Of one, who hath no touch of nobleness,
In manners, birth, or mind, to recommend
him,—

Sage Master Gullcrammer, the new-dubb'd
preacher.

Flo. Do not name him, Katleen!

Kat. Ay, but I must, and with some grate-
tude.

I said but now, I saw our last of fagots
Destined to dress our last of meals, but said
not

That the repast consisted of choice dainties,
Sent to our larder by that liberal soitor,
The kind Melchisedek.

Flo. Were famishing the word,
I'd famish ere I tasted them—the fop,
The fool, the low-born, low-bred, pedant
coxcomb!

Kat. There spoke the blood of long-de-
scended sires!

My cottage wisdom ought to echo back,—
O the snug parsonage! the well-paid stipend!
The yew-hedged garden! beebive, pigs, and
poultry!

But, to speak honestly, the peasant Katleen,
Valuing these good things justly, still would
scorn

To wed, for such, the paltry Gullcrammer,
As much as Lady Flora.

Flo. Mock me not with a title, gentle
cousin,

Which poverty has made ridiculous.—

[*Trumpets far off.*

Hark! they have broken up the weapon-
shaving;

The vassals are dismiss'd, and marching
homeward.

Kat. Comes your sire back to-night?

Flo. He did purpose
To tarry for the banquet. This day only,
Summon'd as a king's tenant, he resumes
The right of rank his birth assigns to him,
And mingles with the proudest.

Kat. To return

To his domestic wretchedness to-morrow—
I envy not the privilege. Let us go
To yonder height, and see the marksmen
practise:

They shoot their match down in the dale
beyond,

Betwixt the Lowland and the Forest dis-
trict,

By ancient custom, for a tun of wine.

Let us go see which wins.

Flo. That were too forward.

Kat. Why, you may drop the screen before
your face.

Which some chance breeze may haply blow
aside

Just when a youth of special note takes
aim.

It chanced even so that memorable morning,
When, nutting in the woods, we met young
Leonard;

And in good time here comes his sturdy
comrade,

The rough Lance Blackthorn.

Enter Lancelot Blackthorn, a Forester, with the Carcass of a Deer on his back, and a Gun in his hand.

Bla. Save you, damsels!

Kat. Godden, good yeoman.—Come you from the Weaponshaw?

Bla. Not I, indeed; there lies the mark I shot at. [*Lays down the deer.*]

The time has been I had not miss'd the sport. Although Lord Nithsdale's self had wanted venison;

But this same mate of mine, young Leonard Dacre, Makes me do what he lists;—he'll win the prize, though:

The Forest district will not lose its honour, And that is all I care for—(*some shouts are heard*)

Hark! they're at it.

I'll go see the issue.

Flo. Leave not here

The produce of your hunting.

Bla. But I must, though.

This is his lair to-night, for Leonard Dacre Charged me to leave the stag at Devorgoil:

I then show me quickly where to stow the quarry,

And let me to the sports—(*more shots.*) Come, hasteu, damseis!

Flo. It is impossible—we dare not take it.

Bla. There let it be, then, and I'll wind my bugle,

That all within these tottering walls may know

That here lies venison, whoso likes to lift it.

[*About to blow.*]

Kot. (*to Flo.*) He will alarm your mother; and, besides,

Our Forest prover teaches, that no question Should ask where venison comes from.

Your careful mother, with her wonted prudence,

Will hold its presence plead its own apology.—Come, Blackthorn, I will show you where to stow it.

[*Exeunt Katleen and Blackthorn into the Castle—more shooting—then a distant shout—Stragglers, armed in different ways, pass over the Stage, as if from the Weaponshaw.*]

Flo. The prize is won; that general shout proclaim'd it.

The marksmen and the vassals are dispersing.

[*She draws back.*]

First Vassal (*a peasant.*) Ay, ay,—'tis lost and won—the Forest have it.

'Tis they have all the luck on't.

Second Vas. (*a shepherd.*) Luck, say'st thou, man? 'Tis practice, skill, and cunning.

Third Vas. 'Tis no such thing.—I had hit the mark precisely,

But for this cursed flint; and, as I fired, A swallow cross'd mine eye, too—Will you tell me

That that was but a chance, mine honest shepherd?

First Vas. Ay, and last year, when Lancelot Blackthorn won it.

Because my powder happen'd to be damp, Was there no luck in that?—The worse luck mine.

Second Vas. Still I say 'twas not chance; it might be witchcraft.

First Vas. Faith, not unlikely, neighbours; for these foresters

Do often haunt about this ruin'd castle.

I've seen myself this spark,—young Leonard Dacre.—

Come stealing like a ghost ere break of day, And after sunset, too, along this path;

And well you know the haunted towers of Devorgoil

Have no good reputation in the land.

Shep. That have they not. I've heard my father say.—

Ghosts dance as lightly in its moonlight halls, As ever maiden did at Midsummer

Upon the village-green.

First Vas. Those that frequent such spirit-haunted ruins

Must needs know more than simple Christians do.—

See, lance this blessed moment leaves the castle,

And comes to triumph o'er us.

[*Blackthorn enters from the Castle, and comes forward while they speak.*]

Third Vas. A mighty triumph! What is't, after all,

Except the driving of a piece of lead.—As learned Master Gulicrammer defined it,—

Just through the middle of a painted board.

Bla. And if he so define it, by your leave, Your learned Master Gulicrammer's an ass.

Third Vas. (*angrily.*) He's a preacher, huntsman, under favour.

Second Vas. No quarrelling, neighbours— you may both be right.

Enter a Fourth Vassal, with a gallon stoup of wine.

Fourth Vas. Why stand you brawling here? Young Leonard Dacre

Has set abroad the tun of wine he gain'd, That all may drink who list. Blackthorn, I

sought you;

Your comrade prays you will bestow this flagon

Where you have left the deer you kill'd this morn'ing.

Bla. And that I will; but first we will take toll

To see if it's worth carriage. Shepherd, thy horn.

There must be due allowance made for leakage,

And that will come about a draught a-piece. Skink it about, and when our throats are

liquor'd,

We'll merrily trowl our song of weaponshaw.

[*They drink about out of the Shepherd's horn and then sing.*]

SONG.

We love the shrill trumpet, we love the drum's rattle,

They call us to sport, and they call us to battle;

And old Scotland shall laugh at the threats of a stranger.

While our comrades in pastime are comrades in danger.

If there's mirth in our house, 'tis our neighbour that shares it—

If peril approach, 'tis our neighbour that dares it;

And when we lead off to the pipe and the
labor,
The fair hand we press is the hand of a neigh-
bour.

Then close your ranks, comrades, the bands
that combine them,
Faith, friendship, and brotherhood, join'd to
entwine them ;
And we'll laugh at the threats of each inso-
lent stranger,
While our comrades in sport are our comrades
in danger.

Black. Well, I must do mine errand. Master
flagon [Shoking it.
Is too consumptive for another bleeding.

Shep. I must to my fold.

Third Vas. I'll to the butt of wine,
And see if that has given up the ghost yet.
First Vas. Have with you, neighbour.

[Blackthorn enters the Castle, the rest
exeunt severally. Melchisedek Gull-
crammer watches them off the stage,
and then enters from the side-scene.
His costume is a Geneva cloak and
band, with a high-crowned hat; the
rest of his dress in the fashion of
James the First's time. He looks to
the windows of the Castle, then draws
back as if to escape observation, while
he brushes his cloak, drives the white
threads from his waistcoat with his
wetted thumb, and dusts his shoes, all
with the air of one who would not wil-
lingly be observed engaged in these
offices. He then adjusts his collar and
band, comes forward and speaks.

Gull. Right comely is thy garb, Melchisedek :
As well beseemeth one, whom good Saint
Mungo.

The patron of our land and university,
Hath graced with license both to teach and
preach—

Who dare opine thou hither plod'st on foot ?
Trim sits thy cloak, unruffled is thy band,
And not a speck upon thine outward man
Bewrays the labours of thy weary sole.

[Touches his shoe, and smiles complacently.
Quaint was that jest and pleasant!—Now
will I

Approach and hail the dwellers of this fort ;
But specially sweet Flora Devorgoil,
Ere her proud sire return. He loves me not,
Mocketh my lineage, flouts at mine advance-
ment—

Sour as the fruit the crab-tree furnishes,
And hard as is the cudgel it supplies ;
But Flora—she's a lily on the lake,
And I must reach her, though I risk a ducking.

[As Gullcrammer moves towards the
drawbridge, Bauldie Durward enters,
and interposes himself betwixt him
and the Castle. Gullcrammer stops
and speaks.

Whom have we here ?—that ancient fortune-
teller,
Papist and sorcerer, and sturdy beggar,
Old Bauldie Durward ! Would I were well
past him !

[Durward advances, partly in the dress
of a palmer, partly in that of an old
Scottish mendicant, having coarse blue
cloak and badge, white beard, &c.

Dur. The blessing of the evening on your
worship,
And on your taff'ity doublet. Much I marvel
Your wisdom chooseth such trim garb, when
tempests

Are gathering to the bursting.
Gullcrammer (looks to his dress, and then to the
sky, with some apprehension.)

Surely, Bauldie,
Thou dost belie the evening—in the west
The light sinks down as lovely as this hand
Drops o'er this mantle—Tush, man ! 'twill be
fair.

Dur. Ay, but the storm I bode is big with
blows,
Horsewhips for hailstones, clubs for thunder-
bolts ;

And for the wailing of the midnight wind,
The unpitied bowling of a cudgell'd coxcomb.
Come, come, I know thou seek'st fair Flora
Devorgoil.

Gul. And if I did, I do the damsel grace.
Her nother thinks so, and she has accepted
At these poor hands gifts of some consequence,
And curious dainties for the evening cheer,
To which I am invited—She respects me.

Dur. But not so doth her father, haughty
Oswald.

Bethink thee, he's a baron—
Gul. And a bare one ;
Construe me that, old man !—The crofts of
Mucklewhame—

Destined for mine so soon as heaven and earth
Have shared my uncle's soul and bones be-
tween them—

The crofts of Mucklewhame, old man, which
nourish

Three scores of sheep, three cows, with each
her follower,

A female palfrey eke—I will be candid,
She is of that meek tribe whom, in derision,
Our wealthy southern neighbours nickname
donkeys—

Dur. She bath her follower too,—when
thou art there.

Gul. I say to thee, these crofts of Muckle-
whame,

In the mere tything of their stock and pro-
duce,

Outvie whatever patch of land remains
To this old rugged castle and its owner.

Well, therefore, may Melchisedek Gullcram-
mer,

Younger of Mucklewhame, for such I write
me,

Master of Arts, by grace of good Saint An-
drew,

Preacher, in brief expectance of a kirk,
Endow'd with ten score Scottish pounds per
annum,

Being eight pounds seventeen eight in sterling
coin—

Well then, I say, may this Melchisedek,
Thus highly graced by fortune—and by na-
ture

E'en gifted as thou seest—aspire to woo
The daughter of the beggar'd Devorgoil.

Dur. Credit an old man's word, kind Master
Gullcrammer,

You will not find it so.—Come, sir, I've known
The hospitality of Mucklewhame ;
It reach'd not to profuseness—yet, in grati-
tude

For the pure water of its living well,

And for the barley loaves of its fair fields,
Wherein chopp'd straw contended with the
grain

Which best should satisfy the appetite,
I would not see the hopeful heir of Muckle-
whanie

Thus fling himself on danger.

Gul. Danger! what danger!—Know'st thou
not, old Oswald

This day attends the muster of the shire,
Where the crown-vassals meet to show their
arms,

And their best horse of service?—'Twas good
sport

(An if a man had dared but laugh at it)

To see old Oswald with his rusty morion,
And huge two-handed sword, that might have
seen

The field of Bannockburn or Chevy-Chase,
Without a squire or vassal, page or groom,
Or e'en a single pikeman at his heels,
Mix with the proudest nobles of the county,
And claim precedence for his tatter'd person
O'er armours double gilt and ostrich plumage.

Dur. Ay! 'twas the jest at which fools laugh
the loudest,

The downfall of our old nobility—
Which may forerun the ruin of a kingdom.
I've seen an idiot clap his hands, and shout
To see a tower like you (*points to a part of the
Castle*) stoop to its base

In headlong ruin; while the wise look'd
round,

And fearful sought a distant stance to watch
What fragment of the fabric next should fol-
low;

For when the turrets fall, the walls are totter-
ing.

Gul. (*after pondering.*) If that means aught,
it means thou saw'st old Oswald

Expell'd from the assembly.

Dur. Thy sharp wit
Hath glanced unwittingly right nigh the truth.
Expell'd he was not, but, his claim denied
At some contested point of ceremony,
He left the weaponshaw in high displeasure,
And hither comes—his wonted bitter temper
Scarce sweeten'd by the chances of the day.
'I were much like rashness should you wait
his coming.

And thither tends my counsel.

Gul. And I'll take it;
Good Bauldie Durward, I will take thy coun-
sel,

And will requite it with this minted farthing,
That bears our sovereign's head in purest
copper.

Dur. Thanks to thy bounty—Haste thee,
good young master;

Oswald, besides the old two-handed sword,
Bears in his hand a staff of potency,
To charm intruders from his castle purlieus.

Gul. I do abhor all charms, nor will abide
To hear or see, far less to feel their use.
Behold, I have departed. [*Exit hastily.*]

Manent Durward.

Dur. Thus do I play the idle part of one
Who seeks to save the moth from scorching
him

In the bright taper's flame—And Flora's
beauty

Must, not unlike that taper, waste away,
Gilding the rugged walls that saw it kindled.

This was a shard-born beetle, heavy, drossy,
Though boasting his dull drone and gilded
wing.

Here comes a flutterer of another stamp,
Whom the same ray is charming to his ruin.

*Enter Leonard, dressed as a huntsman; he pauses
before the Tower, and whistles a note or two at
intervals—drawing back, as if fearful of obser-
vation—yet waiting, as if expecting some reply.
Durward, whom he had not observed, moves
round, so as to front Leonard unexpectedly.*

Leon. I am too late—it was no easy task
To rid myself from yonder noisy revellers.
Flora!—I fear she's angry—Flora—Flora!

SONG.

Admire not that I gain'd the prize
From all the village crew;
How could I fail with hand or eyes,
When heart and faith were true?

And when in floods of rosy wine
My comrades drown'd their cares,
I thought but that thy heart was mine,
My own leapt light as theirs.

My brief delay then do not blame,
Nor deem your swain untrue;
My form hut linger'd at the game,
My soul was still with you.

She hears not!

Dur. But a friend hath heard—Leonard, I
pity thee.

Leon. (*starts, but recovers himself.*) Pity, good
father, is for those in want,
In age, in sorrow, in distress of mind,
Or agony of body. I'm in health—
Can match my limbs against the stag in chase,
Have means enough to meet my simple wants,
And am so free of soul that I can carol
To woodland and to wild in notes as lively
As are my jolly bugle'a.

Dur. Even therefore dost thou need my
pity, Leonard,

And therefore I bestow it, paying thee,
Before thou feel'st the need, my nite of pity.
Leonard, thou lovest; and in that little word
There lies enough to claim the sympathy
Of men who wear such hoary locks as mine,
And know what misplaced love is sure to end
in.

Leon. Good father, thou art old, and even
thy youth,

As thou hast told me, spent in cloister'd cells,
Fits thee but ill to judge the passions,
Which are the joy and charm of social life.
Press me no farther, then, nor waste those
moments

Whose worth thou canst not estimate.

[*As turning from him.*]

Dur. (*detains him.*) Stay, young man!
'Tis seldom that a beggar claims a debt;
Yet I bethink me of a gay young stripling,
That owes to these white locks and hoary
head

Something of reverence and of gratitude
More than he wills to pay.

Leon. Forgive me, father. Often hast thou
told me,

That in the ruin of my father's house
You saved the infant Leonard in his cradle;
And well I know, that to thy care alone—

Care seconded by means beyond thy seeing—
I owe what'er of nurture I can boast.

Dur. Then for thy life preserv'd,
And for the means of knowledge I have
furnish'd,
(Which lacking, man is levell'd with the
brutes.)

Grant me this boon:—Avoid these fatal walls!
A curse is on them, bitter, deep, and heavy,
Of power to split the massiest tower they
boast

From pinnacle to dungeon vault. It rose
Upon the gay horizon of proud Devorgoil,
As unregarded as the fleecy cloud,
The first forerunner of the hurricane,
Scarce seen amid the welkin's shadeless blue.
Dark grew it, and more dark, and still the
fortunes

Of this doom'd family have darken'd with it.
It hid their sovereign's favour, and obscured
The lustre of their service, geoderd hate
Belwixt them and the mighty of the land;
Till by degrees the waxing tempest rose,
And stripp'd the goodly tree of fruit and
flowers.

And buds, and boughs, and branches. There
remains

A ragged trunk, dismember'd and unsightly,
Waiting the hursting of the final bolt
To splinter it to shivers. Now, go pluck
Its single tendril to enweath thy brow,
And rest beneath its shade—to share the ruin!

Leon. This anathema,
Whence should it come?—How merited?—
and when?

Dur. 'Twas in the days
Of Oswald's grandsire,—'mid Galwegian chiefs
The fellest foe, the fiercest champion.
His blood-red pennons scared the Cumbrian
coasts,

And wasted towns and manors mark'd his
progress.

His galleys stored with treasure, and their
decks

Crowded with English captives, who beheld,
With weeping eyes, their native shores retire,
He bore them homeward; but a tempest
rose—

Leon. So far I've heard the tale,
And spare thee the recital,—The grim chief,
Marking his vessels labour on the sea,
And loth to lose his treasure, gave command
To plunge his captives in the raging deep.

Dur. There sunk the lineage of a noble
name,

And the wild waves boom'd over sire and son.
Mother and nursing, of the House of Aglionby,
Leaving but one frail tendril.—Hence the fate
That hovers o'er these turrets,—hence the
peasant,

Belated, hying homewards, dreads to cast
A glance upon that portal, lest he see
The unshrouded spectres of the murder'd
dead;

Or the avenging Angel, with his sword,
Waving destruction; or the grisly phantom
Of that fell Chief, the doer of the deed,
Which still, they say, roams through his empty
halls,

And mourns their wasteness and their loneli-
hood.

Leon. Such is the dotage
Of superstition, father, ay, and the cant
Of hoodwink'd prejudice.—Not for atonement

Of some foul deed done in the ancient warfare.
When war was butchery, and men were
wolves,

Doth Heaven consign the innocent to suffering.
I tell thee, Flora's virtues might atone
For all the massacres her sires have done.
Since first the Pictish race their stained umb's
Array'd in wolf's skin.

Dur. Leonard, ere yet this beggar's scrip and
cloak

Supplied the place of mitre and of crosier,
Which in these alter'd lands must not be worn,
I was superior of a brotherhood
Of holy men,—the Prior of Lanercost.
Nobles then sought my footstool many a
league,

There to unload their sins—questions of con-
science

Of deepest import were not deem'd too nice
For my decision, youth.—But not even then,
With mitre on my brow, and all the voice
Which Rome gives to a father of her church,
Dared I pronounce so boldly on the ways
Of hidden Providence, as thou, young man,
Whose chiefest knowledze is to track a stag,
Or wind a bugle, hast presumed to do.

Leon. Nay, I pray forgive me,
Father; thou know'st I meant not to pre-
sume—

Dur. Can I refuse thee pardon?—Thou art
all

That war and change have left to the poor
Durward.

Thy father, too, who lost his life and fortune
Defending Lanercost, when its fair isles
Were spoil'd by sacrilege—bless'd his banner,
And yet it prosper'd not. But—all I could—
Thee from the wreck I saved, and for thy
sake

Have s'till dragg'd on my life of pilgrimage
And penitence upon the hated shores
I else had left for ever. Come with me,
And I will teach thee there is healing in
The wounds which friendship gives.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Scene changes to the interior of the Castle.

An apartment is discovered, in which there is much appearance of present poverty, mixed with some relics of former grandeur. On the wall hangs, amongst other things, a suit of ancient armour; by the table is a covered basket; behind, and concealed by it, the corcase of a roe-deer. There is a small latticed window, which, appearing to perforate a wall of great thickness, is supposed to look out towards the drawbridge. It is in the shape of a loop-hole for musketry; and, as is not unusual in old buildings, is placed so high up in the wall, that it is only approached by five or six narrow stone steps.

Eleanor, the wife of Oswald of Devorgoil, Flora and Kathleen, her Daughter and Niece, are discovered at work. The former spins, the latter are embroidering. Eleanor quits her own labour to examine the manner in which Flora is executing her task, and shakes her head as if dissatisfied.

Ele. Fy on it, Flora; this botch'd work of
thine
Shows that thy mind is distant from thy task.

The finest tracery of our old cathedral
Had not a richer, freer, bolder pattern,
Than Flora once could trace. Thy thoughts
are wandering.

Flo. They're with my father. Broad upon
the lake

The evening sun sunk down; huge piles of
clouds,

Crisson and sable, rose upon his disk,
And quench'd him ere his setting, like some
champion

In his last conflict, losing all his glory.
Sure signals those of storm. And if my
father

Be on his homeward road—

Ele. But that he will not.
Baron of Devorgoil, this day at least
He banquets with the nobles, who the next

Would scarce vouchsafe an alms to save his
household

From want or famine. Thanks to a kind
friend.

For one brief space we shall not need their
aid

Flo. (*Goufely*) What! knew you then his
gift?

How silly I that would yet durst not tell it!
I fear my father will condemn us both,
That easily accepted such a present.

Kat. Now, here's the game a bystander sees
better

Than those who play it. — My good aunt is
pondering

On the good cheer which Gullcrammer has
sent us.

And Flora thinks upon the forest venison.

Ele. (*to Flo.*) Thy father need not know
on't — 'tis a boon

Comes timely, when frugality, nay, abstinence,
Might scarce avail us longer. I had hoped
Ere now a visit from the youthful donor,

That we might thank his bounty; and per-
haps

My Flora thought the same, when Sunday's
kerchief

And the best kirtle were sought out, and
down'd

To grace a work-day evening

Flo. Nay, mother, that is judging all too
close!

My work-day gown was torn — my kerchief
sullied;

And thus — But, think you, will the gallant
come?

Ele. He will, for with these dainties came a
message

From gentle Master Gullcrammer, to
intimate —

Flo. (*greatly disappointed.*) Gullcrammer!

Kat. There burst the bubble — down fell
house of cards,

And cousin's like to cry for't! [*Aside.*

Ele. Gullcrammer? ay, Gullcrammer — thou
scorn'st not at him?

'Twere something short of wisdom in a
maiden,

Who, like the poor bat in the Grecian fable,
Hovers betwixt two classes in the world,
And is disclaim'd by both the mouse and bird.

Kat. I am the poor mouse,
And may go creep into what hole I list,
And no one heed me — Yet I'll waste a word
Of counsel on my betters. — Kind my aunt,

And you, my gentle cousin, were't not better
We thought of dressing this same gear for
supper,

Than quarreling about the worthless donor!
Ele. Peace, nix!

Flo. Thou hast no feeling, cousin Katleen.

Kat. So! I have brought them both on my
poor shoulders;

So meddling peace-makers are still rewarded:
E'en let them to't again, and fight it out.

Flo. Mother, were I disclaim'd of every
class,

I would not therefore so disclaim myself.
As even a passing thought of scorn to waste
On childish Gullcrammer.

Ele. List to me, love, and let adversity
Incline thine ear to wisdom. Look around
thee —

Of the gay youths who boast a noble name,
Which will incline to wed a dowierless

damsel?

And of the yeomanry, who think'st thou,
Flora,

Would ask to share the labours of his farm
An high-born beggar! — This young man is
modest —

Flo. Silly, good mother; sheepish, if you
will it.

Ele. E'en call it what you list — the softer
temper,

The fitter to endure the bitter sallies
Of one whose wit is all too sharp for mine.

Flo. Mother you cannot mean it as you say;
You cannot bid me prize conceited folly!

Ele. Content thee, child — each lot has its
own blessings.

This youth, with his plain-dealing honest suit,
Proffers thee quiet, peace, and competence,
Redemption from a home, o'er which fell Fate
Stoops like a falcon — O, if thou couldst choose
(As no such choice is given) 'twixt such a mate
And some proud noble! — Who, in sober judg-
ment,

Would like to navigate the heady river,
Dashing in fury from its parent mountain,
More than the waters of the quiet lake?

Kat. Now can I hold no longer — Lake, good
aunt!

Nay, in the name of truth, say mill-pond,
horse-pond;

Or if there be a pond more miry,
More sluggish, mean-derived, and base than
either,

Be such Gullcrammer's emblem — and his por-
tion!

Flo. I would that he or I were in our grave,
Rather than thus his suit should goad me —
Mother,

Flora of Devorgoil, though low in fortunes,
Is still too high in mind to join her name
With such a base-born churl as Gullcrammer.

Ele. You are trim maidens both!

(*To Flora*) Have you forgotten,
Or did you mean to call to my remembrance
Thy father chose a wife of peasant blood?

Flo. Will you speak thus to me, or think
the stream

Can mock the fountain it derives its source
from?

My venerated mother, in that name
Lies all on earth a child should chiefest ho-
nour;

And with that name to mix reproach or taunt,
Were only short of blasphemy to Heaven.

Ele. Then listen, Flora, to that mother's counsel,
Or rather profit by that mother's fate.

Your father's fortunes were but bent, not broken,

Until he listen'd to his rash affection.
Means were afforded to redeem his house,
Ample and large—the hand of a rich heiress
Awaited, almost courted, his acceptance;
He saw my beauty—such it then was call'd;
Or such at least he thought it—the wither'd bush.

What'er it now may seem, had blossoms then,—

And he forsook the proud and wealthy heiress,
To wed with me and ruin—

Kat. (*aside.*) The more fool,
Say I, apart, the peasant maiden then,
Who might have chose a mate from her own hamlet.

Ele. Friends fell off,
And to his own resources, his own counsels,
Abandon'd, as they said, the thoughtless prodigal.

Who had exchanged rank, riches, pomp, and honour,

For the mean beauties of a cottage maid.

Flo. It was done like my father,
Who scorn'd to sell what wealth can never buy—

True love and free affections. And he loves you!

If you have suffer'd in a weary world,
Your sorrows have been jointly borne, and love

Has made the load sit lighter.

Ele. Ay, but a misplaced match hath that deep curse in't,

That can embitter e'en the purest streams
Of true affection. Thou hast seen me seek
With the strict caution early habits taught me,

To match our wants and means—hast seen thy father

With aristocracy's high brow of scorn,
Spurn at economy, the cottage virtue,
As best befitting her whose sires were peasants;

Nor can I, when I see my lineage scorn'd,
Always conceal in what contempt I hold
The fancied claims of rank he clings to fondly.

Flo. Why will you do so?—well you know it chafes him.

Ele. Flora, thy mother is but mortal woman,
Nor can at all times check an eager tongue.

Kat. (*aside.*) 'That's no new tidings to her niece and daughter.

Ele. O mayst thou never know the spited feelings

That gender discord in adversity
Betwixt the dearest friends and truest lovers!
In the chill damping gale of poverty,
If Love's lamp go not out, it gleams but palely,
And twinkles in the socket.

Flo. But tenderness can screen it with her veil,

Till it revive again. By gentleness, good mother,

How oft I've seen you soothe my father's mood!

Kat. Now there speak youthful hope and fantasy!

Ele. 'That is an easier task in youth than age;

Our temper hardens, and our charms decay,
And both are needed in that art of soothing.

Kat. And there speaks sad experience. [*Aside.*]

Ele. Besides, since that our state was utter
desperate,
Darker his brow, more dangerous grow his words;

Fain would I snatch thee from the woe and wrath

Which darken'd long my life, and soon must end it.

[*A knocking without; Eleanor shows alarm.*
It was thy father's knock, haste to the gate.

[*Exit Flora and Kateleen*
What can have happ'd!—he thought to stay the night.

This gear must not be seen.

[*As she is about to remove the basket, she sees the body of the roe-deer.*

What have we here? a roe-deer!—as I fear it,
This was the gift of which poor Flora thought.
The young and handsome hunter;—hut time presses.

[*She removes the basket and the roe into a closet. As she has done—*

Enter Oswald of Devorgoil, Flora, and Kateleen.

[*He is dressed in a scarlet cloak, which should seem worn and old—a headpiece, and old-fashioned sword—the rest of his dress that of a peasant. His countenance and manner should express the moody and irritable haughtiness of a proud man involved in calamity, and who has been exposed to recent insult.*

Osw. (*addressing his wife.*) The sun hath set—why is the drawbridge lower'd?

Ele. The counterpoise has fail'd, and Flora's strength,

Kateleen's, and mine united, could not raise it.

Osw. Flora and thou! A goodly garrison
To hold a castle, which, if fame say true,
Once foil'd the King of Norse and all his rovers.

Ele. It might be so in ancient times, hut now—

Osw. A herd of deer might storm proud Devorgoil.

Kat. (*aside to Flora.*) You, Flora, know full well one deer already

Has enter'd at the breach: and, what is worse,
The escort is not yet march'd off, for Blackthorn

Is still within the castle.

Flo. In Heaven's name, rid him out on't, ere my father

Discovers he is here! Why went he not before?

Kat. Because I staid him on some little business;

I had a plan to scare poor paltry Gullcrammer

Out of his paltry wits.

Flo. Well, haste ye now,
And try to get him off.

Kat. I will not promise that.

I would not turn an honest hunter's dog,
So well I love the woodcraft, out of shelter

In such a night as this—far less his master:
But I'll do this, I'll try to hide him for you.

Osw. (*whom his wife has assisted to take off his cloak and feathered cap.*) Ay, take them off, and bring my peasant's bonnet

And peasant's plaid—I'll noble it no farther.
Let them erase my name from honour's lists,
And drag my scutcheon at their horses' heels;
I have deserved it all, for I am poor,
And poverty hath neither right of birth,
Nor rank, relation, claim, nor privilege,
To match a new-coin'd viscount, whose good
grandsire,
The Lord he with him, was a careful skipper,
And steer'd his paltry skiff 'twixt Leith and
Campvere—

Marry, sir, he could buy Geneva cheap,
And knew the coast by moonlight

Flo. Mean you the Viscount Ellondale, my
father!

What strife has been between you?

Osw. O, a trifle!
Not worth a wise man's thinking twice about—

Precedence is a toy—a superstition
About a table's end, joint-stool, and trencher.
Something was once thought due to long de-
scend.

And something to Galwegia's oldest haron,—
But let that pass—a dream of the old time.

Ele. It is indeed a dream.

Osw. (turning upon her rather quickly.) Ha!
said ye! let me hear these words more
plain.

Ele. Alas! they are but echoes of your own.
Match'd with the real wots that hover o'er us,
What are the idle visions of precedence,
But, as you term them, dreams, and toys, and
trifles,

Not worth a wise man's thinking twice upon?

Osw. Ay, 'twas for you I framed that conso-
lation,
The true philosophy of clouted shoe
And linsey-woolsey kirtle I know, that minds
Of nobler stamp receive no dearer motive
Than what is link'd with honour. Rhands,
tassels,

Which are but shreds of silk and spangled
tinsel—

The right of place, which in itself is moment-
ary—

A word, which is but air—may in themselves,
And to the nobler file, be steep'd so richly
In that elixir, honour, that the lack
Of things so very trivial in themselves
Shall be misfortune. One shall seek for them
O'er the wild waves—one in the deadly breach
And battle's headlong front—one in the paths
Of midnight study; and, in gaining these
Emblems of honour, each will hold himself
Repaid for all his labours, deeds, and dan-
gers.

What then should he think, knowing them
his own.

Who sees what warriors and what sages toil
for,

The formal and establish'd marks of honour,
Usurp'd from him by upstart insolence?

Ele. (who has listened to the last speech with
some impatience) This is but empty de-
clamation, Oswald.

The fragments left at yonder full-spread ban-
quet,

Nay, even the poorest crust swept from the
table.

Ought to be far more precious to a father,
Whose family lacks food, than the vain baast,
He sate at the board-head

Osw. Thou'lt drive me frantic!—I will tell
thee, woman—

Yet why to thee? There is another ear
Which that tale better suits, and he shall
hear it.

[Looks at his sword, which he has un-
buckled, and addresses the rest of the
speech to it.

Yes, trusty friend, my father knew thy worth,
And often proved it—often told me of it—
Though thou and I be now held lightly of,
And want the gilded hatchments of the time,
I think we both may prove true metal still.
'Tis thou shalt tell this story, right this wrong:
Rest thou till time is fitting.

[Hangs up the sword.

[The women look at each other with
anxiety during this speech, which they
partly overhear. They both approach
Oswald

Ele. Oswald—my dearest husband!

Flo. My dear father!
Osw. Peace, both!—we speak no more of
this. I go

To heave the drawbridge up. [*Erit.*
Katleen mounts the steps towards the loop-hole,
looks out, and speaks.

The storm is gathering fast; broad, heavy
drops

Fall plashing on the bosom of the lake,
And dash its inky surface into circles;
The distant hills are hid in wreathes of dark-
ness.

'Twill be a fearful night.

*Oswald re-enters, and throws himself into a
seat.*

Ele. More dark and dreadful
Than is our destiny, it cannot be.

Osw. (to *Flo.*) Such is Heaven's will—it is
our part to bear it.

We're warranted, my child, from ancient
story

And blessed writ, to say, that song assuages
The gloomy cares that prey upon our reason,
And wake a strife betwixt our better feelings
And the fierce dictates of the headlong pas-
sions.

Sing, then, my love; for if a voice have influ-
ence

To mediate peace betwixt me and my destiny,
Flora, it must be thine.

Flo. My best to please you!

SONG.

When the tempest's at the loudest,
On its eagle the eagle rides;
When the ocean rolls the broadest,
Through the foam the sea-bird glides—
All the rage of wind and sea
Is subdued by constancy.

Gnawing want and sickness pining,
All the ills that men endure;
Each their various pangs combining,
Constancy can find a cure—
Pain, and Fear, and Poverty,
Are subdued by constancy.

Bar me from each wonted pleasure,
Make me abject, mean, and poor;
Heap on insults without measure,
Chain me to a dungeon floor—
I'll be happy, rich, and free,
If endow'd with constancy.

ACT II—SCENE I.

A Chamber in a distant part of the Castle. A large Window in the first scene, supposed to look on the Lake, which is occasionally illuminated by lightning. There is a Couch-bed in the Room, and an antique Cabinet.

Enter Katleen, introducing Blackthorn.

Kat. This was the destined scene of action, Blackthorn, And here our properties. But all in vain, For of Gullcrammer we'll see nought to-night, Except the dainties that I told you of.

Bla. O, if he's left that sama hog's face and sausages,

He will try back upon them, never fear it. The cur will open on the trail of bacon, Like my old brach-hound.

Kat. And should that hap, we'll play our comedy,—

Shall we not, Blackthorn? Thou shalt be Owlspeigle—

Bla. And who may that hard-named person be?

Kat. I've told you nine times over.

Bla. Yes, pretty Katleen, but my eyes were busy

In looking at you all the time you were talking; And so I lost the tale.

Kat. Then shut your eyes, and let your goodly ears

Do their good office.

Bla. That were too hard penance. Tell but thy tale once more, and I will hearken As if I were thrown out, and listening for My bloodhound's distant bay.

Kat. A civil simile! Then, for the tenth time, and the last—be told, Owlspeigle was of old the wicked barber To Erick, wicked Lord of Devorgoil.

Bla. The chief who drown'd his captives in the Solway—

We all have heard of him.

Kat. A hermit hoar—a venerable man— So goes the legend—came to wake repentance In the fierce lord, and tax'd him with his guilt; But he, heart-harden'd, turn'd into derision The man of heaven, and, as his dignity Consisted much in a long reverend beard, Which reached his girdle, Erick caused his barber,

This same Owlspeigle, violate its honours With sacrilegious razor, and clip his hair After the fashion of a roguish fool.

Bla. This was reversing of our ancient proverb,

And shaving for the devil's, not for God's sake. **Kat.** True, most grave Blackthorn; and in punishment

Of this foul act of scorn, the barber's ghost Is said to have no resting after death.

But haunts these halls, and chiefly this same chamber,

Where the profanity was acted, trimming And clipping all such guests as sleep within it. Such is at least the tale our elders tell, With many others, of this haunted castle.

Bla. And you would have me take this shape of Owlspeigle.

And trim the wise Melchisedek!—I wannot.

Kat. You will not?

Bla. No—unless you bear a part.

Kat. What! can you not alone play such a farce!

Bla. Not I—I'm dull. Besides, we foresters Still hunt our game in couples. Look you, Katleen,

We danced at Shrovetide—then you were my partner;

We sung at Christmas—you kept time with me;

And if we go a mumming in this business, By heaven, you must be one, or Master Gullcrammer

Is like to rest unshaven—

Kat. Why, you fool, What end can this serve?

Bla. Nay, I know not, I. But if we keep this wunt of being partners, Why, use makes perfect—who knows what may happen?

Kat. Thou art a foolish patch—But sing our carol,

As I have alter'd it, with some few words 'To suit the characters, and I will hear—

[Gives a paper.]
Bla. Part in the gambol. I'll go study quickly.

Is there no other ghost, then, haunts the castle, But this same barber shave-a-penny goblin? I thought they glanced in every beam of moonshine,

As frequent as the hat.

Kat. I've heard my aunt's high husband tell of prophecies, And fates impending o'er the house of Devorgoil;

Legends first coin'd by ancient superstition, And render'd current by credulity And pride of lineage. Five years have I dwelt, And ne'er saw any thing more mischievous Than what I am myself.

Bla. And that is quite enough, I warrant you. But, stay, where shall I find a dress

To play this—what d'ye call him—Owlspeigle!

Kat. *(takes dresses out of the cabinet.)* Why,

there are his own clothes. Preserved with other trumpery of the sort, For we have kept nought but what is good for nought.

[She drops a cap as she draws out the clothes.]

Blackthorn lifts it, and gives it to her. Nay, keep it for thy pains—it is a coxcomb; So call'd in ancient times, in ours a fool's cap; For you must know they kept a Fool at Devorgoil

In former days; but now are well contented To play the fool themselves, to save expenses; Yet give it me, I'll find a worthy use for't. I'll take this page's dress, to play the page Cockledemoy, who waits on ghostly Owlspeigle; And yet 'tis needless, for Gullcrammer Will scarce be here to-night.

Bla. I tell you that he will—I will uphold His plighted faith and true allegiance Unto a sow's'd sow's face and sausages, And such 'tis dainties that you say he sent you, Against all other likings whatsoever, Except a certain sneaking of affection, Which makes some folks I know of play the fool,

To please some other folks.

Kat. Well, I do hope he'll come—there's first a chance

He will ha cudgell'd by my noble uncle— I cry his mercy—by my good aunt's husband,

Who did vow vengeance, knowing nought of
him

But by report, and by a limping sonnet
Which he had fashion'd to my cousin's glory,
And forwarded by blind Tom Long the carrier;
So there's the chance, first of a hearty beating,
Which failing, we've this after-plot of ven-
geance.

Bla. Kind damsel, how considerate and
merciful!

But how shall we get off, our parts being play'd?
Kat. For that we are well fitted; here's a
trap-door

Sinks with a counterpoise—you shall go that
way.

I'll make my exit yonder—'neath the window,
A balcony communicates with the tower
That overhangs the lake.

Bla. 'Twere a rare place, this house of De-
vorgoil.

To play at hide-and-seek in—shall we try,
One day, my pretty Katleen?

Kat. Hands off, rude ranger! I'm no ma-
naged hawk

To stoop to lure of yours.—But hear you gal-
lantly;

This Gullcrammer hath vex'd my cousin much,
I fain would have some vengeance.

Bla. I'll bear my part with glee;—he spoke
irreverently

Of practice at a mark!

Kat. That cries for vengeance.
But I must go; I hear my aunt's shrill voice!
My cousin and her father will scream next!

Ele (at a distance.) Katleen! Katleen!

Bla. Hark to old Sweetlips!
Away with you before the full cry open—
But stay, what have you there?

Kat. (with a bundle she has taken from the
wardrobe)

My dress, my page's dress—let it alone.

Bla. Your tiring-room is not, I hope, far
distant;

You're inexperienced in these new habili-
ments—

I am most ready to assist your toilet.
Kat. Out, you great ass! was ever such a
fool!

[Runs off.]

Bla. (sings.)

O, Robin Hood was a bowman good,
And a bowman good was he,
And he met with a maiden in merry Sherwood,
All under the greenwood tree.

Now give me a kiss, quoth bold Robin Hood,
Now give me a kiss, said he,
For there never came maid into merry Sher-
wood.

But she paid the forester's fee.

I've coursed this twelvemonth this sly puss,
Katleen,

And she has dodged me, turn'd beneath my
nose.

And flung me out a score of yards at once;
If this same gear fadge right, I'll cote and
mouth her,

And then, whoop! dead! dead! dead!—She
is the metal

To make a woodman's wife of!—
[Pauses a moment.]

Well—I can find a hare upon her form
With any man in Nithsdale—stalk a deer,

Run Reynard to the earth for all his doubles,
Reclaim a haggard hawk that's wild and way-
ward.

Can bait a wild-cat,—sure the devil's in't
But I can match a woman—I'll to study.

[Sits down on the couch to examine the paper.]

SCENE II.

*Scene changes to the inhabited apartment of the
Castle, as in the last Scene of the preceding
Act. A fire is kindled, by which Oswald sits
in an attitude of deep and melancholy thought,
without paying attention to what passes around
him. Eleanor is busy in covering a table.
Flora goes out and re-enters, as if busied in the
kitchen. There should be some bu-play—the
women whispering together, and watching the
state of Oswald; then separating, and seeking
to avoid his observation, when he casually
raises his head, and drops it again. This must
be left to taste and management. The Women,
in the first part of the scene, talk apart, and as
if fearful of being overheard; the bu-play of
stopping occasionally, and attending to Os-
wald's movements, will give liveliness to the
Scene.*

Ele. Is all prepared?

Flo. Ay; but I doubt the issue
Will give my sire less pleasure than you hope
for.

Ele. 'Tush, maid—I know thy father's hu-
mour better.

He was high-bred in gentle luxuries;
And when our griefs began, I've wept apart.

While lordly cheer and high-fill'd cups of wine
Were blinding him against the woe to come.

He has turn'd his back upon a princely banquet:
We will not spread his board—this night at
least,

Since chance hath better furnish'd—with dry
bread,

And water from the well.

Enter Katleen, and hears the last speech.

Kat. (aside.) Considerate aunt! she deems
that a good supper

Were not a thing indifferent even to him
Who is to hang to-morrow. Since she thinks
so,

We must take care the venison has due
honour—

So much I owe the sturdy knave, Lance Black-
thorn.

Flo. Mother, alas! when Grief turns reveller,
Despair is cup-bearer. What shall hap to-
morrow!

Ele. I have learn'd carelessness from fruit-
less care.

Too long I've watch'd to-morrow; let it come
And cater for itself—'thou hear'st the thunder.

[Low and distant thunder.]
This is a gloomy night—within, alas!

[Looking at her husband.]
Still gloomier and more threatening—Let us use
Whate'er means we have to drive it o'er,

And leave to Heaven to-morrow. Trust me,
Flora,

'Tis the philosophy of desperate want
To match itself but with the present evil,

And face one grief at once.

Away, I wish thine aid and not thy counsel.

[As Flora is about to go off, Gullcrammer's voice is heard behind the flat scene, as if from the drawbridge.]

Gul. (behind.) Hillo—hillo—hilloa—ho—ho!

[Oswald raises himself and listens; Eleanor goes up the steps, and opens the window at the loop-hole; Gullcrammer's voice is then heard more distinctly.]

Gul. Kind Lady Devorgoil—sweet Mistress Flora!—

The night grows fearful, I have lost my way, And wander'd till the road turn'd round with me,

And brought me back—For Heaven's sake, give me shelter!

Kat. (aside.) Now, as I live, the voice of Gullcrammer!

Now shall our gambol be play'd off with spirit; I'll swear I am the only one to whom

That screech-owl whoop was e'er acceptable.

Osw. What hawling knave is this that takes our dwelling

For some hedge-inn, the haunt of lated drunkards?

Ele. What shall I say?—Go, Katleen, speak to him.

Kat. (aside.) The game is in my hands—I will say something

Will fret the Baron's pride—and then he enters. (She speaks from the window.) Good sir, be patient!

We are poor folks—it is but six Scotch miles To the next borough town, where your Reverence

May be accommodated to your wants; We are poor folks, an't please your Reverence, And keep a narrow household—there's no track

To lead your steps astray—

Gul. Nor none to lead them right. You kill me, lady,

If you deny me harbour. To budge from hence, And in my weary plight, were sudden death, Interment, funeral-sermon, tombstone, epitaph.

Osw. Who's he that is thus clamorous without?

(To Ele.) Thou know'st him!

Ele. (confused.) I know him!—no—yes—'tis a worthy clergyman,

Benighted on his way;—but think not of him.

Kat. The moon will rise when that the tempest's past,

And if he miss the marsh, and can avoid

The crags upon the left, the road is plain.

Osw. Then this is all your piety!—to leave

One whom the holy duties of his office Have summon'd over moor and wilderness, To pray beside some dying wretch's bed,

Who (erring mortal) still would cleave to life, Or wake some stubborn sinner to repentance,—

To leave him, after offices like these, To choose his way in darkness 'twixt the marsh And dizzy precipice?

Ele. What can I do?

Osw. Do what thou canst—the wealthiest do no more—

And if so much, 'tis well. These crumbling walls,

While yet they bear a roof, shall now, as ever, Give shelter to the wanderer—Have we food? He shall partake it—Have we none? I the fast

Shall be accounted with the good man's merits And our misfortunes—

[He goes to the loop-hole while he speaks, and places himself there in room of his Wife, who comes down with reluctance.]

Gul. (without.) Hillo—ho! ho!

By my good faith I cannot plod it farther;

The attempt were death.

Osw. (speaks from the window.) Patience, my friend,

I come to lower the drawbridge.

[Descends, and exit.]

Ele. O, that the screaming bittern had his couch

Where he deserves it, in the deepest marsh!

Kat. I would not give this sport for all the rent

Of Devorgoil, when Devorgoil was richest!

(To Ele.) But now you chided me, my dearest aunt,

For wishing him a horse-pond for his portion?

Ele. Yes, saucy girl; but, an it please you, then

He was not fretting me; if he had sense enough, And skill to bear him as some casual stranger,—

But he is dull as earth, and every hint is lost on him, as hail-shot on the cormorant.

Whose hide is proof except to musket-bullets!

Fla. (apart.) And yet to such a one would my kind mother,

Whose chiefest fault is loving me too fondly,

Wed her poor daughter!

Enter Gullcrammer, his dress damaged by the storm; Eleanor runs to meet him, in order to explain to him that she wished him to behave as a stranger. Gullcrammer, mistaking her approach for an invitation to familiarity, advances with the air of pedantic conceit belonging to his character, when Oswald enters.—Eleanor recovers herself, and assumes an air of distance.—Gullcrammer is confounded, and does not know what to make of it.

Osw. The counterpoise has clean given way; the bridge

Must e'en remain unrais'd, and leave us open, For this night's course at least, to passing visitants.—

What have we here?—is this the reverend man?

[He takes up the candle, and surveys Gullcrammer, who strives to sustain the inspection with confidence, while fear obviously contends with conceit and desire to show himself to the best advantage.]

Gul. Kind sir—or, good my lord—my band is ruffled,

But yet 'twas fresh this morning. This fell shower

Hath somewhat smirch'd my cloak, but you may note

It rates five marks per yard; my doublet Hath fairly 'scaped—'tis three-piled taffeta.

[Opens his cloak, and displays his doublet.]

Osw. A goodly inventory—Art thou a preacher?

Gul. Yea—I laud Heaven and good Saint Mungo for it.

Osw. 'Tis the time's plague, when those that should weed follies

Out of the common field, have their own minds O'errun with foppery—Envoys 'twixt heaven

and earth, Example should with precept join, to show us

How we may scorn the world with all its vanities.

Gul. Nay, the high heavens forefend that I were vain!

When our learn'd Principal such sounding laud
Gave to mine Essay on the hidden qualities
Of the sulphuric mineral, I disclaim'd
All self-exaltment. And (*turning to the women*)
when at the dance,

The lovely Saccharissa Kirkencroft,
Daughter to Kirkencroft of Kirkencroft,
Graced me with her soft hand, credit me, ladies,
That still I felt myself a mortal man,
Though beauty smiled on me.

Osw. Come, sir, enough of this.

That you're our guest to-night, thank the rough heavens,

And all our worse fortunes; be conformable
Unto my rules; these are no Saccharissas
To gild with compliments. There's in your profession,

As the best grain will have its piles of chaff,
A certain whiffler, who hath dared to bait
A noble maiden with love tales and sonnets;
And if I meet him, his Geneva cap
May scarce be proof to save his ass's ears.

Kat. (*aside.*) Umph—I am strongly tempted.
And yet I think I will be generous,
And give his brains a chance to save his bones.
Then there's more humour in our goblin plot,
Than in a simple drubbing.

Ele. (*apart to Flo.*) What shall we do? If he discover him,
He'll fling him out at window.

Flo. My father's hint to keep himself unknown
Is all too broad, I think, to be neglected.

Ele. But yet the fool, if we produce his bounty,

May claim the merit of presenting it;
And then we're but lost women for accepting
A gift our needs made timely.

Kat. Do not produce them,
And keep his bones whole.

Osw. (*to his Wife*) Hast thou aught
To place before him ere he seek repose?

Ele. Alas! too well you know our needful fare
Is of the narrowest now, and knows no surplus.

Osw. Shame us not with thy niggard house-keeping;

He is a stranger—were it our last crust,
And he the veriest coxcomb ere wore taffeta,
A pinch he's little short of—he must share it,
Though all should want to-morrow.

Gul. (*partly overhearing what passes between them.*)

Nay, I am no lover of your sauced dainties:
Plain food and plenty is my motto still.

Your mountain air is bleak, and brings an appetite;

A soused sow's face, now, to my modest thinking,

Has ne'er a fellow. What think these fair ladies
Of a sow's face and sausages?

(*Makes signs to Eleanor.*)

Flo. Plague on the vulgar mind, and on his courtesies,

The whole truth will come out!

Osw. What should they think, but that you're like to lack

Your favourite dishes, sir, unless perchance
You bring such dainties with you.

Gul. No, not with me; not, indeed,
Directly with me; but—Aha! fair ladies!

(*Makes signs again.*)

Kat. He'll draw the beating down—Were that the worst,
Heaven's will be done!

Osw. (*apart.*) What can he mean?—*(Aside.)*
The veriest dog-whelp—

Still he's a stranger, and the latest act
Of hospitality in this old mansion
Shall not be sullied.

Gul. Troth, sir, I think, under the ladies' favour,

Without pretending skill in second sight,
Those of my cloth being seldom conjurers—

Osw. I'll take my Bible-oath that thou art none.

Gul. I do opine, still with the ladies' favour,
That I could guess the nature of our supper:
I do not say in such and such precedence
The dishes will be placed; housewives, as you know,

On such forms have their fancies; but, I say still,

That a sow's face and sausages—

Osw. Peace, sir! O'er-driven jests, (if this be one) are insolent.

Flo. (*apart, seeing her mother uneasy.*) The old saw still holds true—a churl's benefits,
Sauced with his lack of feeling, sense, and courtesy,
Savour like injuries.

(*A horn is winded without: then a loud knocking at the gate.*)

Leo. (*without.*) Ope, for the sake of love and charity!

Gul. Heaven's mercy! should there come another stranger,

And he half starved with wandering on the wolds,

The sow's face boasts no substance, nor the sausages,

To stand our reinforced attack! I judge, too,
By this starved Baron's language, there's no hope

Of a reserve of victuals.

Flo. Go to the casement, cousin.

Kat. Go yourself, And bid the gallant who that bugle winded
Sleep in the storm-swept waste; as meet for him

As for Lance Blackthorn.—Come, I'll not distress you,

I'll get admittance for this second suitor,
And we'll play out this gambol at cross purposes.

But see, your father has prevented me.

Osw. (*seems to have spoken with those without, and answers.*) Well, I will ope the door; one guest already,

Driven by the storm, has claim'd my hospitality.
And you, if you were fiends, were scarce less welcome

To this my mouldering roof, than empty ignorance

And rank conceit—I hasten to admit you.

(*Exit.*)

Ele. (*to Flo.*) The tempest thickens. By that winded bugle,

I guess the guest that next will honour us.—
Little deceiver, that didst mock my troubles,
'Tis now thy turn to fear!

Flo. Mother, if I knew less or more of this
Unthought of and most perilous visitation,

I would your wishes were fulfill'd on me,
And I were wedded to a thing like you.

Gul. (approaching.) Come, ladies, now you
see the jest is threadbare,
And you must own that same sow's face and
sausages—

*Re-enter Oswald with Leonard, supporting
Bauldie Dorward. Oswald takes a view of
them, as formerly of Gullerammer, then speaks.*

Osw. (to Leo.) By thy green cassock, hunt-
ing-spear and bugle,
I guess thou art a huntsman?

Leo. (bowing with respect.) A ranger of the
neighbouring royal forest,
Under the good Lord Nithsdale; huntsman,
therefore,

In time of peace, and when the land has war,
To my best powers a soldier.

Osw. Welcome, as either. I have loved the
chase,

And was a soldier once.—This aged man,
What may he be?

Dur. (recovering his breath) Is but a beggar,
sir, an humble mendicant.

Who feels it passing strange, that from this roof,
Above all others, he should now crave shelter.

Osw. Why so? You're welcome both—only
the word

Warrants more courtesy than our present
means

Permit us to bestow. A huntsman and a soldier
May be a prince's comrade, much more mine;
And for a beggar—friend, there little lacks,
Save that blue gown and badge, and clouted
pouches,

To make us comrades too; then welcome both,
And to a beggar's feast. I fear brown bread.
And water from the spring, will be the best
on't;

For we had cast to wend abroad this evening,
And left our larder empty.

Gul. Yet, if some kindly fairy,
In our behalf, would search its hid recesses,—
(*Apart*) We'll not go supperless now—we're
three to one.—

Still do I say, that a soused face and sausages—
Osw. (looks sternly at him, then at his wife.)

There's something under this, but that the
present

Is not a time to question. (*To Ele.*) Wife, my
mood

Is at such a height of tide, that a turn'd feather
Would make me frantic now, with mirth or
fury!

Tempt me no more—but if thou hast the things
This carrion crow so croaks for, bring them
forth;

For, by my father's beard, if I stand caterer,
'Twill be a fearful banquet!

Ele. Your pleasure be obey'd—Come, aid
me, Flora. [*Exeunt.*]

[*During the following speeches the Women
place dishes on the table.*]

Osw. (to Dur.) How did you lose your path?

Dur. E'en when we thought to find it, a
wild meteor

Danced in the moss, and led our feet astray.—
I give small credence to the tales of old,
Of Friar's-lantern told, and Will-o'-Wisp,
Else would I say, that some malicious demon
Guided us in a round; for to the moat,
Which we had pass'd two hours since, were
we led,

And there the gleam flicker'd and disappear'd.
Even on your drawbridge. I was so worn
down,

So broke with labouring through marsh and
moor,

That, wold I hold I, here my young conductor
Would needs implore for entrance; else, be-
lieve me,

I had not troubled you.

Osw. And why not, father?—have you e'er
heard aught,

Or of my house or me, that wanderers,
Whom or their roving trade or sudden circum-
stances

Obliged to seek a shelter, should avoid
The House of Devorgoil?

Dur. Sir, I am English born—
Native of Cumberland. Enough is said
Why I should shun those bowers, whose lords
were hostile

To English blood, and unto Cumberland
Most hostile and most fatal.

Osw. Ay, father. Once my grandsire plough'd,
and harrow'd,

And sow'd with salt, the streets of your fair
towns;

But what of that?—you have the 'vantage now.

Dur. True, Lord of Devorgoil, and well
believe I,

That not in vain we sought these towers to-
night,

So strangely guided, to behold their state.

Osw. Ay, thou wouldest say, 'twas fit a Cum-
brian beggar

Should sit an equal guest in his proud halls
Whose father beggar'd Cumberland—Grey-
beard, let it be so.

I'll not dispute it with thee.

[*To Len, who was speaking to Flora, but,
on being surprised, occupied himself with
the suit of armour.*]

What makest thou there, young man?

Leo. I marvell'd at this harness; it is larger
Than arms of modern days. How richly carved
With gold inlaid on steel—how close the
rivets—

How justly fit the joints! I think the gauntlet
Would swallow twice my hand.

[*He is about to take down some part of the
Armour; Oswald interferes*]

Osw. Do not displace it.
My grandsire, Erick, doubled human strength,
And almost human size—and human know-
ledge,

And human vice, and human virtue also,
As storm or sunshine chanced to occupy
His mental hemisphere. After a fatal deed,
He hung his armour on the wall, forbidding
It e'er should be ta'en down. There is a
prophecy.

That of itself 'twill fall, upon the night
When, in the fiftieth year from his decease,
Devorgoil's feast is full. This is the era;
But, as too well you see, no meet occasion
Will do the downfall of the armour justice,
Or grace it with a feast. There let it bide,

Trying its strength with the old walls it hangs
on,

Which shall fall soonest.

*Dur. (looking at the trophy with a mixture of
feeling.)*

Then there stern Erick's harness hangs un-
touch'd,

Since his last fatal raid on Cumberland!

Osw. Ay, waste and want, and recklessness
—a comrade
Still yoked with waste and want—have stripp'd
these walls

Of every other trophy. Antler'd skulla,
Whose branches vouch'd the tales old vassals
told

Of desperate chases—partisans and spears—
Knights' barred helms and shields—the shafts
and bows,

Axes and breastplates, of the hardy yeomanry—
The banners of the vanquish'd—signs these
arms

Were not assumed in vain, have disappear'd.
Yes, one by one they all have disappear'd;
And now Lord Erick's harness hangs alone,
'Midst implemen's of vulgar husbandry
And mean economy; as some old warrior,
Whom want hath made an inmate of an alms-
house,

Shows, nil the beggar'd spendthrifts, base
mechanics,

And bankrupt peddlars, with whom fate has
mix'd him

Dur. Or rather like a pirate, whom the
prison-house,

Prison leveller next the grave, hath for the
first time,

Mingled with peaceful captives, low in for-
tunes,

But fair in innocence.

Osw. (*looking at Dur. with surprise.*) Friend,
thou art bitter!

Dur. Plain truth, sir, like the vulgar copper
coinage,

Despised among the gentry, still finds value
And currency with beggars.

Osw. Be it so.

I will not trench on the immunities
I soon may claim to share. Thy features,
too,

Though weather-beaten, and thy strain of
language,

Relish of better times. Come hither, friend,
[*They speak apart.*]

And let me ask thee of thine occupation.

[*Leonard looks round, and seeing Oswald engaged with Durward, and Gullcrammer with Eleanor, approaches towards Flora, who must give him an opportunity of doing so, with obvious attention on her part to give it the air of chance. The by-play here will rest with the Lady, who must engage the attention of the audience by playing off a little female hypocrisy and simple coquetry.*]

Leo. Flora—

Flo. Ay, gallant huntsman, may she deign
to question
Why Leonard came not at the appointed
hour;

Or why he came at midnight?

Leo. Love has no certain loadstar, gentle
Flora,
And oft gives up the helm to wayward pil-
tage.

To say the sooth—A beggar forced me hence,
And Will-o'-wisp did guide us back again

Flo. Ay, ay, your beggar was the faded
spectre

Of Poverty, that sits upon the threshold
Of these our ruin'd walls. I've been unwise,

Leonard, to let you speak so oft with me;
And you a fool to say what you have said.

E'en let us here break short; and, wise at
length,
Hold each our separate way through life's
wide ocean.

Leo. Nay, rather let us join our course to-
gether,

And share the breeze or tempest, doubling
joys,

Relieving sorrows, warding evils off
With mutual effort, or enduring them
With mutual patience.

Flo. This is but flattering counsel—sweet
and baneful;

But mine had wholesome bitter in 't.

Kat. Ay, ay: but like the sly apothecary,
You'll be the last to take the bitter drug
That you prescribe to others.

[*They whisper.* Eleanor advances to
to interrupt them, followed by Gull-
crammer.

Etc. What, maid, no household cares? Leave
to your elders

The task of filling passing strangers' ears
With the due notes of welcome.

Gul. Be it thine,

O, Mistress Flora, the more useful talent
Of filling strangers' stomachs with substan-
tials;

That is to say,—for learn'd commentators
Do so expound substantial in some places,—
With a sow's'd bacon-face and sausages.

Flo. (*apart*) Would thou wert sow's'd, in-
tolerable pedant,

Base, greedy, perverse, interrupting coxcomb!

Kat. Hush, coz, for we'll be well avenged on
him,

And ere this night goes o'er, else woman's wit
Cannot o'ertake her wishes.

[*She proceeds to arrange seats.* Oswald
and Durward come forward in con-
versation.

Osw. I like thine humour well—So all men
beg—

Dur. Yes—I can make it good by proof.
Your soldier

Begs for a leaf of laurel, and a line
In the Gazette. He brandishes his sword

To back his suit, and is a sturdy beggar—

The courtier begs a riband or a star,
And, like our gentler mumpers, is provided

With false certificates of health and fortune
Lost in the public service. For your lover,

Who begs a sigh, a smile, or lock of hair,
A buskin-point, he maunds upon the pad,

With the true cant of pure mendicacy,
“The smallest trifle to relieve a Christian,

And if it like your Ladyship!”—
[*In a begging tone.*]

Kat. (*apart*) This is a cunning knave, and
feeds the humour

Of my aunt's husband, for I must not say
Mine honour'd uncle. I will try a question—

Your man of merit, though, who serves the
commonwealth,

Nor asks for a requital?— [To Durward.

Dur. Is a dumb beggar,
And lets his actions speak like signs for him,

Challenging double guerdon—Now, I'll show
How your true beggar has the fair advantage

O'er all the tribes of cloak'd mendicacy
I have told over to you.—The soldier's lanrel,

The statesman's riband, and the lady's favour,
Once won and gain'd, are not held worth a
farthing

By such as longest, loudest, canted for them ;
Whereas your charitable half-penny,
Which is the scope of a true beggar's suit,
Is worth *two* farthings, and, in times of plenty,
Will buy a crust of bread.

Flo. (interrupting him, and addressing her father.)

Sir, let me be a beggar with the time,
And pray you come to supper.

Ele. (to Oswald, apart.) Must he sit with us ?
[Looking at Durward.]

Osw. Ay, ay, what else—since we are beggars all ?

When cloaks are ragged, sure their worth is equal,

Whether at first they were of silk or woollen.
Ele. Thou art scarce consistent.

This day thou didst refuse a princely banquet,
Because a new-made lord was placed above thee ;

And now—

Osw. Wife, I have seen, at public executions, A wretch that could not brook the hand of violence

Should push him from the scaffold, pluck up courage,

And, with a desperate sort of cheerfulness,
Take the fell plunge himself—

Welcome, then, beggars, to a beggar's feast !

Gul. (who has in the meanwhile seated himself.)
But this is more.—A better countenance,—

Fair fall the hands that sows'd it !—than this hog's,

Or prettier provender than these same sausages,

(By what good friend sent hither, shall be nameless.

Doubtless some youth whom love hath made profuse.)

[Smiling significantly at Eleanor and Flora.]

No prince need wish to peck at. Long, I ween,

Since that the nostrils of this house, (by metaphor,

I mean the chimneys) smell'd a steam so grateful—

By your good leave I cannot dally longer.

[Helps himself.]

Osw. (places Durward above Gullcrammer.)
Meanwhile, sir,

Please it your faithful learning to give place
To grey hairs and to wisdom : and, moreover,
If you had tarried for the benediction—

Gul. (somewhat abashed.) I said grace to myself.

Osw. (not minding him.)—And waited for the company of others,

It had been better fashion. Time has been,
I should have told a guest at Devorgoil,
Bearing himself thus forward, he was saucy.

[He seats himself, and helps the company and himself in dumb-show. There should be a contrast between the precision of his aristocratic civility, and the rude under-breeding of Gullcrammer.]

Osw. (having tasted the dish next him.) Why, this is venison, Eleanor !

Gul. Eh ! What ! Let's see—

[Pushes across Oswald and helps himself.]

It may be venison—
I'm sure 'tis not beef, veal, mutton, lamb, or pork.

Eke I am sure, that be it what it will,

It is not half so good as sausages,
Or as a sow's face sows'd.

Osw. Eleanor, whence all this ?—

Ele. Wait till to-morrow, You shall know all. It was a happy chance That furnish'd us to meet so many guests.

[Fills wine.]

Try if your cup be not as richly garnish'd
As is your trencher.¹

Kat. (apart.) My aunt adheres to the good cautious maxim

Of,—“ Eat your pudding, friend, and hold your tongue.”

Osw. (tastes the wine.) It is the grape of Bordeaux.

Such dainties, once familiar to my board,
Have been estranged from 't long.

[He again fills his glass, and continues to speak as he holds it up.]

Fill round, my friends—here is a treacherous friend now

Smiles in your face, yet seeks to steal the jewel.

Which is distinction between man and brute—
I mean our reason—this he does, and smiles.

But are not all friends treacherous ?—one shall cross you

Even in your dearest interests—one shall slander you—

This steal your daughter, that defraud your purse ;

But this gay flask of Bordeaux will but borrow
Your sense of moral sorrows for a season,

And leave, instead, a gay delirium.
Methinks my brain, unused to such gay visi-

itants,
'The influence feels already !—we will revel !—
Our banquet shall be loud !—it is our last.

Katleen, thy song.

Kat. Not now, my lord— I mean to sing to-night

For this same moderate, grave, and reverend clergyman ;

I'll keep my voice till then.

Ele. Your round refusal shows but cottage breeding.

Kat. Ay, my good aunt, for I was cottage-nurtured,

And taught, I think, to prize my own wild will
Above all sacrifice to compliment.

Here is a huntsman—in his eyes I read it,
He sings the martial song my uncle loves.

What time fierce Claver'se with his Cavaliers,
Abjuring the new change of government,

Forcing his fearless way through timorous friends,

And enemies as timorous, left the capital
To rouse in James's cause the distant High-

lands.

Have you ne'er heard the song, my noble uncle ?

Osw. Have I nnt heard, wench ?—It was I rode next him,

'Tis thirty summers since—rode by his rein ;
We marched on through the alarm'd city,

As sweeps the osprey through a flock of gulls,

Who scream and flutter, but dare no resistance
Against the bold sea-empress.—They did murmur.

The crowds before us, in their sullen wrath,

¹ Wooden trenchers should be used, and the quaght, a Scottish drinking-cup.

And those whom we had passed, gathering
fresh courage,
Cried havoc in the rear—we minded them
E'en as the brave bark mmds the bursting
billows,
Which, yielding to her bows, burst on her
sides,
And ripple in her wake.—Sing me that strain,
[To Leonard,
And thou shalt have a meed I seldom tender,
Because they're all I have to give—my thanks.
Leo. Nav, if you'll bear with what I cannot
help.
A voice that's rough with hollowing to the
hounds,
I'll sing the song even as old Rowland taught
me.

SONG. 1

Air—"The Bonnets of Bonny Dundee."

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se
that spoke,
Ere the King's crown shall fall there are
crowns to be broke;
So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me,
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

"Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle your horses, and call up your
men;
Come open the West Port, and let me gang
free,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny
Dundee!"

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they
are beat;
But the Provost, dounce man, said "Just e'en
let him be,
The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of
Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, &c.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the
Bow,
Hk carline was flying and shaking her pow:
But the young plian's of grace, they look'd
couthie and slee,
Thinking, luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny
Dundee!
Come fill up my cup, &c.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket
was cramm'd
As if half the West had set tryst to be
hang'd;²
There was spite in each look, there was fear
in each e'e,
As they watch'd for the bounets of Bonny
Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and bad
spears,
And lang-lafed gullies to kill Cavaliers;
But they shruok to close heads, and the cause-
way was free.
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

He spur'd to the foot of the proud Castle
rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke;
"Let Muns Meg and her marrows speak twa
words or three,
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, &c.

The Gordon demands of him which way he
goes—
"Where'er shall direct me the shade of Mon-
tröse!
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings
of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

1 "Dundee, enraged at his enemies, and still more at his friends, resolved to retire to the Highlands, and to make preparations for civil war, but with secrecy; for he had been ordered by James to make no public insurrection until assistance should be sent him from Ireland.

"Whilst Dundee was in this temper, information was brought him, whether true or false is uncertain, that some of the Covenanters had associated themselves to assassinate him, in revenge for his former severities against their party. He flew to the Convention and demanded justice. The Duke of Hamilton, who wished to get rid of a troublesome adversary, treated his complaint with neglect; and in order to sting him in the tenderest part, re-elected upon that course which could be alarmed by imaginary dangers. Dundee left the house in a rage, mounted his horse, and with a troop of fifty horsemen who had deserted to him from his regiment in England, rolled through the city. Being asked by one of his friends, who stopt him, 'Where he was going?' he waved his hat, and is reported to have answered, 'Wherever the spirit of Montröse shall direct me.' In passing under the wall of the Castle, he stopt, scrambled up the precipice at a place difficult and dangerous, and held a conference with the Duke of Gordon at a postern-gate, the marks of which are still to be seen, though the gate itself is built up. Hopins, in vain, to infuse the vigour of his own spirit into the Duke, he pressed him to retire with him into the Highlands, raise his vassals there, who were numerous, brave, and faithful, and leave the command of the Castle to Winram, the Lieutenant governor, an officer on whom Dundee could rely. The Duke concealed his timidity under the excuse of a soldier. 'A soldier,' said he, 'cannot in honour quit the post that is assigned him.' The covetly of the sight drew numbers to the foot of the rock upon which the conference was held. These numbers every minute increased, and, in the end, were mistaken for Dundee's adherents. The Convention was then sitting: news were carried thither that Dundee

was at the gates with an army, and had prevailed upon the governor of the Castle to fire upon the town. The Duke of Hamilton, whose intelligence was better, had the presence of mind, by improving the moment of agitation, to overwhelm the one party and provoke the other, by their fears. He ordered the doors of the house to be shot, and the keys to be laid on the table before him. He cried out, 'That there was danger within as well as without doors; that traitors must be held in confinement until the present danger was over: but that the friends of liberty had nothing to fear, for that thousands were ready to start up in their defence, at the stamp of his foot.' He ordered the drums to be beat and the trumpets to sound through the city. In an instant vast swarms of those who had been brought into town by him and Sir John Dalrymple from the western counties, and who had been hitherto hid in garrets and cellars, showed themselves in the streets; not, indeed, in the proper habiliments of war, but in arms, and with looks fierce and sullen, as if they felt disdain at their former concealment. This unexpected sight increased the noise and tumult of the town, which grew loudest in the square adjoining to the house where the members were confined, and appeared still louder to those who were within, because they were ignorant of the cause from the which the tumult arose, and sought contagion from the anxious looks of each other. After some hours, the doors were thrown open, and the Whig members, as they went out, were received with acclamations, and those of the opposite party with the threats and curses of a prepared populace. Terrified by the prospect of future alarm, many of the adherents of James quitted the Convention, and retired to the country; most of them changed sides: only a very few of the most resolute continued their attendance."—*Dalrymple's Memoirs*, vol. ii., p. 306.

2 Previous to 1784, the Grassmarket was the common place of execution at Edinborough.

"There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands
beyond Forth.

If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs
in the North;

There are wild Duniewassals three thousand
times three,

Will cry *hoigh!* for the bonnet of Bonny
Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, &c.

"There's brass on the target of barken'd bull-
hide;

There's steel in the scabbard that dangles
beside;

The brass shall be burnish'd, the steel shall
flash free.

At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, &c.

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the
rocks—

Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the
fox;

And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your
glee,

You have not seen the last of my bonnet and
me!"

Come fill up my cup, &c.

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets
were blown.

The kettle-drums clash'd, and the horsemen
rode on,

Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's
lee,

Did away the wild war-notes of Bonny
Dundee,

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle the horses and call up the men,

Come open your gates and let me gae free.
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!

Elc. Katleen, do thou sing now. Thy uncle's
cheerful;

We must not let his humour ebb again.

Kat. But I'll do better, aunt, than if I sung,
For Flora can sing blithe; so can this hunts-
man.

As he has shown e'en now: let them duet it.

Osw. Well, hun'snian, we must give to
freakish maiden

The freedom of her fancy.—Raise the carol,
And Flora, if she can, will join the measure.

SONG.

When friends are met o'er merry cheer,

And lovely eyes are laughing near,

And in the goblet's bosom clear

The cares of day are drown'd;

When puns are made, and bumpers quaff'd,

When wild Wit shoots his roving shaft,

And Mirth his jovial laugh has laugh'd,

Then is our banquet crown'd,

Ah gay,

Then is our banquet crown'd.

When glees are sung, and catches troll'd,

And bashfulness grows bright and bold,

And beauty is no longer cold,

And age no longer dull;

When chimes are brief, and cocks do crow,

To tell us it is time to go,

Yet how to part we do not know,

Then is our feast at full,

Ah gay,

Then is our feast at full.

Osw. (*rises with the cup in his hand.*) Devor-
goul's feast is full—

Drink to the pledge!

[*A tremendous burst of thunder follows
these words of the Song; and the
Lightning should seem to strike the
suit of black Armour, which falls with
a crash.* All rise in surprise and
fear except Gullcrammer, who tum-
bles over backwards, and lies still.

Osw. That sounded like the judgment-peal
—the roof

Still trembles with the volley.

Dur.

Happy those
Who are prepared to meet such fearful sum-
mons—

Leonard, what dost thou there?

Leo. (*supporting Fio.*) The duty of a man—
Supporting innocence. Were it the final
call,

I were not misemploy'd.

Osw. The armour of my grandsire hath
fall'n down.

And old saws have spoke truth. — (*Musing.*)
The fiftieth year—

Devorgoul's feast at fullest! What to think of
it—

Leo. (*lifting a scroll which had fallen with the
armour.*)

This may inform us.

[*Attempts to read the manuscript, shakes
his head, and gives it to Oswald.*

But not to eyes unlearn'd it tells its tidings.

Osw. Hawks, hounds, and revelling consumed
the hours

I should have given to study.

[*Looks at the manuscript.*

These characters I spell not more than thou.

They are not of our day, and, as I think,
Not of our language. — Where's our scholar
now,

So forward at the banquet? Is he laggard

Upon a point of learning?

Leo. Here is the man of letter'd dignity,

E'en in a piteous case.

[*Drags Gullcrammer forward.*

Osw. Art winking, craven! canst thou read
this scroll?

Or art thou only learn'd in sowsing swine's
flesh,

And prompt in eating it?

Gul. Eh—ah!—oh—ho!—Have you no better
time

To tax a man with riddles, than the moment
When he scarce knows whether he's dead or
living?

Osw. Confound the pedant!—Can you read
the scroll,

Or can you not, sir? If you *can*, pronounce

Its meaning speedily.

Gul.

Can I read it, quotha!

When at our learned University,

I gain'd first premium for Hebrew learning.—
Which was a pound of high-dried Scottish
snuff,

And half a peck of onions, with a bushel
Of curious oatmeal,—our learn'd Principal

Did say, "Melchisedek, thou canst do any
thing!"

Now comes he with his paltry scroll of parch-
ment,

I should think this may be contrived, by having a
transparent zig-sag in the flat scene, immediately above
the armour, suddenly and very strongly illuminated.

And, "Can you read it?"—After such affront,
The point is, if I will.

Osw. A point soon solved,
Unless you choose to sleep among the frogs;
For look you, sir, there is the chamber window,
Beneath it lies the lake.

Ete. Kind master Gullcrammer, beware my
husband.

He brooks no contradiction—'tis his fault,
And in his wrath he's dangerous.

Gul. (looks at the scroll, and mutters as if
reading.)

Hashgaboth hotch-potch—

A simple matter this to make a rout of—
Ten rashersen bacon, mish-mash venison.

Sausajian sowsed-face—"Tis a simple catalogue
Of our small supper—made by the grave sage
Whose prescience knew this night that we
should feast

On venison, hash'd sow's face, and sausages,
And hung his steel-coat for a supper bell—
E'en let us to our provender again,
For it is written we shall finish it,
And bless our stars the lightning left it us.

Osw. 'Tis must be impudence or igno-
rance!—

The spirit of rough Erick stirs within me,
And I will knock thy brains out if thou pal-
terest!

Expound the scroll to me!

Gul. You're over hasty;
And yet you may be right too—"Tis Samaritan,
Now I look closer on't, and I did take it
For simple Hebrew.

Dur. 'Tis Hebrew to a simpleton,
That we see plainly, friend—Give me the scroll.

Gul. Alas, good friend! what would you do
with it!

Dur. (takes it from him.) My best to read it,
sir—

The character is Saxon,
Used at no distant date within this district;
And thus the tenor runs—nor in Samaritan,
Nor simple Hebrew, but in wholesome Eng-
lish:—

Devorgoil, thy bright moon waneeth,
And the rust thy harness staineth;
Servile guests the banquet soil
Of the once proud Devorgoil.

But should Black Erick's armour fall,
Look for guests shall scare you all!
They shall come ere peep of day,—
Wake and watch, and hope and pray.

Kat. (to Flo.) Here is fine foolery—an old
wall shakes

At a loud thunder-clap—down comes a suit
Of ancient armour, when its wasted braces
Were all too rotten to sustain its weight—
A beggar cries out, Miracle! and your father,
Weighing the importance of his name and
lineage,

Must needs believe the dotard!

Flo. Mock not, I pray you; this may be too
serious.

Kat. And if I live till morning, I will have
The power to tell a better tale of wonder
Wrought on wise Gullcrammer. I'll go pre-
pare me. [*Exit.*]

Flo. I have not Katleen's spirit, yet I hate
This Gullcrammer too heartily, to stop
Any disgrace that's hastening towards him.

Osw. (to whom the Beggar has been again
reading the scroll.)

'Tis a strange prophecy!—The silver moon.

Now waning slowly, is our ancient bearing—
Strange and unfitting guests—

Gul. (interrupting him.) Ay, ay, the matter
is, as you say, all moonshine in the water.

Osw. How mean you, sir! (threatening)
Gul. To show that I can rhyme
With yonder bluegown. Give me breath and
time,

I will maintain, in spite of his pretence,
Mine exposition had the better sense—
It spoke good victuals and increase of cheer;
And his, more guests to eat what we have here—
An increment right needless.

Osw. Get thee gone;
To kennel, hound!

Gul. The hound will have his bone
[Takes up the platter of meat, and a flask.]

Osw. Flora, show him his chamber—take
him hence,

Or, by the name I bear, I'll see his brains.

Gul. Ladies, good night!—I spare you, sir,
the pains.

[*Exit, lighted by Flora with a lamp.*]
Osw. The owl is fled.—I'll not to bed to-
night;

There is some change impending o'er this
house,

For good or ill. I would some holy man
Were here, to counsel us what we should do!
Yon witless thin-faced gull is hut a cassock
Stuff'd out with chaff and straw.

Dur. (assuming an air of dignity.) I have been
wont,

In other days, to point to erring mortals
The rock which they should anchor on.

[*He holds up a Cross—the rest take a
posture of devotion, and the Scene
closes.*]

ACT III.—SCENE I.

A ruinous Anteroom in the Castle. Enter Kat-
leen, fantastically dressed to play the Character
of Cockledemoy, with the visor in her hand.

Kat. I've scarce had time to glance at my
sweet person,

Yet this much could I see, with half a glance,
My elfish dress becomes me—I'll not mask
me

Till I have seen Lance Blackthorn. Lance!
I say— [Colls.]

Blackthorn, make haste!

Enter Blackthorn, half dressed as Owlspegle.

Bl. Here am I—Blackthorn in the upper
half,

Much at your service; but my nether parts
Are goblinized and Owlspegled. I had much
ado

To get these trunkums on. I judge Lord
Erick

Kept no good house, and starved his quondam
barber.

Kat. Peace, ass. and hide you—Gullcram-
mer is coming;

He left the hall before, but then took fright,
And e'en sneak'd back. The Lady Flora
lights him—

Trim occupation for her ladyship!
Had you seen Leonard, when she left the hall
On such fine errand!

Bla. This Gullcrammer shall have a bob extraordinary

For my good comrade's sake.—But tell me, Katleen,

What dress is this of yours!

Kat. A page's, fool!

Bla. I'm accounted no great scholar, But 'tis a page that I would fain peruse A little closer. [*Approaches her.*]

Kat. Put on your spectacles, And try if you can read it at this distance, For you shall come no nearer.

Bla. But there is nothing, then, save rank imposture,

In all these tales of goblinry at Devorgoil?

Kat. My aunt's grave lord thinks otherwise, supposing

That his great name so interests the Heavens, That miracles must needs bespeak its fall— I would that I were in a lowly cottage Beneath the greenwood, on its walls no ar- mour

To court the levin-bolt—

Bla. And a kind husband, Katleen, To ward such dangers as must needs come nigh.—

My father's cottage stands so low and lone, That you would think it solitude itself; The greenwood shields it from the northern blast,

And, in the woodbine round its latticed case- ment,

The linnet's sure to build the earliest nest In all the forest.

Kat. Peace, you fool, they come.

Flora lights Gullcrammer across the Stage.

Kat. [*when they have passed.*] Away with you!

On with your cloak—he ready at the signal.

Bla. And shall we talk of that same cottage, Katleen,

At better leisure? I have much to say In favour of my cottage.

Kat. If you will be talking, You know I can't prevent you.

Bla. That's enough. [*Aside.*] I shall have leave, I see, to spell the page

A little closer, when the due time comes.

SCENE II.

Scene changes to Gullcrammer's Sleeping Apartment. He enters, ushered in by Flora, who sets on the table a flask, with the lamp.

Fla. A flask, in case your Reverence be athirsty:

A light, in case your Reverence be asfear'd;— And so sweet slumber to your Reverence.

Gul. Kind Mistress Flora, will you?—eh! eh! eh!

Fla. Will I what?

Gul. Tarry a little?

Fla. [*smiling.*] Kind Master Gullcrammer, How can you ask me aught so unbecoming?

Gul. Oh, fie, fie, fie!—Believe me, Mistress Flora,

'Tis not for that—but being guided through Such dreary galleries, stairs, and suites of rooms,

To this same cubicle, I'm somewhat loth To bid adieu to pleasant company.

Fla. A flattering compliment!—In plain truth you are frighten'd.

Gul. What, frighten'd?—I—I—em not timorous.

Fla. Perhaps you've heard this is our haunted chamber?

But then it is our best—Your Reverence knows,

That in all tales which turn upon a ghost, Your traveller belated has the luck To enjoy the haunted room—it is a rule:— To some it were a hardship, but to you, Who are a scholar, and not timorous—

Gul. I did not say I was not timorous, I said I was not temerarious.— I'll to the hall again.

Fla. You'll do your pleasure. But you have somehow moved my father's anger.

And you had better meet our playful Owl- spiegle—

So is our goblin call'd—than face Lord Oswald.

Gul. Owlspiegle?—

It is an uncouth and outlandish name, And in mine ear sounds fiendish.

Fla. Hush, hush, hush!

Perhaps he hears us now—*[in an under tone]*— A merry spirit:

None of your elves that pinch folks black and blue

For lack of cleanliness.

Gul. As for that, Mistress Flora, My taffeta doublet hath been duly brush'd, My shirt hebdominal put on this morning.

Fla. Why, you need fear no goblins. But this Owlspiegle

Is of another class;—yet has his frolics; Cuts hair, trims beards, and plays amid his antics

The office of a sinful mortal barber.

Such is at least the rumour.

Gul. He will not cut my clothes, or scar my face,

Or draw my blood!

Fla. Enormities like these, Were never charged against him.

Gul. And, Mistress Flora, would you smile on me,

If, prick'd by the fond hope of your approval, I should endure this venture?

Fla. I do hope

I shall have cause to smile.

Gul. Well! in that hope I will embrace the achievement for thy sake.

[She is going.] Yet, stay, stay, stay!—on second thoughts I will not—

I've thought on it, and will the mortal cudgel

Rather endure than face the ghostly razor! Your crab-tree's tough but blunt,—your razor's polish'd,

But, as the proverb goes, 'tis cruel sharp:

I'll to thy father, and unto his pleasure Submit these destined shoulders

Fla. But you shall not, Believe me, sir, you shall not; he is desperate, And better far be trimm'd by ghost or goblin, Than by my sire in anger; there are stores Of hidden treasure, too, and Heaven knows what,

Buried among these ruins—you shall stay.

(*Apart.*) And if indeed there be such sprite as
Owlsplegle,
And, lacking him, that thy fear plague thee
not
Worse than a goblin, I have miss'd my pur-
pose,
Which else stands good in either case.—Good-
night, sir.

[*Exit, and double-locks the door.*]

Gul. Nay, hold ye, hold!—Nay, gentle Mis-
tress Flora,
Wherefore this ceremony?—She has lock'd
me in,
And left me to the goblin!—(*Listening*)—So,
so, so!

I hear her light foot trip to such a distance,
That I believe the castle's breadth divides me
From human company. I'm ill at ease—
But if this citadel (*Laying his hand on his
stomach*) were better victual'd,
It would be better mann'd

[*Sits down and drinks.*]

She has a footstep light, and taper ancle.

[*Chuckles.*]

Aha! that ankle! yet, confound it too.
But for those charms Melchisedek had been
Snug in his bed at Mucklewhame—I say,
Confound her footstep and her instep too,
To use a cobbler's phrase.—There I was
quaint.

Now, what to do in this vile circumstance,
To watch or go to bed, I can't determine;
Were I a-bed, the ghost might catch me nap-
ping,

And if I watch, my terrors will increase
As ghostly hours approach. I'll to my bed.
E'en in my taffeta dooblet, shrink my head
Beneath the clothes—leave the lamp burning
there,

[*Sets it on the table.*]

And trust to fate the issue.

[*He lays his cloak aside, and brushes it,
as from habit, starting at every mo-
ment; ties a napkin over his head;
then shrinks beneath the bed-clothes.
He starts once or twice, and at length
seems to go to sleep. A bell tolls one.
He leaps up in his bed.*]

Gul. I had just coax'd myself to sweet for-
getfulness,

And that confounded bell—I hate all bells,
Ex-cept a dinner bell—and yet I lie, too,—
I love the bell that soon shall tell the parish
Of Gabblegoose, Melchisedek's incumbent—
And shall the future minister of Gabblegoose,
Whom his parishioners will soon require
To exorcise their ghosts, detect their witches,
Lie shivering in his bed for a pert goblin,
Whom, be he switch'd or cocktail'd, horn'd or
poll'd,

A few tight Hebrew words will soon send
packing?

Tush! I will rouse the parson up within me,
And bid defiance—(*A distant noise*) In the
name of Heaven.

What sounds are these!—O Lord! this comes
of rashness!

[*Draws his head down under the bed-clothes.*]

*Duet without, between Owlsplegle and Cockle-
demoy.*

OWLSPIEGLE.

Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy—

COCKLEDEMOY.

Here, father, here.

OWLSPIEGLE.

Now the pole-star's red and burning,
And the witch's spindle turning,
Appear, appear!

Gul. (*who has again raised himself, and listened
with great terror to the Duet.*) I have
heard of the devil's dam before,
But never of his child. Now, Heaven deliver
me!

The Papists have the better of us there,—
They have their Latin prayers, cut and dried,
And pat for such occasion—I can think
On nought but the vernacular.

OWLSPIEGLE.

Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy,
We'll sport us here—

COCKLEDEMOY.

Our gambols play,
Like elve and fay;

OWLSPIEGLE.

And domineer,

BOTH.

Laugh, frolic, and frisk, till the moroing appear.

COCKLEDEMOY.

Lift latch—open clasp—
Shoot bolt—and burst hasp!
[*The door opens with violence. Enter
Blackthorn as Owlsplegle, fantasti-
cally dressed as a Spanish Barber,
tall, thin, emaciated, and ghostly;
Kateen as Cockledemoy, attends as
his Page. All their manners, tones,
and motions, are fantastic, as those of
Goblins. They make two or three
times the circuit of the Room, without
seeming to see Gullerammer. They
then resume their Chant, or Recitative.*]

OWLSPIEGLE.

Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy,
What wilt thou do that will give thee joy?
Wilt thou ride on the midnight owl?

COCKLEDEMOY.

No; for the weather is stormy and foul.

OWLSPIEGLE.

Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy,
What wilt thou do that can give thee joy?
With a needle for a sword, and a thimble for
a hat,
Wilt thou fight a traverse with the castle cat?

COCKLEDEMOY.

Oh, no! she has claws, and I like not that.

Gul. I see the devil is a doting father,
And spoils his children—'tis the surest way
To make cursed imps of them. They see me
not—
What will they think on next? It must be
own'd,
They have a dainty choice of occupations.

OWLSPIEGLE.

Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy,
What shall we do that can give thee joy?
Shall we go seek for a cuckoo's nest?

COCKLEDEMOY.

That's best, that's best.

BOTH.

About, about,
Like an elvish scout,
The cuckoo's a gull, and we'll soon find him
out.

*[They search the room with mops and
mows. At length Cockledemoy jumps
on the bed. Gullcrammer raises him-
self half up, supporting himself by his
hands. Cockledemoy does the same,
and grins at him, then skips from the
bed, and runs to Owlspiegle.]*

COCKLEDEMOY.

I've found the nest,
And in it a guest,
With a sable cloak and a taffeta vest;
He must be wash'd, and trimm'd, and dress'd,
To please the eyes he loves the best.

OWLSPIEGLE.

That's best, that's best.

BOTH.

He must be shaved, and trimm'd, and dress'd,
To please the eyes he loves the best.
*[They arrange shaving things on the
table, and sing as they prepare them.]*

BOTH.

Know that all of the humbug, the bite, and
the buz,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit
to us.

OWLSPIEGLE (*sharpening his razor.*)

The sword this is made of was lost in a
fray
By a fop, who first bullied and then ran
away;
And the strap, from the hide of a lame racer,
sold
By Lord Match, to his friend, for some hun-
dreds in gold.

BOTH.

For all of the humbug, the bite, and the buz,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit
to us.

COCKLEDEMOY (*placing the napkin.*)

And this cambric napkin, so white and so fair,
At an usurer's funeral I stole from the heir.
*[Drops something from a vial, as going
to make suits.]*

This dewdrop I caught from one eye of his
mother,
Which wept while she ogled the parson with
t'other.

BOTH.

For all of the humbug, the bite, and the buz,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit
to us.

OWLSPIEGLE (*arranging the lather and the basin.*)

My soap-ball is of the mild alkali made,
Which the soft dedicator employs in his trade;
And it froths with the pith of a promise, that's
sworn

By a lover at night, and forgot on the morn.

BOTH.

For all of the humbug, the bite, and the buz,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit
to us.

Halloo, halloo,
The blackcock crew,
Thrice shriek'd hath the owl, thrice croak'd
hath the raven,
Here, ho! Master Gullcrammer, rise and be
shaven!

Da capo.

Gul. (who has been observing them.) I'll pluck
a spirit up; they're merry goblins,
And will deal mildly. I will soothe their
humour:

Besides, my beard lacks trimming.

*[He rises from his bed, and advances with
great symptoms of trepidation, but
affecting an air of composure. The
Goblins receive him with fantastic
ceremony.]*

Gentlemen, 'tis your will I should be trimm'd—
E'en do your pleasure. *(They point to a seat
—he sits)*

Think, howso'er,
Of me as one who hates to see his blood;
Therefore I do beseech thee, signior,
Be gentle in your craft. I know those harbers,
One would have harrows driven across his
visnomy.

Rather than they should touch it with a razor.

Owlspiegle *shaves* Gullcrammer, while Cockle-
demoy *sings.*

Father never started hair,
Shaved too close, or left too bare—
Father's razor slips as glib
As from courtly tongue a fib.
Whiskers, mustache, he can trim in
Fashion meet to please the women;
Sharp's his blade, perfumed his lather!
Happy those are trimm'd by father!

Gul. That's a good boy. I love to hear a
child

Stand for his father, if he were the devil.

[He motions to rise.]
Craving your pardon, sir.—What! sit again?
My hair lacks not your scissors.

[Owlspiegle insists on his sitting.]
Nay, if you're peremptory, I'll ne'er dispute it,
Nor eat the cow and choke upon the tail—
E'en trim me to your fashion.

*[Owlspiegle cuts his hair, and shaves
his head, ridiculously.]*

COCKLEDEMOY (*sings as before.*)

Hair-breadth 'scapes, and hair-breadth snares,
Hair-brain'd follies, ventures, cares,
Part when father clips your hairs.
If there is a hero frantic,
Or a lover too romantic;—
If threescore seeks second spouse,
Or fourteen lists lover's vows,
Bring them here—for a Scotch boddle,
Owlspiegle shall trim their noddle.

[They take the napkin from about Gull-crammer's neck. He makes bows of acknowledgment, which they return fantastically, and sing—

Thrice crow'd hath the blackcock, thrice
croak'd hath the raven,
And Master Melchisedek Gullcrammer's
shaven!

Gul. My friends, you are too musical for me;
But though I cannot cope with you in song,
I would, in humble prose, inquire of you,
If that you will permit me to acquit
E'en with the barber's pence the barber's
service! *[They shake their heads.*
Or if there is aught else that I can do for you,
Sweet Master Owlspegle, or your loving child,
The hopeful Cockle'moy?

COCKLEDEMOY.

Sir, you have been trimm'd of late,
Smooth's your chin, and bald your pate;
Lest cold rheum should work you harm,
Here's a cap to keep you warm.

Gul. Welcome, as Fortunatus' wishing cap,
For 'twas a cap that I was wishing for.
(There I was quaint in spite of mortal terror.)

[As he puts on the cap, a pair of ass's ears disengage themselves

Upon my faith, it is a dainty head-dress,
And might become an alderman. — Thanks,
sweet Monsieur,

Thou'rt a considerable youth.

[Both Goblins bow with ceremony to Gullcrammer, who returns their salutation. Owlspegle descends by the trap-door. Cockledemoy springs out at window.

SONG *(without.)*

OWLSPIEGLE.

Cockledemoy, my hope, my care,
Where art thou now, O tell me where?

COCKLEDEMOY.

Up in the sky,
On the honny dragonfly,
Come, father, come you too—
She has four wings and strength enow,
And her long body has room for two.

Gul. Cockledemoy now is a naughty brat—
Would have the poor old stiff-ramp'd devil,
his father.
Peril his fiendish neck. All boys are thought-
less.

SONG.

OWLSPIEGLE.

Which way didst thou take?

COCKLEDEMOY.

I have fall'n in the lake—
Help, father, for Beelzebub's sake.

Gul. The imp is drown'd — a strange death
for a devil,—

O, may all boys take warning, and be civil;
Respect their loving sires, endure a chiding,
Nor roam by night on dragonflies a-riding!

COCKLEDEMOY *(sings.)*

Now merrily, merrily, row I to shore,
My bark is a bean-shell, a straw for ou oar.

OWSPIEGLE *(sings.)*

My life, my joy,
My Cockledemoy!

Gul. I can hear this no longer — thus children
are spoil'd. *[Strikes into the tune.*

Master Owlspegle, hoy!

He deserves to be whipp'd little Cockledemoy!

[Their voices are heard, as if dying away.

Gul. They're gone! — Now, am I scared, or
am I not?

I think the very desperate ecstasy
Of fear has given me courage.¹ This is
strange, now.

When they were here, I was not half so
frighten'd

As now they're gone — they were a sort of
company.

What a strange thing is use — A horn, a claw,
The tip of a fiend's tail, was wont to scare me.
Now am I with the devil hand and glove;
His soap has lather'd, and his razor shaved
me;

I've joined him in a catch, kept time and tune,
Could dine with him, nor ask for a long spoon;
And if I keep not better company

What will become of me when I shall die?
[Exit.

SCENE III.

*A Gothic Hall, waste and ruinous. The moon-
light is at times seen through the shafted
windows.² Enter Katleen and Blackthorn —
They have thrown off the more ludicrous parts
of their disguise.*

Kat. This way — this way; was ever fool so
gull'd!

Bla. I play'd the barber better than I
thought for.

Well, I've an occupation in reserve,
When the long-bow and merry musket fail
me —

But, hark ye, pretty Katleen.

Kat. What should I hearken to?

Bla. Art thou not afraid.

In these wild halls while playing feigned
goblins,

That we may meet with real ones?

Kat. Not a jot.

My spirit is too light, my heart too bold,
To fear a visit from the other world.

Bla. But is not this the place, the very hall
in which men say that Oswald's grandfather,
The black Lord Brick, walks his penance
round?

Credit me, Katleen, these half-moulder'd
columns

Have in their ruin something very fiendish,
And, if you'll take an honest friend's advice,
The sooner that you change their shatter'd
splendour

For the snug cottage that I told you of,
Believe me, it will prove the blither dwelling.

¹ "Towards, upon necessity, assume
A fearful bravery; thinking by this face
To fasten in men's minds that they have courage."
Shakespeare.

² I have a notion that this can be managed so as to
represent imperfect, or fitting moonlight, upon the plan
of the Eidophusikon.

Kat. If I e'er see that cottage, honest
Blackthorn,
Believe me, it shall be from other motive
Than fear of Erick's spectre.

[*A rustling sound is heard.*
Bla. I heard a rustling sound—
Upon my life, there's something in the hall,
Katleen, besides us two!

Kat. A yeoman thou,
A forester, and frighten'd! I am sorry
I gave the fool's cap to poor Gullcrammer,
And let thy head go bare.

[*The same rustling sound is repeated.*

Bla. Why, are you mad, or hear you not the
sound?

Kat. And if I do, I take small heed of it.
Will you allow a maiden to be bolder
Than you, with beard on chin and sword at
girdle!

Bla. Nay, if I had my sword, I would not
care;

Though I ne'er heard of master of defence,
So active at his weapon as to brave
The devil, or a ghost.—See! see! see yonder!

[*A Figure is imperfectly seen between two
of the pillars.*

Kat. There's something moves, that's cer-
tain, and the moonlight,

Chased by the flitting gale, is too imperfect
To show its form; but, in the name of God,
I'll venture on it boldly.

Bla. Wilt thou so?
Were I alone, now, I were strongly tempted
To trust my heels for safety: but with thee,
Be it fiend or fairy, I'll take risk to meet it.

Kat. It stands full in our path, and we must
pass it,
Or tarry here all night.

Bla. In its vile company I
[*As they advance towards the Figure, it
is more plainly distinguished, which
might, I think, be contrived by raising
successive screens of crape. The
Figure is wrapped in a long robe,
like the mantle of a Hermit, or
Palmer.*

Pal. Ho! ye who thread by night these
wilder scenes,
In garb of those who long have slept in death,
Fear ye the company of those you imitate?

Bla. This is the devil, Katleen, let us fly!

[*Runs off.*

Kat. I will not fly—why should I! My nervea
shake

To look on this strange vision, but my heart
Partakes not the alarm.—If thou dost come in
Heaven's name,

In Heaven's name art thou welcome!
Pal. I come, by Heaven permitted. Quit
this castle:

There is a fate on't—if for good or evil,
Brief space shall soon determine. In that
fate,

If good, by lineage thou canst nothing claim;
If evil, much mayst suffer.—Leave these
precincts.

Kat. Whate'er thou art, be answer'd—
Know, I will not

Desert the kinswoman who train'd my youth;
Know, that I will not quit my friend, my
Flora;

Know that I will not leave the aged man
Whose roof has shelter'd me. This is my
resolve—

If evil come, I aid my friends to bear it;
If good, my part shall be to see them prosper,
A portion in their happiness from which
No fiend can bar me.

Pal. Maid, before thy courage,
Firm built on innocence, even beings of nature
More powerful far than thine, give place and
way;

Take then this key, and wait the event with
courage.

[*He drops the key—He disappears
gradually—the moonlight failing at
the same time.*

Kat. (after a pause.) Whate'er it was, 'tis
gone! My head turns round—

The blood that lately fortified my heart
Now eddies in full torrent to my brain,
And makes wild work with reason. I will
haste,

If that my steps can bear me so far safe,
To living company. What if I meet it
Again in the long aisle, or vaulted passage?
And if I do, the strong support that bore me
Through this appalling interview, again
Shall strengthen and uphold me.

[*As she steps forward she stumbles over the key.*
What's this? The key!—there may be mys-
tery in't.

I'll to my kinswoman, when this dizzy fit
Will give me leave to choose my way aright.

[*She sits down exhausted.*

*Re-enter Blackthorn, with a drawn sword and
torch.*

Bla. Katleen! What, Katleen!—What a
wretch was I
To leave her!—Katleen,—I am weapon'd
now,

And fear nor dog nor devil—She replies not!
Beast that I was—nay, worse than beast; the
stag,

As timorous as he is, fights for his hind.
What's to be done?—I'll search this cursed
castle

From dungeon to the battlements; if I find her
not,

I'll fling me from the highest pinnacle—

Kat. (who has somewhat gathered her spirits, in
consequence of his entrance, comes behind
and touches him; he starts.) Brave sir!

I'll spare you that rash leap—You're a bold
woodsman!

Surely I hope that from this night hencefor-
ward

You'll never kill a hare, since you're akin to
them;

O I could laugh—but that my head's so
dizzy.

Bla. Lean on me, Katleen—By my honest
word,

I thought you close behind—I was surprised,
Not a jot frighten'd.

Kat. Thou art a fool to ask me to thy
cottage,

And then to show me at what slight expense
Of manhood I might master thee and it.

Bla. I'll take the risk of that—This goblin
business

Came rather unexpected; the best horse
Will start at sudden sights. Try me again,
And if I prove not true to bonny Katleen,

Hang me in mine own bowstring.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Scene returns to the Apartment at the beginning of Act Second. Oswald and Durward are discovered with Eleanor, Flora, and Leonard — Durward shuts a Prayer-book, which he seems to have been reading.

Dur. 'Tis true — the difference betwixt the churches,

Which zealots love to dwell on, to the wise
Of either flock are of far less importance
Than those great truths to which all Christian men

Subscribe with equal reverence.

Osw. We thank thee, father, for the holy office,

Still best performed when the pastor's tongue
Is echo to his breast ; of jarring creeds

It ill beseems a layman's tongue to speak. —
Where have you stowed you prater ?

[*To Flora.*

Flo. Safe in the goblin-chamber.

Ele. The goblin-chamber !

Maiden, wert thou frantic — if his Reverence
Have suffer'd harm by waspish Owlsplegle,
Be sure thou shalt abye it.

Flo. Here he comes,
Can answer for himself !

Enter Gullcrammer, in the fashion in which Owlsplegle had put him ; having the fool's-cap on his head, and towel about his neck. &c His manner through the scene is wild and extravagant, as if the fright had a little affected his brain.

Dur. A godly spectacle ! — Is there such a goblin,
[*To Osw.*] Or has sheer terror made him such figure ?

Osw. 'Tis here is a sort of wavering tradition
Of a malicious imp who teased all strangers ;
My father wont to call him Owlsplegle.

Gul. Who talks of Owlsplegle ?
He is an honest fellow for a devil.
So is his son, the hopeful Cockle'moy.

[*Sings.*]

“ My hope, my joy,
My Cockledemoy ! ”

Leo. The fool's hewitch'd — the goblin hath
furnish'd him

A cap which well befits his reverend wisdom.
Flo. If I could think he had lost his slender
wits,

I should be sorry for the trick they play'd him.
Leo. O fear him not ; it were a foul reflec-
tion

On any fiend of sense and reputation,
To fitch such petty wares as his poor brains.

Dur. What saw'st thou, sir ? What heard'st
thou ?

Gul. What was't I saw and heard ?
That which old greybeards,
Who conjure Hebrew into Anglo-Saxon,
To cheat starved barons with, can little guess
at

Flo. If he begin so roundly with my father,
His madness is not like to save his bones.

Gul. Sirs, midnight came, and with it came
the goblin.

I had reposed me after some brief study ;

But as the soldier, sleeping in the trench,
Keeps sword and musket by him, so I had
My little Hebrew manual prompt for service.

Flo. Sausayan sous'd-face ; that much of
your Hebrew,

Even I can bear in memory.

Gul. We 'counter'd,
The goblin and myself, even in mid-chamber,
And each stepp'd back a pace, as 'twere to
study

The foe he had to deal with ! — I bethought
me,

Ghosts ne'er have the first word, and so I
took it,

And fired a volley of round Greek at him.
He stood his ground, and answer'd in the
Syraic ;

I flank'd my Greek with Hebrew, and com-
pell'd him — [A noise heard

Osw. Peace, idle prater ! — Hark — what
sounds are these ?

Amid the growling of the storm without,
I hear strange notes of music, and the clash
Of coursera' trampling feet.

[*Voices (without.)*]

We come, dark riders of the night,
And fit before the dawning light ;
Hill and valley, far aloof,
Shake to hear our chargers' hoof ;
But not a foot-stamp on the green
At morn shall show where we have been.

Osw. These must be revellers belated —
Let them pass on ; the ruin'd halls of Devor-
goil

Open to no such guests. —

[*Flourish of trumpets at a distance ;
then nearer.*]

They sound a summons :
What can they lack at this dead hour of night ?
Look out, and see their number, and their
bearing.

Leo. [*goes up to the window.*] 'Tis strange —
one single shadowy form alone
Is hovering on the drawbridge — far apart
Flit through the tempest banners, horse, and
riders,

In darkness lost, or dimly seen by lightning. —
Hither the figure moves — the bolts revolve —
The gate uncloses to him.

Ele. Heaven protect us !

The Palmer enters — Gullcrammer runs off.

Osw. Whence and what art thou ? for what
end come hither ?

Pal. I come from a far land, where the storm
howls not,

And the sun sets not, to pronounce to thee,
Oswald of Devorgoil, thy house's fate.

Dur. I charge thee, in the name we late have
kneel'd to —

Pal. Abbot of Lanerost, I bid thee peace !
I'ninterrupt'd let me do mine errand :

Baron of Devorgoil, son of the bold, the
proud,

The warlike and the mighty, wherefore wear'st
thou

The habit of a peasant ? Tell me, wherefore
Are thy fair halls thus waste — thy chambers
bare —

Where are the tapestries, where the conquer'd
banners,

Trophies, and gilded arms, that deck'd the walls
Of once proud Devorgoil ?

(He advances, and places himself where the Armour hung, so as to be nearly in the centre of the Scene.)

Dur. Whoe'er thou art — if thou dost know so much,
Needs must thou know —

Osw. Peace ! I will answer here ; to me he spoke. —

Mysterious stranger, briefly I reply :

A peasant's dress befits a peasant's fortune ;
And 'twere vain mockery to array these walls
In trophies, of whose memory nought remains,
Save that the cruelty outvied the valour
Of those who wore them.

Pal. Degenerate as thou art,
Know'st thou to whom thou say'st this ?

(He drops his mantle, and is discovered armed as nearly as may be to the suit which hung on the wall ; all express terror.)

Osw. It is himself — the spirit of mine Ancestor !

Eri. Tremble not, son, but hear me !

(He strikes the wall ; it opens, and discovers the Treasure-Chamber.)

The wealth I brought from wasted Cumberland,
Enough to reinstate thy ruin'd fortunes. —

Cast from thine high-born brows that peasant bonnet,
Throw from thy noble grasp the peasant's staff ;

O'er all, withdraw thine hand from that mean mate,
Whom in an hour of reckless desperation
Thy fortunes cast thee on. This do,
And he as great as e'er was Devorgoil,
When Devorgoil was richest !

Dur. Lord Oswald, thou art tempted by a fiend,
Who doth assail thee on thy weakest side. —
Thy pride of lineage, and thy love of grandeur.
Stand fast — resist — condemn his fatal offers !

Ete. Urge him not, father ; if the sacrifice
Of such a wasted woe-worn wretch as I am,
Can save him from the abyss of misery,
Upon whose verge he's tottering, let me wander

As unacknowledged outcast from his castle,
Even to the humble cottage I was born in.

Osw. No, Ellen, no — it is not thus they part,
Whose hearts and souls, disasters borne in common
Have knit together, close as summer saplings
Are twined in union by the eddy tempest. —
Spirit of Erick, while thou bear'st his shape,
I'll answer with no ruder conjuration
Thy impious counsel, other than with these words,

Depart, and tempt me not !
Eri. Then fate will have her course. — Fall,
massive grate,
Yield them the tempting view of these rich treasures,
But bar them from possession !

(A portcullis falls before the door of the Treasure-Chamber.)

Mortals, hear !
No hand may ope that grate, except the Heir
Of plunder'd Aglionby, whose mighty wealth

Ravish'd in evil hour, lies yonder piled ;
And not his hand prevails without the key
Of Black Lord Erick ; brief space is given
To save proud Devorgoil — So wills high Heaven
[Thunder ; he disappears.]

Dur. Gaze not so wildly ; you have stood the trial
That his commission bore, and Heaven designs.

If I may spell his will, to rescue Devorgoil
Even by the Heir of Aglionby — Behold him
In that young forester, unto whose hand
Those bars shall yield the treasures of his house.

Destined to ransom yours. — Advance, young Leonard,
And prove the adventure.

Leo. *(advances and attempts the grate.)* It is fast

As is the tower, rock-seated.
Osw. We will fetch other means, and prove its strength.

Nor starve in poverty with wealth before us.
Dur. Think what the vision spoke ;
The key — the fated key — —

Enter Gullcrammer.

Gul. A key ? — I say a quay is what we want,
Thus by the learn'd orthographized — Q, u, a, y.
The lake is overflow'd ! — A quay, a boat,
Oars, punt, or sculler, is all one to me ! —
We shall be drown'd, good people !!!

Enter Katleen and Blackthorn.

Kat. Deliver us !
Haste, save yourselves — the lake is rising fast. ¹

Bl. 'T has risen my bow's height in the last five minutes.
And still is swelling strangely.

Gul. *(who has stood astonished upon seeing them.)*
We shall be drown'd without your kind assistance.

Sweet Master Owlspiegle, your dragonfly —
Your straw, your bean-stalk, gentie Cockle-moy !

Leo. *(looking from the shot-hole.)* 'Tis true,
by all that's fearful ! The proud lake
Peers, like ambitious tyrant, o'er his bounds,
And soon will whelm the castle — even the drawbridge
Is under water now.

Kat. Let us escape ! Why stand you gazing there ?

Dur. Upon the opening of that fatal grate
Depends the fearful spell that now entraps us,
The key of Black Lord Erick — ere we find it,
The castle will be whelm'd beneath the waves,

And we shall perish in it !
Kat. *(giving the key.)* Here, prove this ;
A chance most strange and fearful gave it me.

Osw. *(puts it into the lock, and attempts to turn it — a loud clap of thunder.)*

Flo. The lake still rises faster. — Leonard,
Leonard,
Canst thou not save us !

(Leonard tries the lock — it opens with a violent noise, and the portcullis rises.)
A loud strain of wild music. — There may be a Chorus here.

¹ If it could be managed to render the rising of the lake visible, it would answer well for a coup-de-theatre.

[Oswald enters the apartment, and brings out a scroll.

Leo. The lake is ebbing with as wondrous haste

As late it rose—the drawbridge is left dry!

Osw. This may explain the cause.—
(Gullctammer offers to take it.) But soft you, sir,

We'll not disturb your learning for the matter; Yet, since you've borne a part in this strange drama,

You shall not go ungerdon'd. Wise or learn'd,

Modest or gentle, Heaven alone can make thee, Being so much otherwise; but from this abundance

Thou shalt have that shall gild thine ignorance,

Exalt thy base descent, make thy presumption Seem modest confidence, and find thee hundreds

Ready to swear that same fool's-cap of thine is reverend as a mitre.

Gul. Thanks, mighty baron, now no more a bare one!—

I will be quaint with him, for all his quips,

[Aside.

Osw. Nor shall kind Katleen lack Her portion in our happiness.

Kat. Thanks, my good lord, but Katleen's fate is fix'd—

There is a certain valiant forester, Too much afraid of ghosts to sleep nights In his lone cottage, without one to guard him.—

Leo. If I forget my comrade's faithful friendship,

May I be lost to fortune, hope, and love!

Dur. Peace, all! and bear the blessing which this scroll

Speaks unto faith, and constancy, and virtue.

No more this castle's troubled guest,

Dark Erick's spirit hath found rest.

The storms of angry Fate are past—

For Constancy defies their blast—

Of Devorgoil the daughter free

Shall wed the Heir of Azlounby;

Nor ever more dishonour soil

The rescued house of Devorgoil!

Auchindrane;

OR,

THE AYRSHIRE TRAGEDY.

Cur aliquid vidi? cur noxia lumina feci

Cur imprudenti cognita culpa mihi est?

Ovidii *Tristium, Liber Secundus.*

PREFACE.

There is not, perhaps, upon record, a tale of horror which gives us a more perfect picture than is afforded by the present, of the violence of our ancestors, or the complicated crimes into which they were hurried, by what their wise, but ill-enforced, laws termed the heathenish and accursed practice of Deadly Fend. The author has tried to extract some dramatic scenes out of it; but he is conscious no exertions of his can increase the horror of that which is in itself so iniquitous. Yet, if we look at modern events, we must not too hastily venture to conclude that our own times have so much the superiority over former days as we might at first be tempted to infer. One great object has indeed been obtained. The power of the laws extends over the country universally, and if criminals at present sometimes escape punishment, this can only be by eluding justice,—not, as of old, by defying it.

But the motives which influence modern ruffians to commit actions at which we pause with wonder and horror, arise, in a great measure, from the thirst of gain. For the hope

of lucre, we have seen a wretch seduced to his fate, under the pretext that he was to share in amusement and conviviality; and, for gold, we have seen the meanest of wretches deprived of life, and their miserable remains cheated of the grave.

The loftier, if equally cruel, feelings of pride, ambition, and love of vengeance, were the idols of our forefathers, while the caitiffs of our day bend to Mammon, the meanest of the spirits who fell! The criminals, therefore, of former times, drew their hellish inspiration from a loftier source than is known to modern villains. The fever of unsated ambition, the frenzy of ungratified revenge, the *persecutum injuriam Scotorum*, stigmatized by our jurists and our legislators, held life but as passing breath; and such enormities as now sound like the acts of a madman, were then the familiar deeds of every offended noble. With these observations we proceed to our story.

1* — Mammon led them on:
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From Heaven."—Milton.

John Muir, or Mure, of Auchindrane, the contriver and executor of the following cruelties, was a gentleman of an ancient family and good estate in the west of Scotland; bold, ambitious, treacherous to the last degree, and utterly unconscientious,—a Richard the Third in private life, inaccessible alike to pity and to remorse. His view was to raise the power, and extend the grandeur, of his own family. This gentleman had married the daughter of Sir Thomas Kennedy of Barganie, who was, excepting the Earl of Cassilis, the most important person in all Carrick, the district of Ayrshire which he inhabited, and where the name of Kennedy held so great a sway as to give rise to the popular rhyme,—

“Twixt Wigton and the town of Air,
Portpatrick and the Cruives of Cree,
No man need think for to hide there,
Unless he court Saint Kennedie.”

Now, Mure of Auchindrane, who had promised himself high advancement by means of his father-in-law Barganie, saw, with envy and resentment, that his influence remained second and inferior to the House of Cassilis, chief of all the Kennedys. The Earl was indeed a minor, but his authority was maintained, and his affairs well managed, by his uncle, Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne, the brother of the deceased Earl, and tutor and guardian to the present. This worthy gentleman supported his nephew's dignity and the credit of the house so effectually, that Barganie's consequence was much thrown into the shade, and the ambitious Auchindrane, his son-in-law, saw no better remedy than to remove so formidable a rival as Cullayne by violent means.

For this purpose, in the year of God 1597, he came with a party of followers to the town of Maybole, (where Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne then resided,) and lay in ambush in an orchard, through which he knew his destined victim was to pass, in returning homewards from a house where he was engaged to sup. Sir Thomas Kennedy came alone, and unattended, when he was suddenly fired upon by Auchindrane and his accomplices, who, having missed their aim, drew their swords, and rushed upon him to slay him. But the party thus assailed at disadvantage, had the good fortune to hide himself for that time in a ruinous house, where he lay concealed till the inhabitants of the place came to his assistance.

Sir Thomas Kennedy prosecuted Mure for this assault, who, finding himself in danger from the law, made a sort of apology and agreement with the Lord of Cullayne, to whose daughter he united his eldest son, in testimony of the closest friendship in future. This agreement was sincere on the part of Kennedy, who, after it had been entered into, showed himself Auchindrane's friend, and assistant on all occasions. But it was most false and treacherous on that of Mure, who continued to nourish the purpose of murdering his new friend and ally on the first opportunity.

Auchindrane's first attempt to effect this was by means of the young Gilbert Kennedy

of Barganie, (for old Barganie, Auchindrane's father-in-law, was dead,) whom he persuaded to brave the Earl of Cassilis, as one who usurped an undue influence over the rest of the name. Accordingly, this hot-headed youth, at the instigation of Auchindrane, rode past the gate of the Earl of Cassilis, without waiting on his chief, or sending him any message of civility. This led to mutual defiance, being regarded by the Earl, according to the ideas of the time, as a personal insult. Both parties took the field with their followers, at the head of about 250 men on each side. The action which ensued was shorter and less bloody than might have been expected. Young Barganie, with the rashness of headlong courage, and Auchindrane, fired by deadly enmity to the House of Cassilis, made a precipitate attack on the Earl, whose men were strongly posted and under cover. They were received by a heavy fire. Barganie was slain. Mure of Auchindrane, severely wounded in the thigh, became unable to sit his horse, and, the leaders thus slain or disabled, their party drew off without continuing the action. It must be particularly observed, that Sir Thomas Kennedy remained neuter in this quarrel, considering his connexion with Auchindrane as too intimate to be broken even by his desire to assist his nephew.

For this temperate and honourable conduct he met a vile reward; for Auchindrane, in resentment of the loss of his relative Barganie, and the downfall of his ambitious hopes, continued his practices against the life of Sir Thomas of Cullayne, though totally innocent of contributing to either. Chance favoured his wicked purpose.

The Knight of Cullayne, finding himself obliged to go to Edinburgh on a particular day, sent a message by a servant to Mure, in which he told him, in the most unsuspecting confidence, the purpose of his journey, and named the road which he proposed to take, inviting Mure to meet him at Duppill, to the west of the town of Ayr, a place appointed, for the purpose of giving him any commissions which he might have for Edinburgh, and assuring his treacherous ally he would attend to any business which he might have in the Scottish metropolis as anxiously as to his own. Sir Thomas Kennedy's message was carried to the town of Maybole, where his messenger, for some trivial reason, had the import committed to writing by a schoolmaster in that town, and despatched it to its destination by means of a poor student, named Dalrymple, instead of carrying it to the house of Auchindrane in person.

This suggested to Mure a diabolical plot. Having thus received tidings of Sir Thomas Kennedy's motions, he conceived the infernal purpose of having the confiding friend who sent the information, waylaid and murdered at the place appointed to meet with him, not only in friendship, but for the purpose of rendering him service. He dismissed the messenger Dalrymple, cautioning the lad to carry back the letter to Maybole, and to say that he had not found him, Auchindrane, in his house. Having taken this precaution, he proceeded to instigate the brother of the slain Gilbert of Barganie, Thomas Kennedy of Drumurghie by name, and Walter Mure of Cloncaird, a

kinsman of his own, to take this opportunity of revenging Bargame's death. The fiery young men were easily induced to undertake the crime. They waylaid the unsuspecting Sir Thomas of Cullayne at the place appointed to meet the traitor Auchindrane, and the murderers having in company five or six servants, well mounted and armed, assaulted and cruelly murdered him with many wounds. They then plundered the dead corpse of his purse, containing a thousand merks in gold, cut off the gold buttons which he wore on his coat, and despoiled the body of some valuable rings and jewels.¹

The revenge due for his uncle's murder was keenly pursued by the Earl of Cassilis. As the murderers fled from trial, they were declared outlaws; which doom, being pronounced by three blasts of a horn, was called "being put to the horn, and declared the king's rebel." Mure of Auchindrane was strongly suspected of having been the instigator of the crime. But he conceived there could be no evidence to prove his guilt if he could keep the boy Dalrymple out of the way, who delivered the letter which made him acquainted with Cullayne's journey, and the place at which he meant to halt. On the contrary, he saw, that if the lad could be produced at the trial, it would afford ground of fatal presumption, since it could be then proved that persons so nearly connected with him as Kennedy and Cloncaird had left his house, and committed the murder at the very spot which Cullayne had fixed for their meeting.

To avoid this imminent danger, Mure brought Dalrymple to his house, and detained him there for several weeks. But the youth tiring of this confinement, Mure sent him to reside with a friend, Montgomery of Skellmorly, who maintained him under a borrowed name, amid the desert regions of the then almost savage island of Arran. Being confident in the absence of this material witness, Auchindrane, instead of flying, like his agents Drumurghie and Cloncaird, presented himself boldly at the bar, demanded a fair trial, and offered

his person in combat to the death against any of Lord Cassilis's friends who might impugn his innocence. This audacity was successful, and he was dismissed without trial.

Still, however, Mure did not consider himself safe, so long as Dalrymple was within the realm of Scotland; and the danger grew more pressing when he learned that the lad had become impatient of the restraint which he sustained in the island of Arran, and returned to some of his friends in Ayrshire. Mure no sooner heard of this than he again obtained possession of the boy's person, and a second time concealed him at Auchindrane, until he found an opportunity to transport him to the Low Countries, where he contrived to have him enlisted in Buccleuch's regiment; trusting, doubtless, that some one of the numerous chances of war might destroy the poor young man whose life was so dangerous to him.

But after five or six years' uncertain safety, brought at the expense of so much violence and cunning, Auchindrane's fears were exaggerated into frenzy, when he found this dangerous witness, having escaped from all the perils of climate and battle, had left, or been discharged from, the Legion of Borderers, and had again accomplished his return to Ayrshire. There is ground to suspect that Dalrymple knew the nature of the hold which he possessed over Auchindrane, and was desirous of extorting from his fears some better provision than he had found either in Arran or the Netherlands. But if so, it was a fatal experiment to tamper with the fears of such a man as Auchindrane, who determined to rid himself effectually of this unhappy young man.

Mure now lodged him in a house of his own, called Chapeltonan, tenanted by a vassal and connexion of his called James Bannatyne. This man he commissioned to meet him at ten o'clock at night on the sea-sands near Girvan, and bring with him the unfortunate Dalrymple, the object of his fear and dread. The victim seems to have come with Bannatyne without the least suspicion, though such might have been raised by the time and place

1 "No papers which have hitherto been discovered appear to afford so striking a picture of the savage state of barbarism into which that country must have sunk, as the following Bond by the Earl of Cassilis, to his brother and heir-apparent, Hew, Master of Cassilis. The uncle of these young men, Sir Thomas Kennedy of Culzean, tutor of Cassilis, as the reader will recollect, was murdered, May 11th, 1602, by Auchindrane's accomplices.

"The Master of Cassilis, for many years previous to that event, was in open hostility to his brother. During all that period, however, the Master maintained habits of the closest intimacy with Auchindrane and his dissolute associates, and actually joined him in various hostile enterprises against his brother the Earl. The occurrence of the Laird of Culzean's murder was embraced by their mutual friends, as a fitting opportunity to effect a permanent reconciliation between the brothers: 'bot, (as 'the Historie of the Kennedies,' p. 66, quaintly informs us) 'the country thought that he wald not be cirrest in that cause, for the said laird betwix him and Auchindrane.' The unprincipled Earl, (whose *sobriquet*, and that of some of his ancestors, was King of Garrick, to denote the boundless sway which he exercised over his own vassals and the inhabitants of that district,) relying on his brother's necessities, held out the infamous bribe contained in the following bond, to induce his brother, the Master of Cassilis, to murder his former friend, the old Laird of Auchindrane. Though there be honour among thieves, it would seem that there is none among assassins; for the younger brother insisted upon having the price of blood

assured to him by a written document, drawn up in the form of a regular bond!

"Judging by the Earl's former and subsequent history, he probably thought that, in either event, his purposes would be attained, by 'killing two birds with one stone.' On the other hand, however, it is but doing justice to the Master's astuteness, and the experience acquired under his quondam preceptor, Auchindrane, that we should likewise conjecture that, on his part, he would hold firm possession of the bond, to be used as a checkmate against his brother, should he think fit afterwards to turn his heel upon him, or attempt to betray him into the hands of justice.

"The following is a correct copy of the bond granted by the Earl:— 'We, Johne, Earle of Cassilis, Lord Kennedy, etc., bindis and obligis us, that howsoever our brother, Hew Kennedy of Bronnston, with his complices, takis the Laird of Auchindraneis lyf, that we sall mak gold and tsackfoll payment to him and thame, of the soume of twelf hundred merks, yearlie, togidder with corae to sex horsis, ay and quibill 2 we resaw 3 thame in household with our self: Beginning the first payment immediatlie efter their committing of the said deid. Attour, 4 howsoever we resaw thame in household, we sall pay to the twa serving gentilmen the feis, yearlie, as our awin household serwandis. And heiris we obligis us, upon our honour. Subscrivit with our hand, at Maybole, the ferd day of September, 1602.

"JOHNE ERLE OFF CASSILIS."
Pitcairn's Criminal Trials of Scotland, vol. iii. p. 622.
2 Aye and nutil. 3 Receive. 4 Moreover.

appointed for the meeting. When Bannatyne and Dalrymple came to the appointed spot, Auchindrane met them, accompanied by his eldest son, James. Old Auchindrane, having taken Bannatyne aside, imparted his bloody purpose of ridding himself of Dalrymple for ever, by murdering him on the spot. His own life and honour were, he said, endangered by the manner in which this inconvenient witness repeatedly thrust himself back into Ayrshire, and nothing could secure his safety but taking the lad's life, in which action he requested James Bannatyne's assistance. Bannatyne felt some compunction, and remonstrated against the cruel expedient, saying, it would be better to transport Dalrymple to Ireland, and take precautions against his return. While old Auchindrane seemed disposed to listen to this proposal, his son concluded that the time was come for accomplishing the purpose of their meeting, and, without waiting the termination of his father's conference with Bannatyne, he rushed suddenly on Dalrymple, beat him to the ground, and, kneeling down on him, with his father's assistance accomplished the crime, by strangling the unhappy object of their fear and jealousy. Bannatyne, the witness, and partly the accomplice, of the murder, assisted them in their attempt to make a hole in the sand, with a spade which they had brought on purpose, in order to conceal the dead body. But as the tide was coming in, the holes which they made filled with water before they could get the body buried, and the ground seemed, to their terrified consciences, to refuse to be accessory to concealing their crime. Despairing of hiding the corpse in the manner they proposed, the murderers carried it out into the sea as deep as they dared wade, and there abandoned it to the billows, trusting that a wind, which was blowing off the shore, would drive these remains of their crime out to sea, where they would never more be heard of. But the sea, as well as the land, seemed unwilling to conceal their cruelty. After floating for some hours, or days, the dead body was, by the wind and tide, again driven on shore, near the very spot where the murder had been committed.

This attracted general attention, and when the corpse was known to be that of the same William Dalrymple whom Auchindrane had so often spirited out of the country, or concealed when he was in it, a strong and general suspicion arose, that this young person had met with foul play from the bold bad man who had shown himself so much interested in his absence. It was always said or supposed, that the dead body had bled at the approach of a grandchild of Mure of Auchindrane, a girl who, from curiosity, had come to look at a sight which others crowded to see. The bleeding of a murdered corpse at the touch of the murderer, was a thing at that time so much believed, that it was admitted as a proof of guilt; but I know no case, save that of Auchindrane, in which the phenomenon was supposed to be extended to the approach of the innocent kindred; nor do I think that the fact itself, though mentioned by ancient lawyers, was ever admitted to proof in the proceedings against Auchindrane.

It is certain, however, that Auchindrane found himself so much the object of suspicion from this new crime, that he resolved to fly from justice, and suffer himself to be declared a rebel and outlaw rather than face a trial. But his conduct in preparing to cover his flight with another motive than the real one, is a curious picture of the men and manners of the times. He knew well that if he were to shun his trial for the murder of Dalrymple, the whole country would consider him as a man guilty of a mean and disgraceful crime in putting to death an obscure lad, against whom he had no personal quarrel. He knew, besides, that his powerful friends, who would have interceded for him had his offence been merely burning a house, or killing a neighbour, would not plead for or stand by him in so pitiful a concern as the slaughter of this wretched wanderer.

Accordingly, Mure sought to provide himself with some ostensible cause for avoiding law, with which the feelings of his kindred and friends might sympathize; and none occurred to him so natural as an assault upon some friend and adherent of the Earl of Cassilis. Should he kill such a one, it would be indeed an unlawful action, but so far from being infamous, would be accounted the natural consequence of the avowed quarrel between the families. With this purpose, Mure, with the assistance of a relative, of whom he seems always to have had some ready to execute his worst purposes, beset Hugh Kennedy of Garriehorne, a follower of the Earl's, against whom they had especial ill-will, fired their pistols at him, and used other means to put him to death. But Garriehorne, a stout-hearted man, and well armed, defended himself in a very different manner from the unfortunate Knight of Collayne, and beat off the assailants, wounding young Auchindrane in the right hand, so that he wellnigh lost the use of it.

But though Auchindrane's purpose did not entirely succeed, he availed himself of it to circulate a report, that if he could obtain a pardon for firing upon his feudal enemy with pistols, weapons declared unlawful by act of Parliament, he would willingly stand his trial for the death of Dalrymple, respecting which he protested his total innocence. The King, however, was decidedly of opinion that the Mures, both father and son, were alike guilty of both crimes, and used intercession with the Earl of Abercorn, as a person of power in those western counties, as well as in Ireland, to arrest and transmit them prisoners to Edinburgh. In consequence of the Earl's exertions, old Auchindrane was made prisoner, and lodged in the tolbooth of Edinburgh.

Young Auchindrane no sooner heard that his father was in custody, than he became as apprehensive of Bannatyne, the accomplice in Dalrymple's murder, telling tales, as ever his father had been of Dalrymple. He, therefore, hastened to him, and prevailed on him to pass over for a while to the neighbouring coast of Ireland, finding him money and means to accomplish the voyage, and engaging in the meantime to take care of his affairs in Scotland. Secure, as they thought, in this precaution, old Auchindrane persisted in his innocence, and his son found security

to stand his trial. Both appeared with the same confidence at the day appointed, and braved the public justice, hoping to be put to a formal trial, in which Auchindrane reckoned upon an acquittal for want of the evidence which he had removed. The trial was, however, postponed, and Mure the elder was dismissed, under high security to return when called for.

But King James, being convinced of the guilt of the accused, ordered young Auchindrane, instead of being sent to trial, to be examined under the force of torture, in order to compel him to tell whatever he knew of the things charged against him. He was accordingly severely tortured; but the result only served to show that such examinations are as useless as they are cruel. A man of weak resolution, or a nervous habit, would probably have assented to any confession, however false, rather than have endured the extremity of fear and pain to which Mure was subjected. But young Auchindrane, a strong and determined ruffian, endured the torture with the utmost firmness, and by the constant audacity with which, in spite of the intolerable pain, he continued to assert his innocence, he spread so favourable an opinion of his case, that the detaining him in prison, instead of bringing him to open trial, was censured as severe and oppressive. James, however, remained firmly persuaded of his guilt, and by an exertion of authority quite inconsistent with our present laws, commanded young Auchindrane to be still detained in close custody till further light could be thrown on these dark proceedings. He was detained accordingly by the King's express personal command, and against the opinion even of his privy counsellors. This exertion of authority was much murmured against.

In the meanwhile, old Auchindrane, being, as we have seen, at liberty on pledges, skulked about in the west, feeling how little security he had gained by Dalrymple's murder, and that he had placed himself by that crime in the power of Bannatyne, whose evidence concerning the death of Dalrymple could not be less fatal than what Dalrymple might have told concerning Auchindrane's accession to the conspiracy against Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne. But though the event had shown the error of his wicked policy, Auchindrane could think of no better mode in this case than that which had failed in relation to Dalrymple. When any man's life became inconsistent with his own safety, no idea seems to have occurred to this inveterate ruffian, save to murder the person by whom he might himself be in any way endangered. He therefore attempted the life of James Bannatyne by more agents than one. Nay, he had nearly ripened a plan, by which one Pennyckue was to be employed to slay Bannatyne, while, after

the deed was done, it was devised that Mure of Auchinull, a connexion of Bannatyne, should be instigated to slay Pennyckue; and thus close up this train of murders by one, which, flowing in the ordinary course of deadly feud, should have nothing in it so particular as to attract much attention.

But the justice of Heaven would bear this complicated train of iniquity no longer. Bannatyne, knowing with what sort of men he had to deal, kept on his guard, and, by his caution, disconcerted more than one attempt to take his life, while another miscarried by the remorse of Pennyckue, the agent whom Mure employed. At length Bannatyne, tiring of this state of insecurity, and in despair of escaping such repeated plots, and also feeling remorse for the crime to which he had been accessary, resolved rather to submit himself to the severity of the law, than remain the object of the principal criminal's practices. He surrendered himself to the Earl of Abercorn, and was transported to Edinburgh, where he confessed before the King and council all the particulars of the murder of Dalrymple, and the attempt to hide his body by committing it to the sea.

When Bannatyne was confronted with the two Mures before the Privy Council, they denied with vehemence every part of the evidence he had given, and affirmed that the witness had been bribed to destroy them by a false tale. Bannatyne's behaviour seemed sincere and simple, that of Auchindrane more resolute and crafty. The wretched accomplice fell upon his knees, invoking God to witness that all the land in Scotland could not have bribed him to bring a false accusation against a master whom he had served, loved, and followed in so many dangers, and calling upon Auchindrane to honour God by confessing the crime he had committed. Mure the elder, on the other hand, boldly replied, that he hoped God would not so far forsake him as to permit him to confess a crime of which he was innocent, and exhorted Bannatyne in his turn to confess the practices by which he had been induced to devise such falsehoods against him.

The two Mures, father and son, were therefore put upon their solemn trial, along with Bannatyne, in 1611, and, after a great deal of evidence had been brought in support of Bannatyne's confession, all three were found guilty.¹ The elder Auchindrane was convicted of counselling and directing the murder of Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne, and also of the actual murder of the lad Dalrymple. Bannatyne and the younger Mure were found guilty of the latter crime, and all three were sentenced to be beheaded. Bannatyne, however, the accomplice, received the King's pardon, in consequence of his voluntary surrender and confession. The two Mures were

¹ "Efter pronouncing and declaring of the quhilk determination and delivrance of the saidis persones of Assaye," The Justice, in respect thairfor, be the mouth of Alexander Keenoyde, demester of Court, detestour and adjudger the saidis Johane Mure of Auchindrane elder, James Mure of Auchindrane younger, his eldest sone and appeirand sir, and James Bannatyne, called of Chapel-Doune, and ilk one of thame, to be tane to the mercat croce of the burcht of Edinburgh, and thair, upon sone scaffold, their heidis to be strukit frome thair bodies: And all thair landis, heritages, tokis, steidgies, rowmes,

possessiones, teyndis, cornes, rattell, inacht plenishing, gaidis, geir, lytilis, proffessis, commodities, and richtis quhatsumevir, directis or indirectis pertaining to thame, or ony of thame, at the committing of the saidis tresonabill Murthouris, or ony of thame, or to the quhilk thay, or ony of thame, had richt, claim, or action, to be forsaik, escheit, and to brocht to our somevay lordis vrye; as culpabill and convict of the saidis tresonabill crymes."

¹ "Quhilk was pronouced for Dome."
Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, vol. III., p. 166.

both executed. The younger was affected by the remonstrances of the clergy who attended him, and he confessed the guilt of which he was accused. The father, also, was at length brought to avow the fact, but in other respects died as impenitent as he had lived;—and so ended this dark and extraordinary tragedy.

The Lord Advocate of the day, Sir Thomas Hamilton, afterwards successively Earl of Melrose and of Haddington, seems to have busied himself much in drawing up a statement of this foul transaction, for the purpose of vindicating to the people of Scotland the severe course of justice observed by King James VI. He assumes the task in a high tone of prerogative law, and, on the whole, seems at a loss whether to attribute to Providence, or to his most sacred Majesty, the greatest share in bringing to light these mysterious villainies, but rather inclines to the latter opinion. There is, I believe, no printed copy of the intended tract, which seems never to have been published; but the curious will be enabled to judge of it, as it appears in the next *fasciculus* of Mr. Robert Pitcairn's very interesting publications from the Scottish Criminal Record.¹

The family of Auchindrane did not become extinct on the death of the two homicides. The last descendant existed in the eighteenth century, a poor and distressed man. The following anecdote shows that he had a strong feeling of his situation.

There was in front of the old castle a huge ash-tree called the Dule-tree (*mourning tree*) of Auchindrane, probably because it was the place where the Baron executed the criminals who fell under his jurisdiction. It is described as having been the finest tree of the neighbourhood. This last representative of the family of Auchindrane had the misfortune to be arrested for payment of a small debt; and, unable to discharge it, was prepared to accompany the messenger (bailiff) to the jail of Ayr. The servant of the law had compassion for his prisoner, and offered to accept of this remarkable tree as of value adequate to the discharge of the debt. "What!" said the debtor. "Sell the Dule-tree of Auchindrane! I will sooner die in the worst dungeon of your prison." In this luckless character the line of Auchindrane ended. The family, blackened with the crimes of its predecessors, became extinct, and the estate passed into other hands.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

John Mure of Auchindrane, an Ayrshire Baron.
He has been a follower of the Regent, Earl of

¹ See an article in the Quarterly Review, February, 1831, on Mr. Pitcairn's valuable collection, where Sir Walter Scott particularly dwells on the original documents connected with the story of Auchindrane; and where Mr. Pitcairn's important services in the history of his profession, and of Scotland, are justly characterised. (1833.)

² Sir Walter's review of the early parts of Mr. Pitcairn's Ancient Criminal Trials had, of course, much gratified the editor, who sent him, on his arrival in Edinburgh, the proof-sheets of the Number then in hand, and directed his attention particularly to its details on the extraordinary case of Mure of Auchindrane, A. D. 1611. Scott was so much interested with these documents, that

Morton, during the Civil Wars, and hides an oppressive, ferocious, and unscrupulous disposition, under some pretences to strictness of life and doctrine, which, however, never influence his conduct. He is in danger from the law, owing to his having been formerly active in the assassination of the Earl of Cassilis.

Philip Mure, his Son, a wild, debauched Profligate, professing and practising a contempt for his Father's hypocrisy, while he is as fierce and licentious as Auchindrane himself.

Gifford, their Relation, a Courtier.

Quentin Blane, a Youth, educated for a Clergyman, but sent by Auchindrane to serve in a Band of Auxiliaries in the Wars of the Netherlands, and lately employed as Clerk or Comptroller to the Regiment—Disbanded, however, and on his return to his native Country. He is of a mild, gentle, and rather feeble character, liable to be influenced by any person of stronger mind who will take the trouble to direct him. He is somewhat of a nervous temperament, varying from sadness to gaiety, according to the impulse of the moment, an amiable hypochondriac.

Hildebrand, a stout old Englishman, who, by feats of courage, has raised himself to the rank of Sergeant-Major, (then of greater consequence than at present.) He, too, has been disbanded, but cannot bring himself to believe that he has lost his command over his Regiment.

Abraham, Williams, Jenkia, And Others, { Privates dismissed from the same Regiment in which Quentin and Hildebrand had served. These are mutinous, and are much disposed to remember former quarrels with their late Officers.

Niel MacLellan, Keeper of Auchindrane Forest and Game.

Earl of Dubar, commanding an Army as Lieutenant of James I., for execution of Justice on Offenders.

Guards, Attendants, &c. &c.

Marion, Wife of Niel MacLellan.

Isabel, their Daughter, a Girl of six years old.
Other Children and Peasant Women.

Auchindrane;

OR,

THE AYRSHIRE TRAGEDY.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A rocky Bay on the Coast of Carrick, in Ayrshire, not far from the Point of Turnberry.
The Sea comes in upon a bold rocky Shore.
The remains of a small half-ruined Tower are seen on the right hand, overhanging the

he resolved to found a dramatic sketch on their terrible story; and the result was a composition far superior to any of his previous attempts of that nature. Indeed there are several passages in his "Ayrshire Tragedy"—especially that where the murdered corpse floats upright in the wake of the assassin's bark—(an incident suggested by a lamentable chapter in Lord Nelson's history)—which may bear comparison with anything but Shakspeare. Yet I doubt whether the prose narrative of the piece be not, on the whole, more dramatic than the versified scenes. It contains, by the way, some very striking allusions to the recent atrocities of Gill's Hill and the West Port."—*Lockhart*, vol. ix., p. 334.

Sea. There is a Vessel at a distance in the offing. A Boat at the bottom of the Stage lands eight or ten Persons, dressed like disabled Soldiers. They come straggl'ng forward with their knapsacks and bundles. Hildebrand, the Sergeant, belonging to the Party, a stout elderly man stands by the boat, as if superintending the disembarkation. Quentin remains apart.

Abraham. Farewell, the flats of Holland, and right welcome

The cliffs of Scotland! Fare thee well, black beer

And Schiedam gin! and welcome twopenny. Oatcakes, and usquebaugh!

Williams (who wants an arm) Farewell, the gallant field, and "Forward, pikemen!"

For the bridge-end, the suburb, and the lane; And, "Bless your honour, noble gentlemen, Reimerober a poor soldier!"

Abr. My tongue shall never need to smooth itself

To such poor sounds, while it can boldly say, "Stand and deliver!"

Wil. Hush, the sergeant hears you!

Abr. And let him hear; he makes a bustle yonder,

And dreams of his authority, forgetting We are dishanded o'en, o'er whom his halberd Has not such influence as the headie's baton. We are no soldiers now, but every one The lord of his own person.

Wil. A wretched lordship—and our freedom such

As that of the old cart-horse, when the owner Turns him upon the common. I for one Will still continue to respect the sergeant, And the comptroller, too,—while the cash lasts.

Abr. I scorn them both. I am too stout a Scots-man

To bear a Sou'-ron's rule an instant longer Than discipline obliges; and for Quento, Quentin the quillman, Quentin the comptroller.

We have no regiment now; or, if we had, Quentin's no longer clerk to it.

Wil. For shame! for shame! What, shall old comrades jar thus,

And on the verge of parting, and for ever!—Nay, keep thy temper, Abraham, though a bad one.—

Good Master Quentin, let thy song last night Give us once more our welcome to old Scotland.

Abr. Ay, they sing light whose task is telling money.

When dollars clink for chorus.

Que. I've done with counting silver, honest Abraham,

As thou, I fear, with pouching thy small share on't.

But lend your voices, lads, and I will sing As hithely yet as if a town were won;

As if upon a field of hattle gain'd, Our banners waved victorious.

[*He sings, and the rest bear chorus.*]

SONG.

Hither we come,
Once slaves to the drum,

But no longer we list to its rattle;

Adieu to the wars.

With their slashes and scars,

The march, and the storm, and the battle.

There are some of us maim'd,

And some that are lamed,

And some of old aches are complaining;

But we'll take up the tools,

Which we flung by like fools,

'Gainst Don Spaniard to go a-campaigning.

Dick Hawthorn doth vow

To return to the plough,

Jack Steele to his anvil and hammer;

The weaver shall find room

At the wight-wapping loom,

And your clerk shall teach writing and grammer.

Abr. And this is all that thou canst do, gay Quentin?

To swagger o'er a herd of parish brats, Cut cheese or dibble onions with thy poniard, And turn the sheath into a ferula?

Que. I am the prodigal in holy writ;

I cannot work,—to beg I am ashamed.

Besides, good mates, I care not who may know it,

I'm e'en as fairly tired of this same fighting, As the poor cur that's worried in the shambles

By all the mastiff dogs of all the butchers;

Wherefore, farewell sword, poniard, petronel,

And welcome poverty and peaceful labour.

Abr. Clerk Quentin, if of fighting thou art tired,

By my good word, thou'rt quickly satisfied,

For thou'st seen but little on't.

Wil. Thou dost belie him—I have seen him fight

Bravely enough for one in his condition.

Abr. What he? that counter-casting, smock-faced boy?

What was he but the colonel's scribbling drudge,

With men of straw to stuff the regiment roll;

With cipherings unjust to cheat his comrades,

And cloak false musters for our noble captain!

He bid farewell to sword and petronel!

He should have said, farewell my pen and standish.

These, with the rosin used to hide erasures, Were the best friends he left in camp behind him.

Que. The sword you scoff at is not far, but scorns

The threats of an unmanner'd mtineer.

Ser. (interposes) We'll have no brawling— Shall it e'er be said,

That being comrades six long years together, While gulping down the frowsy fogs of Hol-

land,

We tilted at each other's throats so soon

As the first draught of native air refresh'd them?

No! by Saint Dunstan, I forbid the combat.

You all, methinks, do know this trusty halberd;

For I opine, that every back amongst you

Hath felt the weight of the tough ashens staff, Endlong or overthwart. Who is it wishes

A remembrancer now? [*Raises his halberd.*]

Abr. Comrades, have you ears
To hear the old man bully? Eyes to see
His staff rear'd o'er your heads, as o'er the
hounds
The huntsman cracks his whip?

Wil. Well said—stout Abraham has the
right on't.—

I tell thee, sergeant, we do reverence thee.
And pardon the rash humours thou hast
caught,

Like wiser men, from thy authority.
'Tis ended, howsoever, and we'll not suffer
A word of sergentry, or halberd-staff,
Nor the most petty threat of discipline.
If thou wilt lay aside thy pride of office,
And drop thy wont of swaggering and com-
manding,

Thou art our comrade still for good or evil.
Else take thy course apart, or with the clerk
there—

A sergeant thou, and he being all thy regi-
ment.

Ser. Is't come to this, false knaves! And
think you not,

That if you bear a name o'er other soldiers,
It was because you follow'd to the charge
One that had zeal and skill enough to lead
you

Where fame was won by danger?

Wil. We grant thy skill in leading, noble
sergeant;

Witness some empty boots and sleeves
amongst us,

Which else had still been tenanted with limbs
in the full quantity; and for the arguments
With which you used to buck our resolution,
Our shoulders do record them. At a word,
Will you conform, or must we part our com-
pany?

Ser. Conform to you? Base dogs! I would
not lead you

A bolt-flight farther to be made a general.
Mean mutineers! when you swill'd off the
dregs

Of my poor sea-stores, it was, "Noble Ser-
geant—

Heaven bless old Hildebrand—we'll follow
him,

At least, until we safely see him lodged
Within the merry bounds of his own Eng-
land!"

Wil. Ay, truly, sir; but, mark, the ale was
mighty.

And the Geneva potent. Such stout liquor
Makes violent pro'estations. Sink it round,
If you have any left, to the same tune,
And we may find a chorus for it still.

Abr. We lose our time.—Tell us at once,
old man,

If thou wilt march with us, or stay with
Quentin?

Ser. Out, mutineers! Dishonour dog your
heels!

Abr. Wilful will have his way. Adieu,
stout Hildebrand!

[*The Soldiers go off laughing, and taking
leave, with mockery, of the Sergeant
and Quentin, who remain on the
Stage.*]

Ser. (after a pause.) Fly you not with the
rest!—fall you to follow

Yon goodly fellowship and fair example!
Come, take your wild-goose flight. I know
you Scots,

Like your own sea-fowl, seek your course to-
gether.

Que. Faith, a poor heron I, who wing my
flight

In loneliness, or with a single partner;
And right it is that I should seek for solitude,
Bringing but evil luck on them I herd with.

Ser. Thou'rt thankless. Had we landed on
the coast,

Where our course bore us, thou wert far from
home;

But the fierce wind that drove us round the
island,

Barring each port and inlet that we aim'd at,
Hath wafted thee to harbour; for I judge
This is thy native land we disembark on.

Que. True, worthy friend. Each rock, each
stream I look on,

Each bosky wood, and every frowning tower,
Awakens some young dream of infancy.

Yet such is my hard hap, I toight more safely
Have look'd on Indian cliffs, or Afric's desert,
Than on my native shores. I'm like a babe,
Doom'd to draw poison from my nurse's bo-
som.

Ser. Thou dream'st, young man. Unreal
terrors haunt,

As I have noted, giddy brains like thine—
Flighty, poetic, and imaginative—

To whom a minstrel whim gives idle rapture,
And, when it fades, fantastic misery.

Que. But mine is not fantastic. I can tell
thee,

Since I have known thee still my faithful
friend,

In part at least the dangerous plight I stand
in.

Ser. And I will hear thee willingly, the
rather

That I would let these vagabonds march on,
Nor join their troop again. Besides, good
sooth,

I'm wearied with the toil of yesterday,
And revel of last night.—And I may aid thee,
Yes, I may aid thee, comrade, and perchance
Thou mayst advantage me.

Que. May it prove well for both!—But note,
my friend,

I can but intimate my mystic story.
Some of it lies so secret,—even the winds

That whistle round us must not know the
whole—

An oath!—an oath!—

Ser. That must be kept, of course
I ask but that which thou mayst freely tell.

Que. I was an orphan boy, and first saw
light

Not far from where we stand—my lineage
low,

But honest in its poverty. A lord,
The master of the soil for many a mile,

Dreaded and powerful, took a kindly charge
For my advance in letters, and the qualities

Of the poor orphan lad drew some applause.
The knight was proud of me, and, in his halls,

I had such kind of welcome as the great
Give to the homble, whom they love to point

to

As objects not unworthy their protection,
Whose progress is some honour to their pa-
tron—

A cure was spoken of, which I might serve,
My manners, doctrine, and acquirements fit-
ting.

Ser. Hitherto thy luck
Was of the best, good friend. Few lords had
cared
If thou couldst read thy grammar or thy psal-
ter.

Thou hadst been valued couldst thou scour a
harness,
And dress a steed distinctly.

Que. My old master
Held different doctrine, at least it seem'd so—
But he was mix'd in many a deadly feud—
And here my tale grows mystic. I became,
I'nwitting and unwilling, the depository
Of a dread secret, and the knowledge on't
Has wreck'd my peace for ever. It became
My patron's will, that I, as one who knew
More than I should, must leave the realm of
Scotland.

And live or die within a distant land.
Ser. Ah! thou hast done a fault in some
wild raid.
As you wild Scotsmen call them.

Que. Comrade, nay,
Mine was a peaceful part, and happ'd by
chance.
I must not tell you more. Enough, my pre-
sence

Brought danger to my benefactor's house.
Tower after tower conceal'd me, willing still
To hide my ill-omen'd face with owls and
ravens,

And let my patron's safety be the purchase
Of my severe and desolate captivity.
So thought I, when dark Arran, with its walls
Of native rock, enclosed me. There I lurk'd,
A peaceful stranger amid armed clans,
Without a friend to love or to defend me.
Where all beside were link'd by close alli-
ances.

At length I made my option to take service
In that same legion of auxiliaries
In which we lately served the Belgian.
Our leader, stout Montgomery, hath been kind
Through full six years of warfare, and as-
sign'd me
More peaceful tasks than the rough front of
war,
For which my education little suited me.

Ser. Ay, therein was Montgomery kind in-
deed;
Nay, kinder than you think, my simple Quen-
tin.

The letters which you brought to the Mont-
gomery,
Pointed to thrust thee on some desperate ser-
vice,
Which should most likely end thee.

Que. Bore I such letters?—Surely, com-
rade, no.
Full deeply was the writer bound to aid me.
Perchance he only meant to prove my mettle;
And it was but a trick of my bad fortune
That gave his letters ill interpretation.

Ser. Ay, but thy better angel wrought for
good.
Whatever ill thy evil fate designed thee.
Montgomery pitied thee, and changed thy ser-
vice

In the rough field for labour in the tent,
More fit for thy green years and peaceful
habits.

Que. Even there his well-meant kindoess
injured me.
My comrades hated, undervalued me,

And whatsoever of service I could do them,
They gaeidon'd with ingratitude and envy—
Such my strange doom, that if I serve a man
At deepest risk, he is my foe for ever!

Ser. Hast thou worse fate than others if it
were so!
Worse even than me, thy friend, thine officer,
Whom yon ungrateful slaves have pitch'd
ashore,

As wild waves heap the sea-weed on the
beach,
And left him here, as if he had the pest
Or leprosy, and death were in his company?

Que. They think at least you have the worst
of plagues,
The worst of leprosy.—they think you poor.

Ser. They think like lying villains then, I'n
rich,
And they too might have felt it. I've a
thought—

But stay—what plans your wisdom for your-
self?

Que. My thoughts are wellnigh desperate.
But I purpose

Return to my stern patron—there to tell him
That wars, and winds, and waves, have cross'd
his pleasure,
And cast me on the shore from whence he
banish'd me.

Then let him do his will, and destine for me
A dungeon or a grave.

Ser. Now, by the rood, thou art a simple
fool!

I can do better for thee. Mark me, Quentin.
I took my license from the noble regiment,
Partly that I was worn with age and warfare,
Partly that an estate of yeomanry,
Of no great purchase, but enough to live on.
Has call'd me yowker since a kinsman's death.
It lies in merry Yorkshire, where the wealth
Of fold and furrow, proper to Old England,
Stretches by streams which walk no sluggish
pace,

But dance as light as yours. Now, good friend
Quentin,

This copyhold can keep two quiet inmates,
And I am childless. Wilt thou be my son?

Que. Nay, you can only jest, my worthy
friend!

What claim have I to be a burden to you?
Ser. The claim of him that wants, and is in
danger,

On him that has, and can afford protection:
Thou wouldst not fear a foeman in my cot-
tage,

Where a stout mastiff slumber'd on the
hearth,

And this good halberd hung above the chim-
ney?

But come—I have it—thou shalt earn thy
bread

Duly, and honourably, and usefully.
Our village schoolmaster hath left the parish,
Forsook the ancient schoolhouse with its yew-
trees,

That lurk'd beside a church two centuries
older,—

So long devotion took the lead of knowledge;
And since his little flock are shepherdless,
'Tis thou shalt be promoted in his room;
And rather than thou wantest scholars, ma'd,
Myself will enter pupil. Better late,
Our proverb says, than never to do well.
And look you, on the holydays I'd tell

To all the wondering boors and gaping children,
Strange tales of what the regiment did in
Flanders.

And thou shouldst say Amen, and be my war-
rant,
That I speak truth to them.

Que. Would I might take thy offer! But,
alas!

Thou art the hermit who compell'd a pilgrim,
In name of Heaven and heavenly charity,
'To share his roof and meal, but found too late
That he had drawn a curse on him and his.
By sheltering a wretch foredoom'd of heaven!

Ser. Thou talk'st in riddles to me.

Que.

If I do,

'Tis that I am a riddle to myself.

Thou know'st I am by nature born a friend
To glee and merriment; can make wild verses;
The jest or laugh has never stopp'd with me,
When once 'twas set a rolling.

Ser. I have known thee

A blithe companion still, and wonder now
Thou shouldst become thus crest-fallen.

Que. Does the lark sing her descant when
the falcon

Scales the blue vault with bolder wing than
hers,

And meditates a stoop? The mirth thou'st
noted

Was all deception, fraud—Hated enough
For other causes, I did veil my feelings
Beneath the mask of mirth,—laugh'd, aung,
and caroll'd,

To gain some interest in my comrades' bo-
soms,

Although mine own was bursting.

Ser. Thou'rt a hypocrite

Of a new order.

Que. But harmless as the innocuous snake,
Which bears the adder's form, lurks in his
haunts,

Yet neither hath his fang-teeth nor his poison.
Look you, kind Hildebrand, I would seem
merry,

Least other men should, tiring of my sadness,
Expel me from them, as the hunted wether
Is driven from the flock.

Ser. Faith, thou hast borne it bravely out.

Had I been ask'd to name the merriest fellow
Of all our muster-roll—that man wert thou.

Que. See'st thou, my friend, you brook dance
down the valley,

And sing blithe carols over broken rock
And tiny waterfall, kissing each shrub
And each gay flower it nurses in its passage,—
Where, think'st thou, is its source, the bonny
brook?—

It flows from forth a cavern, black and gloomy,
Sullen and sunless, like this heart of mine,
Which others see in a false glare of gaiety,
Which I have laid before you in its sadness.

Ser. If such wild fancies dog thee, where-
fore leave

The trade where thou wert safe 'midst others'
dangers,

And venture to thy native land, where fate
Lies on the watch for thee? Had old Mont-
gomery

Been with the regiment, thou hadst had no
congé.

Que. No, 'tis most likely—But I had a hope,
A poor vain hope, that I might live obscurely
In some far corner of my native Scotland,

Which, of all others, splinter'd into districts,
Differing in manners, families, even language,
Seem'd a safe refuge for the humble wretch,
Whose highest hope was to remain unheard
of

But fate has baffled me—the winds and waves,
With force resistless, have impell'd me hi-
ther—

Have driven me to the clime most dang'rous
to me;

And I obey the call, like the hurt deer,
Which seeks instinctively his native lair,
Though his heart tells him it is but to die
there.

Ser. 'Tis false, by Heaven, young man! This
same despair,

Though showing resignation in its banner,
Is but a kind of covert cowardice.

Wise men have said, that though our stars in-
cline,

They cannot force us—Wisdom is the pilot,
And if he cannot cross, he may evade them.

You lend an ear to idle anguries,
The fruits of our last revels—still most sad
Under the gloom that follows boisterous mirth,
As earth looks blackest after brilliant sun-
shine.

Que. No, by my honest word, I join'd the
revel,

And aided it with laugh, and song, and shout,
But my heart revell'd not; and, when the
mirth

Was at the loudest, on yon galliot's prow
I stood unmark'd, and gazed upon the land,
My native land—each cape and cliff I knew.

"Behold me now," I said, "your destined vic-
tim!"

So greets the sentenced criminal the heads-
man,

Who slow approaches with his lifted axe.

"Hither I come," I said, "ye kindred hills,
Whose darksome outline in a distant land
Haunted my slumbers; here I stand, thou
ocean,

Whose hoarse voice, murmuring in my dreams,
required me;

See me now here, ye winds, whose plaintive
wail,

On yonder distant shores, appear'd to call
me—

Summon'd, behold me." And the winds and
waves,

And the deep echoes of the distant mountain,
Made answer—"Come, and die!"

Ser. Fantastic all! Poor boy, thou art dis-
tracted

With the vain terrors of some feudal tyrant,
Whose frown hath been from infancy thy
hugbear.

Why seek his presence?

Que. Wherefore does the moth

Fly to the scorching taper? Why the bird,
Dazzled by lights at midnight, seek the net?

Why does the prey, which feels the fascina-
tion

Of the snake's glaring eye, drop in his jaws?

Ser. Such wild examples but refute them-
selves.

Let bird, let moth, let the coil'd adder's prey,
Resist the fascination and be safe.

'Thou goest not near this Baron—if thou goest,
I will go with thee. Known in many a field,
Which he in a whole life of petty feud
Has never dream'd of, I will teach the knight

To rule him in this matter—be thy warrant.
That far from him, and from his petty lord-
ship,

You shall henceforth tread English land, and
never

Thy presence shall alarm his conscience more.

Que. 'Twere desperate risk for both. I will
far rather

Hastily guide thee through this dangerous
province,

And seek thy school, thy yew-trees, and thy
church-yard;—

The last, perchance, will be the first I find.

Ser. I would rather face him.

Like a bold Englishman that knows his right,
And will stand by his friend. And yet 'tis
folly—

Fancies like these are not to be resisted;
'Tis better to escape them. Many a presage,
Too rashly braved, becomes its own accom-
plishment.

Then let us go—but whither? My old head
As little knows where it shall lie to-night,
As yonder murderers that left their officer,
As reckless of his quarters as these billows,
That leave the withered sea-weed on the
beach,

And care not where they pile it.

Que. Think not for that, good friend. We
are in Scotland,

And if it is not varied from its wont,
Each cot, that sends a curl of smoke to hea-
ven,

Will yield a stranger quarters for the night,
Simply because he needs them.

Ser. But are there none within an easy
walk

Give lodgings here for hire? for I have left
Some of the Doo's piastres, (though I kept
The secret from you gulls,) and I had rather
Pay the fair reckoning I can well afford,

And my host takes with pleasure, than I'd
cumber

Some poor man's roof with me and all my
wants,

And tax his charity beyond discretion.

Que. Some six miles hence there is a town
and hostelry—

But you are wayworn, and it is most likely
Our comrades must have fill'd it.

Ser. Out upon them!—
Were there a friendly mastiff who would lend
me

Half of his supper, half of his poor kennel,
I would help Honesty to pick his bones,
And share his straw, far rather than I'd sup
On jolly fare with these base varlets!

Que. We'll manage better; for our Scottish
dogs,

Though stout and trusty, are but ill-instructed
In hospitable rights—Here is a maiden,
A little maid, will tell us of the country,
And sorely it is changed since I have left it,
If we should fail to find a harbourage.

*Enter Isabel Macellan, a girl of about six years
old, bearing a milk-pail on her head; she stops
on seeing the Sergeant and Quentin.*

Que. There's something in her look that
doth remind me—

But 'tis not wonder I find recollections
In all that here I look on.—Pretty maid—

Ser. You're slow, and hesitate. I will be
spokesman.—

Good even, my pretty maiden—canst thou tell
us,

Is there a Christian house would render stran-
gers,

For love or guerdon, a night's meal and lodg-
ing?

Isa. Full surely, sir; wa dwell in yon old
house

Upon the cliff—they call it Chapeldonan.

[Points to the building.]

Our house is large enough, and if our supper
Chance to be scant, you shall have half of
mine,

For, as I think, sir, you have been a soldier.
Up yonder lies our house; I'll trip before,
And tell my mother she has guests a-coming;
The path is something steep, but you shall see
I'll be there first. I must chain up the dogs,
too;

Ninrod and Bloodylass are cross to strangers,
But gentle when you know them.

*[Exit, and is seen partially ascending
to the Castle.]*

Ser. You have spoke
Your country folk aright, both for the dogs
And for the folk—We had luck to light
On one too young for cunning and for selfish-
ness.—

He's in a reverie—a deep one sure,
Since the gibe on his country wakes him
not.—

Bestir thee, Quentin!

Que. 'Twas a wondrous likeness.

Ser. Likeness! of whom? I'll warrant thee
of one

Whom thou hast loved and lost. Such fanta-
sies

Live long in brains like thine, which fashion
visions

Of woe and death when they are cross'd in
love.

As most men are or have been.

Que. Thy guess hath touch'd me, though it
is but slightly.

'Mongst other woes; I knew, in former days,
A maid that view'd me with some glance of
favour;

But my fate carried me to other shores,
And she has since been wedded. I did think
on't

But as a bubble burst, a rainbow vanish'd;
It adds no deeper shade to the dark gloom
Which chills the springs of hope and life
within me.

Our guide hath got a trick of voice and fea-
ture

Like to the maid I spoke of—that is all.

Ser. She bounds before us like a gamesome
doe,

Or rather as the rock-hred eaglet soars
Up to her nest, as if she rose by will
Without an effort. Now a Netherlander,
One of our Froglaud friends, viewing the
scene,

Would take his oath that tower, and rock, and
maiden,

Were forms too light and lofty to be real,
And only some delusion of the fancy,
Such as men dream at sunset. I myself
Have kept the level ground so many years,
I have wellnigh forgot the art to climb,
Unless assisted by thy younger arm.

*[They go off as if to ascend to the Tower,
the Sergeant leaning upon Quentin.]*

SCENE II.

Scene changes to the Front of the Old Tower. Isabel comes forward with her Mother,—Marion speaking as they advance.

Mar. I blame thee not, my child, for bidding wanderers
Come share our food and shelter, if thy father
Were here to welcome them; but, Isabel,
He waits upon his lord at Auchindrane,
And comes not home to-night.

Isa. What then, my mother?
The travellers do not ask to see my father;
Food, shelter, rest, is all the poor men want,
And we can give them these without my father.

Mar. Thou canst not understand, nor I explain.

Why a lone female asks not visitants
What time her husband's absent.—(*Apart.*)
My poor child,

And if thou'rt wedded to a jealous husband,
Thou'lt know too soon the cause.

Isa (*partly overhearing what her mother says.*)
Ay, but I know already—Jealousy
Is, when my father chides, and you sit weeping.

Mar. Out, little spy! thy father never chides;
Or, if he does, 'tis when his wife deserves it.—
But to our strangers; they are old men, Isabel,
That seek this shelter? are they not?

Isa. One is old—
Old as this tower of oors, and worn like that,
Bearing deep marks of battles long since fought.

Mar. Some remnant of the wars; he's welcome, surely,

Bringing no quality along with him
Which can alarm suspicion—Well, the other?

Isa. A young man, gentle-voiced and gentle-eyed,
Who looks and speaks like one the world has
frown'd on;

But smiles when you smile, seeming that he
feels

Joy in your joy, though he himself is sad.
Brown hair, and downcast looks.

Mar. (*alarmed.*) 'Tis but an idle thought—it
cannot be! [*Listens.*]

I hear his accents—It is all too true—
My terrors were prophetic!

I'll compose myself,
And then accost him firmly. Thus it must be.

[*She retires hastily into the Tower.*
The voices of the Sergeant and Quentin
are heard ascending behind the
Scenes.

Qu. One effort more—we stand upon the
level.

I've seen thee work thee up glacis and cavalier
Steeper than this ascent, when canuon, culverine,
Musket, and hackbut, shower'd their shot
upon thee,

And form'd, with ceaseless blaze, a fiery garland

Round the defences of the post you storm'd.

[*They come on the Stage, and at the same time Marion re-enters from the Tower.*

Ser. Truly thou speak'st. I am the tardier,
That I, in climbing hither, miss the fire,

Which wont to tell me there was death in
loitering.—

Here stands, methinks, our hostess.

[*He goes forward to address Marion. Quentin, struck on seeing her, keeps back.*

Ser. Kind dame, you little lass hath brought
you strangers.

Willing to be a trouble, not a charge to you.
We are disbanded soldiers, but have means
Ample enough to pay our journey homeward.

Mar. We keep no house of general entertainment.

But know our duty, sir, to locks like yours,
Whiten'd and thinn'd by many a long campaign.

Ill chances that my husband should be absent—

(*Apart.*)—Courage alone can make me struggle through it—

For in your comrade, though he hath forgot me,

I spy a friend whom I have known in school-days,
And whom I think MacLellan well remembers.

[*She goes up to Quentin.*

You see a woman's memory
Is faithfuller than yours; for Quentin Blane
Hath not a greeting left for Marion Harkness.

Qu. (*with effort.*) I seek, indeed, my native
land, good Marion,

But seek it like a stranger.—All is changed,
And thou thyself—

Mar. You left a giddy maiden,
And find, on your return, a wife and mother.

Thine old acquaintance, Quentin, is my mate—
Stout Niel MacLellan, ranger to our lord,

The Knight of Auchindrane: He's absent now,
But will rejoice to see his former comrade,

If, as I trust, you tarry his return.
(*Apart.*) Heaven grant he understand my
words by contraries!

He must remember Niel and he were rivals;
He must remember Niel and he were foes;

He must remember Niel is warm of temper.
And think, instead of welcome, I would
blithely

Bid him, God speed you. But he is as simple
And void of guile as ever.

Qu. Marion, I gladly rest within your cottage,
And gladly wait return of Niel MacLellan,
To clasp his hand, and wish him happiness.

Some rising feelings might perhaps prevent
this—

But 'tis a peevish part to grudge our friends
Their share of fortune because we have
miss'd it;

I can wish others joy and happiness,
Though I must ne'er partake them.

Mar. But if it grieve you—

Qu. No! do not fear. The brightest gleams
of hope

That shine on me are such as are reflected
From those which shine on others.

[*The Sergeant and Quentin enter the Tower with the little Girl.*

Mar. (*comes forward, and speaks in agitation.*)
Even so! the simple youth has miss'd my
meaning.

I shame to make it plainer, or to say,
In one brief word, Pass on—Heaven guide the
bark,

For we are on the breakers!

[*Exit into the Tower.*

ACT II—SCENE I.

A withdrawing Apartment in the Castle of Auchindrane. Servant's place a Table, with a Flask of Wine and Drinking-Cups.

Enter Mure of Auchindrane, with Albert Gifford, his Relation and Visitor. They place themselves by the Table after some complimentary ceremony. At some distance is heard the noise of revelling.

Auch. We're better placed for confidential talk,

Than in the hall fill'd with disbanded soldiers,
And fools and fiddlers gather'd on the high-way.—

The worthy guests whom Philip crowds my hall with,

And with them spends his evening.

Gif. But think you not, my friend, that your son Philip

Should be participant of these our councils,
Being so deeply mingled in the danger—
Your house's only heir—your only son?

Auch. Kind cousin Gifford, if thou lack'st good counsel

At race, at cockpit, or at gambling table,
Or any freak by which men cheat themselves
As well of life, as of the means to live,
Call for assistance upon Philip Mure ;

But in all serious parley spare invoking him.

Gif. You speak too lightly of my cousin Philip ;

All name him brave in arms.

Auch. A second Bevis ;
But I, my youth bred up in graver fashions,
Mourn o'er the mode of life in which he spends,

Or rather dissipates, his time and substance.
No vagabond escapes his search—The soldier
Spurn'd from the service, henceforth to be ruffian

Upon his own account, is Philip's comrade ;
The fiddler, whose crack'd crown has still
three strings on't ;

The balladeer, whose voice has still two notes
left ;

Whate'er is roguish and whate'er is vile,
Are welcome to the board of Auchindrane,
And Philip will return them shout for shout,
And pledge for jovial pledge, and song for
song,

Until the shamefaced sun peep at our win-
dows,

And ask, "What have we here ?"

Gif. You take such revel deeply—we are
Scotsmen,

Far known for rustic hospitality,
That mind not birth or titles in our guests ;
The harper has his seat beside our hearth.
The wanderer must find comfort at our board,
His name unask'd, his pedigree unknown ;
So did our ancestors, and so must we.

Auch. All this is freely granted, worthy
kinsman ;

And prithee do not think me churl enough
I'o count how many sit beneath my salt.

I've wealth enough to fill my father's hall
Each day at noon, and feed the guests who
crowd it ;

I am near mate with those whom men call
Lord,

Though a rude western knight. But mark
me, cousin,

Although I feed wayfaring vagabonds,
I make them not my comrades. Such as I,
Who have advanced the fortunes of my line,
And swell'd a baron's turret to a palace,
Have oft the curse awaiting on our thirst,
To see, while yet we live, the things which
must be

At our decease—the downfall of our family.
The loss of land and lordship, name and
knighthood

The wreck of the fair fabric we have built,
By a degenerate heir. Philip has that
Of inborn meanness in him, that he loves not
The company of betters, nor of equals ;
Never at ease, unless he bears the bell,
And crows the loudest in the company.

He's mesh'd, too, in the snares of every female
Who deigns to cast a passing glance on him—
Licentious, disrespectful, rash, and profligate.

Gif. Come, my good coz, think we too have
been young,

And I will swear that in your father's lifetime
You have yourself been trapp'd by toys like
these.

Auch. A fool I may have been—but not a
madman ;

I never play'd the rake among my followers,
Pursuing this man's sister, that man's wife ;
And therefore never saw I man of mine.

When summon'd to obey my best, grow restive,
Talk of his honour, of his peace destroy'd,
And, while obeying, mutter threats of ven-
geance.

But now the humour of an idle youth,
Disgusting trusted followers, sworn dependen-
ts,

Plays football with his honour and my safety.

Gif. I'm sorry to find discord in your house,
For I had hoped, while bringing you cold news,
To find you arm'd in union 'gainst the danger.

Auch. What can man speak that I would
shrink to hear,

And where the danger I would deign to shun ?
[*He rises.*]

What should appal a man inured to perils,
Like the bold climber on the crags of Ailsa ?
Winds whistle past him, billows rage below,
The sea-fowl sweep around, with siriek and
clang,

One single slip, one unadvised pace,
One qualm of giddiness—and peace be with
him !

But he whose grasp is sure, whose step is
firm,

Whose brain is constant—he makes one proud
rock

The means to scale another, till he stand
Triumphant on the peak.

Gif. And so I trust

Thou wilt surmount the danger now approach-
ing,

Which scarcely can I frame my tongue to tell
you,

Though I rode here on purpose.

Auch. Cousin, I think thy heart was never
coward,

And strange it seems thy tongue should take
such semblance.

I've heard of many a loud-mouth'd, noisy
braggart,

Whose hand gave feeble sanction to his
tongue ;

But thou art one whose heart can think bold
things,

Whose hand can act them—but who shrinks
to speak them!

Gif. And if I speak them not, 'tis that I
shame

To tell thee of the calumnies that load thee.
Things loudly spoken at the city Cross—
Things closely whisper'd in our Sovereign's
ear—

Things which the plumed lord and flat-capp'd
citizen

Do circulate amid their different ranks—
Things false, no doubt; but, falsehoods while
I deem them.

Still honouring thee. I shun the odious topic.

Auch. Shun it not, cousin; 'tis a friend's
best office

To bring the news we hear unwillingly.
The sentinel, who tells the foe's approach,
And wakes the sleeping camp, does but his
duty:

Be thou as bold in telling me of danger,
As I shall be in facing danger told of.

Gif. I need not bid thee recollect the death-
feud

That raged so long betwixt thy house and
Cassilis;

I need not bid thee recollect the league,
When royal James himself stood mediator
Between thee and Earl Gilbert.

Auch. Call you these news?—You might as
well have told me

That old King Coil is dead, and grav'd at
Kylesfeld.

I'll help thee out—King James commanded
us

Henceforth to live in peace, made us clasp
hands too.

O, sir, when such an union hath been made,
In heart and hand conjoining mortal foes,
Under a monarch's royal mediation,
The league is not forgotten. And with this
What is there to be told?—The king com-
manded—

“Be friends” No doubt we were so—Who
dares doubt it?

Gif. You speak but half the tale.

Auch. By good Saint Trimon, but I'll tell
the whole!

There is no terror in the tale for me—1

Go speak of ghosts to children!—This Earl
Gilbert

(God saw him) loved Heaven's peace as well
as I did,

And we were wondrous friends where'er me
met

At church or market, or in burrows town.

'Midst this, our good Lord Gilbert, Earl of
Cassilis,

Takes purpose he would journey forth to
Edinburgh.

The King was doling gifts of abbey-lands,
Good things that th' holy house was wont to
fish for.

Our mighty Earl forsakes his sea-wash'd
castle,

Passes our borders some four miles from
hence;

And, holding it unwholesome to be fasters
long after sunrise, lo! The Earl and train
Dismount, to rest their pags and eat their
breakfast.

The morning rose, the small birds caroll'd
sweetly—

The corks were drawn, the pasty brooks in-
cision—

His lordship jests, his train are choked with
laughter

When.—wondrous change of cheer, and most
unlook'd for,

Strange epilogue to bottle and to baked
meat!—

Flash'd from the greenwood half a score of
carabines

And the good Earl of Cassilis, in his breakfast,
Had nooning, dinner, supper, all at once.

Even in the morning that he closed his jour-
ney;

And the grim sexton, for his chamberlain,
Made him the bed which rests the head for
ever.

Gif. Told with much spirit, cousin—some
there are

Would add, and in a tone resembling triumph.
And would that with these long establish'd
facts

My tale began and ended! I must tell you
That evil-deeming censures of the events,

Both at the time and now, throw bianie oo
thee—

Time, place, and circumstance, they say, pro-
claim thee,

Alike, the author of that morning's ambush.

Auch. Ay, 'tis an old belief in Carrick here,
Where natives do not always die in bed,

That if a Kennedy shall not attain
Methuselah's last span, a Mure has slain
him.

Such is the general creed of all their clan.
Thank Heaven, that they're bound to prove
the charge

They are so prompt in making. They have
clamour'd

Enough of this before, to show their malice.
But what said these coward pickthanks when
I came

Before the King, before the Justicers,
Rebutting all their calumnies, and daring
them

To show that I knew aught of Cassilis' jour-
ney—

Which way he meant to travel—where to
halt—

Without which knowledge I possess'd no
means

To dress an ambush for him? Did I not
Defy the assembled clan of Kennedys

To show, by proof direct or inferential,
Wherefore they slander'd me with this foul
charge?

My gauntlet rung before them in the court,
And I did dare the best of them to lift it,
And prove such charge a true one—Did I
not?

Gif. I saw your gauntlet lie before the Ken-
nedys,

Who look'd on it as men do on an adder,
Longing to crush, and yet afraid to grasp it.

Not an eye sparkled—not a foot advanced—
No arm was stretch'd to lift the fatal symbol.

Auch. Then, wherefore do the hidings
murmur now?

Wish they to see again, how one bold Mure
Can baffle and defy their assembled valour?

Gif. No; but they speak of evidence sup-
press'd.

1 There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats."

Shakspeare.

Auch. Suppress'd!—what evidence?—by whom suppress'd?

What Will-o'-Wisp—what idiot of a witness, Is he to whom they trace an empty voice, But cannot show his person?

Gif. They pretend, With the King's leave, to bring it to a trial; Averring that a lad, named Quentin Blane, Brought thee a letter from the murder'd Earl, With friendly greetings, telling of his journey, The hour which he set forth, the place he halted at

Affording thee the means to form the ambush, Of which your hatred made the application.

Auch. A prudent Earl, indeed, if such his practice,

When dealing with a recent enemy! And what should he propose by such strange confidence

In one who sought it not?
Gif. His purposes were kindly, say the Kennedys—

Desiring you would meet him where he halted, Offering to undertake whate'er commissions You listed trust him with, for court or city: And, thus apprised of Cassilis' purposed journey,

And of his halting place, you placed the ambush,

Prepared the homicides—
Auch. They're free to say their pleasure. They are men

Of the new court,—and I am but a fragment Of stout old Morton's faction. It is reason That such as I be rooted from the earth 'That they may have full room to spread their branches.

No doubt, 'tis easy to find strolling vagrants To prove whate'er they prompt. 'This Quentin Blane—

Did you not call him so?—why comes he now?

And wherefore not before? This must be answer'd—(abruptly)—

Where is he now?

Gif. Abroad—they say—kidnapp'd, By you kidnapp'd, that he might die in Flanders.

But orders have been sent for his discharge, And his transmission hither.

Auch. (assuming an air of composure.) When they produce such witness, cousin Gifford,

We'll be prepared to meet it. In the meanwhile,

The King doth ill to throw his royal sceptre In the accuser's scale, ere he can know How justice ahall incline it.

Gif. Our sage prince Resents, it may be, less the death of Cassilis, Than he is angry that the feud should burn, After his royal voice had said, "Be quench'd:" Thus urging prosecution less for slaughter, Than that, being done against the King's command,

Treason is mix'd with homicide.

Auch. Ha! ha! most true, my cousin. Why, well consider'd, 'tis a crime so great To slay one's enemy, the King forbidding it, Like parricide, it should be held impossible. 'Tis just as if a wretch retain'd the evil, When the King's touch had bid the sores be heal'd;

And such a crime merits the stake at least.

What! can there be within a Scottish bosom A feud so deadly, that it kept its ground When the King said, Be friends! It is not credible

Were I King James, I never would believe it: I'd rather think the story all a dream, And that there was no friendship, feud, nor journey,

No halt, no anshush, and no Earl of Cassilis, Than dream anointed Majesty has wrong!—
Gif. Speak within door, coz.

Auch. O, true—(aside)—I shall betray myself

Even to this half-bred fool—I must have room, Room for an instant, or I suffocate—
Cousin, I prithee call our Philip hither—

Forgive me; 'twere more meet I summon'd him

Myself; but then the sight of yonder revel Would chafe my blood, and I have need of coolness

Gif. I understand thee—I will bring him straight. [Exit.]

Auch. And if thou dost, he's lost his ancient trick

To fathom, as he wont, his five-pint flagons.— This space is mine—O for the power to fill it, Instead of senseless rage and empty curses, With the dark spell which witches learn from fiends,

That smites the object of their hate afar, Nor leaves a token of its mystic action, Stealing the soul from out the unscathed body, As lightning melts the blade, nor harms the scabbard!

—'Tis vain to wish for it—Each corse of mine Falls to the ground as harmless as the arrows Which children shoot at stars! The time for thought,

If thought could aught avail me, melts away, Like to a snowball in a schoolboy's hand, That melts the faster the more close he grasps it!—

If I had time, this Scottish Solomon, Whom some call son of David the Musician,¹ Might find it perilous work to march to Carrick.

There's many a feud still slumbering in its ashes,

Whose embers are yet red. Nobles we have, Stout as old Graysteel, and as hot as Bothwell;

Here too are castles look from crags as high On seas as wide as Logan's. So the King— Pshaw! He is here again—

Enter Gifford.

Gif. I heard your name The King, my kinsman; know, he comes not hither.

Auch. (affecting indifference.) Nay, then we need not broach our barrels, cousin, Nor purchase us new jerkins.—Comes not Philip?

Gif. Yes, sir. He carries but to drink a service

To his good friends at parting.
Auch. Friends for the beadle or the sheriff-officer.

Well, let it pass. Who comes, and how attended,
Since James designs not westward?

¹ The calumnious tale which ascribed the birth of James VI. to an intrigue of Queen Mary with Rizzio.

Gif. O you shall have, instead, his fiery
functionary,
George Home that was, but now Dunbar's
great Earl;
He leads a royal host, and comes to show you
How he distributes justice on the Border,
Where judge and hangman oft reverse their
office,
And the noose does its work before the sen-
tence.
But I have said my tidings best and worst.
None but yourself can know what course the
time
And peril may demand. To lift your banner,
If I might be a judge, were desperate game:
Ireland and Galloway offer you convenience
For flight, if flight be thought the better re-
medy;
To face the court requires the consciousness
And confidence of innocence. You alone
Can judge if you possess the attributes.

[*A noise behind the scenes.*]

Auch. Philip, I think, has broken up his
revels;
His ragged regiment are dispersing them,
Well liquor'd, doubtless. They're disbanded
soldiers,
Or some such vagabonds.—Here comes the
gallant

[*Enter Philip. He has a buff-coat and
head-piece, wears a sword and dagger,
with pistols at his girdle. He appears
to be affected by liquor, but to be by no
means intoxicated.*]

Auch. You scarce have been made known
to one another.
Although you sate together at the board.—
Son Philip, know and prize our cousin Gifford.

Phi. (*tastes the wine on the table*.) If you had
prized him, sir, you had been loth
To have welcomed him in bastard Alicant:
I'll make amends, by pledging his good jour-
ney

To glorious Burgundy—The stirrup-cup, ho!
And bring my cousin's horses to the court.

Auch. (*draws him aside.*) The stirrup-cup!
He does not ride to-night—
Shame on such churlish conduct to a kins-
man!

Phi. (*aside to his father.*) I've news of press-
ing import.
Send the fool off.—Stay, I will start him for
you.

(*To Gif.*) Yes, my kind cousin, Burgundy is
better,
On a night-ride, to those who thread our
moors.

And we may deal it freely to our friends,
For we came freely by it. Yonder ocean
Rolls many a purple cask upon our shore,
Rough with embossed shells and shagged sea-
weed.

When the good skipper and his careful crew
Have had their latest earthly draught of
brue.

And gone to quench, or to endure their thirst,
Where nectar's plenty, or even water's scarce,
And filter'd to the parched crew by drops full

Auch. Thou'rt mad, son Philip!—Gifford's
no intruder.

That we should rid him hence by such wild
rants:

My kinsman hither rode at his own danger,
To tell us that Dunbar is hasting to us,

With a strong force, and with the King's com-
mission,

To enforce against our house a hateful charge
With every measure of extremity.

Phi. And is this all that our good cousin
tells us?

I can say more, thanks to the ragged regi-
ment,

With whose good company you have upbraid-
ed me,

On whose authority, I tell thee, cousin,
Dunbar is here already.

Gif. Already?

Phi. Yes, gentle coz. And you, my sire, be
hasty

In what you think to do.

Auch. I think thou dardest not jest on such a
subject.

Where hadst thou these fell tidings?

Phi. Where you, too, might have heard
them, noble father,

Save that your ears, nail'd to our kinsman's
lips,

Would list no coarser accents. O, my soldiers,
My merry crew of vagabonds, for ever!

Scum of the Netherlands, and wash'd ashore
Upon this coast like unregarded sea weed.

They had not been two hours on Scottish
land,

When, lo! they met a military friend,
An ancient fourier, known to them of old,

Who, warm'd by certain stoups of searching
wine,

Inform'd his old companions that Dunbar
Left Glasgow yesterday, comes here to-mor-
row;

Himself, he said, was sent a spy before,
To view what preparations we were making.

Auch. (*to Gif.*) If this be sooth, good kins-
man, thou must claim

To take a part with us for life and death.
Or speed from hence, and leave us to our for-
lune.

Gif. In such dilemma,
Believe me, friend, I'd choose upon the in-
stant—

But I lack harness, and a steed to charge on,
For mine is overtired, and, save my page,
There's not a man to back me. But I'll hie
To Kyle, and raise my vassals to your aid.

Phi. 'Twill be when the rats,
That on these tidings fly this house of ours,
Come back to pay their rents.—(*Apart.*)

Auch. Courage, cousin—
Thou goest not hence ill mounted for thy
need:

Full forty coursers feed in my wide stalls,
The best of them is yours to speed your jour-
ney.

Phi. Stand not on ceremony, good our cou-
sin.

When safety signs, to shorten courtesy.

Gif. (*to Auch.*) Farewell, then, cousin, for
my tarrying here

Were ruin to myself, small aid to you;
Yet loving well your name and family,
I'd fain—

Phi. Be gone!—that is our object, too—
Kinsman, adieu.

[*Exit Gifford. Philip calls after him.*
You yeoman of the stable,

Give Master Gifford there my fleetest steed,
You cut-tail'd roan that treoubles at a spear.—

[*Trampling of the horse heard going off.*]

Hark! he departs. How swift the dastard
rides,

To shun the neighbourhood of jeopardy!

*[He lays aside the appearance of levity
which he has hitherto worn, and says
very seriously,*

And now, my father—

Auch. And now, my son— thou'st ta'en a
perilous game
Into thine hands, rejecting elder counsel,—
How dost thou mean to play it?

Phi. Sir, good gamesters play not
Till they review the cards which fate has
dealt them,

Computing thus the chances of the game;
And wofully they seem to weigh against us.

Auch. Exile's a passing ill, and may be
borne;
And when Dunbar and all his myrmidons
Are eastward turn'd, we'll seize our own
again.

Phi. Would that were all the risk we had
to stand to!

But more and worse,—a doom of treason, for-
feiture,

Death to ourselves, dishonour to our house,
Is what the stern Justiciary menaces;

And, fatally for us, he hath the oceans
To make his threatenings good.

Auch. It cannot be. I tell thee, there's no
force

In Scottish law to raze a house like mine,
Coeval with the time the Lords of Galloway
Submitted them unto the Scottish sceptre,
Renouncing rights of Lanistry and Brelon.
Some dreams they have of evidence; some
suspicion.

But old Montgomery knows my purpose
well,

And long before their mandate reach the
camp

To crave the presence of this mighty wit-
ness,

He will be fitted with an answer to it.

Phi. Father, what we call great, is often
ruin'd

By means so ludicrously disproportion'd,
They make me think upon the gunner's lin-
stock,

Which, yielding forth a light about the size
And semblance of the glowworm, yet ap-
plied

To powder, blew a palace into atoms,
Sent a young King—a young Queen's mate at
least—

Into the air, as high as e'er flew night-
hawk,

And made such wild work in the realm of
Scotland,

As they can tell who heard,—and you were
one

Who saw, perhaps, the night-flight which be-
gan it.

Auch. If thou hast nought to speak but
drunken folly,

I cannot listen longer.

Phi. I will speak brief and sudden.—There
is one

Whose tongue to us has the same perilous
force

Which Bothwell's powder had to Kirk of
Field;

One whose least tones, and those but peasant
accents,

Could rend the roof from off our fathers'
castle,

Level its tallest turret with its base;

And he that doth possess this wondrous
power

Sleeps this same night not five miles distant
from us.

Auch. *(who had looked on Philip with much
appearance of astonishment and doubt,
exclaims.)* Then thou art mad indeed!—
Ha! ha! I'm glad on't.

I'd purchase an escape from what I dread,
Even by the frenzy of my only son!

Phi. I thank you, but agree not to the bar-
gain.

You rest on what you civet cat has said:
Yon silken doublet, stuff'd with rotten straw,
Told you but half the truth, and knew no
more.

But my good vagrants had a perfect tale:
They told me, little judging the importance,
That Quentin Blane had been discharged with
them.

They told me, that a quarrel happ'd at land-
ing,

And that the youngster and an ancient ser-
geant

Had left their company, and taken refuge
In Chapel-donon, where our ranger dwells;

They saw him scale the cliff on which it
stands,

Ere they were out of sight; the old man with
him

And therefore laugh no more at me as mad;
But laugh, if thou hast list for merriment,

To think he stands on the same land with us,
Whose absence thou wouldst deem were
cheaply purchased

With thy soul's ransom and thy body's dan-
ger.

Auch. 'Tis then a fatal truth! Thou art no
yelper

To open rashly on so wild a scent;
Thou'rt the young bloodhound, which careers
and springs,

Frolics and fawns, as if the friend of man.

But seizes on his victim like a tiger

Phi. No matter what I am—I'm as you bred
me;

So let that pass till there be time to mend
me,

And let us speak like men, and to the pur-
pose.

This object of our fear and of our dread,
Since such our pride must own him, sleeps to-
night

Within our power:—to-morrow in Dunbar's,
And we are then his victims.

Auch. He is in *ours* to-night.

Phi. He is. I'll answer that MacLellan's
trusty.

Auch. Yet he replied to you to-day full
rudely.

Phi. Yes! The poor knave has got a hand-
some wife,

And is gone mad with jealousy.

Auch. Fool!—When we need the utmost
faith, allegiance,

Obedience, and attachment in our vassals,
Thy wild intrigues pour gall into their
hearts,

And turn their love to hatred!

Phi. Most reverend sire, you talk of ancient
morals,

Preach'd on by Knox, and practis'd by Glen-
cairn;¹

Respectable, indeed, but somewhat musty
In these our modern nostrils In our days,
If a young haron chance to leave his vassal
The sole posses-or of a handsome wife,
'Tis sign he loves his follower; and, if not,
He loves his follower's wife, which often
proves

The surer bond of patronage. Take either
case :

Favour flows in of course, and vassals rise.

Auch. Philip, this is infamous,
And, what is worse, impolitic. Take exam-
ple :

Break not God's laws or man's for each tem-
ptation

That youth and blood suggest. I am a man—
A weak and erring man;—full well thou
know'st

That I may hardly term myself a pattern
Even to my son;—yet thus far will I say,
I never swerved from my integrity,
Save at the voice of strong necessity,
Or such o'erpowering view of high advantage
As wise men liken to necessity,
In strength and force compulsive. No one
saw me

Exchange my reputation for my pleasure,
Or do the Devil's work without his wages.
I practis'd prudence, and paid tax to virtue,
By following her behests, save where strong
reason

Compell'd a deviation. Then, if preachers
At times look'd sour, or elders shook their
heads,

They could not term my walk irregular;
For I stood up still for the worthy cause,
A pillar, though a flaw'd one, of the altar,
Kept a strict walk, and led three hundred
horse.

Phi. Ah, these three hundred horse in auch
rough times

Were better commendation to a party
Than all your efforts at hypocrisy.
Betray'd so oft by avarice and ambition,
And dragg'd to open shame. But, righteous
father,

When sire and son unite in mutual crime,
And join their efforts to the same enmity,
It is no time to measure other's faults,
Or fix the amount of each. Most moral fa-
ther,

Think if it be a moment now to weigh
The vices of the Heir of Auchindraoe,
Or take precaution that the ancient house
Shall have another heir than the sly courtier
That's gaping for the forfeiture.

Auch. We'll disappoint him, Philip,—
We'll disappoint him yet. It is a folly,
A wilful cheat, to cast our eyes behind,
When time, and the fast fitting opportunity,
Call loudly, nay, compel us to look forward:
Why are we not already at MacLellan's,
Since there the victim sleeps?

1 Alexander, fifth Earl of Glencairn, for distinction called "The Good Earl," was among the first of the peers of Scotland who concurred in the Reformation, in aid of which he acted a conspicuous part, in the employment both of his sword and pen. In a remonstrance with the Queen Regent, he told her, that "if she violated the engagements which she had come under to her subjects, they would consider themselves as absolved from their allegiance to her." He was author of a satirical poem against the Roman Catho-

Phi. Nay, soft, I pray thee.
I had not made your piety my confessor,
Nor enter'd in debate on these sage councils,
Which you're more like to give than I to pro-
fit by.

Could I have used the time more usefully;
But first an interval must pass between
The fate of Quentin and the little artifice
That shall detach him from his comrade,
The stout old soldier that I told you of.

Auch. How work a point so difficult—so
dangerous?

Phi. 'Tis cared for. Mark, my father, the con-
venience

Arising from mean company. My agents
Are at my hand, like a good workman's tools,
And if I mean a mischief, ten to one
That they anticipate the deed and guilt.
Well knowing this, when first the vagrant's
tattle

Gave me the hint that Quentin was so near us,
Instant I sent MacLellan, with strong charges
To stop him for the night, and bring me word,
Like an accomplish'd spy, how all things stood,
Lulling the enemy into security.

Auch. There was a prudent general!

Phi. MacLellan went and came within the
hour.

The jealous bee, which buzzes in his night-
cap,

Had humm'd to him, this fellow, Quentin
Blane,

Had been in schoolboy days an humble lover
Of his own pretty wife—

Auch. Most fortunate!

The knave will be more prompt to serve our
purpose.

Phi. No doubt on't. 'Mid the tidings he
brought back

Was one of some importance The old man
Is flush of dollars; this I caused him tell
Among his comrades, who became as eager
To have him in their company, as e'er
They had been wild to part with him. And in
brief space,

A letter's framed by an old hand amongst
them,

Familiar with such feats. It bore the name
And character of old Montgomery.

Whom he might well suppose at no great dis-
tance,

Commanding his old Sergeant Hildebrand,
By all the ties of late authority,
Conjuring him by ancient soldiery,
To hasten to his mansion instantly,
On business of high import, with a charge
To come alone—

Auch. Well, he sets out, I doubt it not,—
what follows?

Phi. I am not curious into others' prac-
tices,—

So far I'm an economist in guilt,
As you my sire advise. But on the road
To old Montgomery's he meets his com-
rades,

lics, entitled "The Hermit of Allarait," (Loretto).—See *Subald's Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*.—He assisted the Reformers with his sword, when they took arms at Perth, in 1559; had a principal command in the army embodied against Queen Mary, in June 1567; and demolished the altar, broke the images, tore down the pictures, &c. in the Chapel-royal of Holyroodhouse, after the Queen was conducted to Lochleven. He died in 1574.

They nourish grudge against him and his dollars,
And things may hap, which counsel, learn'd in law,

Call Robbery and Murder. Should be live,
He has seen nought that we would hide from him.

Auch. Who carries the forged letter to the veteran?

Phi. Why, Niel MacLellan, who, return'd again

To his own tower, as if to pass the night there.

They pass'd on him, or tried to pass a story,
As if they wish'd the sergeant's company,
Without the young comptroller's—that is Quentin's,

And he became an agent of their plot,
That he might better carry on our own.

Auch. There's life in it—yes, there is life in't;

And we will have a mounted party ready
To scour the moors in quest of the handitti
That kill'd the poor old man—they shall die instantly.

Duohar shall see us use sharp justice here,
As well as he in Teviotdale. You are sure
You gave no hint nor impulse to their purpose?

Phi. It needed not. The whole pack oped at once

Upon the scent of dollars—But time comes
When I must seek the tower, and act with Niel

What farther's to be done.

Auch. Alone with him thou goest not. He bears grudge—

Thou art my only son, and on a night
When such wild passions are so free abroad,
When such wild deeds are doing, 'tis but natural

I guarantee thy safety.—I'll ride with thee.

Phi. E'en as you will, my lord. But, pardon me,—

If you will come, let us not have a word
Of conscience, and of pity, and forgiveness;
Fine words to-morrow, out of place to-night.
Take counsel then, leave all this work to me;
Call up your household, make fit preparation,
In love and peace, to welcome this Earl Justiciar,

As one that's free of guilt. Go, deck the castle

As for an honour'd guest. Hallow the chapel
(If they have power to hallow it) with thy prayers.

Let me ride forth alone, and ere the sun
Comes o'er the eastern hill, thou shalt accost him:

“Now do thy worst, thou oft-returning spy,
Here's nought thou canst discover.”

Auch. Yet goest thou not alone with that MacLellan!

He deems thou bearest will to injure him,
And seek'st occasion suiting to such will.
Philip, thou art irreverent, fierce, ill-nurtured,
Stain'd with low vices, which disgust a father;
Yet ridest thou not alone with yonder man.—
Come weal come woe, myself will go with thee
[*Exit, and calls to horse behind the scene.*]

Phi. (*alone.*) Now would I give my fleetest horse to know

What sudden thought roused this paternal care,

And if 'tis on his own account or mine:
'Tis true, he hath the deepest share in all
That's likely now to hap, or which has hap-
pen'd.

Yet strong through Nature's universal reign.
The link which binds the parent to the off-
spring:

The she-wolf knows it, and the tigress owns it.

So that dark man, who, shunning what is vicious,

Ne'er turn'd aside from an atrocity,
Hath still some care left for his hapless off-
spring.

Therefore 'tis meet, though wayward, light,
and stubborn,

That I should do for him all that a son
Can do for sire—and his dark wisdom join'd
To influence my bold courses, 'twill be hard
To break our mutual purpose.—Horses there!

[*Exit.*]

ACT III—SCENE I.

It is moonlight. The scene is the Beach beneath the Tower which was exhibited in the first scene,—the Vessel is gone from her anchorage. Auchindrane and Philip, as if dismounted from their horses, come forward cautiously.

Phi. The nazs are safely stow'd. Their noise might scare him;

Let them be safe, and ready when we need them.

The business is but short. We'll call MacLellan,

To wake him, and in quiet bring him forth,
If he be so disposed, for here are waters
Enough to drown, and saud enough to cover him.

But if he hesitate, or fear to meet us,
By heaven I'll deal on him in Chapeldonan
With my own hand!

Auch. Too furious boy!—alarm or noise un-
does us,

Our practice must be silent as 'tis sudden.
Bethink thee that conviction of this slaughter
Confirms the very worst of accusations
Our foes can bring against us. Wherefore
should we,

Who by our birth and fortune mate with nobles,

And are allied with them, take this lad's
life,—

His peasant life,—unless to quash his evi-
dence,

Taking such pains to rid him from the world,
Who would, if spared, have fix'd a crime
upon us!

Phi. Well, I do own me one of those wise
folks,

Who think that when a deed of fate is plann'd,
The execution cannot be too rapid.

But do we still keep purpose! Is't deter-
mined

He sails for Ireland—and without a wherry?
Salt water is his passport—is it not so!

Auch. I would it could be otherwise.
Might he not go there while in life and limb,
And breathe his span out in another air?

Many seek Ulster never to return—
Why might this wretched youth not harbour
there?

Phi. With all my heart. It is small honour
to me

To be the agent in a work like this.—
 Yet this poor caitiff, having thrust himself
 Into the secrets of a noble house,
 And twined himself so closely with our safety,
 That we must perish, or that he must die,
 I'll hesitate as little on the action,
 As I would do to slay the animal
 Whose flesh supplies my dinner. 'Tis as
 harmless,
 That deer or steer, as is this Quentin Blane,
 And not more necessary is its death
 To our accommodation—so we slay it
 Without a moment's pause or hesitation.

Auch. 'Tis not, my son, the feeling call'd
 remorse,

That now lies tugging at this heart of mine,
 Engendering thoughts that stop the lifted
 hand.

Have I not heard John Knox pour forth his
 thunders

Against the oppressor and the man of blood,
 In accents of a minister of vengeance?
 Were not his fiery eyeballs turn'd on me,
 As if he said expressly, "Thou'rt the man?"
 Yet did my solid purpose, as I listen'd,
 Remain unshaken as that massive rock.

Phi. Well, then, I'll understand 'tis not re-
 morse,—

As 'tis a foible little known to thee.—
 That interrupts thy purpose. What, then,
 is it?

Is't scorn, or is't compassion? One thing's
 certain,

Either the feeling must have free indulgence,
 Or fully be subjected to your reason—
 There is no room for these same treacherous
 courses,

Which men call moderate measures.

We must confide in Quentin, or must slay
 him.

Auch. In Ireland he might live afar from us.

Phi. Among Queen Mary's faithful partizans,
 Your ancient enemies, the haughty Hamiltons,
 The stern MacDonnells, the resentful Grames—
 With these around him, and with Cassilis'
 death

Exasperating them against you, think, my
 father,

What chance of Quentin's silence.

Auch. Too true—too true. He is a silly
 youth, too,

Who had not wit to shift for his own living—
 A bashful lover, whom his rivals laugh'd at—
 Of pliant temper, which companions play'd
 on—

A moonlight waker, and a noontide dreamer—
 A torturer of phrases into sonnets,—
 Whom all might lead that chose to praise his
 rhymes.

Phi. I marvel that your memory has room
 To hold so much on such a worthless subject.

Auch. Base in himself, and yet so strangely
 link'd

With me and with my fortunes, that I've stu-
 died

To read him through and through, as I would
 read

Some paltry rhyme of vulgar prophecy,
 Said to contain the fortunes of my house;
 And, let me speak him truly—He is grate-
 ful,

Kind, tractable, obedient—a child
 Might lead him by a thread—He shall not
 die!

Phi. Indeed!—then have we had our mid-
 night ride

To wondrous little purpose.

Auch. By the blue heaven,
 'Thou shalt not murder him, cold selfish sen-
 sualist!

You pure vault speaks it—yonder summer
 moon,

With its ten million sparklers, cries, Forbear!
 The deep earth sighs it forth—Thou shalt not
 murder!—

Thou shalt not mar the image of thy Maker!
 Thou shalt not from thy brother take the life,
 The precious gift which God alone can give!—

Phi. Here is a worthy guerdon now, for
 stuffing

His memory with old saws and holy sayings!
 They come upon him in the very crisis,
 And when his resolution should be firmest,
 'They shake it like a palsy—Let it be,
 He'll end at last by yielding to temptation.
 Consenting to the thing which must be done,
 With more remorse the more he hesitates.—

[To his Father, who has stood fixed after
 his last speech.

Well, sir, 'tis fitting you resolve at last,
 How the young clerk shall be disposed upon;
 I'less you would ride home to Auchindrane,
 And bid them rear the Maiden in the court-
 yard,

That when Dunbar comes, he have nought
 to do

But bid us kiss the cushion and the headsman.

Auch. It is too true—There is no safety
 for us,

Consistent with the unhappy wretch's life!
 In Ireland he is sure to find my enemies.

Arran I've proved—the Netherlands I've tried,
 But wilds and wars return him on my hands.

Phi. Yet fear not, father, we'll make surer
 work;

The land has caves, the sea has whirlpools,
 Where that which they suck in returns no
 more.

Auch. I will know nought of it, hard-heart-
 ed boy!

Phi. Hard-hearted! Why—my heart is soft
 as yours;

But then they must not feel remorse at once,
 We can't afford such wasteful tenderness:
 I can mouth forth remorse as well as you.
 Be executioner, and I'll be chaplain.

And say as mild and moving things as you can;
 But one of us must keep his steely temper.

Auch. Do thou the deed—I cannot look
 on it.

Phi. So be it—walk with me—MacLellan
 brings him.

The boat lies moor'd within that reach of
 rock,

And 'twill require our greatest strength com-
 bined

To launch it from the beach. Meantime, Mac-
 Lellan

Brings our man hither.—See the twinkling
 light

That glances in the tower.

Auch. Let us withdraw—for should he spy
 us suddenly,

He may suspect us, and alarm the family.

Phi. Fear not, MacLellan has his trust and
 confidence,

Bought with a few sweet words and welcomes
 home.

Auch. But think you that the Ranger may be trusted?

Phi. I'll answer for him.—Let's go float the shallop.

[*They go off, and as they leave the Stage, MacLellan is seen descending from the Tower with Quentin. The former bears a dark lantern. They come upon the Stage.*

Mac. (*showing the light.*) So—bravely done—that's the last ledge of rocks, And we are on the sands.—I have broke your slumbers

Somewhat untimely.

Que. Do not think so, friend. These six years past I have been used to stir When the réveille rung; and that, believe me, Chooses the hours for rousing me at random, And, having given its summons, yields no license

To indulge a second slumber. Nay, more, I'll tell thee,

That, like a pleased child, I was e'en too happy

For sound repose.

Mac. The greater fool were you. Men should enjoy the moments given to slumber;

For who can tell how soon may be the waking, Or where we shall have leave to sleep again?

Que. The God of Slumber comes not at command

Last night the blood danced merry through my veins:

Instead of finding this our land of Carrick The dreary waste my fears had apprehended, I saw thy wife, MacLellan, and thy daughter, And had a brother's welcome;—saw thee, too, Renew'd my early friendship with you both, And felt once more that I had friends and country.

So keen the joy that tingled through my system,

Join'd with the searching powers of yonder wine,

That I am glad to leave my feverish lair, Although my hostess smooth'd my couch herself,

To cool my brow upon this moonlight beach, Gaze on the moonlight dancing on the waves. Such scenes are wont to soothe me into melancholy:

But such the hurry of my spirits now, That every thing I look on makes me laugh.

Mac. I've seen but few so gaisesome, Master Quentin,

Being roused from sleep so suddenly as you were.

Que. Why, there's the jest on't. Your old castle's haunted.

In vain the host—in vain the lovely hostess, In kind addition to all means of rest, Add their best wishes for our sound repose. When some hobgoblin brings a pressing message:

Montgomery presently must see his sergeant, And up gets Hildebrand, and off he trudges. I can't but laugh to think upon the grin With which he doff'd the kerchief he had twisted

Around his brows, and put his morion on—Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Mac. I'm glad to see you merry, Quentin.

Que. Why, faith, my spirits are but transitory,

And you may live with me a month or more, And never see me smile. 'Then some such trifle

As yonder little maid of yours would laugh at, Will serve me for a theme of merriment— Even now, I scarce can keep my gravity; We were so snugly set'led in our quarters, With full intent to let the sun be high Ere we should leave our beds—and first the one

And then the other's summon'd briefly forth, To the old tune, "Black Bandsmen, up and march!"

Mac. Well! you shall sleep anon—rely upon it—

And make up time misspent. Meantime, methinks.

You are so merry on your broken slumbers, You ask'd not why I call'd you.

Que. I can guess, You lack my aid to search the weir for seals, You lack my company to stalk a deer.

Think you I have forgot your sylvan tasks, Which oft you have permitted me to share, Till days that we were rivals?

Mac. You have memory Of that too!—

Que. Like the memory of a dream, Delusion far too exquisite to last.

Mac. You guess not then for what I call you forth.

It was to meet a friend—

Que. What friend? Thyself excepted. The good old man who's gone to see Montgomery,

And one to whom I once gave dearer title, I know not in wide Scotland man or woman Whom I could name a friend.

Mac. Thou art mistaken. There is a Baron, and a powerful one—

Que. There flies my fit of nirth. You have a grave

And alter'd man before you.

Mac. Compose yourself, there is no cause for fear,—

He will and must speak with you.

Que. Spare me this meeting, Niel, I cannot see him.

Say, I'm just landed on my native earth;

Say, that I will not cumber it a day;

Say, that my wretched thread of poor existence

Shall be drawn out in solitude and exile, Where never memory of so mean a thing Again shall cross his path—but do not ask me To see or speak again with that dark man!

Mac. Your fears are now as foolish as your mirth—

What should the powerful Knight of Auchindrane

In common have with such a man as thou?

Que. No matter what—Enough, I will not see him.

Mac. He is thy master, and he claims obedience.

Que. My master? Ay, my task-master— Ever since

I could write man, his hand hath been upon me;

No step I've made but cumber'd with his chain.

And I am weary on't—I will not see him.

Mac. You must and shall—there is no remedy.

Que Take heed that you compel me not to find one.
I've seen the wars since we had strife together;

To put my late experience to the test
Were something dangerous—Ha, I am betray'd!

[While the latter part of this dialogue is passing, Auchindrane and Philip enter on the Stage from behind, and suddenly present themselves.]

Auch. What says the runagate?

Que. (*laying aside all appearance of resistance.*) Nothing, you are my fate;
And in a shape more fearfully resistless,
My evil angel could not stand before me.

Auch. And so you scruple, slave, at my command.

To meet me when I deign to ask thy presence?
Que. No, sir; I had forgot—I am your bond-slave;

But sure a passing thought of independence,
For which I've seen whole nations doing battle.

Was not, in one who has so long enjoy'd it,
A crime beyond forgiveness.

Auch. We shall see:
Thou wert my vassal, born upon my land,
Bred by my bounty—it concern'd me highly,
Thou know'st it did—and yet against my charge

Again I find thy worthlessness in Scotland.

Que. Alas! the wealthy and the powerful
know not
How very dear to those who have least share

is that sweet word of country! The poor

exile
Feels, in each action of the varied day,
His doom of banishment. The very air
Cools not his brow as in his native land;
The scene is strange, the food is loathly to

him;
The language nay, the music jars his ear.
Why should I, guiltless of the slightest crime,
Suffer a punishment which, sparing life,
Deprives that life of all which men hold dear!

Auch. Hear ye the serf I bred, begio to reckon

Upon his rights and pleasure! Who am I—
Thou object, who am I, whose will thou thwartest?

Phi. Well spoke, my pious sire. There goes remorse!

Let once thy precious pride take fire, and then,
MacLellan, you and I may have small trouble.

Que. Your words are deadly, and your power resistless;

I'm in your hands—but, surely, less than life
May give you the security you seek,
Without commission of a mortal crime.

Auch. Who is't would deign to think upon
thy life?

I but require of thee to speed to Ireland,
Where thou mayst sojourn for some little space.

Having due means of living dealt to thee,
And, when it suits the changes of the times,
Permission to return.

Que. Noble, my lord.
I am too weak to combat with your pleasure;
Yet O, for mercy's sake, and for the sake
Of that dear land which is our common mother,

Let me not part in darkness from my country!
Pass but an hour or two, and every cape,
Headland, and bay, shall gleam with new-born light,

And I'll take boat as gaily as the bird
That soars to meet the morning.
Grant me but this—to show no darker thoughts
Are on your heart than those your speech expresses!

Phi. A modest favour, friend, is this you ask!

Are we to pace the beach like watermen,
Waiting your worship's pleasure to take boat?
No, by my faith! you go upon the instant.

The boat lies ready, and the ship receives you
Near to the point of Turnberry.—Come, we wait you;

Bestir you!

Que. I obey—Then farewell, Scotland,
And Heaven forgive my sins, and grant that mercy,

Which mortal man deserves not!

Auch. (*speaks aside to his Son.*) What signal
Shall let me know 'tis done?

Phi. When the light is quenched,
Your fears for Quentin Blane are at an end.—
(*To Que.*) Come, comrade, come, we must begin our voyage.

Que. But when, O when to end it!

[He goes off reluctantly with Philip and MacLellan. Auchindrane stands looking after them. The Moon becomes overclouded, and the Stage dark. Auchindrane, who has gazed fixedly and eagerly after those who have left the Stage, becomes amazed, and speaks]

Auch. It is no fallacy!—The night is dark,
The moon has sunk before the deepening clouds;

I cannot on the murky beach distinguish
The shallop from the rocks which lie beside it;

I cannot see tall Philip's floating plume,
Nor trace the sulcey brow of Niel MacLellan;
Yet still that catiff's visage is before me,
With chattering teeth, mazed look, and bristling hair,

As he stood here this moment!—Have I changed

My human eyes for those of some night prowler,

'The wolf's, the tiger cat's, or the hoarse bird's
That spies its prey at midnight! I can see him—

Yes, I can see him, seeing no one else,—
And well it is I do so. In his absence,
Strange thoughts of pity mingled with my purpose,

And moved remorse within me—But they vanish!

Whene'er he stood a living man before me;
Then my antipathy awaked within me,
Seeing its object close within my reach,
Till I could scarce forbear him.—How they linger!

The boat's not yet to sea!—I ask myself,
What has the poor wretch done to wake my hatred—

Docile, obedient, and in sufferance patient!—
As well demand what evil has the hare
Done to the hound that courses her in sport.

Instinct infallible supplies the reason—

And that must plead my cause.—The vision's gone!
 Their boat now walks the waves; a single gleam,
 Now seen, now lost, is all that marks her course;
 That soon shall vanish too—then all is over!—
 Would it were o'er, for in this moment lies
 The agony of ages!—Now, 'tis gone—
 And all is acted!—no—she heasts again
 The opposing wave, and bears the tiny sparkle
 Upon her crest!

(A faint cry heard as from seaward.)

Ah! there was fatal evidence,
 All's over now, indeed!—The light is quenched—
 And Quentin, source of all my fear, exists not.—
 The morning tide shall sweep his corpse to sea,
 And hide all memory of this stern night's work.

(He walks in a slow and deeply meditative manner towards the side of the Stage, and suddenly meets Marion, the wife of MacLellan, who has descended from the Castle)

Now, how to meet Dunbar—Heaven guard my senses!
 Stand! who goes there?—Do spirits walk the earth
 Ere yet they've left the body!

Mar. Is it you,
 My lord, on this wild beach at such an hour!
Auch. It is MacLellan's wife, in search of him,
 Or of her lover—of the murderer,
 Or of the murder'd man.—Go to, Dame Marion,

Meo have their hunting-gear to give an eye to,
 Their snares and trackings for their game.
 But women
 Should shun the night air. A young wife also,
 Still more a handsome one, should keep her pillow

Till the sun gives example for her wakening.
 Come, dame, go back—back to your bed again.

Mar. Hear me, my lord! there have been sights and sounds
 That terrified my child and me—Groans,
 screams,

As if of dying seamen, came from ocean—
 A corpse-light danced upon the crested waves
 For several minutes' space, then sunk at once.
 When we retired to rest we had two guests,
 Besides my husband Niel—I'll tell your lordship

Who the men were—
Auch. Pshaw, woman, can you think
 That I have any interest in your gossips?
 Please your own husband, and that you may please him,

Get thee to bed, and shut up doors, good dame.
 Were I MacLellan, I should scarce be satisfied
 To find thee wandering here in mist and moonlight.

When silence should be in thy habitation,
 And sleep upon thy pillow.

Mar. Good my lord,
 This is a holyday.—By an ancient custom
 Our children seek the shore at break of day.
 And gather shells, and dance, and play, and sport them

In honour of the Ocean. Old men say
 The custom is derived from heathen times.
 Our Isabel

Is mistress of the feast, and you may think
 She is awake already, and impatient
 To be the first shall stand upon the beach,
 And bid the sun good-morrow.

Auch. Ay, indeed!
 Linger such dregs of heathendom among you!
 And hath Knox preach'd, and Wishart died,
 in vain

Take notice, I forbid these sinful practices,
 And will not have my followers mingle in them.

Mar. If such your honour's pleasure, I must go
 And lock the door on Isabel; she is wilful,
 And voice of mine will have small force to keep her
 From the amusement she so long has dream'd of

But I must tell your honour, the old people,
 That were survivors of the former race,
 Prophesied evil if this day should pass
 Without due homage to the mighty Ocean.

Auch. Folly and Papistry—Perhaps the ocean

Hath had his morning sacrifice already;
 Or can you think the dreadful element,
 Whose frown is death, whose roar the dirge
 of navies,

Will miss the idle pageant you prepare for?
 I've business for you, too—the dawn advances—

I'd have thee lock thy little child in safety,
 And get to Auchindrane before the sun rise;
 Tell them to get a royal banquet ready,
 As if a king were coming there to feast him.

Mar. I will obey your pleasure. But my husband—

Auch. I wait him on the beach, and bring him in
 To share the banquet.

Mar. But he has a friend,
 Whom it would ill become him to intrude
 Upon your hospitality.

Auch. Fear not; his friend shall be made welcome too,
 Should he return with Niel.

Mar. He must—he will return—he has no option.

Auch. *(Apart.)* Thus rashly do we deem of others' destiny—

He has indeed no option—but he comes not.
 Begone on thy commission—I go this way
 To meet thy husband.

(Marion goes to her Tower, and after entering it, is seen to come out, lock the door, and leave the Stage, as if to execute Auchindrane's commission. He, apparently going off in a different direction, has watched her from the side of the Stage, and on her departure speaks.)

Auch. Fare thee well, fond woman,
 Most dangerous of spies—thou prying, prating,
 Spying, and telling woman! I've cut short
 Thy dangerous testimony—hated word!
 What other evidence have we cut short,

1 ——— “In that moment, o'er his soul
 Winters of memory seem'd to roll.”
Byron—The Corsair.

And by what fated means, this dreary morning!—

Bright lances here and helmets?—I must shift
To join the others. [Exit.]

Enter from the other side the Sergeant, accompanied with an Officer and two Pikemen.

Ser. 'Twas in good time you came; a minute later

The knives had ta'en my dollars and my life.

Off. You fought most stoutly. Two of them were down,

Ere we came to your aid.

Ser. Gramercy, halberd! And well it happens, since your leader seeks
This Quentin Blane, that you have fall'n on me;

None else can surely tell you where he hides,
Being in some fear, and bent to quit this province.

Off. 'I will do our Earl good service. He has sent

Despatches into Holland for this Quentin.

Ser. I left him two hours since in yonder tower,

Under the guard of one who smoothly spoke,
Although he look'd but roughly—I will chide him

For bidding me go forth with yonder traitor.

Off. Assure yourself 'twas a concerted stratagem.

Montgomery's been at Holyrood for months,

And can have sent no letter—'twas a plan

On you and on your dollars, and a base ooe,

To which this Ranger was most likely privy;

Such men as he hang on our fiercer barous,

The ready agents of their lawless will;

Boys of the belt, who aid their master's pleasures,

And in his moods ne'er scruple his injunctions.

But haste, for now we must unkenneel Quentin;

I've strictest charge concerning him.

Ser. Go up, then, to the tower.

You've younger limbs than mine—there shall

you find him

Loonnging and snoring, like a lazy cur

Before a stable door; it is his practice.

[The Officer goes up to the Tower, and

after knocking without receiving an

answer, turns the key which Marion

had left in the lock, and enters; Isabel,

dressed as if for her dance, runs out

and descends to the Stage; the Officer

follows.

Off. There's no one in the house, this little

maid

Excepted—

Isa. And for me, I'm there no longer,

And will not be again for three hours good;

I'm gone to join my playmates on the sands.

Off. (detaining her.) You shall, when you

have told to me distinctly

Where are the guests who slept up there last

night.

Isa. Why, there is the old man, he stands

beside you,

The merry old man, with the glistening hair;

He left the tower at midnight, for my father

brought him a letter.

Ser. In ill hour I left you,

I wish to Heaven that I had stay'd with you;

There is a nameless horror that comes o'er

me.—

Speak, pretty maiden, tell us what chanced next,

And thou shalt have thy freedom.

Isa. After you went last night, my father

Grew moody, and refused to doff his clothes,

Or go to bed, as sometimes he will do

When there is ought to chafe him. 'Til past

midnight.

He wander'd to and fro, then call'd the stranger,

The gay young man, that sung such merry

songs,

Yet ever look'd most sadly whilst he sung

them,

And forth they went together.

Off. And you've seen

Or heard nought of them since?

Isa. Seen surely nothing, and I cannot think

That they have lot or share in what I heard.

I heard my mother praying, for the corpse-

lights

Were dancing on the waves; and at one

o'clock,

Just as the Abbey steeple toll'd the knell,

'There was a heavy plunge upon the waters,

And some one cried aloud for mercy!—

mercy!—

It was the water-spirit, sure, which promised

Mercy to boat and fisherman, if we

Perform'd to-day's rites duly. Let me go—

I am to lead the ring.

Off. (to *Ser.*) Detain her not. She cannot

tell us more;

To give her liberty is the sure way

To lure her parents homeward.—Strahan,

take two men,

And should the father or the mother come,

Arrest them both, or either. Auchindrane

May come upon the beach; arrest him also,

But do not state a cause. I'll back again,

And take directions from my Lord Dunbar.

Keep you upon the beach, and have an eye

To all that passes there. [Exit separately.]

SCENE II.

Scene changes to a remote and rocky part of the Seabeach.

Enter Auchindrane meeting Philip.

Auch. The devil's brought his legions to this beach,

That wont to be so lonely; morions, lances,
Show in the morning beam as thick as glow-

worms

At summer midnight.

Phi. I'm right glad to see them,

Be they whoe'er they may, so they are mortal;

For I've contended with a lifeless foe.

And I have lost the battle. I would give

A thousand crowns to hear a mortal steel

Ring on a mortal harness.

Auch. How now!—Art mad, or hast thou

done the turn—

The turn we came for, and must live or die

by?

Phi. 'Tis done, if man can do it; but I

doubt

If this unhappy wretch have Heaven's per-

mission

To die by mortal hands.

Auch. Where is he—where's MacLellan?

Phi. In the deep—

Both in the deep, and what's immortal of them
Gone to the judgment-seat, where we must meet them.

Auch. MacLellan dead, and Quentin too?—
So be it

To all that menace ill to Auchindrane,
Or have the power to injure him!—Thy words
Are full of comfort, but thine eye and look
Have in this pallid gloom a ghastliness,
Which contradicts the tidings of thy tongue.¹

Phi. Hear me, old man—There is a heaven
above us,
As you have heard old Knox and Wishart
preach,
Though little to your boot. The dreaded witness

Is slain, and silent. But his misused body
Comes right ashore, as if to cry for vengeance;
It rides the waters like a living thing.²
Erect, as if he trode the waves which bear
him.

Auch. Thou speakest frenzy, when sense is
most required.

Phi. Hear me yet more!—I say I did the
deed

With all the coolness of a practised hunter
When dealing with a stag. I struck him
overboard.

And with MacLellan's aid I held his head
Under the waters, while the Ranger tied
The weights we had provided to his feet.
We cast him loose when life and body parted,
And bid him speed for Ireland. But even
then,

As in defiance of the words we spoke,
The body rose upright behind our stern,
One half in ocean, and one half in air,
And tided after as in chase of us.³

Auch. It was enchantment!—Did you strike
at it?

Phi. Once and again. But blows avail'd no
more

Than on a wreath of smoke, where they may
break

The column for a moment, which unites
And is entire again. Thus the dead body
Sunk down before my oar, but rose unharm'd,
And dogg'd us closer still, as in defiance.

Auch. 'Twas Hell's own work!—

Phi. MacLellan then grew restive
And desperate in his fear, blasphemed aloud,
Cursing us both as authors of his ruin.

Myself was wellnigh frantic while pursued
By this dead shape, upon whose ghastly fea-
tures

The changeful moonbeam spread a grisly
light;

And, baited thus, I took the nearest way
To ensure his silence, and to quell his noise;
I used my dagger, and I flung him overboard,
And half expected his dead carcass also
Would join the chase—but he sank down at
once.

Auch. He had enough of mortal sin about
him,

To sink an argosy.

Phi. But now resolve you what defence to
make.

If Quentin's body shall be recognised;
For 'tis ashore already; and he bears
Marks of my handiwork; so does MacLellan.

Auch. The concourse thickens still—Away,
away!

We must avoid the multitude. [*They rush out.*]

SCENE III.

Scene changes to another part of the Beach.
*Children are seen dancing, and Villagers look-
ing on. Isabel seems to take the management
of the Dance.*

Vil. Wom. How well she queens it, the
brave little maiden!

Vil. Ay, they all queen it from their very
cradle.

These willing slaves of haughty Auchindrane.
But now I hear the old man's reign is end-
ed;—

'Tis well—he has been tyrant long enough.
Second Vil. Finlay, speak low, you interrupt
the sports.

Third Vil. Look out to sea—There's some-
thing coming yonder,
Bound for the beach, will scare us from our
mirth.

Fourth Vil. Pshaw, it is but a sea-gull on
the wing,

Between the wave and sky.

Third Vil. Thou art a fool,
Standing on solid land—'tis a dead body.

Second Vil. And if it be, he bears him like
a live one.

Not prone and weltering like a drowned
corpse,

But bolt erect, as if he trode the waters,
And used them as his path.

Fourth Vil. It is a merman,
And nothing of this earth, alive or dead.

[*By degrees all the Dancers break off
from their sport, and stand gazing to
seaward, while an object, imperfectly
seen, drifts towards the Beach, and at
length arrives among the rocks which
border the tides.*]

1 — "This man's brow, like to a tittle leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness to thy cheek
Is soper than thy tongue to tell thy errand."

2 — "Walks the waters like a thing of life."
Byron—The Corsair.

3 This passage was probably suggested by a striking one
to Southey's *Life of Nelson*, touching the corpse of the
Neapolitan Prince Caraccioli, executed on board the
Foudroyant, then the great British Admiral's flag-ship, in
the bay of Naples in 1799. The circumstances of Caraccioli's
trial and death form, it is almost needless to observe,
the most noblest chapter in Lord Nelson's history:—

"The body," says Southey, "was carried out to a con-
siderable distance and sunk in the bay, with three double-
headed shot, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, tied

to its legs. Between two and three weeks afterwards, when
the King (of Naples) was on board the Foudroyant, a
Neapolitan fisherman came to the ship, and solemnly de-
clared, that Caraccioli had risen from the bottom of the
sea, and was coming as fast as he could to Naples, swim-
ming half out of the water. Such an account was listened
to like a tale of idle credulity. The day being fair, Nelson,
to please the King, stood out to sea; but the ship had not
proceeded far before a body was distinctly seen, upright in
the water, and approaching them. It was recognised in-
deed, to be the corpse of Caraccioli, which had risen and
floated, while the great weights attached to the legs kept
the body in a position like that of a living man. A fact so
extraordinary astonished the King, and perhaps excited
some feelings of superstitious fear, akin to regret. He
gave permission for the body to be taken on shore, and re-
ceive Christian burial."—*Life of Nelson*, chap. vi.

Third Vil. Perhaps it is some wretch who needs assistance ;

Jasper, make it and see.

Second Vil. Not I, my friend ;
E'en take the risk yourself, you'd put on others.

[Hildebrand has entered, and heard the two last words.

Ser. What, are you men ?
Fear ye to look on what you must be one day ?
I, who have seen a thousand dead and dying
Within a flight-shot square, will teach you
how in war
We look upon the corpse when life has left it.

[He goes to the back scene, and seems attempting to turn the body, which has come ashore with its face downwards.

Will none of you come aid to turn the body ?
Isa. You're cowards all.—I'll help thee,
good old man.

[She goes to aid the Sergeant with the body, and presently gives a cry, and faints. Hildebrand comes forward. All crowd round him ; he speaks with an expression of horror.

Ser. 'Tis Quentin Blane ! Poor youth, his gloomy bodings
Have been the prologue to an act of darkness ;
His feet are manacled, his bosom stabb'd,
And he is foully murder'd. The proud Knight
And his dark Ranger must have done this deed,

For which no common ruffian could have motive.

A Pea. Caution were best, old man—'Thou art a stranger,
The Knight is great and powerful.

Ser. Let it be so.
Call'd on by Heaven to stand forth an avenger,

I will not blench for fear of mortal man.
Have I not seen that when that innocent
Had placed her hands upon the murder'd body,

His gaping wounds, that erst were soak'd with brine,
Burst forth with blood as ruddy as the clond
Which now the sun doth rise on ?

Pea. What of that ?

Ser. Nothing that can affect the innocent child,

But murder's guilt attaching to her father,
Since the blood musters in the victim's veins
At the approach of what holds lease from him
Of all that parents can transmit to children.
And here comes one to whom I'll vouch the circumstance.

The Earl of Dunbar enters with Soldiers and others, having Auchindrane and Philip prisoners.

Dun. Fetter the young ruffian and his trait'rous father !

[They are made secure.

Auch. 'Twas a lord spoke it—I have known a knight,
Sir George of Home, who had not dared to say so.

Dun. 'Tis Heaven, not I, decides upon your guilt.

A harmless youth is traced within your power,
Sleeps in your Ranger's house—his friend at midnight

Is spirited away. Then lights are seen,
And groans are heard, and corpses come ashore

Mangled with daggers, while (to Philip) your dagger wears

The sanguine livery of recent slaughter :
Here, too, the body of a murder'd victim,
(Whom none but you had interest to remove,) bleeds on a child's approach, because the daughter

Of one the abettor of the wicked deed.

All this, and other proofs corroborative,

Call on us briefly to pronounce the doom

We have in charge to utter.

Auch. If my house perish, Heaven's will be done !

I wish not to survive it ; but, O Philip,
Would one could pay the ransom for us both !

Phi. Father, 'tis fitter that we both should die,

Leaving no heir behind.—The piety
Of a bless'd saint, the morals of an anchorite,

Could not atone thy dark hypocrisy,

Or the wild profligacy I have practis'd.

Ruin'd our house, and shatter'd be our towers,

And with them end the curse our sins have merited !

The House of Aspen.

A TRAGEDY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

This attempt at dramatic composition was executed nearly thirty years since, when the magnificent works of Goethe and Schiller were for the first time made known to the British public, and received, as many now alive must remember, with universal enthusiasm. What we admire we usually attempt to imitate; and the author, not trusting to his own efforts, borrowed the substance of the story and a part of the diction from a dramatic romance called "Der Heilige Vehmé" (the Secret Tribunal) which fills the sixth volume of the "Sagen der Vorzeit" (Tales of Antiquity.) by Beit Weber. The drama must be termed rather a rifacimento of the original than a translation, since the whole is compressed, and the incidents and dialogue occasionally much varied. The imitator is ignorant of the real name of his ingenious contemporary, and has been informed that of Beit Weber is fictitious.¹

The late Mr. John Kemble at one time had some desire to bring out the play at Drury-Lane, then adorned by himself and his matchless sister, who were to have supported the characters of the unhappy son and mother; but great objections appeared to this proposal. There was danger that the main spring of the story,—the binding engagements formed by members of the secret tribunal,—might not be sufficiently felt by an English audience, to whom the nature of that singularly mysterious institution was unknown from early association. There was also, according to Mr. Kemble's experienced opinion, too much blood, too much of the dire catastrophe of Tom Thumb, when all die on the stage. It was besides esteemed perilous to place the fifth act and the parade and show of the secret conclave, at the mercy of underlings and scene-shifters, who, by a ridiculous motion, gesture, or accent, might turn what should be grave into farce.

The author, or rather the translator, willingly acquiesced in this reasoning, and never afterwards made any attempt to gain the honour of the bnskin. The German taste also, caricatured by a number of imitators who, incapable of copying the sublimity of the great masters of the school, supplied its place by extravagance and bombast, fell into disrepute, and received a *coup de grace* from the joint efforts of the late lamented Mr. Canning and Mr. Frere. The effect of their singularly happy piece of ridicule called "The Rovers," a mock play which appeared in the Anti-Jacobin, was, that the German school, with its

beauties and its defects, passed completely out of fashion, and the following scenes were consigned to neglect and obscurity. Very lately, however, the writer chanced to look them over with feelings very different from those of the adventurous period of his literary life during which they had been written, and yet with such as perhaps a reformed libertine might regard the illegitimate production of an early amour. There is something to be ashamed of, certainly; but, after all, paternal vanity whispers that the child has a resemblance to the father.

To this it need only be added, that there are in existence so many manuscript copies of the following play, that if it should not find its way to the public sooner, it is certain to do so when the author can no more have any opportunity of correcting the press, and consequently at greater disadvantage than at present. Being of too small a size or consequence for a separate publication, the piece is sent as a contribution to the Keepsake, where its merits may be hidden amid the beauties of more valuable articles.

Abbotsford, 1st April, 1829.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Rudiger, *Baron of Aspen, an old German warrior.*
 George of Aspen, } *Sons to Rudiger.*
 Henry of Aspen, }
 Roderic, *Count of Maltingen, chief of a department of the Invisible Tribunal, and the hereditary enemy of the family of Aspen.*
 William, *Baron of Wolfstein, ally of Count Roderic.*
 Bertram of Ebersdorf, *brother to the former husband of the Baroness of Aspen, disguised as a minstrel.*
 Duke of Bavaria.
 Wickerd, } *followers of the House of Aspen.*
 Reynold, }
 Conrad, *Page of Honour to Henry of Aspen.*
 Martin, *Squire to George of Aspen.*
 Hugo, *Squire to Count Roderic.*
 Peter, *an ancient domestic of Rudiger.*
 Father Ludovic, *Chaplain to Rudiger.*

WOMEN.

Isabella, *formerly married to Arnolf of Ebersdorf, now wife of Rudiger.*
 Gertrude, *Isabella's niece, betrothed to Henry.*
Soldiers, Judges of the Invisible Tribunal, &c. &c.

Scene.—The Castle of Ebersdorf in Bavaria, the ruins of Griefenhau, and the adjacent country.

¹ George Wachter, who published various works under the pseudonym of *Veit Weber*, was born in 1763, and died in 1837.—Ed.

The House of Aspen.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

An ancient Gothic chamber in the castle of Ebersdorf. Spears, crossbows, and arms, with the horns of buffaloes and of deer, are hung round the wall. An antique buffet with beakers and stone bottles.

Rudiger, Baron of Aspen, and his lady, Isabella, are discovered sitting at a large oaken table.

Rud. A plague upon that roan horse! Had he not stumbled with me at the ford after our last skirmish, I had been now with my sons. And yonder the boys are, hardly three miles off, battling with Count Roderic, and their father must lie here like a worm-eaten manuscript in a convent library! Out upon it! Out upon it! Is it not hard that a warrior, who has travelled so many leagues to display the cross on the walls of Zion, should be now unable to lift a spear before his own castle gate!

Isa. Dear husband, your anxiety retards your recovery.

Rud. May be so; but not less than your silence and melancholy! Here have I sate this month, and more, since that cursed fall! Neither hooting, nor feasting, nor lance-breaking for me! And my sons—George enters cold and reserved, as if he had the weight of the empire on his shoulders, utters by syllables a cold "How is it with you?" and shuts himself up for days in his solitary chamber—Henry, my cheerful Henry—

Isa. Surely, he at least—

Rud. Even he forsakes me, and skips up the tower staircase like lightning to join your fair ward, Gertrude, on the battlements. I cannot blame him; for, by my knightly faith, were I in his place, I think even these bruised bones would hardly keep me from her side. Still, however, here I must sit alone.

Isa. Not alone, dear husband. Heaven knows what I would do to soften your confinement.

Rud. Tell me not of that, lady. When I first knew thee, Isabella, the fair maid of Arnheim was the joy of her companions, and breathed life wherever she came. Thy father married thee to Arnolf of Ebersdorf—not much with thy will, 'tis true—(she hides her face) Nay—forgive me, Isabella—but that is over—he died, and the ties between us, which thy marriage had broken, were renewed—but the sunshine of my Isabella's light heart returned no more.

Isa. (weeping.) Beloved Rudiger, you search my very soul! Why will you recall past times—days of spring that can never return! Do I not love thee more than ever wife loved husband?

Rud. (stretches out his arms—she embraces him.) And therefore art thou ever my beloved Isabella. But still, is it not true? Has not thy cheerfulness vanished since thou hast become Lady of Aspen! Dost thou repent of thy love to Rudiger?

Isa. Alas! no! never! never!

Rud. Then why dost thou herd with monks and priests, and leave thy old knight alone, when, for the first time in his storied life, he has rested for weeks within the walls of his

castle! Hast thou committed a crime from which Rudiger's love cannot absolve thee?

Isa. O many! many!

Rud. Then be this kiss thy penance. And tell me, Isabella, hast thou not founded a convent, and endowed it with the best of thy late husband's lands? Ay, and with a vineyard which I could have prized as well as the sleek monks. Dost thou not daily distribute alms to twenty pilgrims? Dost thou not cause ten masses to be sung each night for the repose of thy late husband's soul?

Isa. It will not know repose.

Rud. Well, well—God's peace be with Arnolf of Ebersdorf; the mention of him makes thee ever sad, though so many years have passed since his death.

Isa. But at present, dear husband, have I not the most just cause for anxiety? Are not Henry and George, our beloved sons, at this very moment perhaps engaged in doubtful contest with our hereditary foe, Count Roderic of Maltingen?

Rud. Now, there lies the difference: you sorrow that they are in danger, I that I cannot share it with them—Hark! I hear horses' feet on the drawbridge. Go to the window, Isabella.

Isa. (at the window.) It is Wickerd, your squire.

Rud. Then shall we have tidings of George and Henry. (Enter Wickerd.) How now, Wickerd? Have you come to blows yet?

Wic. Not yet, noble sir.

Rud. Not yet?—shame on the boys' dallying—what wait they for!

Wic. The foe is strongly posted, sir knight, upon the Wolfshill, near the ruins of Griefenhaus; therefore your noble son, George of Aspen, greets you well, and requests twenty more men at-arms, and, after they have joined him, he hopes, with the aid of St. Theodore, to send you news of victory.

Rud. (attempts to rise hastily.) Saddle my black barb; I will head them myself. (Sits down.) A murrain on that stumbling roan! I had forgot my dislocated bones. Call Reynold, Wickerd, and bid him take all whom he can spare from defence of the castle—(Wickerd is going)—and ho! Wickerd, carry with you my black barb, and bid George charge upon him. (Exit Wickerd.) Now see, Isabella, if I disregard the boy's safety; I send him the best horse ever knight bestrode. When we lay before Ascalon, indeed, I had a bright bay Persian—Thou dost not heed me.

Isa. Forgive me, dear husband; are not our sons in danger? Will not our sins be visited upon them? Is not their present situation—

Rud. Situation! I know it well: as fair a field for open fight as I ever hunted over: see here—(makes lines on the table)—here is the ancient castle of Griefenhaus in ruins, here the Wolfshill; and here the marsh on the right.

Isa. The marsh of Griefenhaus!

Rud. Yes; by that the boys must pass.

Isa. Pass there! (Apart.) Avenging Heaven! thy hand is upon us! (Exit hastily.)

Rud. Whither now? Whither now! She is gone. Thus it goes Peter! Peter! (Enter Peter.) Help me to the gallery, that I may see them on horseback. (Exit, leaning on Peter.)

SCENE II.

The inner court of the castle of Ebersdorf; a quadrangle, surrounded with Gothic buildings; troopers, followers of Rudiger, pass and re-pass in haste, as if preparing for an excursion.

Wickerd comes forward.

Wic. What, ho! Reynold! Reynold!—By our lady, the spirit of the Seven Sleepers is upon him—So ho! not mounted yet! Reynold!

Enter Reynold.

Rey. Here! here! A devil choke thy hawking! I thinkst thou old Reynold is not as ready for a skirmish as thou?

Wic. Nay, nay: I did but jest; but, by my sooth, it were a shame should our youngsters have yoked with Count Roderick before we grevbeards come.

Rey. Heaven forefend! Our troopers are but sadding their horses; five minutes more, and we are in our stirrups, and then let Count Roderick sit fast.

Wic. A plague on him! he has ever lain hard on the skirts of our noble master.

Rey. Especially since he was refused the hand of our lady's niece, the pretty Lady Gertrude.

Wic. Ay, marry! would nothing less serve the fox of Maltingen than the lovely lamb of our young Baron Henry! By my sooth, Reynold, when I look upon these two lovers, they make me full twenty years younger; and when I meet the man that would divide them—I say nothing—but let him look to it.

Rey. And how fare our young lords?

Wic. Each well in his humour—Baron George stern and cold, according to his wont, and his brother as cheerful as ever.

Rey. Well!—Baron Henry for me.

Wic. Yet George saved thy life.

Rey. True—with as much indifference as if he had been snatching a chestnut out of the fire. Now Baron Henry wept for my danger and my wounds. Therefore George shall ever command my life, but Henry my love.

Wic. Nay, Baron George shows his gloomy spirit even by the choice of a favourite.

Rey. Ay—Martin, formerly the squire of Arnolf of Ebersdorf, his mother's first husband.—I marvel he could not have fitted himself with an attendant from among the faithful followers of his worthy father, whom Arnolf and his adherents used to hate as the Devil hates holy water. But Martin is a good soldier, and has stood toughly by George in many a hard brunt.

Wic. The knave is sturdy enough, but so sulky withal.—I have seen, brother Reynold, that when Martin showed his moody visage at the banquet, our noble mistress has dropped the wine she was raising to her lips, and exchanged her smiles for a ghastly frown, as if sorrow went by sympathy, as kissing goes by favour.

Rey. His appearance reminds her of her first husband, and thou hast well seen that makes her ever sad.

Wic. Dost thou marvel at that? She was married to Arnolf by a species of force, and they say that before his death he compelled her to swear never to espouse Radiger. The

priests will not absolve her for the breach of that vow, and therefore she is troubled in mind. For, d'ye mark me, Reynold—

[Bugle sounds.]
Rey. A truce to your preaching! To horse! and a blessing on our arms!

Wic. St. George grant it!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The gallery of the castle, terminating in a large balcony commanding a distant prospect.—Voices, bugle-horns, kettle-drums, trampling of horses, &c. are heard without.

Rudiger, leaning on Peter, looks from the balcony. Gertrude and Isabella are near him.

Rud. There they go at length—look, Isabella! look, my pretty Gertrude—these are the iron-handed warriors who shall tell Roderick what it will cost him to force thee from my protection—*[Flourish without. Rudiger stretches his arms from the balcony.]* Go, my children, and God's blessing with you. Look at my black barb, Gertrude. That horse shall let daylight in through a phalanx, were it twenty pikes deep. Shame on it that I cannot mount him! Seest thou how fierce old Reynold looks?

Ger. I can hardly know my friends in their armour.

[The bugles and kettle-drums are heard as at a greater distance.]

Rud. Now I could tell every one of their names, even at this distance; ay, and were they covered, as I have seen them, with dust and blood. He on the dapple grey is Wickerd—a hardy fellow, but somewhat given to prating. That is young Conrad who gallops so fast, page to thy Henry, my girl.

[Bugles, &c., at a greater distance still.]

Ger. Heaven guard them. Alas! the voice of war that calls the blood into your cheeks chills and freezes mine.

Rud. Say not so. It is glorious, my girl, glorious! See how their armour glistens as they wind round yon hill! how their spears glimmer amid the long train of dust. Hark! you can still hear the faint notes of their trumpets—*[Bugles very faint.]*—And Rudiger, old Rudiger with the iron arm, as the crusaders used to call me, must remain behind with the priests and the women. Well! well!—*[Sings.]*

“It was a knight to battle rode,
And as his war-horse he bestrode.”

Fill me a bowl of wine, Gertrude; and do thou, Peter, call the minstrel who came hither last night.—*[Sings.]*

“Off rode the horseman, dash, sa, sa!
And stroked his whiskers, tra, la, la.”—

[Peter goes out. — Rudiger sits down, and Gertrude helps him with wine.] Thanks, my love. It tastes ever best from thy hand, Isabella, here is glory and victory to our boys—*[Drinks.]*—Wilt thou not pledge me?

Isa. To their safety, and God grant it!—*[Drinks.]*

Enter Bertram as a minstrel, with a boy bearing his harp.—Also Peter.

Rud. Thy name, minstrel!

Ber. Minbold, so please you.

Rud. Art thou a German!

Ber. Yes, noble sir; and of this province.

Rud. Sing me a song of battle.

[Bertram sings to the harp.

Rud. Thanks, minstrel: well sung, and lustily. What sayst thou, Isabella?

Isa. I marked him not.

Rud. Nay, in sooth you are too anxious. Cheer up. And thou, too, my lovely Gertrude: in a few hours thy Henry shall return, and twine his laurels into a garland for thy hair. He fights for thee, and he must conquer.

Ger. Alas! must blood be spilled for a silly maiden!

Rud. Surely: for what should knights break lances but for honour and ladies' love—ha, minstrel!

Ber. So please you—also to punish crimes.

Rud. Out upon it! wouldst have us executioners, minstrel? Such work would disgrace our blades. We leave malefactors to the Secret Tribunal.

Isa. Merciful God! Thou hast spoken a word, Rudiger, of dreadful import.

Ger. They say that, unknown and invisible themselves, these awful judges are ever present with the guilty; that the past and the present misdeeds, the secrets of the confessional, nay, the very thoughts of the heart, are before them; that their doom is as sure as that of fate, the means and executioners unknown.

Rud. They say true—the secrets of that association, and the names of those who compose it, are as inscrutable as the grave: we only know that it has taken deep root, and spread its branches wide. I sit down each day in my hall, nor know I how many of these secret judges may surround me, all bound by the most solemn vow to avenge guilt. Once, and but once, a knight, at the earnest request and inquiries of the emperor, hinted that he belonged to the society: the next morning he was found slain in a forest: the poniard was left in the wound, and bore this label—"Thus do the invisible judges punish treachery."

Ger. Gracious! aunt, you grow pale.

Isa. A slight indisposition only.

Rud. And what of it all? We know our hearts are open to our Creator: shall we fear any earthly inspection? Come to the battlements; there we shall soonest descry the return of our warriors.

[Exit Rudiger, with Gertrude and Peter.

Isa. Minstrel, send the chaplain hither. [Exit Bertram.] Gracious Heaven! the guiltless innocence of my niece, the manly honesty of my upright-hearted Rudiger, become daily tortures to me. While he was engaged in active and stormy exploits, fear for his safety, joy when he returned to his castle, enabled me to disguise my inward anguish from others. But from myself—Judges of blood, that lie concealed in noontide as in midnight, who boast to avenge the hidden guilt, and to penetrate the recesses of the human breast, how blind is your penetration, how vain your dagger, and your cord, compared to the conscience of the sinner!

Enter Father Ludovic.

Lud. Peace be with you, lady!

Isa. It is not with me: it is thy office to bring it.

Lud. And the cause is the absence of the young knights?

Isa. Their absence and their danger.

Lud. Daughter, thy hand has been stretched out in bounty to the sick and to the needy. Thou hast not denied a shelter to the weary, nor a tear to the afflicted. Trust in their prayers, and in those of the holy convent thou hast founded: peradventure they will bring back thy children to thy bosom.

Isa. Thy brethren cannot pray for me or mine. Their vow binds them to pray night and day for another—to supplicate, without ceasing, the Eternal Mercy for the soul of one who—Oh, only Heaven knows how much he needs their prayer!

Lud. Unbounded is the mercy of Heaven. The soul of thy former husband—

Isa. I charge thee, priest, mention not the word. [Apart.] Wretch that I am, the meanest mortal in my train has power to goad me to madness!

Lud. Harken to me, daughter; thy crime against Arnolf of Ebersdorf cannot bear in the eye of Heaven so deep a dye of guilt.

Isa. Repeat that once more; say once again that it cannot—cannot bear so deep a dye. Prove to me that ages of the bitterest penance, that tears of the dearest blood, can erase such guilt. Prove but that to me, and I will build thee an abbey which shall put to shame the fairest fane in Christendom!

Lud. Nay, nay, daughter, your conscience is over tender. Supposing that, under dread of the stern Arnolf, you swore never to marry your present husband, still the exacting such an oath was unlawful, and the breach of it venial.

Isa. [resuming her composure.] Be it so, good father; I yield to thy better reasons. And now tell me, has thy pious care achieved the task I intrusted to thee?

Lud. Of superintending the erection of thy new hospital for pilgrims? I have, noble lady: and last night the minstrel now in the castle lodged there.

Isa. Wherefore came he then to the castle?

Lud. Reynold brought the commands of the Baron.

Isa. Whence comes he, and what is his tale? When he sung before Rudiger, I thought that long before I had heard such tones—seen such a face.

Lud. It is possible you may have seen him, lady, for he boasts to have been known to Arnolf of Ebersdorf, and to have lived formerly in this castle. He inquires much after Martin, Arnolf's squire.

Isa. Go, Ludovic—go quick, good father, seek him out, give him this purse, and bid him leave the castle, and speed him on his way.

Lud. May I ask why, noble lady?

Isa. Thou art inquisitive, priest: I honour the servants of God, but I foster not the prying spirit of a monk. Begone!

Lud. But the Baron, lady, will expect a reason why I dismiss his guest?

Isa. True, true [recollecting herself;] pardon

my warmth, good father, I was thinking of the cuckoo that grows too big for the nest of the sparrow, and strangles its foster-mother. Do no such birds roost in convent-walls!

Lady. I understand you not.

Isa. Well, then, say to the Baron, that I have dismissed long ago all the attendants of the man of whom thou hast spoken, and that I wish to have none of them beneath my roof.

Lud. (inquisitively) Except Martin?

Isa. (sharply) Except Martin! who saved the life of my son George! Do as I command thee. [Exit.]

Manet Ludovic.

Lud. Ever the same—stern and peremptory to others as rigorous to herself; haughty even to me, to whom, in another mood, she has knelt for absolution, and whose knees she has bathed in tears. I cannot fathom her. The unnatural zeal with which she performs her dreadful penances cannot be religion, for sordidly I guess she believes not in their blessed efficacy. Well for her that she is the fondress of our convent, otherwise we might not have erred in denouncing her as a heretic! [Exit.]

ACT II.—SCENE I.

A woodland prospect. — Through a long avenue, half grown up by brambles, are discerned in the back-ground the ruins of the ancient Castle of Griefenhous — The distant noise of battle is heard during this scene.

Enter George of Aspen, armed with a battle-axe in his hand, as from horseback. He supports Martin, and brings him forward.

Geo. Lay thee down here, old friend. The enemy's horsemen will hardly take their way among these brambles, through which I have dragged thee.

Mar. Oh, do not leave me! leave me not an instant! My moments are now but few, and I would profit by them.

Geo. Martin, you forget yourself and me—I must back to the field.

Mar. (attempts to rise.) Then drag me hither also; I cannot die but in your presence—I dare not be alone. Stay, to give peace to my parting soul.

Geo. I am no priest, Martin. *(Going.)*

Mar. (raising himself with great pain.) Baron George of Aspen, I saved thy life in battle: for that good deed, hear me but one moment.

Geo. I hear thee, my poor friend. *(Returning.)*

Mar. But come close—very close. See'st thou, sir knight—this wound I bore for thee—and this—and this—dost thou not remember?

Geo. I do.

Mar. I have served thee since thou wast a child; served thee faithfully—was never from thy side.

Geo. Thou hast.

Mar. And now I die in thy service.

Geo. Thou may'st recover.

Mar. I cannot. By my long service—by my scars—by this mortal gash, and by the death that I am to die—oh, do not hate me for what I am now to unfold!

Geo. Be assured I can never hate thee.

Mar. Ah, thou little knowest—Swear to me thou wilt speak a word of comfort to my parting soul.

Geo. (takes his hand) I swear I will. *(Alarm and shouting.)* But be brief—thou knowest my haste.

Mar. Hear me, then. I was the squire, the beloved and favourite attendant, of Arnolf of Eberdorf. Arnolf was savage as the mountain bear. He loved the Lady Isabel, but she requited not his passion. She loved thy father; but her sire, old Arnheim, was the friend of Arnolf, and she was forced to marry him. By midnight, in the chapel of Ebersdorf, the ill-omened rites were performed; her resistance, her screams were in vain. These arms detained her at the altar till the nuptial benediction was pronounced. Canst thou forgive me?

Geo. I do forgive thee. Thy obedience to thy savage master has been obliterated by a long train of services to thy widow.

Mar. Services! ay, bloody services! for they commenced—do not quit my hand—they commenced—the murder of my master. *(George quits his hand, and stands aghast in speechless horror.)* Trample on me! pursue me with your dagger! I aided your mother to poison her first husband! I thank Heaven, it is said.

Geo. My mother? Sacred Heaven! Martin, thou ravest—the fever of thy wound has distracted thee.

Mar. No! I am not mad! Would to God I were! Try me! Yonder is the Wolfsuhl—yonder the old castle of Griefenhous—and yonder is the hemlock marsh *(in a whisper)* where I gathered the deadly plant that drugged Arnolf's cup of death. *(George traverses the stage in the utmost agitation, and sometimes stands over Martin with his hands clasped together.)* Oh, had you seen him when the potion took effect! Had you heard his ravings, and seen the contortions of his ghastly visage!—He died furious and impenitent, as he lived; and went—where I am shortly to go. You do not speak?

Geo. (with exertion.) Miserable wretch! how can I?

Mar. Can you not forgive me?

Geo. May God pardon thee—I cannot!

Mar. I saved thy life—

Geo. For that, take my curse! *(He snatches up his battle-axe, and rushes out to the side from which the noise is heard.)*

Mar. Hear me! yet more—more horror! *(Attempts to rise, and falls heavily. A loud alarm.)*

Enter Wickerd, hastily.

Wic. In the name of God, Martin, lend me thy brand!

Mar. Take it.

Wic. Where is it?

Mar. (looks wildly at him.) In the chapel at Ebersdorf, or buried in the hemlock marsh.

Wic. The old grumbler is crazy with his wounds. Martin, if thou hast a spark of reason in thee, give me thy sword. The day goes sore against us.

Mar. There it lies. Bury it in the heart of thy master George; thou wilt do him a good office—the office of a faithful servant.

Enter Conrad.

Con. Away, Wickerd! to horse, and pursue! Baron George has turned the day; he fights more like a fiend than a man: he has unhorsed Roderic, and slain six of his troopers — they are in headlong flight — the hemlock marsh is red with their gore! (*Martin gives a deep groan, and faints*) Away! away! (*They hurry off, as to the pursuit*)

Enter Roderic of Maltingen, without his helmet, his arms disordered and broken, holding the truncheon of a spear in his hand; with him, Baron Wolfstein.

Rod. A curse on fortune, and a double curse upon George of Aspen! Never, never will I forgive him my disgrace — overthrow like a rotten trunk before a whirlwind!

Wolf. Be comforted, Count Roderic; it is well we have escaped being prisoners. See how the troopers of Aspen pour along the plain, like the billows of the Rhine! It is good we are shrouded by the thicket.

Rod. Why took he not my life, when he robbed me of my honour and of my love? Why did his spear not pierce my heart, when mine shivered on his arms like a frail bulrush? (*Throws down the broken spear.*) Bear witness, heaven and earth, I outlive this disgrace only to avenge!

Wolf. Be comforted; the knights of Aspen have not gained a bloodless victory. And see, there lies one of George's followers — (*seeing Martin.*)

Rod. His squire Martin; if he be not dead, we will secure him: he is the depository of the secrets of his master. Arouse thee, trusty follower of the house of Aspen!

Mar. (*reviving.*) Leave me not! leave me not, Baron George! my eyes are darkened with agony! I have not yet told all.

Wolf. The old man takes you for his master.

Rod. What wouldst thou tell?

Mar. Oh, I would tell all the temptations by which I was urged to the murder of Ebersdorf!

Rod. Murder! — this is worth marking. Proceed.

Mar. I loved a maiden, daughter of Arnolf's steward; my master seduced her — she became an outcast, and died in misery — I vowed vengeance — and I did avenge her.

Rod. Hadst thou accomplices?

Mar. None, but thy mother.

Rod. The Lady Isabella!

Mar. Ay: she hated her husband: he knew her love to Rudiger, and when she heard that thy father was returned from Palestine, her life was endangered by the transports of his jealousy — thus prepared for evil, the fiend tempted us, and we fell.

Rod. (*breaks into a transport*) Fortune! thou hast repaid me all! Love and vengeance are my own! — Wolfstein, recall our followers! quick, sound thy hugh! — (*Wolfstein sounds.*)

Mar. (*stares wildly round*) That was no note of Aspen — Count Roderic of Maltingen — Heaven! what have I said!

Rod. What thou canst not recall.

Mar. Then is my fate decreed! 'Tis as it should be! in this very place was the poison gather'd — 'tis retribution!

Enter three or four soldiers of Roderic.

Rod. Secure this wounded trooper; bind his wounds, and guard him well; carry him to the ruins of Griefenhaus, and conceal him till the troopers of Aspen have retired from the pursuit; — look to him, as you love your lives.

Mar. (*led off by soldiers.*) Ministers of vengeance! my hour is come! [*Exeunt.*]

Rod. Hope, joy, and triumph, once again are ye mine! Welcome to my heart, long-absent visitants! One lucky chance has thrown dominion into the scale of the house of Maltingen, and Aspen kicks the beam.

Wolf. I foresee, indeed, dishonour to the family of Aspen, should this wounded squire make good his tale.

Rod. And how thinkest thou this disgrace will fall on them?

Wolf. Surely, by the public punishment of Lady Isabella.

Rod. And is that all?

Wolf. What more?

Rod. Shortsighted that thou art, is not George of Aspen, as well as thou, a member of the holy and invisible circle, over which I preside?

Wolf. Speak lower, for God's sake! these are things not to be mentioned before the sun.

Rod. True: but stands he not bound by the most solemn oath religion can devise, to discover to the tribunal whatever concealed iniquity shall come to his knowledge, be the perpetrator whom he may — ay, were that perpetrator his own father — or mother; and can you doubt that he has heard Martin's confession?

Wolf. True: but, blessed Virgin! do you think he will accuse his own mother before the invisible judges?

Rod. If not, he becomes forsworn, and, by our law, must die. Either way my vengeance is complete — perjured or parricide, I care not; but, as the one or the other shall I crush the haughty George of Aspen.

Wolf. Thy vengeance strikes deep.

Rod. Deep as the wounds I have borne from this proud family. Rodiger slew my father in battle — George has twice baffled and dishonoured my arms, and Henry has stolen the heart of my beloved: but no longer can Gertrude now remain under the care of the murderous dam of this brood of wolves; far less can she wed the smooth-cheeked boy, when this scene of villany shall be disclosed.

[*Bugle.*]

Wolf. Hark! they sound a retreat: let us go deeper into the wood.

Rod. The victors approach! I shall dash their triumph! — Issue the private summons for convoking the members this very evening; I will direct the other measures.

Wolf. What place?

Rod. The old chapel in the ruins of Griefenhaus, as usual. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter George of Aspen, as from the pursuit.

Geo. (*comes slowly forward.*) How many wretches have sunk under my arm this day, to whom life was sweet, though the wretched bondsmen of Count Roderic! And I — I who

sought death beneath every lifted battle-axe, and offered my breast in every arrow—I am cursed with victory and safety. Here I left the wretch—Martin!—Martin!—what, ho! Martin!—Mother of God! he is gone!—Snoud he repeat the dreadful tale to any other—Martin!—He answers not. Perhaps he has crept into the thicket, and died there—were it so, the horrible secret is only mine.

Enter Henry of Aspen, with Wickerd, Reynolds, and followers.

Hen. Joy to thee, brother! though, by St. Francis, I would not gain another field at the price of seeing thee fight with such reckless desperation. Thy safety is little less than miraculous.

Rey. By'r Lady, when Baron George struck, I think he must have forgot that his foes were God's creatures. Such furious doings I never saw, and I have been a trooper these forty-two years come St. Barnaby—

Geo. Peace! Saw any of you Martin?

Wic. Noble sir, I left him here not long since.

Geo. Alive or dead?

Wic. Alive, noble sir, but sorely wounded. I think he must be prisoner, for he could not have budged else from hence.

Geo. Heedless slave! Why didst thou leave him?

Hen. Dear brother, Wickerd acted for the best; he came to our assistance and the aid of his companions.

Geo. I tell thee, Henry, Martin's safety was of more importance than the lives of any ten that stand here.

Wic. (*muttering.*) Here's much to do about an old crazy trencher-shifter.

Geo. What mutterest thou?

Wic. Only, sir knight, that Martin seemed out of his senses when I left him, and has perhaps wandered into the marsh, and perished there.

Geo. How—out of his senses? Did he speak to thee?—(*apprehensively.*)

Wic. Yes, noble sir.

Geo. Dear Henry, step for an instant to yon tree—thou wilt see from thence if the foe rally upon the Wolfshill. (*Henry retires.*) And do you stand back (*to the soldiers*)

[*He brings Wickerd forward.*]

Geo. (*with marked apprehension*) What did Martin say to thee, Wickerd?—tell me, on thy allegiance.

Wic. Mere ravings, sir knight—offered me his sword to kill you.

Geo. Said he aught of killing any one else?

Wic. No; the pain of his wound seemed to have brought on a fever.

Geo. (*clasps his hands together.*) I breathe again—I spy comfort. Why could I not see as well as this fellow, that the wounded wretch may have been distracted? Let me at least think so till proof shall show the truth (*aside*) Wickerd, think not on what I said—the heat of the battle had chafed my blood. Thou hast wished for the Nether farm at Ebersdorf—it shall be thine.

Wic. Thanks, my noble lord.

Re-enter Henry.

Hen. No—they do not rally—they have had enough of it—but Wickerd and Conrad shall

remain, with twenty troopers and a score of crossbowmen, and scour the woods towards Griefenhaus, to prevent the fugitives from making head. We will, with the rest, to Ebersdorf. What say you, brother?

Geo. Well ordered. Wickerd, look thou search everywhere for Martin; bring him to me dead or alive; leave not a nook of the wood unsought.

Wic. I warrant you, noble sir, I shall find him, could he clew himself up like a dormouse.

Hen. I think he must be prisoner.

Geo. Heaven forbid! Take a trumpet, Enstace (*to an attendant*;) ride to the castle of Mattingen, and demand a parley. If Martin is prisoner, offer ransom; offer ten—twenty—all our prisoners in exchange.

Eus. It shall be done, sir knight.

Hen. Ere we go, sound trumpets—strike up the song of victory.

SONG.

Joy to the victors! the sons of old Aspen!
 Joy to the race of the battle and scar!
 Glory's proud garland triumphantly grasping;
 Generous in peace, and victorious in war.
 Honour acquiring,
 Valour inspiring,
 Bursting, resistless, through foemen they go:
 War-axes wielding,
 Broken ranks yielding,
 Till from the battle proud Roderic retiring,
 Yields in wild rout the fair palm to his foe.
 Joy to each warrior, true follower of Aspen!
 Joy to the heroes that gain'd the bold day!
 Health to our wounded, in agony gasping;
 Peace to our brethren that fell in the fray!
 Boldly this morning,
 Roderic's power scorning,
 Well for their chief-in their blades did they
 wield:
 Joy blest them dying,
 As Mattingen flying,
 Low laid his banners, our conquest adorning,
 Their death-clouded eyeballs descried on the
 field!
 Now to our home, the proud manseion of
 Aspen,
 Bend we, gay victors, triumphant away;
 There each fond damsel, her gallant youth
 clasping,
 Shall wipe from his forehead the stains of
 the fray.
 Listening the prancing
 Of horses advancing;
 E'en now on the turrets our maidens ap-
 pear:
 Love our hearts warming,
 Songs the night charming,
 Round goes the grape in the goblet gay
 dancing;
 Love, wine, and song, our blithe evening shall
 cheer!
Hen. Now spread our banners, and to Ebers-
 dorf in triumph. We carry relief to the anx-
 ious, joy to the heart of the aged, brother
 George. (*Gong off.*)
Geo. Or treble misery and death.
 [*Apart, and following slowly.*]
*The music sounds, and the followers of Aspen
 begin to file across the stage. The curtain falls.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Castle of Ebersdorf.

Rudiger, Isabella, and Gertrude

Rud. I prithee, dear wife, be merry. It must be over by this time, and happily, otherwise the bad news had reached us.

Isa. Should we not, then, have heard the tidings of the good?

Rud. Oh! these fly slower by half. Besides, I warrant all of them engaged in the pursuit. Oh! not a page would leave the skirts of the fugitives till they were fairly beaten into their holds; but had the boys lost the day, the stragglers had made for the castle. Go to the window, Gertrude: seest thou any thing?

Ger. I think I see a horseman.

Isa. A single rider! then I fear me much.

Ger. It is only Father Ludovic.

Rud. A plague on thee! droopst thou take a fat friar on a mule for a trooper of the house of Aspen?

Ger. But yonder is a cloud of dust.

Rud. (*eagerly.*) Indeed!

Ger. It is only the wine sledges going to my aunt's convent.

Rud. The devil confound the wine sledges, and the mules, and the monks! Come from the window, and torment me no longer, thou seer of strange sights.

Ger. Dear uncle, what can I do to amuse you? Shall I tell you what I dreamed this morning?

Rud. Nonsense: but say on; any thing is better than silence.

Ger. I thought I was in the chapel, and they were burying my aunt Isabella alive. And who, do you think, aunt, were the gravediggers who shovelled in the earth upon you! Even Baron George and old Martin.

Isa. (*appears shocked*) Heaven! what an idea!

Ger. Do but think of my terror—and Minhold the minstrel played all the while to drown your screams.

Rud. And old Father Ludovic danced a saraband, with the steeple of the new convent upon his thick skull by way of mitre. A truce to this nonsense. Give us a song, my love, and leave thy dreams and visions.

Ger. What shall I sing to you?

Rud. Sing to me of war.

Ger. I cannot sing of battle; but I will sing you the Lament of Eleanor of Toro, when her lover was slain in the wars.

Isa. Oh, no laments, Gertrude.

Rud. Then sing a song of mirth.

Isa. Dear husband, is this a time for mirth?
Rud. Is it neither a time to sing of mirth nor of sorrow? Isabella would rather hear Father Ludovic chant the "De profundis."

Ger. Dear uncle, be not angry. At present, I can only sing the lay of poor Eleanor. It comes to my heart at this moment as if the sorrowful mourner had been my own sister.

SONG.¹

Sweet shone the sun on the fair lake of Toro,
Weak were the whispers that waved the
dark wood,

As a fair maiden, bewilder'd in sorrow,
Sigh'd to the breezes and wept to the flood.—

"Saints, from the mansion of bliss lowly bending,

Virgin, that hear'st the poor suppliant's cry,

Grant my petition, in anguish ascending,
My Frederick restore, or let Eleanor die."

Distant and faint were the sounds of the battle;

With the breezes they rise, with the breezes they fall,

'Till the shout, and the groan, and the conflict's dread rattle,

And the chase's wild clamour came loading the gale.

Breathless she gazed through the woodland so dreary,

Slowly approaching, a warrior was seen;

Life's ebbing tide mark'd his footsteps so weary,

Cleft was his helmet, and woe was his mien.

"Save thee, fair maid, for our armies are flying;

Save thee, fair maid, for thy guardian is low;

Cold on yon heath thy bold Frederick is lying,

Fast through the woodland approaches the foe."

[*The voice of Gertrude sinks by degrees, till she bursts into tears.*]

Rud. How now, Gertrude?

Ger. Alas! may not the fate of poor Eleanor at this moment be mine?

Rud. Never, my girl, never! (*Military music is heard.*) Hark! hark! to the sounds that tell thee so.

[*All rise and run to the window.*]

Rud. Joy! joy! they come, and come victorious. (*The chorus of the war-song is heard without.*) Welcome! welcome! once more have my old eyes seen the banners of the house of Maltingen trampled in the dust.—Isabella, broach our oldest casks: wine is sweet after war.

Enter Henry, followed by Reynold and troopers.

Rud. Joy to thee, my boy: let me press thee to this old heart.

Isa. Bless thee, my son—(*embraces him.*)—Oh, how many hours of bitterness are compensated by this embrace! Bless thee, my Henry! where hast thou left thy brother?

Hen. Hard at hand: by this lie is crossing the drawbridge. Hast thou no greetings for me, Gertrude? (*Goes to her.*)

Ger. I joy not in battles.

Rud. But she had tears for thy danger.

Hen. Thanks, my gentle Gertrude. See, I have brought back thy scarf from no inglorious field.

Ger. It is bloody!—(*shocked.*)

Rud. Dost start at that, my girl? Were it his own blood, as it is that of his foes, thou shouldst glory in it.—Go, Reynold, make good cheer with thy fellows.

[*Exit Reynold and Soldiers.*]

¹ Compare with "The Maid of Toro," *ante*, p. 529.

Enter George, pensively.

Geo. (goes straight to Rudiger.) Father, thy blessing.

Rud. Thou hast it, boy.

Isa. (rushes to embrace him—he avoids her.) How? art thou wounded?

Geo. No.

Rud. Thou lookest deadly pale.

Geo. It is nothing.

Isa. Heaven's blessing on my gallant George.

Geo. (aside.) Dares she bestow a blessing? Oh, Martin's tale was frenzy!

Isa. Smile upon us for once, my son; darken not thy brow on this day of gladness—few are our moments of joy—should not my sons share in them?

Geo. (aside.) She has moments of joy—it was frenzy then!

Isa. Gertrude, my love, assist me to disarm the knight. *(She loosens and takes off his casque.)*

Ger. There is one, two, three hacks, and none has pierced the steel.

Rud. Let me see. Let me see. A trusty casque!

Ger. Else hadst thou gone.

Isa. I will reward the armourer with its weight in gold.

Geo. (aside.) She must be innocent.

Ger. And Henry's shield is hacked, too! Let me show it to you, uncle. *(She carries Henry's to Rudiger.)*

Rud. Do, my love; and come hither, Henry, thou shalt tell me how the day went.

[Henry and Gertrude converse apart with Rudiger; George comes forward; Isabella comes to him.]

Isa. Surely, George, some evil has befallen thee. Grave thou art ever, but so dreadfully gloomy—

Geo. Evil, indeed.—*(Aside.)* Now for the trial.

Isa. Has your loss been great?

Geo. No!—Yes!—*(Apart.)* I cannot do it.

Isa. Perhaps some friend lost?

Geo. It must be.—*Martin is dead.*—*(He regards her with apprehension, but steadily, as he pronounces these words.)*

Isa. (starts, then shows a ghastly expression of joy.) Dead!

Geo. (almost overcome by his feelings.) Guilty! Guilty!—*(apart.)*

Isa. (without observing his emotion.) Didst thou say dead?

Geo. Did I—no—I only said mortally wounded.

Isa. Wounded? only wounded? Where is he? Let me fly to him.—*(Going.)*

Geo. (sternly.) Hold, lady!—Speak not so loud!—Thou canst not see him!—He is a prisoner.

Isa. A prisoner, and wounded? Fly to his deliverance!—Offer wealth, lands, castles,—all our possessions, for his ransom. Never shall I know peace till these walls, or till the grave secures him.

Geo. (apart.) Guilty! Guilty!

Enter Peter.

Pet. Hugo, squire to the Count of Maltin, has arrived with a message.

Rud. I will receive him in the hall.

[Exit, leaning on Gertrude and Henry.]

Isa. Go, George—see after Martin.

Geo. (firmly.) No—I have a task to perform; and though the earth should open and devour me alive—I will accomplish it. But first—but first—Nature, take thy tribute.—*(He falls on his mother's neck, and weeps bitterly.)*

Isa. George! my son! for Heaven's sake, what dreadful frenzy!

Geo. (walks two turns across the stage and composes himself.) Listen, mother—I knew a knight in Hungary, gallant in battle, hospitable and generous in peace. The king gave him his friendship, and the administration of a province; that province was infested by thieves and murderers. You mark me?

Isa. Most heedfully.

Geo. The knight was sworn—bound by an oath the most dreadful that can be taken by man—to deal among offenders, evenhanded, stern and impartial justice. Was it not a dreadful vow?

Isa. (with an affectation of composure.) Sollemn, doubtless, as the oath of every magistrate.

Geo. And inviolable?

Isa. Surely—inviolable.

Geo. Well! it happened, that when he rode out against the banditti, he made a prisoner. And who, think you, that prisoner was?

Isa. I know not *(with increasing terror.)*

Geo. (trembling, but proceeding rapidly.) His own twin-brother, who sucked the same breasts with him, and lay in the bosom of the same mother; his brother whom he loved as his own soul—what should that knight have done unto his brother?

Isa. (almost speechless.) Alas! what did he do?

Geo. He did *(turning his head from her, and with clasped hands,)* what I can never do:—he did his duty.

Isa. My son! my son!—Mercy! Mercy! *(Clings to him.)*

Geo. Is it then true?

Isa. What?

Geo. What Martin said? *(Isabella hides her face.)* It is true!

Isa. (looks up with an air of dignity.) Hear, Framers of the laws of nature! the mother is judged by the child—*(Turns towards him.)* Yes, it is true—true that, fearful of my own life, I secured it by the murder of my tyrant. Mistaken coward! I little knew on what terrors I ran, to avoid one moment's agony.—Thou hast the secret!

Geo. Knowest thou to whom thou hast told it?

Isa. To my son.

Geo. No! No! to an executioner!

Isa. Be it so—go, proclaim my crime, and forget not my punishment. Forget not that the murderer of her husband has dragged out years of hidden remorse, to be brought at last to the scaffold by her own cherished son—thou art silent.

Geo. The language of Nature is no more! How shall I learn another?

Isa. Look upon me, George. Should the executioner be abashed before the criminal—look upon me, my son. From my soul do I forgive thee.

Geo. Forgive me what?

Isa. What thou dost meditate—be vengeance

heavy, but let it be secret—add not the death of a father to that of the sinner! Oh! Rudiger! Rudiger! innocent cause of all my guilt and all my woe, how wilt thou tear thy silver locks when thou shalt hear her guilt whom thou hast so often clasped to thy bosom—hear her infamy proclaimed by the son of thy fondest hopes—(weeps.)

Geo. (struggling for breath.) Nature will have utterance: mother, dearest mother, I will save you or perish! (throws himself into her arms.) Thus fall my vows.

Isa. Man thyself! I ask not safety from thee. Never shall it be said, that Isabella of Aspen turned her son from the path of duty, though his footsteps must pass over her mangled corpse. Man thyself.

Geo. No! No! The ties of Nature were knit by God himself. Cursed be the stoic pride that would rend them asunder, and call it virtue!

Isa. My son! My son!—How shall I behold thee hereafter?

[Three knocks are heard upon the door of the apartment.]

Geo. Hark! One—two—three. Roderic, thou art speedy! (Apart.)

Isa. (opens the door.) A parchment stuck to the door with a poniard! (Opens it.) Heaven and earth!—a summons from the invisible judges!—(Drops the parchment.)

Geo. (reads with emotion.) "Isabella of Aspen, accused of murder by poison, we conjure thee, by the cord and by the steel, to appear this night before the avengers of blood, who judge in secret and avenge in secret, like the Deity. As thou art innocent or guilty, so be thy deliverance."—Martin, Martin, thou hast played false!

Isa. Alas! whither shall I fly?

Geo. Thou canst not fly; instant death would follow the attempt; a hundred thousand arms would be raised against thy life; every morsel thou didst taste, every drop which thou didst drink, the very breeze of heaven that fanned thee, would come loaded with destruction. One chance of safety is open:—obey the summons.

Isa. And perish.—Yet why should I still fear death? Be it so.

Geo. No—I have avorn to save you. I will not do the work by halves. Does any one save Martin know of the dreadful deed?

Isa. None.

Geo. Then go—assert your innocence, and leave the rest to me.

Isa. Wretch that I am! How can I support the task you would impose?

Geo. Think on my father. Live for him: he will need all the comfort thou canst bestow. Let the thought that his destruction is involved in thine, carry thee through the dreadful trial.

Isa. Be it so.—For Rudiger I have lived: for him I will continue to bear the burden of existence: but the instant that my guilt comes to his knowledge shall be the last of my life. Ere I would bear from him one glance of hatred or of scorn, this dagger should drink my blood. (Puts the poniard into her bosom.)

Geo. Fear not. He can never know. No evidence shall appear against you.

Isa. How shall I obey the summons, and where find the terrible judgment-seat?

Geo. Leave that to the judges. Resolve but to obey, and a conductor will be found. Go to the chapel; there pray for your sins and for mine. (He leads her out, and returns.)—Sins, indeed! I break a dreadful vow, but I save the life of a parent; and the penance I will do for my perjury shall appal even the judges of blood.

Enter Reynold.

Rey. Sir knight, the messenger of Count Roderic desires to speak with you.

Geo. Admit him.

Enter Hugo.

Hug. Count Roderic of Maltingen greets you. He says he will this night hear the bat flutter and the owl scream; and he bids me ask if thou also wilt listen to the music.

Geo. I understand him. I will be there.

Hug. And the count says to you, that he will not ransom your wounded squire, though you would downweigh his best horse with gold. But you may send him a confessor, for the count says he will need one.

Geo. Is he so near death?

Hug. Not as it seems to me. He is weak through loss of blood; but since his wound was dressed he can both stand and walk. Our count has a notable balsam, which has recruited him much.

Geo. Enough—I will send a priest.—(Exit Hugo.) I fathom his plot. He would add another witness to the tale of Martin's guilt. But no priest shall approach him. Reynold, thinkest thou not we could send one of the troopers, disguised as a monk, to aid Martin in making his escape.

Rey. Noble sir, the followers of your house are so well known to those of Maltingen, that I fear it is impossible.

Geo. Knowest thou of no stranger who might be employed? His reward shall exceed even his hopes.

Rey. So please you—I think the minstrel could well execute such a commission: he is shrewd and cunning, and can write and read like a priest.

Geo. Call him.—(Exit Reynold) If this fails, I must employ open force. Were Martin removed, no tongue can assert the bloody truth.

Enter Minstrel.

Geo. Come hither, Minhold. Hast thou courage to undertake a dangerous enterprise?

Ber. My life, sir knight, has been one scene of danger and of dread. I have forgotten how to fear.

Geo. Thy speech is above thy seeming. Who art thou?

Ber. An unfortunate knight, obliged to shroud myself under this disguise.

Geo. What is the cause of thy misfortunes?

Ber. I slew, at a tournament, a prince, and was laid under the ban of the empire.

Geo. I have interest with the emperor. Swear to perform what task I shall impose on thee, and I will procure the recall of the ban.

Ber. I swear.

Geo. Then take the disguise of a monk, and go with the follower of Count Roderic, as if to confess my wounded squire Martin. Give him thy dress, and remain in prison in his

ateed. Thy captivity shall be short, and I pledge my knightly word I will labour to execute my promise, when thou shalt have leisure to unfold thy history.

Ber. I will do as you direct. Is the life of your squire in danger?

Geo. It is, unless thou canst accomplish his release.

Ber. I will essay it.

[*Exit.*]

Geo. Such are the mean expedients to which George of Aspen must now resort. No longer can I debate with Roderic in the field. The depraved — the perjured knight must contend with him only in the arts of dissimulation and treachery. Oh, mother! mother! the most bitter consequence of thy crime has been the birth of thy first-born! But I must warn my brother of the impending storm. Poor Henry, how little can thy gay temper anticipate evil! What, ho there! (*Enter an Attendant.*) Where is Baron Henry?

Att. Noble sir, he rode forth, after a slight refreshment, to visit the party in the field.

Geo. Saddle my steed; I will follow him.

Att. So please you, your noble father has twice demanded your presence at the banquet.

Geo. It matters not—say that I have ridden forth to the Wolfshill. Where is thy lady?

Att. In the chapel, sir knight.

Geo. 'Tis well—saddle my bay-horse—(*apart*) for the last time. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

The wood of Griefenhaus, with the ruins of the Castle. A nearer view of the Castle than in Act Second, but still at some distance.

Enter Roderic, Wolfstein, and Soldiers, as from a reconnoitring party.

Wolf. They mean to improve their success, and will push their advantage far. We must retreat betimes. Count Roderic.

Rod. We are safe here for the present. They make no immediate motion of advance. I fancy neither George nor Henry are with their party in the wood.

Enter Hugo.

Hug. Noble sir, how shall I tell what has happened?

Rod. What?

Hug. Martin has escaped.

Rod. Villain, thy life shall pay it! (*Strikes at Hugo—is held by Wolfstein.*)

Wolf. Hold, hold, Count Roderic! Hugo may be blameless.

Rod. Reckless slave! how came he to escape?

Hug. Under the disguise of a monk's habit, whom by your orders we brought to confess him.

Rod. Has he been long gone?

Hug. An hour and more since he passed our sentinels, disguised as the chaplain of Aspen; but he walked so slowly and feebly, I think he cannot yet have reached the posts of the enemy.

Rod. Where is the treacherous priest?

Hug. He waits his doom not far from hence.

[*Exit Hugo.*]

Rod. Drag him hither. The miscreant that snatched the morsel of vengeance from the lion of Maltingen, shall expire under torture.

Re-enter Hugo, with Bertram and Attendants.

Rod. Villain! what tempted thee, under the garb of a minister of religion, to steal a criminal from the hand of justice?

Ber. I am no villain, Count Roderic; and I only aided the escape of one wounded wretch whom thou didst mean to kill basely.

Rod. Liar and slave! thou hast assisted a murderer, upon whom justice had sacred claims.

Ber. I warn thee again, Count, that I am neither liar nor slave. Shortly I hope to tell thee I am once more thy equal.

Rod. Thou! Thou!—

Ber. Yes! the name of Bertram of Ebersdorf was once not unknown to thee.

Rod. (*astonished.*) Thou Bertram! the brother of Arnolf of Ebersdorf, first husband of the Baroness Isabella of Aspen?

Ber. The same.

Rod. Who, in a quarrel at a tournament, many years since, slew a blood-relation of the emperor, and was laid under the ban?

Ber. The same.

Rod. And who has now, in the disguise of a priest, aided the escape of Martin, squire to George of Aspen?

Ber. The same—the same.

Rod. Then, by the holy cross of Cologne, thou hast set at liberty the murderer of thy brother Arnolf!

Ber. How! What! I understand thee not!

Rod. Miserable plotters!—Martin, by his own confession, as Wolfstein heard, avowed having aided Isabella in the murder of her husband. I had laid such a plan of vengeance as should have made all Germany shudder. And thou hast counteracted it—thou, the brother of the murdered Arnolf!

Ber. Can this be so, Wolfstein?

Wolf. I heard Martin confess the murder.

Ber. Then am I indeed unfortunate!

Rod. What, in the name of evil, brought thee here?

Ber. I am the last of my race. When I was outlawed, as thou knowest, the lands of Ebersdorf, my rightful inheritance, were declared forfeited, and the Emperor bestowed them upon Rudiger when he married Isabella. I attempted to defend my domain, but Rudiger—Hell thank him for it—enforced the ban against me at the head of his vassals, and I was constrained to fly. Since then I have warred against the Saracens in Spain and Palestine.

Rod. But why didst thou return to a land where death attends thy being discovered?

Ber. Impatience urged me to see once more the land of my nativity, and the towers of Ebersdorf. I came there yesterday, under the name of the minstrel Minhold.

Rod. And what prevailed on thee to undertake to deliver Martin?

Ber. George, though I told not my name, engaged to procure the recall of the ban; besides, he told me Martin's life was in danger, and I accounted the old villain to be the last remaining follower of our house. But, as God shall judge me, the tale of horror thou hast mentioned I could not have even suspected.

Report ran, that my brother died of the plague.

Wolf. Raised for the purpose, doubtless, of preventing attendance upon his sick-bed, and an inspection of his body.

Ber. My vengeance shall be dreadful as its cause! The usurpers of my inheritance, the robbers of my honour, the murderers of my brother, shall be cut off, root and branch!

Rod. Thou art, then, welcome here; especially if thou art still a true brother to our invisible order.

Ber. I am.

Rod. There is a meeting this night on the business of thy brother's death. Some are now come. I must despatch them in pursuit of Martin.

Enter Hugo.

Hug. The foes advance, sir knight.

Rod. Back! back to the ruins! Come with us, Bertram; on the road thou shalt hear the dreadful history. *[Exeunt.]*

From the opposite side enter George, Henry, Wickerd, Conrad, and Soldiers.

Geo. No news of Martin yet?

Wic. None, sir knight.

Geo. Nor the minstrel?

Wic. None.

Geo. Then he has betrayed me, or is prisoner—misery either way. Begone and search the wood, Wickerd.

[Exeunt Wickerd and followers.]

Hen. Still this dreadful gloom on thy brow, brother?

Geo. Ay! what else?

Hen. Once thou thoughtest me worthy of thy friendship.

Geo. Henry, thou art young—

Hen. Shall I therefore betray thy confidence?

Geo. No! but thou art gentle and well-natured. Thy mind cannot even support the burden which mine must bear, far less wilt thou approve the means I shall use to throw it off.

Hen. Try me.

Geo. I may not.

Hen. Then thou dost no longer love me.

Geo. I love thee, and because I love thee, I will not involve thee in my distress.

Hen. I will bear it with thee.

Geo. Shouldst thou share it, it would be doubled to me!

Hen. Fear not, I will find a remedy.

Geo. It would cost thee peace of mind, here, and hereafter.

Hen. I take the risk.

Geo. It may not be, Henry. Thou wouldst become the confidant of crimes past—the accomplice of others to come.

Hen. Shall I guess?

Geo. I charge thee, no!

Hen. I must. Thou art one of the secret judges.

Geo. Unhappy boy! what hast thou said?

Hen. Is it not so?

Geo. Dost thou know what the discovery has cost thee?

Hen. I care not.

Geo. He who discovers any part of our mystery must himself become one of our number.

Hen. How so?

Geo. If he does not consent, his secrecy will be speedily ensured by his death. To that we are sworn—take thy choice!

Hen. Well, are you not handed in secret to punish those offenders whom the sword of justice cannot reach, or who are shielded from its stroke by the buckler of power?

Geo. Such is indeed the purpose of our fraternity; but the end is pursued through paths dark, intricate, and slippery with blood. Who is he that shall tread them with safety? Accursed be the hour in which I entered the labyrinth, and doubly accursed that, in which thou too must lose the cheerful sunshine of a soul without a mystery!

Hen. Yet for thy sake will I be a member.

Geo. Henry, thou didst rise this morning a free man. No one could say to thee, "Why dost thou so?" Thou layest thee down to-night the veriest slave that ever tugged at an oar—the slave of men whose actions will appear to thee savage and incomprehensible, and whom thou must aid against the world, upon peril of thy throat.

Hen. Be it so. I will share your lot.

Geo. Alas, Henry! Heaven forbid! But since thou hast by a hasty word fettered thyself, I will avail myself of thy bondage. Mount thy fleetest steed, and hie thee this very night to the Duke of Bavaria. He is chief and paramount of our chapter. Show him this signet and this letter; tell him that matters will be this night discussed concerning the house of Aspen. Bid him speed him to the assembly, for he well knows the president is our deadly foe. He will admit thee a member of our holy body.

Hen. Who is the foe whom you dread?

Geo. Young man, the first duty thou must learn is implicit and blind obedience.

Hen. Well! I shall soon return and see thee again.

Geo. Return, indeed, thou wilt; but for the rest—well! that matters not.

Hen. I go: thou wilt set a watch here?

Geo. I will. *(Henry going.)* Return, my dear Henry; let me embrace thee, shouldst thou not see me again.

Hen. Heaven! what mean you?

Geo. Nothing. The life of mortals is precarious; and, should we not meet again, take my blessing and this embrace—and this—*(embraces him warmly.)* And now haste to the duke. *(Exit Henry.)* Poor youth, thou little knowest what thou hast undertaken. But if Martin has escaped, and if the duke arrives, they will not dare to proceed without proof.

Re-enter Wickerd and followers.

Wic. We have made a follower of Maltiazen prisoner, Baron George, who reports that Martin has escaped.

Geo. Joy! joy! such joy as I can now feel! Set him free for the good news—and, Wickerd, keep a good watch in this spot all night. Send out scouts to find Martin, lest he should not be able to reach Ebersdorf.

Wic. I shall, noble sir.

[The kettle-drums and trumpets flourish as for setting the watch: the scene closes.]

SCENE II.

The chapel at Ebersdorf, an ancient Gothic building.

Isabella is discovered rising from before the altar, on which burn two tapers.

Isa. I cannot pray. Terror and guilt have stifled devotion. The heart must be at ease—the hands must be pure when they are lifted to Heaven. Midnight is the hour of summons; it is now near. How can I pray, when I go resolved to deny a crime which every drop of my blood could not wash away! And my son! Oh! he will fall the victim of my crime! Arnold! Arnold! thou art dreadfully avenged! (*Tap at the door.*) The footstep of my dreadful guide. (*Tap again.*) My courage is no more. (*Enter Gertrude by the door.*) Gertrude! is it only thou? (*embraces her.*)

Ger. Dear aunt, leave this awful place; it chills my very blood. My uncle sent me to call you to the hall.

Isa. Who is in the hall?

Ger. Only Reynold and the family, with whom my uncle is making merry.

Isa. Sawest thou no strange faces?

Ger. No; none but friends.

Isa. Art thou sure of that? Is George there?

Ger. No, nor Henry; both have ridden out. I think they might have staid one day at least. But come, aunt, I hate this place; it reminds me of my dream. See, yonder was the spot where methought they were burying you alive, below you monument (*pointing.*)

Isa. (*startling.*) The monument of my first husband. Leave me, leave me, Gertrude. I follow in a moment. (*Exit Gertrude.*) Ay, there he lies! forgetful alike of his crimes and injuries! Insensible, as if this chapel had never rung with my shrieks, or the castle resounded to his parting groans! When shall I sleep so soundly? (*As she gazes on the monument, a figure muffled in black appears from behind it.*) Merciful God! is it a vision, such as has haunted my couch? (*It approaches: she goes on with mingled terror and resolution.*) Ghostly phantom, art thou the restless spirit of one who died in agony, or art thou the mysterious being that must guide me to the presence of the avengers of blood? (*Figure bends its head and beckons.*)—To-morrow! To-morrow! I cannot follow thee now! (*Figure shows a dagger from beneath its cloak.*) Compulsion! I understand thee: I will follow. (*She follows the figure a little way; he turns and wraps a black veil round her head, and takes her hand: then both exeunt behind the monument.*)

SCENE III.

The Wood of Griesenhaus.—A watch-fire, round which sit Wickerd, Conrad, and others, in their watch-cloaks.

Wic. The night is bitter cold.

Con. Ay, but thou hast lined thy doublet well with old Rhenish.

Wic. True; and I'll give you warrant for it. (*Sings.*)

(RHEIN-WEIN LIED.)

What makes the troopers' frozen courage muster?

The grapes of juice divine.

Upon the Rhine, upon the Rhine they cluster;

Oh, blessed be the Rhine!

Let fringe and furs, and many a rabbit skin, sirs,

Bedeck your Saracen;

He'll freeze without what warms our hearts within, sirs,

When the night-frost crusts the fen.

But on the Rhine, but on the Rhine they cluster,

The grapes of juice divine,

That make our troopers' frozen courage muster:

Oh, blessed be the Rhine!

Con. Well sung, Wickerd; thou wert ever a jovial soul.

Enter a trooper or two more.

Wic. Hast thou made the rounds, Frank?

Frank. Yes, up to the hemlock marsh. It is a stormy night; the moon shone on the Wolfshill, and on the dead bodiea with which to-day's work has covered it. We heard the spirit of the house of Maltingen wailing over the slaughter of its adherents: I durst go no farther.

Wic. Hen-hearted rascal! The spirit of some old raven, who was picking their bones.

Con. Nay, Wickerd; the churchmen say there are such things.

Frank. Ay; and Father Ludovic told us last sermon, how the devil twisted the neck of ten farmers at Kletterbach, who refused to pay Peter's pence.

Wic. Yes, some church devil, no doubt.

Frank. Nay, old Reynold says, that in passing, by midnight, near the old chapel at our castle, he saw it all lighted up, and heard a chorus of voices sing the funeral service.

Another Soldier. Father Ludovic heard the same.

Wic. Hear me, ye hare-livered boys! Can you look death in the face in battle, and dread such nursery bugbears? Old Reynold saw his vision in the strength of the grape. As for the chaplain, far be it from me to name the spirit which visits him; but I know what I know, when I found him confessing Bertrand's pretty Agnes in the chestnut grove.

Con. But, Wickerd, though I have often heard of strange tales which I could not credit, yet there is one in our family so well attested, that I almost believe it. Shall I tell it you?

All Soldiers. Do! do tell it, gentle Conrad.

Wic. And I will take t'other sup of Rhenish to fence against the horrors of the tale.

Con. It is about my own uncle and godfather, Albert of Horsheim.

Wic. I have seen him—he was a gallant warrior.

Con. Well! He was long absent in the Bohemian wars. In an expedition he was benighted, and came to a lone house on the edge of a forest: he and his followers knocked re-

peatedly for entrance in vain. They forced the door, but found no inhabitants.

Frank. And they made good their quarters?

Con. They did: and Albert retired to rest in an upper chamber. Opposite to the bed on which he threw himself was a large mirror. At midnight he was awakened by deep groans: he cast his eyes upon the mirror, and saw—

Frank. Sacred Heaven! Heard you nothing?

Wic. Ay, the wind among the withered leaves. Go on, Conrad. Your uncle was a wise man.

Con. That's more than grey hairs can make other folks.

Wic. Hal stripling, art thou so malapert? Though thou art Lord Henry's page, I shall teach thee who commands this party.

All Soldiers. Peace, peace, good Wickerd: let Conrad proceed.

Con. Where was I?

Frank. About the mirror.

Con. True. My uncle beheld in the mirror the reflection of a human face, distorted and covered with blood. A voice pronounced articulately, "It is yet time." As the words were spoken, my uncle discerned in the ghostly visage the features of his own father.

Soldier. Hush! By St. Francis I heard a groan. (*They start up all but Wickerd.*)

Wic. The croaking of a frog, who has caught cold in this bitter night, and augs rather more hoarsely than usual.

Frank. Wickerd, thou art surely no Christian. (*They sit down, and close round the fire.*)

Con. Well—my uncle called up his attendants, and they searched every nook of the chamber, but found nothing. So they covered the mirror with a cloth, and Albert was left alone: but hardly had he closed his eyes when the same voice proclaimed, "It is now too late;" the covering was drawn aside, and he saw the figure—

Frank. Merciful Virgin! It comes. (*All rise.*)

Wic. Where? what?

Con. See yon figure coming from the thicket!

Enter Martin, in the monk's dress, much disordered: his face is very pale and his steps slow.

Wic. (*levelling his pike.*) Man or devil, which thou wilt, thou shalt feel cold iron, if thou budgest a foot nearer. (*Martin stops.*) Who art thou? What dost thou seek?

Mar. To warm myself at your fire. It is deadly cold.

Wic. See there, ye cravens, your apparition is a poor benighted monk: sit down, father. (*They place Martin by the fire.*) By heaven, it is Martin—our Martin! Martin, how fares it with thee? We have sought thee this whole night.

Mar. So have many others (*vacantly.*)

Con. Yes, thy master.

Mar. Did you see him too?

Con. Whom? Baron George?

Mar. No! my first master, Arnolf of Ebersdorf.

Wic. He raves.

Mar. He passed me but now in the wood, mounted upon his old black steed; its nostrils breathed smoke and flame; neither tree nor

rock stopped him. He said, "Martin, thou wilt return this night to my service!"

Wic. Wrap thy cloak around him, Francis; he is distracted with cold and pain. Dost thou not recollect me, old friend?

Mar. Yes, you are the butler at Ebersdorf: you have the charge of the large gilded cup, embossed with the figures of the twelve apostles. It was the favourite goblet of my old master.

Con. By our Lady, Martin, thou must be distracted indeed, to think our master would intrust Wickerd with the care of the cellar.

Mar. I know a face so like the apostate Judas on that cup. I have seen the likeness when I gazed on a mirror.

Wic. Try to go to sleep, dear Martin; it will relieve thy brain. (*Footsteps are heard in the wood.*) To your arms. (*They take their arms.*)

Enter two Members of the Invisible Tribunal, muffled in their cloaks.

Con. Stand! Who are you?

1 Mem. Travellers benighted in the wood.

Wic. Are ye friends to Aspen or Maltin-gen?

1 Mem. We enter not into their quarrel: we are friends to the right.

Wic. Then are ye friends to us, and welcome to pass the night by our fire.

2 Mem. Thanks. (*They approach the fire, and regard Martin very earnestly.*)

Con. Hear ye any news abroad?

2 Mem. None; but that oppression and villainy are rife and rank as ever.

Wic. The old complaint.

1 Mem. Nol never did former age equal this in wickedness; and yet, as if the daily commission of enormities were not enough to blot the sun, every hour discovers crimes which have lain concealed for years.

Con. Pity the Holy Tribunal should slumber in its office.

2 Mem. Young man, it slumbers not. When criminals are ripe for its vengeance, it falls like the bolt of Heaven.

Mar. (*attempting to rise.*) Let me be gone.

Con. (*detaining him.*) Whither now, Martin?

Mar. To mass.

1 Mem. Even now, we heard a tale of a villain, who, ungrateful as the frozen adder, stung the bosom that had warmed him into life.

Mar. Conrad, bear me off; I would be away from these men.

Con. Be at ease, and strive to sleep.

Mar. Too well I know—I shall never sleep again.

2 Mem. The wretch of whom we speak became, from revenge and lust of gain, the murderer of the master whose bread he did eat.

Wic. Out upon the monster!

1 Mem. For nearly thirty years was he permitted to cumber the ground. The miscreant thought his crime was concealed; but the earth which groaned under his footsteps—the winds which passed over his unhallowed head—the stream which he polluted by his lips—the fire at which he warmed his blood-stained hands—every element bore witness to his guilt.

Mar. Conrad, good youth—lead me from

hence, and I will show thee where, thirty years since, I deposited a mighty bribe. *[Rises.*

Con. Be patient, good Martin.

Wic. And where was the miscreant seized?

[The two Members suddenly lay hands on Martin, and draw their daggers; the Soldiers spring to their arms.

Mem. On this very spot.

Wic. Traitors, unloose your hold!

Mem. In the name of the Invisible Judges, I charge ye, impede us not in our duty.

[All sink their weapons, and stand motionless.

Mar. Help! help!

Mem. Help him with your prayers!

[He is dragged off. The scene shuts.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

The subterranean chapel of the Castle of Griefenhuis. It seems deserted, and in decay. There are four entrances, each defended by an iron portal. At each door stands a warder clothed in black, and masked, armed with a naked sword. During the whole scene they remain motionless on their posts. In the centre of the chapel is the ruinous altar, half sunk in the ground, on which lie a large book, a dagger, and a coil of ropes, beside two lighted tapers. Antique stone benches of different heights around the chapel. In the back scene is seen a dilapidated entrance into the sacristy, which is quite dark.

Various Members of the Invisible Tribunal enter by the four different doors of the chapel. Each whispers something as he passes the Warder, which is answered by an inclination of the head. The costume of the Members is a long black robe, capable of muffling the face: some wear it in this manner; others have their faces uncovered, unless on the entrance of a stranger: they place themselves in profound silence upon the stone benches.

Enter Count Roderic, dressed in a scarlet cloak of the same form with those of the other Members. He takes his place on the most elevated bench.

Rod. Warders, secure the doors! *(The doors are barred with great care.)* Herald, do thy duty!

[Members all rise — Herald stands by the altar.

Her. Members of the Invisible Tribunal, who judge in secret, and avenge in secret, like the Deity, are your hearts free from malice, and your hands from blood-guiltiness?

[All the Members incline their heads.

Rod. God pardon our sins of ignorance, and preserve us from those of presumption.

[Again the Members solemnly incline their heads.

Her. To the east, and to the west, and to the north, and to the south, I raise my voice; wherever there is treason, wherever there is blood-guiltiness, wherever there is sacrilege, sorcery, robbery, or perjury, there let this curse alight, and pierce the marrow and the bone. Raise, then, your voices, and say with me, woe! woe, unto offenders!

All. Woe! woe! *[Members sit down.*

Her. He who knoweth of an unpunished crime, let him stand forth as bound by his

oath when his hand was laid upon the dagger and upon the cord, and call to the assembly for vengeance!

Mem. *(rises, his face covered.)* Vengeance! vengeance! vengeance!

Rod. Upon whom dost thou invoke vengeance?

Accuser. Upon a brother of this order, who is forsworn and perjured to its laws.

Rod. Relate his crime.

Accu. This perjured brother was sworn, upon the steel and upon the cord, to denounce malefactors to the judgment-seat, from the four quarters of heaven, though it were the spouse of his heart, or the son whom he loved as the apple of his eye; yet did he conceal the guilt of one who was dear unto him; he folded up the crime from the knowledge of the tribunal: he removed the evidence of guilt, and withdrew the criminal from justice. What does his perjury deserve?

Rod. Accuser, come before the altar; lay thy hand upon the dagger and the cord, and swear to the truth of thy accusation.

Accu. *(his hand on the altar.)* I swear!

Rod. Wilt thou take upon thyself the penalty of perjury, should it be found false?

Accu. I will.

Rod. Brethren, what is your sentence?

[The Members confer a moment in whispers—a silence.

Eldst Mem. Our voice is, that the perjured brother merits death.

Rod. Accuser, thou hast heard the voice of the assembly; name the criminal.

Accu. George, Baron of Aspen.

[A murmur in the assembly.

A Mem. *(suddenly rising.)* I am ready, according to our holy laws, to swear, by the steel and the cord, that George of Aspen merits not this accusation, and that it is a foul calumny.

Accu. Rash man! gagest thou an oath so lightly?

Men. I gage it not lightly. I proffer it in the cause of innocence and virtue.

Accu. What if George of Aspen should not himself deny the charge?

Mem. Then would I never trust man again.

Accu. Hear him, then, bear witness against himself *(throws back his mantle.)*

Rod. Baron George of Aspen!

Geo. The same—prepared to do penance for the crime of which he stands self-accused.

Rod. Still, canst thou disclose the name of the criminal whom thou hast rescued from justice; on that condition alone, thy brethren may save thy life.

Geo. Thinkest thou I would betray for the safety of my life, a secret I have preserved at the breach of my word?—No! I have weighed the value of my obligation—I will not discharge it—but most willingly will I pay the penalty!

Rod. Retire, George of Aspen, till the assembly pronounce judgment.

Geo. Welcome be your sentence—I am weary of your yoke of iron. A light beams on my soul. Woe to those who seek justice in the dark haunts of mystery and of cruelty! She dwells in the broad blaze of the sun, and Mercy is ever by her side. Woe to those who would advance the general weal by trampling

upon the social affections! they aspire to be more than men—they shall become worse than tigers. I go: better for me your altars should be stained with my blood, than my soul blackened with your crimes.

[Exit George, by the ruinous door in the back scene, into the sacristy.]

Rod. Brethren, sworn upon the steel and upon the cord, to judge and to avenge in secret, without favour and without pity, what is your judgment upon George of Aspen, self-accused of perjury, and resistance to the laws of our fraternity.

[Long and earnest murmurs in the assembly.]

Rod. Speak your doom.

Eldest Mem. George of Aspen has declared himself perjured;—the penalty of perjury is death!

Rod. Father of the secret judges—Eldest among those who avenge in secret—take to thee the steel and the cord;—let the guilty no longer cumber the land.

Eldest Mem. I am fourscore and eight years old. My eyes are dim, and my hand is feeble; soon shall I be called before the throne of my Creator;—How shall I stand there, stained with the blood of such a man?

Rod. How wilt thou stand before that throne, loaded with the guilt of a broken oath? The blood of the criminal be upon us and ours!

Eldest Mem. So be it, in the name of God!

[He takes the dagger from the altar, goes slowly towards the back scene, and reluctantly enters the sacristy.]

Eldest Judge (from behind the scree.) Dost thou forgive me?

Geo. (behind.) I do! (He is heard to fall heavily.)

[Re-enter the old judge from the sacristy. He lays on the altar the bloody dagger.]

Rod. Hast thou done thy duty?

Eldest Mem. I have. (He faints.)

Rod. He swoons. Remove him.

[He is assisted off the stage. During this four members enter the sacristy, and bring out a bier covered with a pall, which they place on the steps of the altar. A deep silence.]

Rod. Judges of evil, dooming in secret, and avenging in secret, like the Deity: God keep your thoughts from evil, and your hands from guilt.

Ber. I raise my voice in this assembly, and cry, Vengeance! vengeance! vengeance!

Rod. Enough has this night been done—(he rises and brings Bertram forward.) Think what thou doest—George has fallen—it were murder to slay both mother and son.

Ber. George of Aspen was thy victim—a sacrifice to thy hatred and envy. I claim mine, sacred to justice and to my murdered brother. Resume thy place!—thou canst not stop the rock thou hast put in motion.

Rod. (resumes his seat.) Upon whom callest thou for vengeance?

Ber. Upon Isabella of Aspen.

Rod. She has been summoned.

Herald. Isabella of Aspen, accused of murder by poison, I charge thee to appear, and stand upon thy defence.

[Three knocks are heard at one of the doors—it is opened by the warden.]

Enter Isabella, the veil still wrapped around her head, led by her conductor. All the members muffle their faces.

Rod. Uncover her eyes.

[The veil is removed. Isabella looks wildly round.]

Rod. Knowest thou, lady, where thou art?

Isa. I guess.

Rod. Say thy guess.

Isa. Before the Avengers of blood.

Rod. Knowest thou why thou art called to their presence?

Isa. No.

Rod. Speak, accuser.

Ber. I impeach thee, Isabella of Aspen, before this awful assembly, of having murdered, privily and by poison, Arnolf of Ebersdorf, thy first husband.

Rod. Canst thou swear to the accusation?

Ber. (his hand on the altar.) I lay my hand on the steel and the cord, and swear.

Rod. Isabella of Aspen, thou hast heard thy accusation. What canst thou answer?

Isa. That the oath of an accuser is no proof of guilt!

Rod. Hast thou more to say?

Isa. I have.

Rod. Speak on.

Isa. Judges invisible to the sun, and seen only by the stars of midnight! I stand before you, accused of an enormous, daring, and premeditated crime. I was married to Arnolf when I was only eighteen years old. Arnolf was wary and jealous; ever suspecting me without a cause, unless it was because he had injured me. How then should I plan and perpetrate such a deed? The lamb turns not against the wolf, though a prisoner in his den.

Rod. Have you finished?

Isa. A moment. Years after years have elapsed without a whisper of this foul suspicion. Arnolf left a brother! though common fame had been silent, natural affection would have been heard against me—why spoke he not my accusation? Or has my conduct justified this horrible charge? No! awful judges, I may answer, I have founded cloisters, I have endowed hospitals. The goods that Heaven bestowed on me I have not held back from the needy. I appeal to you, judges of evil, can these proofs of innocence be downweighed by the assertion of an unknown and disguised, perchance a malignant accuser?

Ber. No longer will I wear that disguise (throws back his mantle.) Dost thou know me now?

Isa. Yes; I know thee for a wandering minstrel, relieved by the charity of my husband.

Ber. No, traitress! know me for Bertram of Ebersdorf, brother to him thou didst murder. Call her accomplice, Martin. Hal turnest thou pale?

Isa. May I have some water?—(Apart.) Sacred Heaven! his vindictive look is so like—

[Water is brought.]

A Mem. Martin died in the hands of our brethren.

Rod. Dost thou know the accuser, lady?

Isa. (reassuming fortitude.) Let not the sinking of nature under this dreadful trial be imputed to the consciousness of guilt. I do know the accuser—know him to be outlawed

for homicide, and under the ban of the empire: his testimony cannot be received.

Eldest Judge. She says truly.

Ber. (to Roderic.) Then I call upon thee and William of Wolfstein to bear witness to what you know.

Rod. Wolfstein is not in the assembly, and my place prevents me from being a witness.

Ber. Then I will call another: meanwhile let the accused be removed.

Rod. Retire, lady. [Isabella is led to the sacristy.]

Isa. (in going off) The ground is slippery.—Heavens! it is floated with blood!

[Exit into the sacristy.]

Rod. (apart to Bertram.) Whom dost thou mean to call? [Bertram whispers.]

Rod. This goes beyond me. (After a moment's thought.) But he it so. Maltingen shall behold Aspen humbled in the dust. (Aloud.) Brethren, the accuser calls for a witness who remains without: admit him.

[All muffle their faces.]

Enter Rudiger, his eyes bound or covered, leaning upon two members; they place a stool for him, and unbind his eyes.

Rod. Knowest thou where thou art, and before whom?

Rud. I know not, and I care not. Two strangers summoned me from my castle to assist, they said, at a great act of justice. I ascended the litter they brought, and I am here.

Rod. It regards the punishment of perjury and the discovery of murder. Art thou willing to assist us?

Rud. Most willing, as is my duty.

Rod. What if the crime regard thy friend?

Rud. I will hold him no longer so.

Rod. What if thine own blood?

Rud. I would let it out with my poniard.

Rod. Then canst thou not blame us for this deed of justice. Remove the pall. (The pall is lifted, beneath which is discovered the body of George, pale and bloody. Rudiger staggers towards it.)

Rud. My George! my George! Not slain manly in battle, but murdered by legal assassins. Much, much may I mourn thee, my beloved boy; but not now—not now: never will I shed a tear for thy death till I have cleared thy fame.—Hear me, ye midnight murderers, he was innocent (raising his voice)—upright as the truth itself. Let the man who dares gainsay me lift that gage. If the Almighty does not strengthen these frail limbs, to make good a father's quarrel, I have a son left, who will vindicate the honour of Aspen, or lay his bloody body beside his brother's.

Rod. Rash and insensate! Hear first the cause. Hear the dishonour of thy house.

Isa. (from the sacristy.) Never shall he hear it till the author is no more! (Rudiger attempts to rush towards the sacristy, but is prevented. Isabella enters wounded, and throws herself on George's body.)

Isa. Murdered for me—for me! my dear, dear son!

Rud. (still held.) Cowardly villains, let me loose! Maltingen, this is thy doing! Thy face thou wouldst disguise, thy deeds thou canst not! I defy thee to instant and mortal combat!

Isa. (looking up.) No! no! endanger not thy life! Myself! myself! I could not bear thou shouldst know—Oh! (Dies.)

Rud. Oh! let me go—let me but try to stop her blood, and I will forgive all.

Rod. Drag him off and detain him. The voice of lamentation must not disturb the stern deliberation of justice.

Rud. Bloodhound of Maltingen! Well be- seems thee thy base revenge! The marks of my son's lance are still on thy craven crest! Vengeance on the band of ye!

[Rudiger is dragged off to the sacristy.]

Rod. Brethren, we stand discovered! What is to be done to him who shall desecrate our mystery?

Eldest Judge. He must become a brother of our order, or die!

Rod. This man will never join us! He cannot put his hand into ours, which are stained with the blood of his wife and son: he must therefore die! (Murmurs in the assembly.) Brethren! I wonder not at your reluctance; but the man is powerful, has friends and allies to buckler his cause. It is over with us, and with our order, unless the laws are obeyed. (Fainter murmurs.) Besides, have we not sworn a deadly oath to execute these statutes? (A dead silence.) Take to thee the steel and the cord (to the eldest judge.)

Eldest Judge. He has done no evil—he was the companion of my battle—I will not!

Rod. (to another.) Do thou—and succeed to the rank of him who has disobeyed. Remember your oath! (Member takes the dagger, and goes irresolutely forward; looks into the sacristy, and comes back.)

Mem. He has fainted—fainted in anguish for his wife and his son; the bloody ground is strewn with his white hairs, torn by those hands that have fought for Christendom. I will not be your butcher.—(Throws down the dagger.)

Ber. Irresolute and perjured! the robber of my inheritance, the author of my exile, shall die!

Rod. Thanks, Bertram. Execute the doom—secure the safety of the holy tribunal!

[Bertram seizes the dagger, and is about to rush into the sacristy, when three loud knocks are heard at the door.]

All. Hold! Hold!

[The Duke of Bavaria, attended by many members of the Invisible Tribunal, enters, dressed in a scarlet mantle trimmed with ermine, and wearing a ducal crown.—He carries a rod in his hand.—All rise.—A murmur among the members, who whisper to each other, "The Duke," "The Chief," &c.]

Rod. The Duke of Bavaria! I am lost.

Duke. (sees the bodies.) I am too late—the victims have fallen.

Hen. (who enters with the Duke.) Gracious Heaven! O George!

Rud. (from the sacristy.) Henry—it is thy voice—save me!

[Henry rushes into the sacristy.]

Duke. Roderic of Maltingen, descend from the seat which thou hast dishonoured—(Roderic leaves his place, which the Duke occupies.)—Thou standest accused of having perverted the laws of our order; for that, being a mor-

tal enemy to the House of Aspen, thou hast abused thy sacred authority to pander to thy private revenge; and to this Wolfstein has been witness.

Rod. Chief among our circles, I have but acted according to our laws.

Duke. Thou hast indeed observed the letter of our statutes, and woe am I that they do warrant this night's bloody work! I cannot do unto thee as I would, but what I can I will. Thou hast not indeed transgressed our law, but thou hast wrested and abused it: kneel down, therefore, and place thy hands betwixt mine. (*Roderic kneels as directed.*) I degrade thee from thy sacred office (*spreads his hands, as rushing Roderic from him.*) If after two days thou darest to pollute Bavarian ground by thy footsteps, be it at the peril of the steel and the cord (*Roderic rises*) I dissolve this meeting (*all rise.*) Judges and condemners of others, God teach you knowledge of yourselves! (*All bend their heads—Duke breaks his rod, and comes forward.*)

Rod. Lord Duke, thou hast charged me with treachery — thou art my liege lord — but who else dares maintain the accusation, lies in his throat.

Hen. (*rushing from the sacristy*) Villain! I accept thy challenge!

Rod. Vain boy! my lance shall chastise thee in the lists—there lies my gage.

Duke. Henry, on thy allegiance, touch it not. (*To Roderic.*) Lists shalt thou never more enter; lance shalt thou never more wield (*draws his sword.*) With this sword wast thou dubbed a knight; with this sword I dishonour thee — I thy prince — (*strikes him slightly with the flat of the sword*) — I take from thee the degree of knight, the dignity of chivalry. Thou art no longer a free German noble; thou art honourless and rightless; the funeral obsequies shall be performed for thee as for one dead to knightly honour and to fair fame; thy spurs shall be hacked from thy heels; thy arms baffled and reversed by the common executioner. Go, fraudulent and dishonoured, hide thy shame in a foreign land! (*Roderic shows a dumb expression of rage.*) Lay hands on Bertram of Ebersdorf; as I live, he shall pay the forfeiture of his outlawry. Henry, aid us to remove thy father from this charnel-house. Never shall he know the dreadful secret. Be it mine to soothe his sorrows, and to restore the honour of the House of Aspen.

(*Curtain slowly falls.*)

THE END



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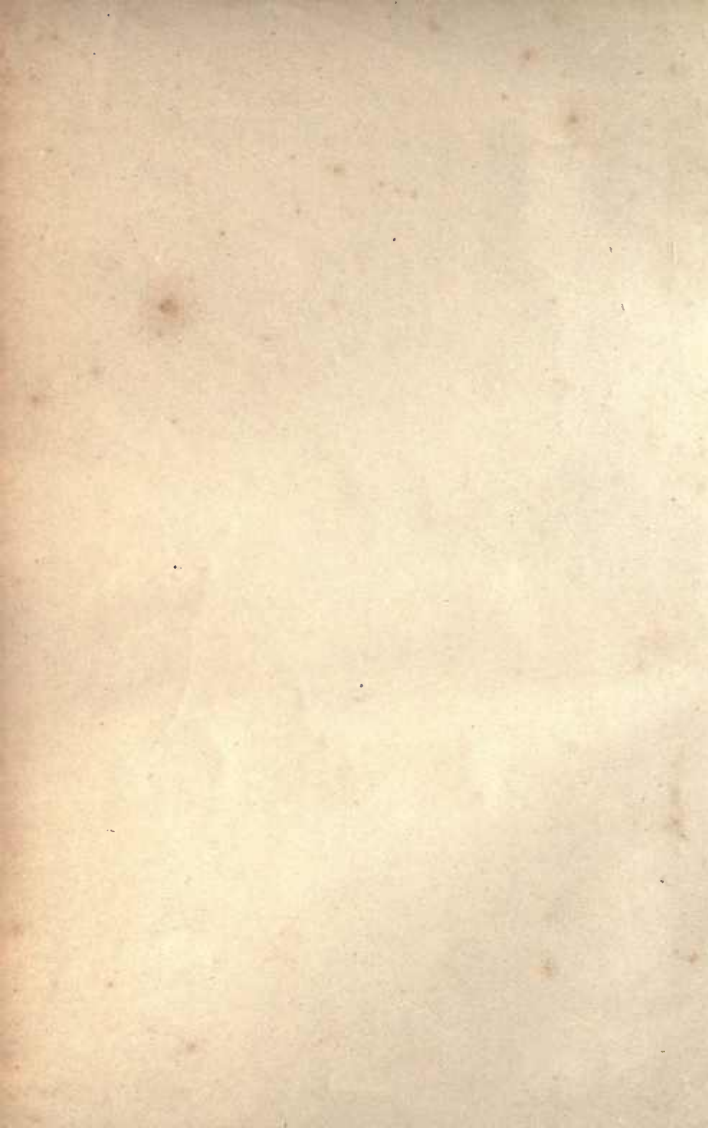


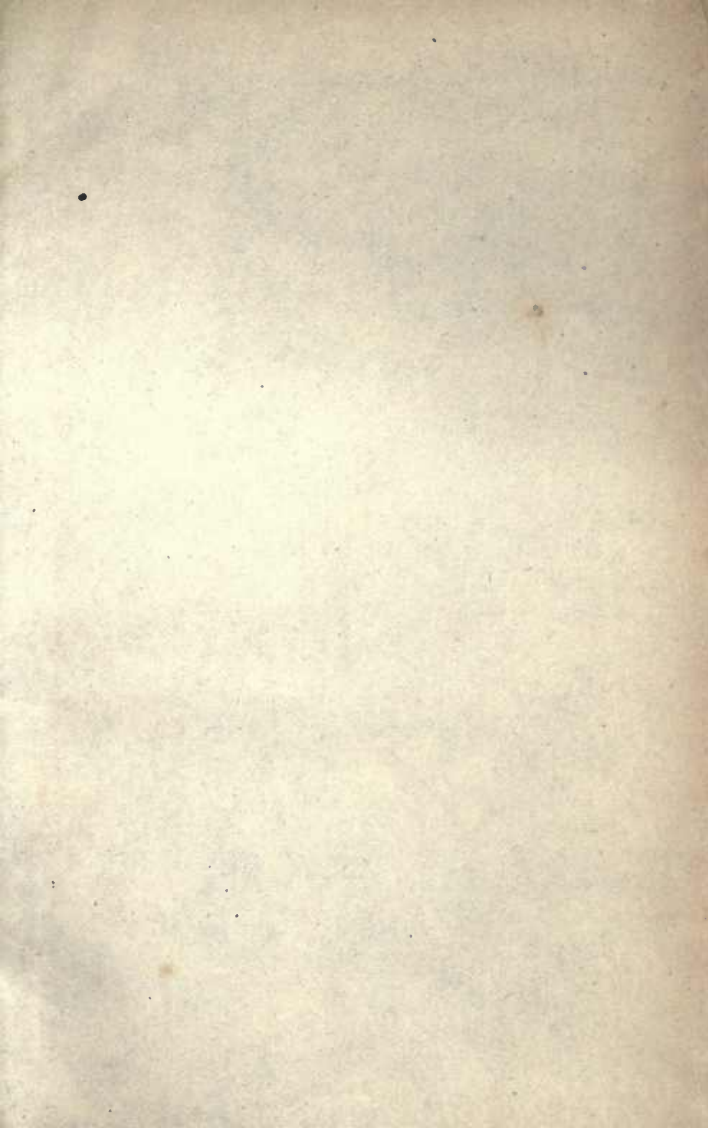












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